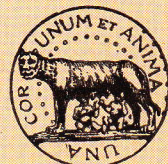


# ATLANTICA

THE ITALIAN MONTHLY REVIEW



**DECEMBER**  
**1930**

*Has Hoover Failed?*

*by Edward Corsi*

*Italy's "Dopolavoro" Movement*

*by Prof. Bruno Roselli*

*The Italian Physician in America*

*by Filippo Cassola, M. D.*

*Father Giovanni Salvaterra*

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# Atlantica's

The most ambitious group flight that has ever been attempted in history is due to occur about Dec. 15th, when twelve Italian seaplanes, with the Italian Minister of Aeronautics, General Italo Balbo, at their head will set out from Orbetello, near Rome, for Porto Natal, Brazil, a total distance of about 1800 miles. It will be the first time that a Minister of Aeronautics will have taken part in a trans-Atlantic flight.

The machines for this dramatic flight, which is but an indication of the remarkable progress of Italian aviation, will be Savoia-Marchetti seaplanes of the S-55 type, sometimes known as the American type, fitted with two geared Fiat 550-horsepower engines. Though capable of lifting 10,500 pounds, they will be required to lift only 9,600 pounds, which is considered the maximum for an ocean hop.

This projected flight sets at rest, at least for the time being, the rumors that Commander Maddalena, holder of the world endurance record, would soon attempt a Rome-Washington flight, for he is in command of the flight across the South Atlantic. He will probably make his solo flight some time this coming Spring or Summer.

Italy has to her credit more world's records in aviation than any other country in the world, a fact which is not any too well known. A flight of this character would command public and journalistic attention, and bring into bold relief the accomplishments of the Italians in the air.

The census of the leading Italian cities as of September first has been made public; and they compare favorably with those of September first of last year. They are as follows:

	1930	1929
Naples .....	983,890	971,113
Milan .....	976,891	957,336
Rome .....	945,318	901,805
Genoa .....	627,590	619,976
Turin .....	602,460	584,642
Palermo .....	459,943	448,919
Florence .....	320,163	315,204
Catania .....	283,837	280,586
Venice .....	261,612	257,583

Trieste .....	254,409	250,022
Bologna .....	246,374	242,491
Taranto .....	124,201	120,275

In every case an increase is noted from the previous year's figures. These facts bear out Premier Mussolini's recent prediction that the Italian territory will soon be insufficient. It is expected that by the end of the year the population will exceed 42,000,000 in an area of 120,000 square miles (350 inhabitants per square mile), making for one of the densest populations in Europe. Is it too much to expect, as Mussolini has declared, that by 1950, Italy will have a population of 60,000,000?



*An Off-Year Election—All Off  
—From The Boston Transcript*

Mr. Peter Cimmino, Vice-President and Secretary of the United States Trust Company of Paterson, N. J., and one of the organizers of the Italian Chamber of Commerce of New Jersey recently made a speech at the sixth annual dinner of that body in which he brought attention to the co-operation that exists among the various Italian Chambers throughout the country. This is the spirit that has resulted in the formation of a secretaries' association of foreign chambers of commerce in America, of which Dr. Bonaschi of this city is secretary.

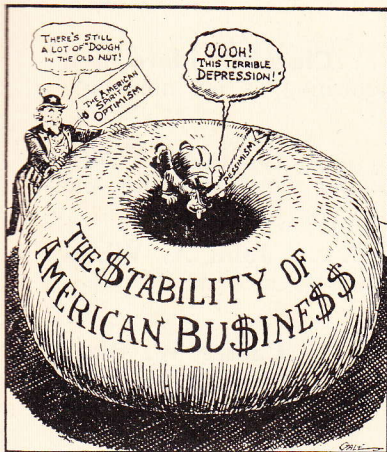
After touching upon the current depression, and urging further efforts "in the program of solution,"

# Observatory

he spoke about Italy, "the country of our ancestors. We like to see her flourish and prosper. We want to see her take her rightful place among the great nations of the world. The land of the Caesars shall again prosper."

Mr. Cimmino might have added that this cannot be such a long way off, if concentrated work, intelligently directed, has anything to do with it.

The vast profits Italy is gathering from her tobacco monopoly has received no little attention in this country, where "net profits" and ways of obtaining them are always of interest. The United States stood up and took notice when she learned that the Italian Government's revenue for the year 1928-29 totaled \$185,000,000, of which \$157,000,000



Do You See the Doughnut or the Hole?  
—From The Los Angeles Times

was profit. A great part of this sum is put into the sinking fund for paying the country's national debt.

The old economic belief that in hard times luxuries would be curtailed before necessities is not carried out today. Cigarettes, in this country and elsewhere, are consumed in enormous quantities even in times of worry, and perhaps more so then. The authorities in Italy, therefore, show no apprehension in increasing the price of tobacco, for people will smoke regardless of the price.

Italy's Hall of Fame, the Italian Royal Academy, has been enriched by the addition of some distinguished names. They include the Duke of Abruzzi, famous Arctic and tropical explorer; Ugo Ojetti, the art critic; Cesar Pasarella, the poet; Massimo Bontempelli, the writer and playwright; Paolo Pavolini, the expert on cubism, impressionism and futurism; Professor Silvio Perozzi, authority on Roman law; Pasquale Jannaccone, political economist and author of a work on Walt Whitman; Francesco Giordani, electrical expert; Don Lorenzo Perosi, composer of religious music; and Romano Romanelli, the sculptor. The brilliance of this galaxy can be appreciated by those who know Italy.

The Italian-American Society in Rome recently held an exposition of the works of the well-known sculptor, Pietro Montana of Brooklyn, N. Y., and it was attended by many Italian celebrities. Which goes to show that even in Italy, home of art, the Italo-American is comparing favorably in the art that he is developing here.

Few Italians realize the completeness and the scope of the Year Book of the Italian Chamber of Commerce in New York. More than 700 pages long, it is packed with reliable information and data that is of use and interest not only to the Italian businessman, but to all those having an interest in things Italian. And to facilitate its use, it is in two sections, Italian and English. It is truly a real work of reference.

The most remarkable feature of the Pope's new telephone system in the Vatican City, aside from his personal instrument, which is of solid gold decorated with costly enamels of his coat of arms and symbols of the four Evangelists, is the arrangement whereby His Holiness may not be called up unless he so desires. This will prevent his time being taken up by the idly curious. American business men ought to take notice.

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**GIUSEPPE PREZZOLINI**, Italy's foremost literary critic, Visiting Professor of Italian Literature at Columbia University, author of several books that have already become enduring literature, and at present Director of the Casa Italiana at Columbia University in New York, will write regularly every month in ATLANTICA, beginning with the January issue, on Italian life and letters. ATLANTICA deems itself fortunate in having obtained Professor Prezzolini's contributions, for there is no greater Italian writer in this country. In addition, the eminent critic and author was formerly Chief of the Information Section and the Literary Section of the Intellectual Co-operation Institute of the League of Nations in Paris.

**MERRYLE STANLEY RUKEYSER**, known to millions of readers as a financial guide and counsellor, associate editor of *Nation's Business*, former financial editor of the *New York Tribune*, *Vanity Fair*, and the *New York Evening Journal*, author of "Financial Advice to a Young Man" and "The Common Sense of Money and Investments," Associate in Journalism (in Financial Writing) at Columbia University, and the intimate of the financial and industrial leaders of the country, will also, beginning with the January number, be a regular contributor to ATLANTICA. He will write on the subject he knows so well: business, finance and investments. The acquisition of his articles constitutes another "scoop" for ATLANTICA.

**EDWARD CORSI**, whose article on "Has Hoover Failed?" is contained in this issue, will continue his contributions to ATLANTICA every month.

## OTHER ARTICLES WILL INCLUDE

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The Italian Monthly Review

Founded in 1923

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THE NATIVITY

*From the painting by Fiorenzo di Lorenzo in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The artist is of the Umbrian school of the early Cinquecento.*



# Has Hoover Failed?

By Edward Corsi

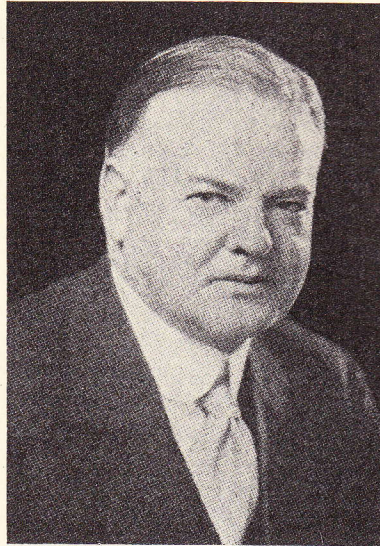
IT IS difficult in a period of this kind to estimate at its true value the leadership of Herbert Hoover. With people out of work, begging in breadlines, and business men caught in the throes of a depression even worse than that of 1921, the perspective is somewhat cloudy and naturally misleading.

If Hoover is to be judged solely on the basis of the country's economic plight, on the theory that Presidents can make and unmake prosperity, by fiat as it were, then we cannot escape the conclusion that he has failed, and failed miserably. But if it is possible to admit, as men of reason and judgment will admit, that the present crisis is world-wide and inevitable, then our appraisal must rest on other grounds.

It must rest on his record and achievements over nineteen months of bitter struggle and unmitigated pessimism, accompanied by one of the greatest storms of criticism encountered by any President in our time.

This record, incomplete as it may be, constitutes a single pattern of well conceived, carefully studied, and efficiently executed governmental activities designed to bear fruit not only in the chaotic present but in the distant future. It is essentially the record of an Administrator and an engineer, a leader trained in the handling of vast problems, who is more interested in practical, tangible results than in the effervescent effects of political strategy.

Hoover entered the White House, as he entered the Department of Commerce, with an eye to the reorganization of



*The President*

the decrepit machinery of the Federal Government on a sound and efficient basis. The story of his success as Secretary of Commerce in elevating a minor department of bureaucratic functions into an important and highly technical clearing house of business leadership is well known. That role he has striven to repeat on a vaster scale in the White House, overhauling, repairing and galvanizing into perfect effectiveness dozens of bureaus, departments and commissions which in the last analysis are the permanent everyday operating units of our Federal system.

That he has succeeded there can be no doubt. There is not a man in Washington who will fail to admit that the level of

governmental efficiency and the standards of service have been raised immeasurably under Hoover. The people's money is spent wisely and carefully, Government officials are of a higher order, and for the first time in the Nation's history the enormous enterprise of American Government is as business-like an affair as that of any corporation in the land.

This engineering genius is apparent, however, not only in the field of bureaucratic reorganization but in the more vital domain of national construction and development. While the country wrangles over Prohibition and politicians shed tears over the President's lack of political mindedness, the physiognomy of the land is undergoing radical transformation. The great Mississippi River system and the continental network of bargeways are fast heading toward completion. Public works have been launched on a vast scale. Washington itself is about to be enriched by new buildings of the most modern architecture which will add immensely to the beauty of that city. In the years to come the producers of this country and naturally the consuming public will reap the benefits of 9,000 miles of navigable waterways and a national barge system which should practically revolutionize transportation in the interest of agricultural and industrial progress.

These projects are in part Hoover's cure for the ills of the farmer, but his interest in the

farmer's plight, which after all is the Nation's plight, has been deeper than that. Pledged to farm relief, he has kept his pledge. One of the main achievements of the Administration is the creation of the Federal Farm Board, headed by a leading expert in American agriculture. With a revolving fund of \$500,000,000 for marketing facilities, this Board is promoting the orderly production and distribution of crops on a scale unprecedented in all history.

To industry and labor he has re-extended the traditional Republican principle of protection. He has been an ardent and uncompromising champion of our standard of living. The White House Conference of 1929, attended by the outstanding leaders of American industry, agriculture, transportation and labor, was a masterpiece in leadership. That Conference pledged the country to industrial peace in a period of emergency. It pledged capital to the maintenance of American wage levels.

In the matter of the Tariff, the common football of politics, we owe to Hoover the Flexible Clause which in the hands of experts is a step forward in the removal of this issue from politics.

The cornerstone of Hoover's domestic program is government on a modern scientific basis. Because Hoover is a scientist, with deep rooted convictions in the necessity of scientific methods, he has naturally sought the cooperation of technicians and experts who can dig out the facts upon which the Government may base its public policies.

**H**IS appointment of Commissions to deal with the complex questions of a mechanical age has been made the sport of small men, but no student of government can ques-

tion the soundness of the practice. They are essentially fact-finding bodies at the service of Congress and the Nation. These Commissions are now busy on such pressing problems as Prohibition, Crime, Education, Power, Public Health, Social Trends, the Tariff, governmental organization in general,

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*The author of this article is well-known to Italians throughout the State. He is Head Worker at the Haarlem House, one of the largest settlement houses in New York. An experienced writer, he was special correspondent for the Outlook in Mexico in 1923, and the New York World sent him to Italy in 1928 for special articles. He has also been on the staffs of the two leading Italian dailies in this country, as well as free-lanced for some of the leading American magazines. All this he can back up by experience in public life, social work, government service and travel.*

*The opinions expressed in the following article are, of course, Mr. Corsi's own, but they are sober and well-founded. He maintains that the present economic depression, over which a President can have no control, has blinded many in this country to other and far-reaching achievements of President Hoover. Also, the President is not essentially a politician, with the politician's flair for dramatizing his actions. It will be remembered that Mr. Corsi interviewed President Hoover this past summer in connection with the census, for which Mr. Corsi was one of New York's supervisors.*

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and last but not least, unemployment.

Of peculiar public interest at this time is the Law Enforcement Commission headed by George W. Wickersham. The importance of this Commission derives from the fact that it is concerned with the two outstanding problems of the day, Crime and Prohibition.

Much abuse has been heaped on Hoover's head for his failure to deal in miracle fashion with the troublesome and irritating question of Prohibition. He is charged with being too dry for the wets and too wet for the dries. Few people will give him credit for a sincere effort to abide by the platform of 1928 upon which he was elected. And few people realize that, pending Congressional action and action by the States, his duty as President is to enforce the law. A country absolutely and hopelessly divided on the issue would have from a single man the solution of a question which after fifty years of bitter agitation is still in the realm of the debatable.

**I**T IS the opinion in many quarters that there will be a solution of this question before Hoover leaves the White House, but that solution will come in typical Hoover fashion, by way of patient study, calm ascertainment of facts and after due consideration of causes and effects, with an eye to the best interests of the country.

So not only with Prohibition but with every important issue now agitating the country. As Hoover's Commissions report, Congress and the country will know the causes of our ills and on the basis of intelligent study proceed to the cures.

At home Hoover's leadership has been handicapped by the business depression and the difficulty of working in an atmosphere of discontent. But abroad his genius has had full play. His knowledge of world conditions, his instinct for diplomacy and his definite appreciation of American interests have all contributed to a foreign policy which has made for greater understanding and more wholesome relations throughout the world.

The Good Will tour to South

America, the removal of the Marines from Haiti and Nicaragua, the settlement of the Tacna Arica dispute, and the appointment of Spanish speaking diplomats to all Latin American countries have given us a distinct advantage in dealing with a Continent destined to be one of the great world markets of the future.

In Europe, the London Naval Treaty is Hoover's masterpiece. This Treaty, an historic document of the greatest importance, is not only an instrument of peace, but the first step in the rise of America as successor to the power and influence of Great Britain. Parity with England means the end of three hundred years of British supremacy on the high seas. It marks the beginning of American empire.

To say that Hoover has failed is to be blind to a record of Governmental achievements unsurpassed in any nineteen months of American history. A President who in this brief period of time can point to a revolutionary reorganization of a great government, to the expenditure of millions of dollars in public improvements, to a foreign policy of far reaching historic importance, to a whole series of legislative measures affecting every phase of the Nation's life is to miss entirely the significance of practical, genuine statesmanship.

The truth is that Hoover is effecting a radical reform of our whole system of govern-

ment, which just now is beyond the perception of the mass. First of all, he is fusing the political and scientific leadership of the country into a single operating unit at the public service. The day of political jobholders is fast passing. We are entering the age of the scientist, the expert and the technician.

He is bringing big business actively into public life instead of having it pull wires behind the scenes. Private capital and leadership are being drafted daily in a strenuous effort to have government keep up with business.

He is extending the domain of the Federal power to include a multitude of activities until now regarded as purely private or local in nature. Hoover's interest extends to the care and protection of children, recreation on a national scale, health, illiteracy, home owning, and, what is even more significant, the control of the social elements in our industrial and mechanical civilization.

This is modern, machine age, government as conceived by the first scientific President ever to sit in the White House. It is government with an eye to the future. Hoover's weakness in the White House is his sheer inability to dramatize these achievements in a way that the public can grasp them. The answer is obvious; he is not a politician. He knows nothing of the traditional art of appeasing the public hunger for

the spectacular and the sensational.

Nor will he simulate this art. To know the man is to appreciate his calm dignity, high purpose and inherent aversion to the arts and wiles of politics. Like Washington in character, he will not compromise with his own high conception of the office he holds. He will not bid for public applause nor court public sympathy in an hour of crisis and suffering.

Hoover's appeal is to thinking America. His faith is in men and women who realize that as a world power we have come to an end of Main Street politics and are at the threshold of an era calling for calm, sober methods and scientific leadership.

The present Administration is only at the first stages of its task. The months ahead should throw out in clearer relief its value to the Nation. One by one the problems of the country will be solved, and step by step we shall see the rise of a government structure more perfectly attuned to the needs of the age.

To have faith in Hoover is to have faith in a man whose life record is one of continuous achievements. Big as the Presidency may be, it is in the hands of one who knows what big jobs are. Depression and unemployment may cast a shadow over the White House, but the substance of what is achieved cannot be denied, least of all erased by the storm.



# Italy's "Dopolavoro" Movement

By Prof. Bruno Roselli

NO conference on the problem of the working man's leisure would be complete unless Italy's voice were heard during its meetings, because no country envisaged as early as Italy did the proximity and the magnitude of the problem, no country has as vigorously dared organize against the almost world-wide evils which are arising from the supine attitude of our western civilization in that connection. And it is beautiful to see young Canada realize already the overwhelming importance of this phase of civilization. Think of this "child among the Nations" able to gaze so far ahead as to assemble here on the western fringe of her empire within an Empire, a few hours by air from aboriginal American populations still illiterate and pagan—scholars and philosophers and educators from *five continents*, to devise future social and intellectual dykes wherewith to stem a destructive tide which is not yet and which most of the world fails to foresee! I find it inspiring, yet hardly surprising; because you Canadians are no strangers to me. When Italy, for some reason difficult to understand, picked a person as inadequate as I am to represent her at this impressive assemblage, she at least chose a man who has sympathetically, nay lovingly, studied Canada from many an angle since the day in 1916 when the then Italian Ambassador at Washington, His Excellency Count Macchi

di Cellere, sent him to Rideau Hall to explain and discuss with your Governor-General,

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Professor Roselli, Chairman of the Department of Italian at Vassar College (which has been for a number of years the Italian standard-bearer among institutions of higher learning in America), is one of the few Italians equally at home, culturally and socially, on both sides of the Ocean—which he has crossed fifty times! Scholar and traveller, international diagnostician and entrancing teacher, he is probably unsurpassed as a lecturer (he has lectured in 42 states) and essayist (the Yale University Press made him share with Mazzini the palm for "the most perfect national essay"), and is widely known as the sponsor of the spectacular Italian excavations at Lep-tis Magna in Libia, as a diplomat entrusted with delicate tasks whenever the occasion required an extraordinary negotiator, as an aviation enthusiast, a feared debater, and the holder of the Ferrucci prize for best scholarship in all Tuscany. He is amazingly bilingual, was many times decorated by the Government of Italy, and was invited by three Departments of the United States Government to solve special problems for them.

As Italy's Delegate to the Vancouver Conference on the Use and Misuse of Leisure, he delivered the address here reprinted.

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certain aspects of our common struggle in Europe, and never will I forget the gra-

ciousness of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught on that occasion; nor the sad, soulful smile of your charming Princess Patricia, whose name had already been graven deep into the undying records of epic glory by the most heroic of regiments, as she recounted with almost nostalgic simplicity her recollections of my native Florence.

Now those swords have been beaten into plowshares; and demobilised, peaceful Canada calls me here again, to report—not on the work of War, but on the leisure of Peace.

Little known abroad and little appreciated as yet even by Italians, the *Dopolavoro* (Literally "after labourhours.") of Italy represents the most practical defence of an entire nation, organised and closely knit, as only contemporary Italy knows how to organise and to knit, against one of the most subtle dangers born of the industrial revolution: the squandering of time, as a result of ever-increasing leisure directed to no permanent good. Oh, I know well the tenet of a certain neo-hedonistic school: "Man had toiled for untold centuries, now he has learned how to play also." Well, *has he?* He may have fully *earned* that right, but he has hardly *learned* how to exercise it! Let us admit instead that contemporary conditions—entailing, partly through better machinery and partly through artificial barriers against "cheap undesirables," an ever-decreasing number of hours of labour for

an ever-increasing number of labourers *totally inexperienced in the significance and purposes of leisure*—are giving a dangerous opportunity to “play” to a quantity of individuals who, to mention but one example, never used to gamble or drink for the simple reason that they never had time. Combine the unfair ration between the quality and the quantity of these humans (a merciful way to put it) with the equality creed now permeating our planet, and you will complete the picture, which might be entitled “The Victory of the Unfit”—what with compact masses of people of cheap taste who yesterday had no time to read books and to-day dictate to publishers as to what can be profitably printed; and of people who yesterday had no opportunity for foreign travel but to-day fill Europe with nasal exclamations of displeasure, nervous calls for drinks, pathetic orders for third-rate works of pseudo-art, haughty remarks concerning habits, places, ceremonies hallowed by age and history; and of people who yesterday had no chance to go to the theatre and to-day are patronising such trashy shows that the good plays are either relegated to a position of insignificance or wiped off the boards as unpopular and therefore inexpedient.

Can all this be stopped? The *increase* of leisure, no; the *misuse* of leisure, yes, by all means; and stop it we must, if we would save the finest of what civilisation has produced—which is by no means quantitative but qualitative. And can such misuse of leisure be stopped by sheer persuasion? Hardly. Ignorant people seldom know, alas, what is good for them! Who can teach them? Not the family, mankind's earliest teacher of wisdom through experience; not the Church—any kind of a church—which these pleasure-

loving *nouveaux riches* shun as one more limiting agency; but the State and only the State, and not by compulsion but by offering to them such practical inducements, even along the tangible and practical lines understood by them, that they will feel like joining this campaign for improvement, out of their own unquestionable interest.

And that has been exactly the *modus operandi* of Italy's *Dopolavoro*, which has been strictly in keeping with the Fascist conception of State, based upon a novel and somewhat revolutionary interpretation of the inter-relation between state and citizen, to be summed up as follows:

The State, being responsible for the historical guidance of a nation organised as a separate unit consciously kept apart from its neighbours by its will and unconsciously by barriers geographical, linguistic, etc., is paramount and therefore no citizen is entitled to impede its progress;

The State knows best how that progress can be achieved under the special conditions in which the nation finds itself, and owes to its citizenry in general its highest effort towards that progress, even if it works to the disadvantage of this or that individual, just as any soldier may have to suffer for the sake of the entire regiment;

The State, however, since its ultimate aim is the common good, will reward the citizen who has sacrificed himself for the good of the community, just as soon as said State has been advanced through said citizen's sacrifice.

It follows as a corollary that what is so often deplored as “tyranny” turns out to be smooth teamwork under a paternalistic master-hand which derives no personal or dynastic profits.

A good teamster; sinewy horses, well-constructed and well-kept wheels—and *a single will*. Organisation, such as Maeterlinck has so picturesquely emphasised in his “*Vie des Abeilles*”!

Allow me to quote some figures concerning Italy's organisation, with particular stress upon today's subject. They are recent; they were telegraphed to me this afternoon (I mean during the afternoon which has not arrived for us whom the sun visits nine hours later), by His Excellency Dino Grandi, the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs:

“*Dopolavoro* organised 1926 with 280,000 members; in 1928 exceeded 1,000,000; in the first three months of 1929, 300,000 new members. In 1926 it was connected with 1,064 organisations; in 1928 with 7,254. Of the nuclei thus formed, 2,282 took as special interest music and drama, 2,385 physical development, 1,586 some form of study, 543 some form of charity. They organised 3,527 sporting events with a total of 3,000,000 entrants, 11,279 excursions with 1,500,000 participants. Of the forms of study the most popular were courses in interior decoration and in gardening. Under heading of charity 246,812 mothers and children were benefited, 3,000,000 lire being presented to them; 179,200 cases were personally reached and tended in ambulatories and homes, with a total of 2,207 mothers brought by *dopolavoristi* to hospitals and 11,600 children to asylums, etc., thus co-operating with health authorities who directly saved 5,800 children in Institutes for the Prevention and Cure of Tuberculosis; while 18 ‘Travelling Chairs’ of Puericulture were endowed, feeding 352 ambulatories.”

From all of which it appears that the *Dopolavoro* is indeed a giant. But what manner of a

giant is it? How did he come into being?

It is perhaps just as well to begin my answers with the latter point, for an individual is often explained by his ancestry.

At the International Labour Conference held in Geneva in 1924 with the participation of fifty-nine countries, the Italian Delegation created quite a stir by a fiery warning that the Industrial Revolution, inescapable and perhaps desirable though it be, just as it produced in the individual certain pathological conditions which were later recognised and attended to, so it will henceforth introduce into entire nations certain spiritual ills which cannot be allowed to undermine them with impunity.

The title of the pamphlet which gave more permanent form to the statements of the Italian Delegation seems prophetic at this time: *L'utilisation des Loisirs des Ouvriers*. The said Delegation, after reporting on what a special bureau, lately created in Rome under the also prophetic name of *Ufficio pel Dopolavoro*, had been able to accomplish, submitted theoretical programmes, which were approved by the Conference, which in turn issued special recommendations to all of those fifty-nine governments, most of which, I dare say, have not yet had time to study them; for it often takes less days for a Congress to formulate certain *desiderata*, than years for the governments therein represented to adopt them.

However, Italy went ahead. She did so, not only because she is spiritually in the mood of envisaging radical changes without fear, and is politically able to carry them out without the bureaucratic hampering which so often stands in the way of

real progress; but because in a country like Italy the Industrial Revolution in its practical implications was gnawing at the hearts of a people who fully saw its need, but whose methods of living and whose souls' yearnings were out of sympathy with it. I know that a large number of patriotic Italians, whose wish is father to the thought, would strenuously deny this; it is the truth nevertheless, if one considers the masses of the common people, too often forgotten by officials so well anchored in their Ministerial Bureaux in Rome that they do not remember much of what is going on outside, unless it is forcibly brought home to them by people who, like our beloved Premier, emerged lately from the ranks of the humble proletariat and keep in daily touch with it. Factories, regularity, quantity, uniformity, speed, mass production—could the new dispensation have brought in a full line of terms more antithetic with the traditional care-free, artistic, song-loving Italian nature? Yet the Italians knew well that the modern nation which does not conform to them, perishes. And here the all-powerful national note was touched. Italians must produce as others do; indeed, possessing no raw materials, they may have to make up for their higher cost in longer hours of labour—an even greater slavery than applies to other nations, only to achieve the same results! However, let all of their free time, all of that pathetically little margin which cruel fate has left, be used for uplift; let a mightier antidote counteract the deadlier poison; let the workers of Italy bathe and splash, not only in the swimming pools which the various *Dopolavoro* clubhouses and gymnasiums provide for

their members, but in the revitalising lymph of the ideal: music, art, drama, folk-lore, excursions to national shrines, inspiring addresses on their ancestors' past achievements and their heirs' just inheritance, courses in hygiene, civics, national geography; practical teaching on how to build a home, how to beautify it cheaply, how to hold it together spiritually, how to make it smile upon the community from numberless open corollas of easily grown flowers—a vast, far-reaching programme of most legitimately selfish uplift and of national reconstruction of a people too long humiliated, starved, and oppressed by foreign conquerors or domestic demagogues.

As you see, the problem of the *loisirs des ouvriers* strikes Italy in a different manner than it strikes, let us say, the United States, where the ever-decreasing hours of work have produced the type of highly alert and thoroughly mechanised labourer dreaming of a four-hour day and making no special provision for the other twenty, or working eight hours a day for eight months and then motoring down to Florida in December, with his whole family to spend the other four months there, loafing. Such Sibaritical luxuries cannot be hoped for in Italy. There, the workman can, at best, only hope and pray, first for a stable government which will help stable industries to offer him uninterrupted work even if at a low wage scale; and second, for an understanding government which will lend him an uplifting hand in the very moment he leaves his factory, in order to make his leisure fully worth while to himself, to his family, to his community, to the State.

(To be concluded)

# The Italian Physician in America

By Filippo Cassola, M. D.

**W**HEN, toward the end of the past century, Italian immigration in the United States began to assume sweeping demographic proportions and poured into this country in an irresistible tide of tens of thousands of Italians per year, there came along with these immigrants a not inconsiderable number of Italian physicians.

Just as the immigration was coming largely from the smaller cities and towns, which were becoming depopulated and losing the men who had courage and self-reliance, and who were physically fit for hard work and the struggles of life, so the physicians in these small towns, seeing the extent to which this tide was flowing uninterruptedly and ever increasingly toward America, packed their bags and followed relatives, friends and fellow-townsmen to that land of fabulous promises, the American Eden. The same economic reasons that urged the people out beyond their country's confines also prompted the physicians, and the lack of preparation for the life, the psychology and the language of this country that characterized the early immigrants frequently also characterized these newly arrived physicians.

To the hard "via crucis" that confronted the immigrant in his attempts at acquiring a small place at the bountiful table that America was offering, there was subjected also the Italian physician who came to the United States. All the races that had preceded the Italians

were already comfortably situated and they did not look with favor on these latest arrivals, subdued in aspect, humble in needs, but tenacious in purpose and invincible in their penetrating efforts. And the Italian in the first period of our immigration, finding it im-

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*This largely retrospective article by the Editor of ATLANTICA, originally written in Italian at the request of Il Progresso Italo-Americano for their recent Fiftieth Anniversary number, is herein translated, in the belief, not that it completely covers the field (which is too vast to be included in a single article) but that it will stimulate physicians and readers in New York and other cities to submit material and data to go, some day, to the writing of a much-needed, larger and more definitive work on the subject.*

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possible to fuse himself immediately with the other racial groups, mingled with his own kind to feel a little more at home. It so happened that in some streets and sections there were a number of families related to each other or who had come from the same home town on the other side. The newly arrived doctor found it advantageous, naturally, to settle among these groups of people who, often enough, already knew him, and in their midst he set up his practice.

**B**UT if it was relatively easy for the artisan and the manual laborer to occupy himself with any kind of a job soon after his arrival, it was not so for the professional man who, among other things, first had to surmount a difficult obstacle in the form of the country's laws, which obliged him to pass a difficult State examination, which, moreover, had to be written entirely in English.

It will always be a credit to Italian immigration that it did its task well, unprepared, unorganized and uninformed as it was, without the motherland having shown the slightest interest in its life, development and progress, though in the meanwhile it was the immigrants' enormous material benefits that contributed not a little to bettering the economic conditions in the Mezzogiorno area of Italy and to improving the balance of trade between the two countries. And in spite of the examples of seditious allurements and wayward conduct often displayed before his very eyes, in the surroundings in which he was compelled to live because of financial circumstances, the immigrant, in by far the large majority of cases, did not deviate, but preserved a certain dignity of behavior and a respect for his Italian name which laid the firm foundations for his future success.

The Italian physician, proud of the frequently professional traditions of his own family, of the history of Italian civiliza-

tion, and of the century-old renown of the University whence he had been graduated, soon understood the moral responsibility that was his, and he became not only the physician, but also a guide and counselor for his countrymen.

Few, very few indeed, were those who bartered their consciences and made unethical and untoward profits out of their profession.

But the Italian physician in this country, poorly adjusted to his environment, as we have already observed, frequently occupied with the multifarious exigencies of a large but hardly profitable practice, and desirous of becoming economically independent or of returning to his home country, had to keep aloof from the native professional element, nor could he attempt the portals of hospitals and clinics, which, moreover, would not have readily opened for him.

**T**HE first attempt at creating an Italian Hospital in New York occurred in 1891. It rose at the corner of Second Avenue and 12th Street, and was called the "Italian Home." Accompanied at its birth by the enthusiasm of the Italian community, after a short life it had to close its doors because of differences that had arisen among its directors, differences that were communicated to the community itself and divided it into two camps which regarded each other with hostility for a long time, putting so much spite into the struggle as to provoke the breaking up of old friendships and business relations.

The writer still remembers how it was possible not so long ago to read the legend, "Italian Home," in mosaic, in the area before the private house which, after having been the Italian Home, became the point of de-

parture for St. Mark's Hospital, recently closed for lack of funds.

The present Italian Hospital was inaugurated about twenty-five years ago through the work of the Italian Benevolent Society. Its first site was in a few old houses situated in West Houston Street, whence it passed to 83rd Street near the East River, and then to 55th Street and Lexington Avenue. When and where—if ever—the new hospital will rise has not yet been decided, but the less said about this the better, when we are concerning ourselves with what Italians have done that is worthwhile—and that is plenty. Let us add, though, that if at any time the road to success appears clear, we will, naturally, join in with our whole-hearted applause.

**W**ITHOUT mentioning the private hospitals built up by Italian physicians in many cities throughout the United States, we should remember the little Columbus Hospital in Philadelphia, which is soon to be transformed into a great, modern hospital; the two well-known hospitals in Chicago: the Mother Cabrini Memorial Hospital and the Columbus Hospital, each capable of housing 200 beds; and the Columbus Hospital in Seattle, extremely modern, and having the same capacity. These hospitals are the property of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, an Italian religious order, with its main branch in Rome, founded fifty years ago by Mother Cabrini. The present head of the order is Mother-General Antonietta Della Casa, an intellectual woman of great organizing ability.

In San Francisco, this very year, the wealthy and prospering Italian community in that city has inaugurated the Dante Hospital, which for architec-

tural beauty, scientific equipment and technical organization ranks with the best.

**T**HEN there have also been various attempts at organizing Italian medical associations in the principal cities of the United States. The writer is acquainted with what has been done in this direction in New York. The associations aimed at uniting the Italian physicians living in the same city, and at keeping alive the traditions of Italian science and the Italian language.

In New York, there was but small success at the beginning. Later there was formed the Italian Medical Society, which had many years of life and activity, and which, at least on paper, still continues to exist. There followed the Association of Italian Physicians in America, formed by young physicians of Italian blood who had other needs and other aspirations, corresponding more closely to the needs of the new Italian generation. Besides serving as a forum for scientific discussions, it was intended to organize the young physicians so as to make more powerful their influence in the medical societies of the city and in the local hospitals. There is an Italian Medical Society in Brooklyn, also a strong organization, and there is another for the Italian physicians in the Bronx. The multiplicity of these organizations corresponds to the exigencies of the Italian physicians in the various sections of Greater New York, and is not an indication of dissension among the groups.

In the last ten years Italian physicians, especially those born or educated in the United States, have made notable progress in clinics, hospitals and even in educational positions. Many Italian names are listed already in the annuals of



American hospitals, great and small, and in the next ten years their number will be much greater, just as the positions held by them will be more important. Italian names are also beginning to appear frequently in this country's medical journals, and in the gatherings of various scientific organizations.

IT cannot be unrecognized that many obstacles are still in the way of real assertion, and that there are many paths still to be passed over, but the younger generation is giving an excellent account of itself and success is assured.

Though American legislation has restricted immigration, the number of physicians of Italian blood has not decreased, but has undergone a continual increase, thanks to the large numbers of the sons of Italians who come out of the medical colleges of this country every year.

Statistics, more or less complete, as to the number of physicians of Italian blood living in the United States, have not yet been compiled, although it would not be very difficult to gather the necessary data.

In Greater New York, the number of physicians with Italian names, according to the latest Medical Directory, is in the neighborhood of eight hundred. In addition to the new recruits who enter and enlarge the ranks every year, there is also

a certain exodus and influx to and from the other cities of the country.

We cannot mention here all those who have already made a name for themselves in the clinical field and in that of the science itself. The list would be too long and incomplete. But we would like to mention the names of three pioneers widely and well known for what they have done, through their works and their writings, in the profession and in the strenuous defence of the Italian tradition: Dr. Paolo De Vecchi, who formerly practiced in San Francisco and who now lives in New York, Dr. Ravogli of Cincinnati, and Dr. Antonio Stella, whose recent premature death was a great loss to us.

IF it is true that the hospital makes the physician, and that the physician then makes the reputation of the hospital, we cannot close this hasty and incomplete sketch of the activities of the Italian physicians in this country without pointing out an event, now known to but a few, which will soon be a matter to command the attention of the public and the Italian press in this city. This is the fact that, within a few weeks, the Italian community in New York will have two truly Italian hospitals with a combined capacity of 300 beds, one situated at 163rd Street between Amsterdam and Edgecombe Avenues, and the other

at 19th Street between Second and Third Avenues, both provided with the most modern and up-to-date scientific equipment. Both have also large adjacent sites, already acquired in anticipation of expansion in the near future. It will be possible to treat through Italian physicians in these hospitals—they will have a medical corps of at least eighty professional attendants—from six to seven thousand patients yearly. So far we have had only the individual assertion of the Italian physician: with the establishment of these hospitals we will have the assertion of the Italian medical body and of Italian hospital organizations in this city.

All this has been accomplished without loud proclamations, without pompous vanities, without poorly dissimulated ambitions, without seeking titular honors, without odious and degrading wrangles, without the cupidity of establishing permanent incumbencies or fat prebends, without visions of business manipulations, without the specter of moral or financial failure, or anxiety occasioned by insufficiency of needed funds. The Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, with silent work, fecund and industrious, have brought about a miracle, where the Italian community of New York—and not through the fault of the people at large—has failed to carry out a duty.



# Father Giovanni Salvaterra

## The Apostle of Lower California

By Giovanni Schiavo

ONE hundred and fifty years after Fra Marco da Nizza discovered Arizona and at the same time that Father Francesco Eusebio Chini was blazing the trail north of Mexico, another Italian missionary, Father Giovanni Salvaterra, was carrying on the gospel of Christ among the savages of Lower California.

Father Salvaterra was born at Milan, Italy, on the 15th of November, 1648. He received his higher education at the Jesuit college of Parma and was ordained a priest at Genoa.

His interest in Indian missions was aroused early in life. It was while he was a student at Parma that he happened to read a book on the North American Indians and conceived there and then the idea of devoting his life to missionary work on the American continent.

In 1675 Father Salvaterra left for Mexico, where he continued his studies for a time, later teaching at the Jesuit college at Puebla. In recognition of his learning he was offered a position in the Cathedral, but he declined the offer and applied at once for missionary work.

He left for the wild country of North America in June 1680, being assigned at first to the conversion of the Tarumari Indians in Southwestern Chihuahua, among whom he spent ten years. There he founded

several missions and baptized hundreds of pagans.

In 1690, as a reward of his zeal, he was appointed visitor-general of the north-western district (Sonora and Sinaloa)

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Mr. Giovanni Schiavo, in this issue, continues his series of articles on little-known, but invaluable contributors to America's early history. Even as Father Chini explored Arizona, it was Father Giovanni Salvaterra, another Italian missionary, who "was carrying on the Gospel of Christ among the savages of Lower California." The series will be continued in our next issue.

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where he labored for another seven years, until in 1697 he was assigned to the great task which was to secure for him such a prominent place in the early history of Lower California.

The idea of civilizing that part of the new continent, is ascribed by historians both to Father Salvaterra and Father Chini, who had previously visited that territory together in 1686.

Securing the permission to enter the peninsula, however, was not an easy task. It took the two fathers years and years to convince the Spanish authorities of the possibilities of the project. Finally, when the consent was given, it was specified

that the expedition was to be carried at the risk and cost of the Jesuit order.

But Father Salvaterra was not a man to be discouraged at the condition imposed upon him. At last he found generous Spaniards who were willing to pledge sufficient money for him to carry on his work. Their donations constituted the beginning of the famous Pious Fund, upon which the United States Government was to lay claims against the Government of Mexico, the case finally being settled by the Court of Arbitration at the Hague in 1902.

The undertaking, however, was to be entirely under the control of the Jesuit fathers, who assumed command over the soldiers as well as the civilians in their party.

On October 10, 1697, Father Salvaterra, accompanied by five soldiers and three Indians left the coast of Mexico for the opposite side of the Gulf, landing at San Sionisio Bay on October 19. Not far from the coast, the first permanent Jesuit mission in Lower California was founded at Loreto, and possession of the country was taken in the name of the King of Spain.

The indomitable Father set out at once to impart the elements of catechism to the Indians, whose attendance was secured through the distribution, at the end of each lesson, of portions of boiled corn

called *pozole*. Trouble, however, soon began to appear at the small camp. The Indians, who seemed to enjoy the *pozole*, were not satisfied with the rations given them and kept on asking for more. They even threatened to kill the Father, who was compelled to take turn as a sentinel in order to save the camp from disaster. On the 13th of November 500 Indians attacked the fort with arrows and stones.

On that occasion, Father Salvaterra tried his best to convince them to desist, but when arguments failed, arms were resorted to. That brought the Indians to reason.

Ten days later, fortunately, more soldiers and more provisions arrived, under the guidance of another Italian missionary, Father Francesco Maria Piccolo, who had been with Father Salvaterra and Chini in the same territory ten years earlier. Now the colony consisted of the two missionaries and of a garrison of twenty-two soldiers.

For two years, during which Fathers Salvaterra and Piccolo mastered the language of the local Indians, no attempt was made to enlarge the mission. It was not indeed, before Nov. 1, 1699, that the second mission, that of San Francis Xavier, was founded.

In his undertaking, Father Salvaterra, it should be well stressed, was not animated by any desire of material gains. As Dr. Chapman tells us, that territory, in Spanish colonial days was mountainous, arid waste, stretching for eight hundred miles, unfit for mining, stockraising or agriculture. It "could serve as a base of supply for more northerly lands. Rather it stood in need of aid, which had to come by sea, unless a land route could be found" as at that time California was still considered to

be an island rather than a peninsula (Charles E. Chapman, *The Founding of Spanish California*).

Father Salvaterra's only spiritual interest in the land was also demonstrated when he prohibited soldiers from fishing for pearls. Eighteen of his thirty soldiers were consequently discharged, thus ren-



*Father Giovanni Salvaterra, S. J.*

dering the position of the mission more precarious, exposed as it was to the attacks of hostile Indians who were incited against the missionaries by their own medicine men.

The pious fund also proved insufficient to the needs of the Jesuits. It was only in 1702 that the King of Spain came to their rescue, by granting them 6,000 pesos a year. That allowance, it should be pointed out, was given by the King without any hope for any possible return on the investment. But even this money was paid after distressing delays, causing the colony to live under conditions which at times became almost unbearable.

"The difficulties to be overcome—geographical barriers, the insufficient funds which the

Government was willing to apply, the hindrance of graft and administrative cumbersomeness, the numerous Indians to be encountered, and the competition of Europeans—were so great that only a leader of extraordinary energy and ability could push ahead of the normal march of conquest. Salvaterra and Ugarte demonstrated the necessary qualities in Baja California, but no other great leader appeared until the arrival of Jose de Galvez in 1765." (Chapman, *A history of California*, 1921, page 188.) Father Ugarte joined the Italian missionary in 1702, and substituted Father Piccolo at the San Xavier mission.

In all Father Salvaterra founded six missions in Lower California.

The task of the missionary among the Indians was a difficult one. "He had to induce the savages by means of food and flattery to attend the chatechism, the Rosary and the Holy Mass, and at the same time to drop their pagan practices and abandon their fear of the medicine-men; then he had to teach a people unacquainted with labor, to cultivate the soil and to care for cattle and other domestic animals, and by degrees to form human beings of savage brutes who lived in absolute idleness, and like brutes sought their food while roaming unrestrained about the mountains. (Z. Engelhardt, *The Missions and Missionaries of California*, 1908, vol. 1, page 97.) The frequent revolts of the Indians, moreover, were a constant source of alarm.

Yet, Father Salvaterra could have lived in Italy in splendid comfort, surrounded by a high civilization, without fears or dangers of any sort. But he preferred the arduous life of the missionary to the compara-

tively easy tasks of a city priest.

In 1704, Father Salvaterra, against his wishes was appointed Provincial of his order in Mexico. He returned, however, to his former territory, "working with the missionaries as if he were one of them and not the superior of a province of religious. He visited every mission station and rancheria, distributed little presents to the Indians, and instructed them as he was accustomed to do when he dwelt among them."

His heart, however, was still with them. Soon after he was appointed Father Provincial, he sent in a resignation to his superiors, advising them that he felt that his place was among the Indians. But it was not until September 1706 that his resignation was accepted. On January 30, 1707, accordingly, he left with five Indians for the scene of his earlier labors, where he remained until he was called back to Mexico in 1717, by the Vice-roy, who wished to confer with him.

Father Salvaterra then was seventy years old and suffer-

ing from a severe illness. But he did not hesitate to obey the superior command. On March 31, 1717, he left for Mexico, landing at Matanchel after nine days on the sea, and continuing his journey by horseback. The strain of the trip, however, was too much for him. From Matanchel he had to be carried on a stretcher to Guadalajara, where he remained until death overtook him on July 17, 1717.

"The highest government officials, the bishop, the secular and regular clergy, the nobility and an immense multitude of people took part in the funeral services. The body was buried in the chapel of our Lady of Loreto, which the deceased himself, before entering upon his apostolic career across the gulf, had erected. Later on the remains were placed in a casket and deposited near the altar of the Blessed Virgin."

Father Salvaterra's most important writings are: "Cartas sobre la conquista espiritual de California, Mexico, 1698; Nuevas cartas sobre lo mismo, Mexico, 1699; Relaciones, 1697, 1709."

Although Father Salvaterra's work was not as important as that of Fra Marco or Father Chini, he paved the way for the march of civilization towards the North. As Prof. Eldredge says, "he planted the first Christian mission in Lower California, the seed from which though it perished and revived again, grew all the mission establishments on the coast." His name deserves to rank with those of Hennepin and Marquette and Debonet." (Zoeth Skinner Eldredge, History of California, vol. 1.)

Robert Class Cleland in referring to Father Salvaterra and to his missionary brothers, says in "Pathfinders, California series:"

"In any general history of California the contributions made by these men in preparing the way for the later advance to San Diego and Monterey would merit generous space. They sowed generously and gave themselves without reserve, knowing that others and not they themselves would reap the fruits of their labors."

## ITALY IS IN HER EYES . . . .

To F. B.

(1)

Italy is in her eyes...  
Conquest is her guide.  
No splendor native once to Art  
Shall hidden long abide.  
The world old Leonardo wrought  
Shall yield again its pride  
And none who dwell in darkness now  
Of sight shall be denied.

(2)

Italy is in her eyes...  
The marble dream that grew  
To please the ancient Deities  
Shall better serve the new.  
Across Aegean Seas of blue  
Where Temples whitely shone  
To flash afar Athenian grace,  
Yet nobler shall be known.

(3)

Prophecy is in her eyes...  
New beauty arms her soul.  
Shall a worn Acropolis,  
In ruin be her goal?  
The stately grandeur that was Rome  
Shall fill unmeasured skies,  
For glory skills her potent hands  
While beauty lights her eyes.

(4)

Goes she with discovery  
Through forgotten years;  
Where her intuition leads  
Treasure-Trove appears.  
Italy is but a name,  
Fame is Florentine.  
Are there greater Angels  
None of us have seen?

(5)

Italy is in her eyes...  
Who shall paint her dream?  
In her mirror I have seen  
Paradise a gleam.  
When I come to Italy,  
Only this I pray  
One whose soul is consecrate  
There shall point the way.  
"ARROW-HEAD"

("Arrow-Head" is the pen name of the beloved Chicago poet, George Erwin Bowen, for decades contributor to Chicago periodicals and newspapers.)



*The Tavern Scene of the Nativity Cabinet  
—from the Nativity Group in the Thayer Museum*

# The Italian “Praesepio” or Nativity Group

By Margaret Whittemore

OVER seven hundred years ago St. Francis of Assisi and his friend Giovanni Velita together created a group of marionettes, representative of the Nativity, in order to teach the people, who could not read, the story of the birth of Jesus. This scenic representation was set up in Greccio, Italy, in 1223, and was accompanied with preaching. Its success was so marked that other Nativity groups were made and set up throughout the country, and came into vogue as household ornaments.

The Nativity group, comprising doll figures in the manger, bears the name “Praesepio,” or in dialect, Presepe. Such groups are mentioned in early notarial records of the fifteenth century in Naples, and the custom of exhibiting them in convents and homes is found still earlier. The Basilica Liberiana of Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome from the seventh

century was called “Santa Maria ad Praesepe”; and regularly at Christmas time a representation of the Nativity took place in one of its chapels. It was this that Gregory IV (A. D. 827-843) took as a model for

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Every Italian is familiar with the essentially Italian custom of having a “praesepio” (“presepe” in dialect) in conjunction with Christmas celebrations. These little figures go back to antiquity in their origin, as the following article shows. What follows is a history of its manifestations throughout Europe and especially Italy.

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a Nativity erected in San Maria in Trastivere.

During the Middle Ages biblical plays were often performed with marionettes in the churches of Europe, the manikins taking the parts of Joseph, Mary, Jesus, the three Wise

Men, angels, shepherds and even the animals in the stable. This was the earliest type of Passion Play. The Praesepio usually included the Annunciation, the Nativity in the stable at Bethlehem, and the tavern. There are scenes showing in addition, the flight into Egypt, the wedding at Cana of Galilee, Jesus among the scribes, and other events in the life of the Master. Later the scope grew much larger, and human figures, such as peasants, fishermen, beggars, soldiers, and various animals were introduced into the scenes.

Great care was given to the construction of the little figures. In Italy most of them were made of wax or terra-cotta, though the bodies were often made of rags to render them pliable. Some were entirely of papier-mache, and some were of wood with movable limbs. There is said to be only one person left in Naples who can still produce the old-style dolls and repair them.

Two of the most famous modelers of the little dolls were Guiseppe Sammartino (1720-1793) and a well-known follower of his, Guiseppe Gori, whose specialty was the making of nobles and Oriental figures. Another Praesepio artist, Francesco di Nardo, was famous for his animals; but even more skilful than he were the Vasallo brothers, Saverio and Nicola.

In 1760 Charles III of Bourbon, King of Naples, prepared a Praesepio with his own hands, and his queen cut up her own sumptuous garments to dress the dolls. All of the best talent of the day was employed in the construction of the dolls, and the result was one of the most beautiful Nativity groups in existence. It is now placed in a historical museum near Naples. A double guard was necessary when it was first exhibited, because of the large crowds eager to see it. The setting is forty feet wide, twenty-five feet deep and fifteen feet high. There are five hundred figures of people and two hundred animals, all of finely carved wood and wax, and wearing costly garments. The shepherds were modeled after actual figures of peasants of the day or of the preceding century.

These Nativity groups are also known as "Christmas Cribs." They were at first limited to only a few figures, and with all their simplicity showed much individuality in treatment. The best examples show accurately the costumes of the peasants of that ancient time. In some the infant wears a wadded cap, tied around with a kerchief turban-wise, and a striped gown wound about with strips of cloth or ribbon.

In warm countries the scene is laid in the open air, with

sunny mountain slopes or level prairies; while in cold climates the crib is represented in a thatched stable with snow and icicles in evidence, an ox or an ass bending over the child warming him with its breath. Often many domestic touches



*Joseph, Mary, and the Child  
—from the Nativity Group in the Thayer  
Museum.*

are added, such as a pigeon on its nest, bird cages, baskets filled with tiny eggs, and goats, sheep, turkeys, hens, and chickens.

With the present interest in all things antique, the Christmas cribs and crib figures have regained their old-time popularity, and curio seekers are eagerly looking for them. A Christmas crib market is held annually in Munich during Christmas week, but only cheap ware is sold here, which does not compare with the artistic figures of olden times.

There are today some fine collections of Christmas cribs in private hands, in museums and in churches. Enrico Caruso owned a rare collection of these dolls. European people of wealth often have exhibitions of this kind arranged in their own homes at Christmas, and the children of royalty in all Latin countries have such groups. A particularly fine one was arranged for the present King of Spain when he was quite young, and was on exhibition in Madrid for some time.

A fine specimen of a complete Christmas crib may be seen at Oberammergau, famous for its passion play. This was formerly kept in the old parish church, but is now in the possession of Sebastian Lang, whose son is at the head of the renowned Oberammergau wood-carving school. The Bavarian Museum in Munich has a splendid collection of cribs gathered from all parts of the country. There is an especially good collection in the Museum of Florence and in a small museum near Naples, containing two or three hundred figures of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Single figures are occasionally found in antique shops. Large prices are often asked for these, since the dolls have served in Nativity exhibitions and are supposed to have become possessed with supernatural power.

One of the finest Christmas cribs in America is owned by the University of Kansas and is in what is known as the W. B. Thayer Memorial Collection. There are two glass cabinets holding one hundred of these little Italian figures, so picturesque and costumed so ingeniously in fragments of silk, fur and leather. They were formerly in the home of Prince Massimo of Rome and were exhibited at the Castle of Sant' Angelo. Prince Massimo's mother, who was a granddaughter of the famous Duchess de Berry, bought one of the cabinets with her marriage portion. The other came from the Massimo family, one of the oldest families of Rome.

It seems strange to find this lovely collection of picturesque figures in a small Mid-Western town so far from the art-centers of the world.

# Claudio Frigerio

By Dominick Lamonica

**T**HAT night, as the mellow baritone strains of "O Santa Medaglia" from "Faust" floated over the dark, iridescent waters of Lago di Como, those who had gathered for festival at the Villa d'Este were entranced. Who could he be? "Bring him to me, please: I like his voice," said the lady who was the attraction at the famous Villa that night.

So, from his humble little boat, where he had been singing to space in the darkness, Claudio Frigerio, twenty years old, was brought to the lady. And once again he sang his song for her, and she complimented him on his voice and urged him to study. She even gave him 200 lire with which to buy champagne for himself.

The young man was inspired; new worlds had been opened up to him. Who was this goddess who had been so kind? It was only after he had left that he discovered he had been speaking with Lucrezia Bori, world-famous opera singer. La Bori! But this was too much to believe; he had always thought of her as a personage inhabiting another world. And he had actually spoken to her!

Yet five years later Claudio Frigerio, the night after his debut at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, was to be on equal terms with her and sing from the same stage. In five years, from a poor, unknown youth with a flair and a voice for singing, to a debut in a leading role in "Il Trovatore" at the Metropolitan Op-

era House, that famous diamond horseshoe that is the glittering apotheosis of the dreams of all who sing—that, briefly, is



*Claudio Frigerio  
the Metropolitan's youngest  
singer*

the story of the Metropolitan's youngest singer.

**C**LAUDIO FRIGERIO is an American—born in Paterson in January, 1905, of Italian parents. His people had been artisans in silk back in Como, Italy, and when they came here it was natural that they should go to Paterson, a silk center. When Claudio was four, however, he was taken back to Italy, where he was educated and where he has been practically all his life. To this day, he speaks but little English.

**I**T WAS not a difficult matter for him to decide to follow a musical career. His father sang, his mother sang, all his brothers and sisters sang—in fact, confessed the young singer with justifiable pride, the family constituted a choral society in itself. Early it became evident that his voice was the most gifted in the family, and the others accordingly made the necessary sacrifices: they worked while he stopped working and studied. His early practice, aside from his study, was acquired by singing in various choral societies in his vicinity as soloist. Then it was that one night he met the great Bori.

This was a milestone in his life. He had been discovered, and it was she who had discovered him. Furthermore, she charged Scotti to take him in hand. The latter, after listening to him, was also convinced, and he made arrangements whereby the young Claudio was to study in Milan at the expense of La Scala, which rivals the Metropolitan as the world's greatest opera house. But just then he was called away for his period of military training, and when he returned his studies were taken up under the great Italian baritone Maestro Borghi of Milan for about a year.

His debut at the Carcano Theatre in Milan, in "Il Trovatore," was a great success. His singing had a fine quality of tone and an unforced vocal production, and he quickly captured his audience. From then

12/30

on he sang in various theatres throughout Italy.

**W**E NEXT see him in California in December, 1929. He had signed a contract with the Columbia Grand Opera Company of that state, and in that month his debut with the company in Los Angeles was another success. So was his singing with the opera troupe in San Diego, in Santa Barbara, and in other California cities. It was backed by an admirable poise and a dramatic skill that made his singing all the more effective. He had to sing encores repeatedly.

Inevitably the talkies reached out and tried to induce him to sign a five year contract. This offer, from Pathe, seemed lucrative and a step forward, but Frigerio hesitated, as many other artists have done, faced with the same situation. Perhaps he would have ended up by signing on the dotted line. But just about at that time he sang in San Francisco, and the echoes of the acclaim he received reached the ears of Beniamino Gigli, who was singing on the Coast this past winter.

Gigli did not hear him sing; he met him, talked to him, and liked him. He told him he was leaving immediately for New York, where he was giving a concert in Carnegie Hall for the benefit of the Italian Hospital. If the boy would come to New York, he would put him on that program and give him an opportunity, a magnificent one, to be heard in the metropolis.

April 6th arrived, and Carnegie Hall was filled with Gigli enthusiasts. Frigerio opened the program with Leoncavallo's prologue from *Pagliacci*, and when he began to sing the audience, who had come for Gigli, were surprised at the wonderful tones, clear and bell-

like, that swelled and swelled till the house was in an uproar, with shouts of "Bravo!" and "Encore!" coming from all sides.

Concert managers were anxious to sign up the young phenomenon, but Gigli told them to wait: he had other plans. One day Gigli presented Frigerio to Gatti-Casazza, who, together with several conductors, was present at an audition. All this Frigerio related briefly and casually. Wasn't he at all nervous at this audition, probably the most important one in his life?

**H**IS attention called to this fact, he smiled and assured me that he would not be human if he had not, but he was confident in himself and, though the overlords of the Metropolitan said nothing, they were impressed. Again relapsing into simple narrative, Frigerio related how, after a second audition, he was taken into Gatti's private office and given a five-year contract to sing leading roles at the Metropolitan. And this after Gatti had said that he had no place for another baritone and could not use one under any circumstances.

The rest is an anti-climax. During the past summer, he sang in Venice and other Italian cities in charity concerts, and he was enthusiastically acclaimed. His debut with the Metropolitan occurred last November 15, when he took the part of the Count in "Il Trovatore," and was applauded at length. It was the following night that he sang a duet with Bori on a concert stage.

Claudio Frigerio has "una grande passione" and enthusiasm for the stage; he lives only for the stage and the theatre. Five years ago, he confessed, he would have sold his soul to the devil for the opportunity to sing on the stage. Luckily,

this has never been necessary for his rise has been little short of meteoric. Yet he claims no credit for his success, it is always someone else who he says deserves the credit. His people, above all, for stinting and sacrificing themselves that he might get the necessary training; Master Borghi, who was his only teacher; Bori, who discovered him; and Gigli, who rediscovered him and paved the way for his audition before Gatti. Yet indubitably it was his voice that achieved success: opportunity without ability is of small use.

Frigerio is modest, ingratiating and handsome. Knowing he was a bachelor, I turned the conversation to marriage. Did he think marriage hindered a career? Smilingly he assured me it did not and need not, and that, in fact, the right man or the right woman could provide inspiration and help that it would be impossible to find elsewhere. Which, he hastened to add, does not mean, however, that he is contemplating marriage, at least for a long time to come.

**O**F THE twenty operas or so in his repertoire (he sings both in Italian and in French) Frigerio's favorite is "Un Ballo in Maschera," which he likes because it gives him an opportunity to indulge in the "bel canto" he likes so well. His second best preference is "La Traviata." For he likes to sing "con espressione" and delicate feeling, and he finds he can do so best in these operas.

And his favorite song? It need hardly be added that it is that same "O Santa Medaglia" from "Faust" which, floating over the placid ripples of Lake Como, first brought him to Lucrezia Bori, and started him on the glorious road that has led to the Metropolitan Opera House.



# The Independent Order Sons of Italy

By Rosario Ingarciola

THE other day the newspapers announced the birth of two new Italian societies—the *Order of the Legionnaires* and the *Crusaders' Brotherhood*. Naturally a thoughtful person must have been amused—or perhaps one should say grieved—on reading this piece of news. That the Italians in America should be so prolific in spawning such a multiplicity of fraternal organizations is really phenomenal. This sort of spontaneous generation might be a diverting pastime for the weary observer if its frequency did not belie an index to the character of some of our people.

An Italian-American journalist, in noting recently the announcement of those two new Orders, made the following jolly suggestion: put these many and different organizations together and give them a comprehensively symbolic name: *l'Ordine del Manicomio*; and for a coat of arms select a strait-jacket with the letter *I* engraved in the center thereof—the letter *I* being taken to represent, indifferently, either Italy or Inutility.

Now, beneath this exterior of bitter irony there lies a certain apprehension which is entertained by many right-thinking persons and which it is impossible to conceal. It is truly a serious problem, this facility and eagerness to get a handful of Italians together and call in to being forthwith an association of some kind, a problem which ought to engage the careful consideration of the sociologist—or the psychiatrist.

For our own immediate purpose, however, we shall confine our attention to one of the oldest organizations in this coun-

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The author of this article, which is one of a series in *ATLANTICA* on the more prominent Italian societies in this country, is Grande Venerabile of the New York Lodge of this national society. He minces no words, but states frankly his opinion of the trend of his and other Italian societies in this country.

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try and treat briefly of its origin and aims. Being very old, the most that the Independent Order Sons of Italy can be charged with, is the setting of an example—a noble example, I should like to think; an example which, unfortunately, has been badly followed and worse understood. For, as it happened, dozens of similar institutions have originated since the trail was first blazed by the founders of the Independent Order Sons of Italy.

The two oldest organizations of their kind in this country are the Order Sons of Italy in America and the Independent Order. Whatever may be the popular impression, the Independent Order is not the resultant of an act of secession, nor is it a radical or rebel organization, as its name is often taken to imply by people who look merely at the surface of things. Both Orders were born almost simultaneously.

Originally, some 25 years ago, it was the intention of a

group of patriotic men to establish one great national Society to be called the Order Sons of Italy. It seems that during the period of gestation and before the order was legally and officially constituted differences arose among the organizers. The result was that these men separated into factions and set out to realize their dream independently. One group became known as the Order Sons of Italy in America; the other, when finally incorporated, adopted the name *Independent*, not only to differentiate itself, but also to indicate a larger and freer conception of feeling and ideals. Thus both Orders were co-eval. What has occurred since is common knowledge. After them came the deluge!

The basic idea of the Independent Order has always been the unity of the Italians living in this country. Its slogan still is: *United we stand—Divided we fall*.

To appreciate fully the significance of this idea one must go back some 30 or 40 years and recall the true status of the Italians in this country at that time. The progress which has been made these many years is ample proof that the founding of the Independent Order was more than justified. It would be difficult, even for the most rabid pessimist, to deny that the two great Italian Orders have contributed enormously toward the betterment and uplift of the Italian people here.

To organize the Italians meant, in those far-off and for-

gotten days, to awaken in them a race consciousness and to develop in them an Italian-mindedness, the ultimate result of which was to make them better Italians, hence better Americans. Stripped of all their many advantages, of a social and beneficial nature, the all-pervading purpose of the Orders has been chiefly moral and spiritual. In this field, it would be impossible to over-estimate the far-reaching importance of our organizations in general. The good they have done in 25 years of fervent patriotic activity must not be lost sight of, particularly today when it would seem that all our human values tend to be submerged in an ever-surging tide of so-called modernity.

The only disturbing feature about the associative life of the Italians in this country has been this: *the readiness to secede*. Obviously, such a characteristic must be a logical consequence of the well-known frivolous *will to unite*. In justice, however, to the great mass of the people, it must be recognized that in each and every case the responsibility belongs to a small group of adventurers camouflaged as patriots, concerned only with selfish motives and seeking only their self-aggrandizement.

Luckily, the Independent Order Sons of Italy has been immune from such deleterious tendencies and free from the demoralizing influence of such men. It can justly boast of 25 years of intense activity without any internal dissensions, let alone secession. The reason—if it be not treason to say it—

must be found in the temper and high-mindedness of the leaders of the Order.

Now, in a discussion of this kind, I think it is fair to inquire into the possibilities of our fraternal organizations. What is the future of the Order? A detailed analysis would take us far and afield. Such an inquiry *deserves* extended study and special treatment. It must therefore be postponed to a more opportune time. However, we may here indicate a thought which is the result of personal observation and many years of experience.

**L**ET us be candid in asserting at the very outset that the future of the Orders is by no means hopeful. In recent times we have witnessed a steady decline, both in membership and in enthusiasm. The causes are many and diverse. But the remedy is just one: the Orders must be renovated. There is no other way: renovation or extermination.

By renovation is meant that the Orders must make an intelligent appeal to the young Italian-American. In the past our chief purpose seems to have been to Italianize the Orders, which was very good then and indeed is still good now; but today our principal aim ought to be to Americanize them more and more, in the sense that they have to offer something different to the new generation. The Orders have outlived their usefulness, in the strict patriotic meaning and application of the term. It is now time that we get out of our dusty

meeting rooms, and go forth into a real and matter-of-fact world, expanding and extending our objectives as we move along.

Whether the young people will join our ranks in the forward march is another story. The fact is that up to now they have evinced very little inclination to do so. Why? Well, the reasons are many, some good and some bad, and even to allude to them here would go beyond the limits of this writing. However, whatever may be the direct causes of this indifference, there is one remedy—and that is to develop or create in these young people a desire to join our organizations. You don't have to beg a man to become a Mason or an Elk: that this is necessary in our case is a most regrettable fact, more easily explained than justified.

The paramount concern of all right-minded Italians should be two-fold: first, to discourage this fad of overnight multiplication of our societies. If it were possible, there ought to be fewer, but better ones. Secondly, to approach the young element sympathetically and invite them to join.

The Independent Order, fully aware of the true state of affairs resulting from changed conditions, is at present engaged in this work of practical re-adjustment. In the meantime, let us look forward to the day—perhaps not so near—when we shall see all the Italian-Americans united under one powerful Order—not of the *Manicomio*—but of all true and real Sons of Italy.

# A Century of Italian Acting

By Roberto Bracco

## II

NOTHING of all this in Giovanni Emanuel. He built up his interpretations little by little by patient solitary work behind closed doors, stamping on his own mind every word, comma, full stop, pause, phonetic modification, sculptural attitude, in much the same way that music is stamped on the music roll for the pianola; shaping, in short, and entrusting to a cerebral reservoir all the particulars of the potential personage. Before the footlights the character appeared in a most individual rendering, stylized in an adamantine concreteness. The truthfulness of the characterization did not consist in outward verity, but was revealed in a form of an esthetic conception that was beautifully worked out and beautifully definitive. Mercadet and his crooked dealings, the mystical-positivism of Hamlet, the savage jealousy of Othello, King Lear, insane with grief over filial ingratitude, all appeared as in the magnificent immutable solemnity of a monument.

All this was not dedicated to the public, from which he withdrew in the hours of preparation and in those of experiment with the curtain up. The raised curtain was replaced, for him, by something like a mist that separated him from the pit. And so the sparseness of the audiences—which for so many years prevented his being able to count on a good box-office—did not discourage or weaken him. (Novelli, if the

house was not crowded to capacity, lost interest.) He acted for himself; for himself sought perfection. For himself he

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*The story of the dramatic art in Italy during the past hundred years or so is not widely known, though it is one of the most glowing pages in Italy's history. In the following article, printed by permission of the Theatre Guild Monthly, Roberto Bracco, one of Italy's most illustrious and distinguished dramatists, calls upon his memory and reminisces on the great actors he has known from Ristori to Novelli. This second installment concludes the article.*

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feared to take so much as a step away from the premeditated line. And his anxiety was such that the merest trifle sufficed to disconcert him: the *lapsus* of an actor or actress who was on the stage with him, the absence of a chair on which he was in the habit of sitting in a culminating scene, the discovery that he had forgotten a property: a pocketbook, a handkerchief, a stick, a sword. (Novelli made light of such incidents.)

And the antithesis between these two most original actors extended beyond their art.

Novelli's life was noisy; he swaggered in a show window surrounded by a crowd. Giovanni Emanuel lived a life of impenetrable retirement and elusiveness. Where was his home? How did he make use of his parentheses of liberty?

No one succeeded in finding out. The show over, after he had got rid of some timid admirer who had gone back to shake his hand and to whom he forbade praise or comment, he shut himself in his dressing room. He left it when the theatre was wrapped in silence. He would slip out through the stage door and, alone, vanish among the shadows of the night. Instead, while the house still rang with applause, Novelli's dressing-room filled with friends, colleagues, old acquaintances and new, journalists known and unknown. Novelli, changing in the midst of a chaotic disorder of costumes, wigs, make-up, and cold creams, gathered in, happy and never sated with praise, the enthusiastic opinion of each one. Then he would expand, cordial, tender, multiple, indefatigable. Would embrace and kiss So-and-So, who had come on purpose from a distant town to be able to say that he had seen him in the flesh. Would speak feelingly of the public that loved him, understood him, sustained him. Would exalt or berate the author he had interpreted, alive or dead as the case might be. Would boast of the expedient by which he had been obliged to save the floundering actress or the collapsing comedy. Would exhibit the notes for an interview with the correspondent of a Peking newspaper. Would show an antique bought for a trifle and a new cravat that had cost him an enormous sum. Would promise to put together a great

comedy with a Falstaff of incredible dimensions to fill up the too many gaps left by Shakespeare in the creation of that character. Would expound his projects for the future. Something new! Something never before seen! Would weep with intoxication. Would bless his art; curse it; shout himself hoarse. Then, inviting all present to supper with him, take them to his house, lay the table, hide himself in the kitchen and set about preparing a sauce of his own invention for the macaroni of his heart, bawling: "As an actor you're free to criticize me, but as a cook, no!"

Perhaps at that hour Giovanni Emanuel, in a silent little room, was studying *Oedipus Rex*—which he never dared present.

IT IS in antithesis that I have placed the figure of Emanuel beside that of Novelli. But it is analogy, affinity, which makes me place on Novelli's other side, at his right, the figure of Ferruccio Garavaglia. He belonged to the same race, to the same family. The two were, so to speak, blood kinsmen. Garavaglia had in common with Novelli the sap that flowed from the ancient histrionism—that is, the power of drawing on the breath, on the pulse, on the warmth of the public for the direct and spontaneous interpretation of a character. Hence his inability to criticize himself; and hence his emancipation from the author's rigid exactions and domineering control of the stage. And, outside the theatre, he had in common with Novelli the same noisy sociability, the same quick expansive tenderness, the same need of slaking his thirst for praise, the same fluency and superabundant talkativeness.

But this close kinship, of which I have brought together

the indications, could not be seen through all that daily differentiated them. About Novelli's person (I must repeat myself to be sure of clearness) there was a prevailing appearance of spiritual health and gayety, and in his art the dramatic and the comic were side



The late Eleonora Duse

by side, in equal efficiency; while from the person and the art of Garavaglia, from all his connotations, all his acts, all his manifestations as man and artist, there showed forth the signs of a permanent troubled unrest, after the manner of a fluid full of quiverings and shudders. His voice was rich in deep and suffering tones. His too large eyes, with their livid circles, gleamed with a sinister light even when animated by some momentary joy. His smile seemed a mockery. Often his picturesquely modeled figure gave the impression of a conspirator or of a madman. To anyone who, like myself, accompanied him in the long walks that he enjoyed most if it were night and if we were following the sea front between the roar of the breaking waves and the puffs of sirocco, he would uncover the whirling, anything but cheerful, eddies of his mind. He talked unceas-

ingly of his interpretations—which, later, never resulted as he had thought them out—or of some chimerical project whose impossibility of realization was as clear as day. He would tell the story of his life and describe the episodes in which he had known what it was to go hungry. He raged against the mountebanks who profaned the theatre; declared that he envied the prompter who, hidden in his box, has no responsibility toward the pit and derives amusement from the illusions and imbecilities of the actors. He instanced the perfidies perpetrated by the pens of renowned critics. He wept that he had not chosen the life of a juggler or a bootblack; foresaw that some day he would cut it all short by throwing himself into the sea, a mask in his hands and a ball of lead bound to his feet. And he would add:

"But why worry. I'll be saved all that bother. I'm ill; very ill. The good Lord will see to it that I'm set free."

SEEING him and watching him as he directed rehearsals, one admired his indefatigable imagination, but one felt a profound compassion for the way he used up his strength in incredible labors, in a continual discontent, in a continual martyrdom. He would make and unmake and make over the great scenes for Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, the significant settings for *Hamlet*, the intimately psychological scenes for my *Phantasms*, for my *Little Saint*. (He was attracted by scenic impressions which later was so widely affected in the theatre of every country.)

Before the footlights his art had the ascending beat of an angel's wings when the character he incarnated, and with whom he identified himself by the same instinctive impulse as did Novelli, was filled with unrest and agitated by somber ex-

tremity. In these scenes he reached terrific and extreme crises. In these extremities, in these crises, the uttermost reality of truth seemed to leap out of his inner self, from his I Am. I have told of the power that both Zacconi and Novelli showed in their tragic effects. Well—and I should not know precisely how to say why it was—in tragic effects Garavaglia surpassed them.

**P**ARALLEL with his art, the life of this exceptional man, who was an exceptional actor, had an artistic aspect, had the stamp of the theatre in its most unstudied, most deeply stirred moments, in its moments of abandonment, of exaltation, of despair. One needs must have been beside him in those declining hours which certainly have no artifice or ostentation in them—to understand how sincerely the man and the actor were one in him. The last play in which he acted was my *Little Saint*, which I entrusted to his willing martyrdom for its first presentation on the stage. In his sufferings during the period just before the death agony, Garavaglia murmured the words in which, in my drama, the priest, Don Fiorenzo, bids farewell to his brother and his brother's bride whom he has insisting on uniting and who are going away, to be parted from him forever, tearing from him the only thing that made his life possible (the unhappy priest unconsciously loves this woman):—"So, we are parting never to meet again..." Then, fixing his gaze far off where it followed his tense thoughts, he began Hamlet's soliloquy:

"To be or not to be...to die, to sleep, perchance to dream..."

Thus, the actor and the man in him were, until death, the one from the other indistinguishable.

I framed the epitaph for the stone which closes his tomb in the ancient cemetery at Pisa, the city that gave him birth:

*From this bourne of unrest  
the mortal voice*

*of*

*Ferrucia Garavaglia  
who to the art of the stage  
offered the glorious martyrdom  
of his spirit for the  
exploration of every human  
mystery repeats*

*again:*

*"to die...to sleep...perchance  
to dream..."*

And now, at last, I must turn to Eleonora Duse. My readers, I know, expect me to speak of her. Perhaps they have followed me up to this point with a superficial attention because until now they have waited for this name in vain. And from the moment I began to write these pages it has seemed to me that an invisible radio apparatus in communication with North America was transmitting an insistent murmur: "La Duse, la Duse, la Duse, la Duse..."

In the United States she was venerated, above all by the gentle sex (which we once called the weaker sex). It was a veneration that overstepped the uttermost limits of convinced and fervent admiration. It resembled the mysticism with which worshipers adore a divinity. I had a staggering instance of it in the case of two romantic American young girls (this has to do with the days long gone by) who told me that they had gone to Venice—where it was known la Duse had made her nest—and they had made the journey not to see the marvels of San Marco but to pass under Duse's windows in a gondola. And when they learned that I had the honor of being her friend, their eyes grew round and they addressed me in hushed voices with a respectful enthusiasm which would have been justi-

fied only if I had revealed myself possessed of supernatural privileges.

Eleonora Duse knew that she could count on that veneration; and, trustfully, she returned once again, as in the days of her most clamorously heralded international tours, to the United States when, physically weary, emaciated, her voice veiled and her hair white, financial necessity forced her, after years of retirement from public life, to do so. She found there, indeed, the old adoration; but the new fatigues killed her. She died, as you know, in Pittsburgh, on April 21, 1924. What tears! What flowers for her funeral apotheosis! But our tears were lacking. The flowers from our Italian gardens were missing.

**T**HE arrival of the remains at Naples, the tenth of May, was epic in its impressiveness. On the waters of the Bay where there is not so much as a ripple, the setting sun cast rays of flame like those of a colossal torch. On the dock, defying the laws of space, was crowded a multitude that would have packed the square of St. Peter's in Rome; a multitude, motionless and silent, almost as if petrified. From aloft on the gigantic ship whose projected shadow seemed to drape it in black, there descended slowly the heavy quadruple casket containing the body. I could not see, no one saw, the cables and the fifty arms that lowered the coffin. It was transformed before our eyes into a winged phantom that, nearing us, closed its wings. Each of us felt that we were the Country to which the glorious Dead was returning. Below, on the dock, were the representatives of the Government, of the Senate, of Parliament, of the Academies, the Mayor of Naples, a Royal Princess. Commemorative addresses

were made. Perhaps I too was called upon. The details of the official ceremony have vanished from my mind. What I still see precisely after the lowering of the casket—of the phantom—is a great altar covered with wreaths, and in the center the same phantom and the multitude all around it kneeling. And I hear again the subdued sobbing of a group of people undone as by shipwreck—the actors of her company.

Whenever, referring to our stage, mention is made of Adelaide Ristori and Eleonora Duse, even allowing for the chronological distance between them, one comes upon the question mark, and the question: "Was Duse's greatness in her art equal to or inferior to or superior to that of Adelaide Ristori?" But I pass over this question mark easily with the prompt answer that I cannot say. Of Ristori's art I knew only the glory, whereas I breathed deep of the art of Duse, thrilled with it, felt its fever in my own pulse, experienced its intoxication — and studied it.

THE miraculous element in her playing was undoubtedly the fascination which she exercised; was herself. I have the strange conviction that never woman had fascination such as hers: a fascination that was in the pupils of her eyes, in the tremulous line of the eyebrows, in her brow, in her hair, about her mouth, in her hands—oh, those slender hands whose slightest movement enchanted!—in the infinitely caressing voice, the inflexions of her words, the fragility and sinuousness of her whole body and in something else besides that the most attentive observer would have sought in vain to specify. Beauty, no. Decidedly not. But whoever saw her close would have wished to dethrone Phidias himself returned

to give life to the purest type of beauty.

This miraculous exterior element (I call it exterior because of its irradiation) was swayed, was directed by a lofty sensibility at the highest tension, whose influence caused her art to be supremely evolutionary. I shall try to explain myself. She could not go through life hold-



Roberto Bracco

ing herself aloof from the flux of social and intellectual agitations that surrounded her, nor from that which, to her hypersensibility, flexibility and unwearied fancy seemed to be the stir of life. She never gave up searching within and outside herself for the nourishment her mind and her existence required as the breath of life. At times she would circle in an airless, luminous orbit of dreams, and, discouraged and lost, she would interrogate the firmament like the navigators of old. At other times, emerging from the dream, she found in reality a new path full of promise and she would set out on that, eager and brave, her eyes fixed upon an ideal of perfection which she saw always above and beyond, experiencing the while, a tender ecstasy.

For that reason her art—like her thought, like her existence—was in continuous evolution; it mirrored sublimely, or in the highest manner of ex-

pression compatible with the possibilities offered by the author, all the literary schools, all the tendencies, all the fashions, all the artistic trends, even the ephemeral, even the most chimerical. So she was in turn the typical interpreter of romanticism, which nourished her adolescence; of the reactionary ultra-realism, obtaining in the dramatic brutality of Zola's *Thérèse Raquin*, one of her first memorable successes; she was the typical interpreter of the comedy of morals dear to Dumas *Fils*, to Paolo Ferrari, to Achille Torelli; of the theatre of ideas and the symbolism of Ibsen; the Latin neoclassicists, the return to the Grecian with which D'Annunzio thought to bring to a rebirth the esthetics of the theatre, which, instead, in the forms determined by the different epochs and the different characters of the comedigraphs and dramatists, had never ceased to live.

EVEN the same stage character, in Eleonora Duse, reflected from one period to another, the artistic currents by which she let herself be swept along. We saw a Marguerite Gautier made up of the most authentic romanticism, a Marguerite Gautier made up of verism, a symbolic Marguerite Gautier. One of the last editions was made up of frenzied estheticism. I must add, for the sake of exactitude, that in this edition the preceding Marguerites were melted into a complete harmony; and while the heart of the poor great *innamorata* sobbed itself out in a most evidently human agony, her voice, her accent, had an intensity that lent the words a profound, almost enigmatic meaning, and her gesture designed itself in purest Botticellian lines.

Every once in a while, some aristarch would say: "La Duse

used to be a sincere actress; now she is so no longer." A superficial assertion! Whatever her formal evolutions, the quintessence of her art was always sincerity itself, because it reposed in her hypersensibility, in the permanent state of her Woman's spirit.

IT IS not by way of a simple graphic ornament that I have written the word Woman with a capital W. In Duse's femininity the femininity of her epoch was summed up in all its most intimate torments, in all its tenderness, with all its excesses, with all that mixed rebellious force and yielding fragility, its depths of suffering and its infinite fluctuating aspirations that were preparing new horizons, the new world of the descendants of Eve. And because of her femininity, so complex and so multiple, to which her art, her fascination, and her sufferings gave an aureole of absolute moral superiority and almost of martyrdom, so that every woman who was not vulgar or corrupt offered her a proud and affectionate solidarity, she was welcomed wherever she appeared with an instant flowering of trust, enthusiasm, and feminine devotion. The men of her audiences admired her and were electrified in their capacity as theatregoers; the women of her audiences, outside the theatre, held out their arms to her, blessing her; and their lips parted in smiles of tenderest gratitude.

So the phenomenon of idol-

atry that she inspired in the gentle sex in the United States corresponded hyperbolically, that is, Americanistically, to that which more or less occurred in all other countries. I was myself witness to the special contribution made by the Parisians, with their quick appreciation and their tenderness, to the greatest triumph of Eleonora Duse.

Paris!

Yes, the French capital, the city of light, measured, by a supreme test, the power of Duse's art as it had measured that of Adelaide Ristori. Here comparison imposes itself and I am happy to resolve the comparison between the two actresses in a perfect parallel. To many of our eminent actors Paris was and always will be the highest goal of their careers. Salvini went there, and Ernesto Rossi. Novelli did not fail to go there, nor Zacconi. Recently, Ruggero Ruggeri has gone there, and so has Emma Gramatica; so has Alfredo de Sanctis. But for Ristori Paris meant Rachel, and for la Duse Paris was Bernhardt. The two greatest actresses that Italy has had were forced to challenge, in France, the two greatest of French actresses. I must not omit that, when Duse went to Paris, Italy had but recently consolidated her alliance with Austria-Germany. The psychology of the French people is so well known that it is hardly necessary to underline its importance.

On the eve of her opening in *La Dame aux Camelias* (Duse

dared to attack the Parisian public with the drama that was Bernhardt's high horse) we Italians—journalists, critics, dramatists, writers of all sorts, simple theatre-lovers who had hurried over from Italy—came and went on the boulevards, anxious, nervous, pugnacious. Meeting one another, we exchanged questions, we shared our anxious suspense and our not wholly pacific proposals.

"How is Eleonora?"

"A bit feverish. But no matter. She'll play all the better for it."

"And Sarah?"

"It appears that Sarah has telephoned and that they've exchanged the most cordial greetings."

"Diplomacy?"

"Making the best of it."

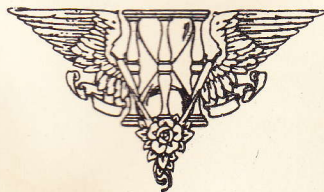
"And the public? What about this blessed public that's so stuck on its own institutions and so against Italy?"

"The public will let itself be won over."

"And if it doesn't let itself be won over?"

"We'll get after them with our fists."

There was no necessity. In the Théâtre de la Renaissance, Sarah Barnhardt, whose golden hair scintillated from a stage box, wept over Marguerite Gautier tears she had never shed before, and the Parisians applauded and shouted just like Italians. A few years later, Duse gave performances—as Ristori had done—in the Temple of Molière, of Corneille, of Racine, of Beaumarchais.



# Italian Victories at the Polls

Now that the first impressions of the recent elections have been duly noted at length in all their aspects in the press of the country, readers are aware of the significance, national and local, of the Democratic sweep that has practically deadlocked both the House and the Senate. They realize that it was a reversal for President Hoover and his Administration. But few of them realize the extent to which the 5,000,000 Italo-Americans in this country have at last begun to come into their own politically.

The outstanding feature of the recent elections, from an Italo-American point of view, was the re-election of two Italo-Americans to the House of Representatives, and the election of two more. Never have the Italians had more representation in Congress. The four Italian Congressmen are Fiorello H. La Guardia, Vincent L. Palmisano, Peter A. Cavicchia, and Peter C. Granata.

Fiorello H. La Guardia, re-elected on a Republican-Liberal ticket from the 20th Congressional District of New York, is too well known to need much comment. This is the seventh time he has been elected to Congress, having previously been elected in 1916, 1918, 1922, 1924, 1926 and 1928. In 1919 he was elected President of the Board of Aldermen, serving the term left vacant by the election of Alfred E. Smith as Governor. He is one of the leaders in Congress in the fight on Prohibition and its abuses. This fighting Congressman has made himself known nationally by his independent truthful utteran-

ces, that have had no regard for party. Though defeated for the Mayoralty of New York City a year ago by James J. Walker, his popularity is undiminished, and he is probably now the best-known Italo-American in national politics.

Peter A. Cavicchia, by virtue of his election on the Republican slate over his Democratic opponent for Representative from the 9th Congressional District in Newark, N. J., has now become virtual leader of the Italo-American Republican forces in Essex County of that State, comprising over 30,-

000 voters. Born on May 22nd, 1879, he came to Newark 53 years ago, poor. He is a lawyer of exceptional ability, having received the degrees of Doctor of Laws and Bachelor of Laws, besides being a professor of law at Mercer Beasley School of Law. For twelve years he has been a member of the Newark Board of Education, serving as President during the past two years. He is also District Supervisor of Inheritance Taxes for Essex County, and President of the Italian Welfare League of New Jersey.

Vincent L. Palmisano has held office before. At the last election he was re-elected to serve in the House at Washington as Democratic Representative from the 3rd Maryland Congressional District, in Baltimore. Turning west, we find that in Chicago, Illinois, Peter C. Granata, running on a Republican ticket, defeated his Democratic opponent now holding office, and he will soon assume his new Congressional duties.

In New York State, besides La Guardia's victory, Cosmo A. Cilano of Rochester, New York, Republican, succeeded in winning the State Senatorship from his 45th Senatorial District. It was a re-election, Mr. Cilano having previously served two years in the same position, and four years in the Assembly. There were two other elections of note in this State: J. G. Ambro, Democrat, of Brooklyn, was elected to the New York State Assembly from the 19th Assembly District in Kings County; and Joseph Caponigri, also Democrat-



Congressman  
Fiorello H. La Guardia



ic, was elected to the Manhattan Municipal Court from the 6th District.

We come to New Jersey. Here, besides electing Cavicchia, the Republicans were successful in electing to the New Jersey Assembly three Italo-Americans: Anthony Siracusa, of Atlantic City, Frank M. Travaline, of Camden, and Charles Basile, of Essex, while the Democrats elected four more: John H. Dolce (Grand Venerable of the Order Sons of Italy), Frank J. Guarini, Frank Buccino and Arthur J. Parentini, all of Hudson County. Vladimiro Scerbo was elected Justice of the Peace in Jersey City.

In Lodi, New Jersey, through the efforts of Councilman Michael Cavallo, the leader of the Democratic party, and Frank Gugliotti, mayor, the three Democratic candidates for Councilman, Michael Cavallo, Anthony Bombace and James Zito, were all swept into office. In Trenton, N. J., Daniel A. Spair was appointed Deputy Commissioner of Labor for New Jersey.

Up in Massachusetts, the Italians were somewhat disappointed in that they could not elect more Italians to office than they did. However, three men were elected to the State House of Representatives. They are Anthony A. Garofano, Democrat, of Saugus, Mass., Felix A. Marcella of Boston's North End (overwhelmingly re-elected) and Augustino Airola, of Revere. Both of the last two mentioned were re-elected as Republicans, and they won in the face of a heavy Democratic landslide.

Jumping out west to Illinois, we find quite a few Italians ensconced in legislative positions. As State Senators, the following were elected: Daniel Serriella, James Leonardo, Albert Mancini, Rolando Libonati and Michele Durso (Republicans),



*Congressman  
Vincent L. Palmisano*

and Giuseppe Perini, Carlo Coia and Antonio Pintozzi (Democrats). In addition, John Lupe and Nunzio Bonelli, the former a Republican and the latter, a Democrat, were elected in Chicago as Judges of the Municipal Court. Paul Colaianni, Democrat, was also elected Sanitary Trustee.

In Pennsylvania, Michael A. Musmanno of Pittsburgh was re-elected to the State House of Representatives at Harrisburg from the 12th District. And in Maryland, besides Palmisano, the Democrats elected Theodore D'Alessandro to the State House.

Coming back to Connecticut,



*Congressman  
Peter A. Cavicchia*

home of many Italians, we find a proportionately larger number of them winning at the polls. Peter Diana of New Haven, Democrat, was easily returned to the State House, while Don Cambria of Middletown, a Republican, was elected to the State Senate in spite of the Democratic sweep. Among the minor offices won by Italians there were: Giusto Carpinella (Republican), elected Alderman in Stamford; James Matera and Carmine Perille, elected Aldermen in Bridgeport; and Paolo D'Elia, Ernest Capozzi, Santolo D'Andrea, and Antonio Mannino, also of Bridgeport, elected Justices of the Peace. Three other Italians were elected Justices of the Peace in Thompsonville, Giuliana and Corona, Democrats, and Luicci, Republican.

Rhode Island, the smallest State in the Union, elected more Italian office-holders than any other. Nine Italo-Americans will represent their people in the State Assembly. They are: Beniamino Cianciarulo, Angelo Adamo, Joseph Veneziale, Vincent Berarducci, Frank Domina, Charles Gabbi, Vincenzo Senerchia, Orazio Petrarca, and Walter Sepe. Two Italian Aldermen, Dr. Angelo Parenti and Dr. Antonio Ventrone, were elected in Providence. Councilmen from the various districts were legion, including Frank Rao, Frank Prete, Pasquale Romano, Paul D'Agnenica, Thomas Tarro, Frank Votolato, Antonio Zambarano, J. E. Pitocchelli, Antonio Palumbo, Cinquegrano, Nick Bertozzi, Capone, Pasquale La Fazia and Michele Riccitella. It was only by a vote of 105,996 for and 112,318 against that Louis Cappelli, Democratic candidate for Secretary of State lost.

A better showing, on the whole, than the Italians in the United States have ever made before, politically speaking.

# The Fox's Claw

By Dino Provenzal

"My dear Fausto:

Your letter did not surprise me: I have received other and similar letters these past few years, and you know from whom. When we swore, we twelve, 'the twelve musketeers' as we called ourselves, never to marry, I was perhaps the only one sure of myself, absolute master of my future, irreconcilable enemy of marriage. And now I am alone at the breach. You are the last one to go, and it is well. But I cannot understand why you announced the fact to me in vague and mysterious phrases... 'the fault of a tear... the fox's claws... a man, sometimes, cannot go back on himself... she consoled me in a sad moment...'

"Stories, stories, stories! You have taken a wife? Amen and congratulations. But refrain from vague words: or speak clearly or say nothing at all.

"Yours,  
"Riccardo."

"My dear Riccardo:

"You're right, but the fault is also yours a little: writing to a skeptic like yourself is not easy, and sometimes it becomes necessary to joke even on serious matters so as not to pass off as ingenuous. You want me to be clear? So be it.

"Let us begin at the beginning. One evening, at a friend's house, I came to know my Gina. (You notice I crossed out 'my' at first? Yes, I confess it: writing 'my,' and knowing you would read it, almost made me see your bantering smile...

but I want to be sincere, so I repeat what I have already written: 'my').

"She was asked to play the piano and your marvelous

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Dino Provenzal, the author of this amusing short story, is well-known in Italy for his whimsical style. He is a professor in one of the better known "ginnasi" in that country, and is the author of "Lina M'Aveva Piantato" and "Le Passeggiate di Bardalone," among others.

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songs quickly came to my mind: 'The young lady asked to play the piano,' and 'The young lady at the piano.' But Gina excused herself in a simple and altogether unusual way. She said: 'I have never played in my life.' Gina can neither play, nor sing, nor dance, and I confess it frankly: she does nothing to show herself off, she does not look in a certain way when she is speaking to a man, and she is original without being paradoxical, and she is cultured enough, even though she knows nothing at all of Freud and his science of psychoanalysis. In short, I liked her; and so far, there was nothing wrong. On the contrary, one of the reasons why you fought against marriage, I remember, was just this: because women pleased you in numbers (that was one of your expressions), and you did not fancy, but matrimony, passing from the plural to the singular.

"I admit that, when I left the house where I had met Gina, I felt sorry to have to leave her

so soon, perhaps never to see her again. Instead Fate decreed that we were to see each other a few days later at the house of Raimondo, our friend, the first to break our vow, as you will remember. And not only that, but Raimondo's wife invited us both, Gina and I, to dinner the following Sunday. At the table we sat beside each other and talked at length. I liked her more and more and... I don't know... perhaps I wrote her a letter, perhaps I tried to see her and pass a few hours with her: all matters, these, that you cannot condemn, because you yourself have done so hundreds of times. You always said: 'Love, love, infinite love, but marriage... that is another matter. One must, at the opportune moment, be a pilot: one trick at the rudder and one is saved.' You will see that I remember all your very words, like a faithful disciple. But I neglected them: I spoke some vague phrases, but a clear declaration I did not make to her.

"Some time passed. One day, about five, in one of those foggy Milanese afternoons, I saw her in the Arcade. We greeted each other cordially, as though we had been old friends.

"'May I accompany you?'

"'Why not?' she answered. 'But I warn you you will have considerable walking to do; I have quite a few errands to carry out for mother. As for the rest, when you are tired, you can go without any formalities. Is that all right?'

"'With you one would never be tired,' I said foolishly.

"Gina looked at me: I don't know whether it was a satisfied or an astonished look. Perhaps she looked to see in my eyes the intention behind my words. Was I joking? Was I being gallant? Was I going to begin a serious talk?

"I accompanied her to a shop and waited outside, then to another, and again I waited outside. During the intervals we spoke, and sometimes, because of the jostling of the crowd, we were quite close. At one time, (I don't know why, perhaps because the critical moment had come) I said to her, lowering my voice:

"I feel that I like you very much. Do not be offended; let me speak. It seems to me... it seems to me that you would bring me happiness, and I... I would do everything to..."

"No, no, don't say such things..."

"No? Why not?"

"No, no, absolutely not."

"While she spoke an automobile passed by, and in order to dodge it we were separated. Gina went forward, and I remained a few paces back. Perhaps in order to give herself a more dignified demeanor, so as to hide her confusion, or perhaps for no reason at all, she enveloped her face in the fox fur piece she was wearing about her neck, then shook the fox back. And one of the animal's claws hit me in the eye.

"At this I emitted a suppressed cry that ended up in a sigh. And Gina, who had no idea she was the cause of this physical pain, thought she had hurt, not my eye, but my heart. She turned uneasily:

"Did I hurt you?"

"A great deal."

"Oh goodness! But I didn't mean it..."

"Let it go; I'll forget it."

"Are you suffering much?"

"No. It doesn't hurt any more now."

"But then why are you crying?"

"She took my hand, which holding a handkerchief, had been over my eye.

"Don't cry, please don't."

"Be calm, I pray you... I assure you I did not want to hurt you."

"Oh, I know, I know... Ahi!"

"No, no, don't say 'Ahi'; I will explain; I will write you; everything will be all right."

"She caressed my hand and said some more good things.

"When I was alone later on I tried to think of some way of dissipating the misunderstanding. I tried to write, but I scratched out and scratched out without coming to any conclusion: any explanation would have appeared grotesque. There came before my eyes her face lit up by compassion: a truly angelic face. No feeling beautifies a woman's face like compassion; and the light I had seen in those eyes had remained within me. Could I dim it by an explanation of the ridiculous affair?

"So my letter was never sent; in fact, it was never written. But instead there arrived one from her: a letter so candid, fresh and natural that it touched me. Gina sympathized with me, but my unexpected declaration had disturbed her. She could not say 'yes' so suddenly, and since she hated hypocritical subterfuges, she preferred not to reply with a 'but'; therefore, not being able to say either 'yes' or 'but', she had said 'no'. Then she had seen my tears. She had never, in all her life, seen a man cry, and her confusion had been aug-

mented, finally becoming a sad worry.

"I should have replied but, seeing that I could not succeed in writing, I changed my tactics, and presented myself at her house. There I found such a kind family—father, mother and sisters—that I was ashamed to go there as a kill-joy and cause the eldest daughter sorrow. The latter, seen at home, was still more darling, and the thought of the little secret I had in common with her fascinated me.

"Did you get my letter?" she asked as she accompanied me to the door.

"Yes, and I will answer..."

"I did, in fact, reply; and you must not expect that I will reproduce the letter I wrote to her.

\* \* \*

"We are to be married within two weeks, and now I have told you all.

"Or rather, not all. I wanted to be sincere and I have not succeeded because I have spoken as though my marriage, brought about by misunderstanding and accident, seemed to me an unfortunate fatality. Ah, no! Not at all! I love Gina with all my heart, I cannot wait till the day when she will be mine, and I am convinced that, if happiness exists in this world, it will touch us two, who were really made for each other.

"Yours,

"Fausto."

Riccardo read, smiled, shook his head, and bit his lip, but then, though he crumpled the sheet contemptuously, he began to think.

Before the year was over, the twelfth and last "musketeer" had taken a wife unto himself.



# BOOKS IN REVIEW

*THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE.* By Edouard Herriot. Translated by Reginald J. Dingle. 330 pages. New York: The Viking Press. \$3.50.

THE agitation for a United States of Europe, to strengthen Europe's position in world affairs, has by this time died down somewhat, having inevitably been relegated to an obscure committee during its discussion at the September meeting of the League of Nations Assembly. There was too much political dynamite in it to be discussed in the Assembly itself. Now, therefore, the project has not the news-value it had a few months ago.

But it is still an important topic, and one of those most active, next to Briand himself, in furthering it has been ex-Premier Herriot of France, who, though he admits Europe has lost its position of world leadership, believes it is reasonable to expect its recovery.

In this book he set forth the whole history of the Pan-European movement, from as far back as the 15th Century, followed by the social, economic and political implications of the present scheme. He analyzes the position of Great Britain in such an alignment, the relation of a Pan-Europe to Pan-America, and finally the difficulties presented by Russia. Besides being recommended by its completeness, this book has the weight of authority behind it.

*TOES UP,* by Paolo Monelli. Translated by Orlo Williams. Illustrated. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.50.

THIS book is hailed by its publishers as "the great Italian war book," but, though

its narrative is powerful and artistically told, it is lacking in scope and width, for it treats only of that section of the war which the author himself actually saw—a part of the Italian campaign against the Austrians in the mighty Alps.

The author's sub-title, "A



*An Alpino in Marching Order*  
—from "Toes Up"

Chronicle of Gay and Doleful Adventures, of Alpini and Mules and Wine" seems to fit the book far better. In its materials, it is not unlike another artistic treatment of the past year, "A Farewell to Arms" by Ernest Hemingway, with the exception, of course, that one is a novel and the other a plain, unstoried account of various episodes and incidents. For Paolo Monelli treats of the humble soldier who suffered tremendous hardships without ever knowing exactly why. It has often been claimed by the Italians that they had to maintain one of the most difficult of all fighting fronts of the World War, hundreds of miles of the

most impassable and steepest mountains in the world. This however, has rarely been credited. Here is proof sufficient of the fact.

The book was written many years ago, just after the war, but it is only now, when publishers are assured of some popularity for their war-books, that it fortunately sees the light.

*SICILY, ISLAND OF FIRE,* by Donald Ordway. Illustrated. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. \$3.50.

HERE is a book so well-written, so full of understanding and sympathy for the people whereof the author writes, that it is impossible not to recommend it. Sicily has been written about before, and will no doubt be written about innumerable times more, but this is certainly one of the best of the writings.

Donald Ordway writes of a Sicily as old as the gods who peopled it and as freshly new as an opening almond blossom, of a Sicily possessing the treasures of a score of civilizations, and of a Sicily where life still has an intensity and vividness rare in Modern Europe. On the Island of Fire life is poured forth profusely and lived prodigally. We see the Sicilians on their farms and vineyards, in their little towns and cities, at harvest festivals, religious pilgrimages and in all their varied activities. Wandering through every part of the island and sharing their experiences, the author learned to know these peasants; and he has described them with extraordinary fidelity and charm. The book is illustrated by pen and ink illus-

trations by the author, as well as halftone plates.

*MALTA OF THE KNIGHTS*, by E. W. Schermerhorn. Illustrated. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$7.50.

WE HEAR little of the Knights of Malta nowadays. Once their exploits were on everyone's lips. They do their work less ostentatiously now, and the modern world has little care for pedigrees and liturgies. But their name and their past is always fascinating; it gives us a sense of something mysterious and vague connected with their activities. And they have left palaces and churches and great walls in their Malta, this company of celibate Knights. There is a great deal to be said of these Knights and their history, but few know it.

The author of "Malta of the Knights" is one of these. In this comprehensive work on that little island in the Mediterranean she has combined great and authoritative data with, as she calls it "the sights and scenes and sparkling air of Malta itself," to form what is probably the outstanding work in English on Malta, the Island of the famous Knights Hospitallers.

*WHY ROME*, by Selden Peabody Delany. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press. \$2.50.

THE Catholic Church in America has had few more distinguished converts than Selden P. Delany, who for many years was the leader of the Anglo-Catholic party in the Episcopal Church and Editor of the American Church Monthly. In "Why Rome" he presents his *apologia pro vita sua*, giving his reasons for believing that Anglo-Catholicism is an untenable position, and that those Episcopalians who hold to the Catholic status of their church, if they think things out to their logical con-

clusion, must in the end submit to Rome and to the Pope.

At the conclusion of the spiritual and intellectual pilgrimage described in this book, Dr. Delany resigned as rector of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin in New York and was received into the Catholic Church.



A Festival in the Mountains

(From "Sicily, Island of Fre")

He is at present in Rome, where he will shortly take up his studies to enter the priesthood.

*SWIFT*, by Carl Van Doren. Illustrated. 279 pages. New York: The Viking Press. \$3.00.

"JONATHAN SWIFT aimed at mankind the most venomous arrow that scorn has ever yet let loose. Mankind, bland abstraction, caught his arrow (*Gulliver's Travels*), laughed at it, and turned it over to children to play with. Children, inoculated with *Gulliver's Travels* at an age when it cannot harm them, are thereafter innocently immune." And thus Swift's major work was rendered impotent.

In this, one of the first attempts at an adequate biography of Swift, the author has not tried to make it definitive nor loaded it with footnotes. It

might more accurately be called a long essay on Swift; it is less the usual biography than an interpretation of character.

Swift was vindictive, but he was one of the greatest writers in the English language, and the greatest Irishman of his day. Much is said here concerning Swift's unsolved relations with his female friends, tho but little additional light is thrown upon the subject. This "genius of hate" was insane when he died.

Carl Van Doren is one of the foremost literary men of America, a professor of literature at Columbia, editor of the Literary Guild, and ex-literary editor of the *Nation*. Many are the books he has written.

*IN THE SENATE*, by George Wharton Pepper. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. \$2.00.

FOR the person who would like to cloth the bare facts and ideas he gleans in his morning paper concerning doings at Washington—and who doesn't?—this little book by a Senator who knows the "ropes" at the Capitol, should prove informative. It is like having a gallery seat in the United States Senate; it reveals not only the actual machinery of government, but, behind the curtain of public indifference, it shows the Washington of today, with its legislators, boss politicians, and lobbyists. Not an important book, but an interesting one.

*MICHELANGELO*, by Romain Rolland. Translated by Frederick Street. 189 pages. New York: Albert and Charles Boni (Bonibooks) 50c.

THIS life of Michelangelo is published in France in the series called "Les Maitres de l'Art," and is here translated into English for the first time. It is entirely distinct from a study of Michelangelo by Romain Rolland which appeared some time ago.

Michelangelo furnishes a tre-

mendous subject for a biographical work, even to the accustomed hands of the great french author Rolland. His life exerted sweeping influence on his times, he "burst like a thunderstorm... he passed like a whirlwind and... even after he had been gone for a long time, the world of art was still whirled along in the eddies of his wild spirit." He completely transformed his times.

The present book is in the nature of a critical biography, to which is added a chronological table, a catalogue of his works, notes on his drawings, a bibliography, and index.

### RECENT PUBLICATIONS IN ITALIAN

*Giovanni Brezzi—"Cento Giorni di Prigionia nell'Oasi di Cufra" (100 days' captivity in the Oasis of Cufra). 250 pp. with 32 photographic illustrations and 2 maps. Milan, A. Mondadori 1930. \$1.25.*

**T**HE volume is a faithful account of the dramatic adventures of Dr. Brezzi, who while on a sanitary mission, with several companions and comrades of the Italian Army, was captured by the Arabs and held prisoner for over three months. After they had been captured they were taken from one oasis to another in the heart of the Sahara until they finally succeeded in regaining entrance into Tripoli. The book gives a vivid and picturesque story of the life in the desert.

*"L'Italia e gli Italiani del Secolo XIX" (Italy and the Italians of the XIX Century), a cura di J. De Blasi. 504 pp. Florence, F. Le Monnier, 1930. \$1.60.*

**W**ITHIN the cover of this volume we find the lectures, 17 in all, which were delivered in the winter of 1928-1929, in the "Lyceum di Firenze," by some of the foremost authorities in Italy today. The purpose of these lectures was to illustrate and analyze Italian thought, poetry, arts

and political and economic struggles, during the hundred years of the XIX Century. In the literary field, men such as Baldini, De Robertis, Scherillo, Marpicati and Guerri, review the works of Foscolo, Manzoni, Leopardi, De Santis, Carducci, Pascoli and D'Annunzio. Ugo Ojetti and Ildebrando Pizzetti analyze respectively the plastic Arts and Music. The various branches of Science are studied by R. Garofalo, F. Bottazzi and A. Garbasso. A. De Stefani reviews the economic movements and F. Crispotti gives an historical account of the Papacy. Silvio d'Amico analyzes the Dramas and finally the Editor of the book J. De Blasi, gives a very sympathetic picture of the women movement in Italy during the last century.

*G. Prezzolini—"La Cultura Italiana" (Italian Culture) nuova edizione. 508 pp. Milan, Edizioni Corbaccio, 1930. \$1.00.*

**F**OR those who wish to have a picture of present day culture in Italy there is no better volume to recommend than this one by G. Prezzolini. It is a real panorama of Italian life of today. Literature in all its branches — novel, poetry, drama, criticism, philosophy — are objectively and keenly reviewed. Education and schools, before and after the Fascists' reformation, are also analyzed competently. Several chapters are devoted to newspapers, magazines and editors as well as to book publishing. Plastic art, Cinema, Futurism, Provincial life and tradition are also treated at length and with complete knowledge of facts. Prezzolini, who is at present a visiting professor at Columbia University, has taken an active and constructive part in the life of his country in the last thirty years and it naturally follows that his writing about it comes

to form a vivid and, though objective, autobiographical story.

*F. M. Martini—"Si sbarca a New York" (We land in New York) romanzo, 304 pp. Milan, A. Mondadori, 1930. 90c.*

**T**HE central character of this novel is Sergio Corazzini, the young and promising poet who died at the age of twenty, just after the publication of his best lyrics. F. M. Martini, who, with several of his friends, had gathered around Corazzini since their early school days, could not bear the life of his city, after the young poet had left them forever, so one day he and two of his friends went down to a seaport and boarded a ship for New York. All this happened some twenty years ago and the author has succeeded in his novel in portraying a picture of the old and new cities—Rome and New York of those days—in a pleasant and charming style. The book, just published, has been enthusiastically received in Italy as Martini's best and as one of the finest to come out in recent years.

*A. Varaldo—"La Signorina Lohengrin" (Miss Lohengrin), romanzo. 380 pp. Milan, A. Mondadori, 1930. 90c.*

**"M**ISS LOHENGRIN," the new novel by this popular and fascinating writer, is a book full of action and adventures. The story tells of a mysterious young lady who falls in love with a novelist whom she only knows through his books. The novelist in his turn knows less about the young lady, and is besides, forbidden to find out who she really is. The day that he by chance would come to discover her identity she would be compelled to disappear. The author, however, ends the story with an original and unthought of epilogue, bringing the story to a very successful ending, even after the mystery of the heroine has been revealed.

# Travel Notes

## The Swiss Press on Touring in Italy

The Swiss daily *Journal de Genève* has received from its Rome correspondent an article which is worth mentioning, particularly at the present time when some inaccurate reports are being circulated in certain foreign papers, concerning touring in Italy. After stating that Fascism has met with dignity and energy the tourist problem, the well known daily asserts having noticed that in some districts favored by tourists, as in Sicily, for instance, numerous modern hotels have gradually sprung up under the impulse of Fascism. The paper states that Fascism has solved several problems which seemed unsolvable, such as transport by regular motor-car services at reasonable fares.

"Thus, Mussolini's regime," says the paper, "considers touring from a different point of view from that adopted by all preceding governments, which made touring only a question of income."

## The New Rome-Florence-Venice Air-Service

A new air line has been officially started which carries passengers from Rome to Venice, calling at Florence. From the touring point of view this line is of the utmost importance, as it touches three cities which are unfailing goals of all foreigners who visit Italy.

## Winter Sports Near San Remo

During this winter a new electric mountain railway will be started at San Remo, lead-

ing to the resort of San Romolo (2,400 ft.) and to Monte Bignone (3,900 ft.) where there is a wonderful view of the sea, of San Remo and of the distant snow-clad Alps.

On these mountainous summits a new summer resort and a winter sport centre will be created named San Remo Vetta, similar to the Portofino Vetta.

The new touring district will also be connected with the San Remo Golf Course, which has now been opened to the public for play.

## An Association of "Friends of Rome University" in New York State

A dispatch from Albany, N. Y. states that in that city a new Association has been formed called "Friends of Rome University Society." The board of the Association is made up of University professors, lawyers, and other well known people. The programme of the new Association includes also the building of a Students' Home in Rome.

## The Development of Rome

The marvelous development of Rome in the last few years under Fascism is the subject of a long article in the French periodical *Le Maitre d'Oeuvre*. The periodical, which deals with town planning problems, has a whole number dedicated to the great works which are transforming the Capitol of Italy.

This interesting study—with a preface by Count Mazoni, Italian Ambassador in Paris—

has a detailed description and a large number of graphs and photographs showing the demographic progress and the town development of the city of Rome. The study illustrates the solution regarding the dwelling, traffic and communication problems, as well as the upkeep of artistic and archaeological monuments.

The French magazine points out how under the sure guidance of the "Duce," through a complex of large and impressive works, Rome has nowadays acquired a new and admirable appearance.

## Hotel Rates

Quite recently a technical Commission of Hotel owners met in Rome to study the question of prices of hotels. It had been suggested to modify the 1926 law relating to the display of prices in hotel rooms, as they no longer correspond to the actual rates and lead to the false belief that Italy is an expensive country as to hotel rates.

It was decided to render the volume "Hotels in Italy" an official publication, wherein the average and maximum prices of hotels will be fixed. The publication will be issued each six months, as prices vary according to the season. Moreover in each hotel there will be a table showing the rates of the rooms in that particular hotel. A new classification of hotels was also discussed, as well as a census of same and a competition which will be held to improve comfort in the smaller hotels.

# OUR OWN WORLD OF LETTERS

There are some problems, says Luigi Barzini, editor of *Il Corriere d'America* in a recent editorial, that can be solved only by war, and to seek a substitute for war in some cases is to risk provoking another war. He points out that it was war that gave birth to the United States, and war that unified it 80 years later. In this he echoes President Hoover's Armistice Day speech, in which the latter admitted that not all wars were totally unjustifiable. The solution proposed by Mr. Barzini is to prevent a third and fourth nation from joining in on a war between two countries. But the all-important question of how to bring about this abstention, with the world as intricately bound up and related as it is today, is not answered by the writer.

Writing in "*The Manufacturing Jeweler*," Antonio Cirino, head of the Jewelry and Silversmithing Department of the Rhode Island School of Design, deplors the fact that America's use of mass methods is affecting good design and craftsmanship, as in the old days of the "bottega."

"Our problem today," he says, "is the establishing of a national art consciousness, a sensitiveness to beautiful architecture, beautiful clothing, beautiful household utensils and a beautiful environment that will temper life with rich and noble relationships." In the long run, therefore, it behooves us "to fall back on the public schools for more general art appreciation, for effective plans of nurturing creative ability, and scientific methods of discovering and fostering inventiveness and ingenuity." In other words, he advises a more general art education in the lower schools, where art may be inculcated in minds still young.

The *Philadelphia Record*, not long ago, published an article by Premier Mussolini, containing a ringing warning against warlike preparations being carried on in Europe. The point of the article, and the point of many of his utterances recently, is his contrasting of peaceful talk with concurrent building up of armaments.

The only solution he can propose, and one which has the backing, secret or open, of many European countries, is that of the revision of the existing peace treaties, which are at the bottom of much of the discontent now manifest in Europe. In fact, as the Premier points out, this question has divided Europe into two camps, those who desire revision, and those who cling to the enforcement of the treaties, and will not consider changing them to suit present needs.

The Versailles treaties are under fire now as they have never been before, and this article is hardly needed to define Mussolini's attitude on the matter, for he has declared it often and outspokenly before.

In the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* for December, also, has Mussolini spoken his mind on Italy's needs, which he de-

fines as primarily those of expansion.

"The power of a nation," he says, "even more than any political, economic or territorial considerations, is rooted in its ability to expand. Its destiny is bound up in its capacity to increase, and when that capacity ceases, woe to that nation in its future generations." It is well known that the Premier is doing his level best to stimulate Italy's already flourishing birthrate, for "Italy must expand in order to fortify her position amongst the other European powers."

This policy of expansion naturally comes in conflict with other European countries, and is the reason, as the title of the feature says, "Why Mussolini Has All Europe Worried."

Writing in the *New York Herald-Tribune Magazine* recently, Count Carlo Sforza, former Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, discerns a feeling of fear sweeping over Europe, centering, as it did before the World War, in the Balkans and their neighbors. Though he disclaims the contention that the marriage between King Boris of Bulgaria and Princess Giovanna of Italy may have been for political purposes, saying that nowadays dynastic marriages are little more than love matches, he finds the political implications of the marriage interesting.

It is to Italy's interest to promote Balkan peace, he declares, for "Italy—I mean the great historical entity above and beyond gangs and clans—has a supreme interest in Balkan pacification. The Balkans are her natural markets; they may become her monopolistic markets. But, to be good markets, economically and industrially, the Balkans must have peace."

For the last two summers Dr. George A. Soper has visited Europe to study the cleaning of cities at the request of the Committee of Twenty on Street and Outdoor Cleanliness, appointed by the New York Academy of Medicine to assist in making New York a clean city. Writing recently in the *New York Times*, he holds Italian cities up as examples of cleaning and sanitation for us to follow.

Whereas, a few years ago, these same cities were notorious for their unsightliness, "today Italy is far ahead of New York in the care of her streets. Good laws properly enforced have taught the people there that they must keep the place they live in clean." The movement, like many others since the war, had its origin in Rome, whence it branched out throughout Italy. "It was a part of the reconstructive scheme which has made Italy a new country. It was due to capable leadership."

In almost every branch of municipal sanitation Dr. Soper informs us, Italian cities are ahead of most of our American municipalities, but especially so in the disposition of pavement sweepings and in fact that there are no such unsanitary sights as our uncovered ash cans placed in the streets. Even the street sweepers are more efficient.

The substance of the article is that

America had better take a leaf from Italy's book and do likewise, for these great and shall we say—sweeping reforms have been accomplished in but a short time.

A recent number of the *Italy America Society Bulletin* contains an unsigned article on how the worldwide economic slump is meeting with resistance in Italy. This is due in large part to an essential feature of the new Fascist regime, the "Syndicalist system which has divided Italy economically into syndicates or corporations, or guilds, to which employers and employees belong on an equal juridical basis," leading to the amicable settlement of controversies between capital and labor. Too, the vast plan of public works initiated by the Government is also going a long way to mitigate unemployment.

The first number of "*Casa Italiana*," a monthly bulletin published by that institution at Columbia University, contains an article, "We Land in New York," by Fausto Maria Martini, one of the leading writers of contemporary Italy, which tells how he came to write his latest novel of that name. The chief purpose of "*Casa Italiana*" is to keep interested readers informed as to the many and varied activities of that organization, through a calendar of activities for the coming month. Members of the Italian faculty at Columbia collaborate in its making.

On November 9th, *Il Progresso Italo-Americano* celebrated the 50th anniversary of its founding by Carlo Barsotti, with a special issue of 132 pages. With articles on practically every manifestation of Italian life and activity in this country during the last 50 years by authorities on their respective subjects, this oldest Italian daily newspaper in the United States has come nearer to presenting the complete story of the Italians in this country than anything else heretofore published. Not only is *Il Progresso* to be congratulated on the successful completion of its 50th year, but also on the magnificent journalistic opus they have produced in their special number. Letters of congratulation, in fact, were legion, and well-deserved. Every Italo-American interested in the progress of his race in America should have a copy of this number, if it is not too late, in his home. It is invaluable.

The *New York Times* of Oct. 29th carried an editorial, "Italy's Future," occasioned by Premier Mussolini's most recent speech demanding the revision of the peace treaties as the only way of avoiding war, which showed understanding and sympathy with Mussolini's declaration. It added, however, that Italy's population was not likely to grow as fast as the Fascist program contemplated. "Between the censuses of 1921 and December 1928, Italy gained population at the rate of 350,000 annually. Her increase will have to be nearly three times as rapid if by the year 1950 she is to attain her scheduled sixty millions."

This editorial was observed by the *Giornale d'Italia*, authoritative Italian newspaper of Rome, which approved of the *Times*' sane attitude, but then went on to disagree with its conclusions regarding population presenting facts and figures which fully substantiated its own claims.



# A Miniature Anthology

## Of Italian Literature

### L'Incredibile Maestro

by Giuseppe Prezzolini

From an early work "Il Sarlo Spirituale",  
published in Florence by Lumachi in 1907

**N**ON ho mai conosciuto un uomo così comune. Non sono mai riuscito a immaginarmene uno più comune, perché, per quanto mi sforzassi di trovarlo in difetto, scoprivo sempre che egli era l'ideale, il tipo perfetto, il modello assoluto dell'uomo comune. Ne tolleravo la presenza, perché mi dava la concentrazione stilizzata di tutta l'umanità mediocre, e mi risparmiava la noia di dover conoscere i particolari uomini comuni, che in qualche punto derogavano dal tipo. Ne tolleravo anche la vicinanza qualche volta perché sentivo, senza mai confessarmelo chiaramente, che la sua volgarità era una cosa troppo perfetta per esser sincera e troppo ideale per non essere il prodotto di un artificio. Tutto ciò che v'è di più comune, dall'uso dei proverbi alle opinioni medie, dal rincasare ad ora giusta fino al lavorare con regolarità, dall'aver figliuoli fino all'occupare un ufficio cittadino di media importanza e prenderlo sul serio, ma non troppo—tutto, tutto sembrava essersi dato convegno nella sua vita; perfino quel gusto che hanno gli uomini mediocri di frequentar qualche volta gli scapestrati, i geni da caffè, le celebrità in erba, i cenacoli letterari. Per questo suo tic—forse un po' troppo accentuato? ma come oserei a suo proposito questo aggettivo?—l'avevo qualche volta da canto, e bisogna dire che gli fossi venuto in simpatia per qualche segreta ragione perché un giorno mi prego di andarlo a trovare, che aveva qualche cosa di importante da comunicarmi. Accettai con i soliti scherni coi quali condivo abitualmente le sue parole, e con le solite ciniche mie dichiarazioni di disprezzo e di orrore per la vita stupida, mediocre, volgare, comune che

conduceva. Mi piaceva stuzzicarlo con la mira di farlo reagire, giacché gli uomini in reazione sono assai più interessanti che quelli in quiete; ma non mi era mai riuscito di farlo escire dai cardini della sua personalità comune e volgare, sui quali girava tutto il giorno senza stridere. Andai dunque senza molta curiosità a trovarlo nel suo studio dove mi tenne il più singolare discorso che mai abbia sentito, e che mi ha molto giovato per la coltura della mia vita interna.

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*At the written request of many readers of ATLANTICA who desire to keep alive their interest in Italian by occasional reading in Italian, ATLANTICA begins in this issue a section devoted to representative readings in Italian literature and belles-lettres, which should prove of particular interest to students of Italian.*

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“Vi ho invitato, caro amico, per uno strano senso di parentela che c'è fra voi e me; e non si tratta di quello solito che v'aspettate sentire dalle mie labbra, di quella commune profferta di paterna tutela compassionevole che gli uomini della mia età sogliono fare a quelli della vostra. Si tratta invece di una parentela curiosa, paradossale, sbalorditiva, come i vostri discorsi, cioè della opposta precisamente a quella che vi aspettate da me. Sì, per quanto i lineamenti e i capelli nostri sembrano contraddire, voi siete mio padre ed io sono vostro figlio. Questa che vi espongo è una parentela morale, ideale, astratta, simbolica; voi rappresentate a me, quello che io ero, quando vivevo nel vostro stesso stato di animo. Sono stato anche io come voi un ribelle, un esagerato, un entusiasta, un frequentatore di caffè antiaccademici e di piccole combriccole avveniristiche. Non vi dico ciò per profetizzare che

si cambia di idee con gli anni, e si raffrenano gli entusiasmi e si tagliano le ali ai propri desiderii e si mette una mascherina alle proprie espressioni. Eviterò questo luogo comune, che vi aspettate certamente, per dirvi invece, che anche voi, è probabile e lo spero, farete come me: renderete cioè tanto profondi questi stati d'animo che ora manifestate con tanta facilità, che vi compiacerete di nascondervi sotto le apparenze della vita più comune e più borghese immaginabile. Io vi domando—e non navighiamo ormai più nei paraggi del luogo comune—come mai avete tanta paura e tanto dispetto per il luogo comune e per la vita borghese? Badate bene, che non si combatte tanto negli altri un atteggiamento che quando lo si sente prendere forza in noi, e si fanno prediche agli avversari non tanto per persuadere loro quanto per persuadere noi stessi. Se disprezzate il luogo comune e la vita borghese, non ne sareste dei così fervidi combattenti, e non dichiarereste tanto apertamente di temerli! Il vero disprezzo per certa vita, non si dimostra col fuggirla, ma col viverci in mezzo. Voi vi credete qualcosa come dei monaci dell'intelligenza, perché state lontani dalle femmine, odiate la generazione, disprezzate la famiglia, vi lamentate delle imposizioni dello Stato, e non cercate che dei posti tranquilli dove soli o in compagnia darvi ai vostri piaceri di costruttori dell'impossibile e di distruttori dell'esistente. Ma in fin dei conti, cosa significa ciò, se non che avete una grande paura della famiglia, dello Stato? tutti i vostri inni e i vostri progetti per un convento laico fatto ad uso dei preti dell'intelligenza, non sono altro che la confessione esplicita che le vostre forze non sono sufficienti a sopportare il peso e la lotta con tutti questi nemici. Voi, come i monaci, non disprezzate affatto il mondo; lo apprezzate moltissimo e in due sensi: primo, perché temete che vi adeschi e vi prenda, secondo perché temete che sopprima in voi il desiderio e la forza per altre cose;

che non le spirituali e le intellettuali. Voi che deridete o maledite don Giovanni e i moschettieri, non avete in fin dei conti, che velleità da don Giovanni e da Moschettieri ma per furbizia però, sapendo di non potere vincere né le donne né le battaglie, dite male di queste e di quelle. Il vero disprezzo tanto per i monaci che per voi consisterebbe nell'essere quello che siete, ma in mezzo al mondo, prendendo parte al mondo, quasi che ve ne faceste gioco e scaricando in lui le forze più basse sapete dedicare le più alte ai vostri fini. Non c'è bisogno né del saio né dei sandali come i monaci, né dei capelli lunghi e delle cravatte svolazzanti come gli artisti. Bisogna sotto la corazza d'una vita regolare, calma, eguale a quella di tutti i mediocri, sapere nutrire un cuore pieno di ansie, un'anima colma di avventure, una fantasia che sobbalzi e si sfreni per ogni piccolo avvenimento interno. Cosa sapete voi di me? nulla. Io di voi? tutto. Non c'è più aristocrazia nel mio riserbo, che nella vostra esposizione? Le vostre anime sono fatte a vetrine; nella mia ho messo una bella vernice. E non si tratta di ipocrisia. Si tratta di avere coraggio. C'è (più) assai più coraggio in me, che in voi. Voi siete sempre lì, a gridare all'arme per ogni piccolo attentato alla vostra intelligenza, alla vostra fantasia—mentre io calmo, combatto tutti i giorni una lotta contro il mio irrigidimento e contro la mia cristallizzazione. Perché anche io ho un'anima come voi, che aspira a cose più alte, ma che non si lagna affatto di questo piccolo tentacolo pratico che le è aggiunto, al quale non offre punto vere soddisfazioni—né quelle dell'ebbrezza, né quelle dell'astinenza; io vi vedo come vedo i giocatori, i bevitori, i gaudenti: come tanti ossessi del mondo esterno; quelli gridano di trovare tutto il loro piacere là dentro, voi gridate di non trovare il vostro piacere che standone lontani. Io solo lo supero, perché standoci in mezzo, salvo egualmente la mia anima. Essa può avere i suoi poemi leggiadri, le sue melanconiche scampagnate, le sue ferree ore di dispotismo idealista, come le vostre, ma non sente punto il bisogno di darsi per vittima o per trionfatrice.

Naturalmente non sto qui a portarvi i documenti di quello che dico—non vi apro i miei cassetti con i miei poemi, con le mie confessioni, con la descrizione dei miei problemi dolorosi e taglienti; non siamo qui per fare un'inchiesta ma per discutere una posizione, e vi lascio padrone di dubitare di quello che dico,

purché ammettiate che se è vero, sono parecchio sopra a voi. Si tratta di un superamento non lieve; si tratta di ridare verginità ai luoghi comuni, di rendere anima alla vita quotidiana, di essere qualcosa internamente con tutte le apparenze di essere nulla esternamente. Capirete che la vita si mostra allora più complicata, e che quell'impiegato, col cappello duro e le falde lunghe che si trascina dietro i suoi due o tre bambini piagnucolosi, e il solito soldatino attillato con lo sciafolotto che strascica e le spilline che fan da specchietto d'allodole alle signore, possono contenere dentro loro un segreto curioso e grandioso, una serie di ansiose domande e di originali risposte, un teatro di ampie dialettiche, che voi vi godreste tanto ascoltare se escissero dalla bocca di qualche capelluto e incravattato vostro compagno di antiaccademia.

C'è forse nella loro mediocrità più disprezzo del vostro per le cose terrene. Chi accetta di vivere mediocremente mostra di non amare troppo e di non temere troppo le cose del mondo. L'importante è di fare un eremo del proprio cuore e una torre di avorio del proprio cervello: tutto il resto non è che parata, e sia parata contro gli apparati o in favore, resta sempre parata resta sempre retorica, resta sempre accademia.

Io non vi dico di convertirvi domani; sarei uno sciocco a dirvelo, e voi mostrereste di essere uno sciocco a farlo. Ma vi dico: io credo che passerete di là; e riuscirete a trovare che finalmente è tempo d'affrontare i fantasmi della vita comune e di vedere se non potessero essere delle eccellenti valvole di sicurezza e degli impermeabili nascondigli d'anime rare. Con ciò, caro amico, avete sfruttato tutto quello che può concedervi la curiosa e strana simpatia che ho per voi, e vi prego di dimenticare tutto quello che vi ho detto, perché se domani dovessi sentirmelo attribuito mi toccherebbe a smentirlo assolutamente.

E capirete che crederebbero più a me, che a voi, giacché per gli altri, per tutti, io sono uno dei loro, e quindi credibile e sicuro."

## L'Usuraio

Novella by Grazia Deledda

from "Il fanciullo nascosto"

L'usuraio moriva e le donne avevano mandato a chiamare il prete per confessarlo.

Del resto l'usuraio era stato

sempre un buon cristiano; tutti gli anni faceva il precetto pasquale e lo si vedeva spesso in chiesa, inginocchiato sulla panca dei poveri, con gli occhi corrucciati rivolti al grande Crocifisso sopra l'altare: pareva rimproverasse a Cristo di costringerlo a fare quel mestiere. Inoltre aveva preso in casa, facendole venire dal suo paese, un mucchio di nipoti povere, già anziane, superbe, che non trovavano marito perché quelli che le cercavano erano giovanotti scapestrati o di mala gente, e quelli che volevano loro, nobili spiantati o anche giovani di buona famiglia, pure prendendo denari dall'usuraio, le disprezzavano a causa di questo.

Il vecchio prete andò verso sera, dopo fatto il giro degli altri ammalati: non aveva fretta, anzi camminava più a stento del solito, appoggiandosi al suo grosso bastone da pastore, e nel salire la scaletta dell'usuraio si fermava stanco ad ogni scalino e col viso basso faceva qualche smorfia di disgusto.

La casa era povera, scura; una casa antica con scalini su e giù ad ogni uscio, le stanze basse, i pavimenti di legno che scricchiolavano. Il caldo torrido di quella sera d'agosto la rendeva più triste. Anche nella camera da letto il mobilio non dimostrava le favolose ricchezze attribuite all'usuraio. Era insomma ancora l'umile abitazione di una ragazza orfana di buona famiglia decaduta, presso la quale, quarant'anni prima, arrivando al paesetto con due o tre pezze di tela e di scarlatta sulle spalle e il metro in mano da mercante girovago quale era, l'usuraio aveva preso in affitto una stanzetta sulla strada, per pochi giorni, cioè finché durava la festa del patrono del villaggio fermandovisi poi per tutta la vita.

Il vecchio prete riconosceva bene quella camera: era la camera dell'antica padrona; il letto di legno, con una coltre di lana gialla e nera ricamata come un arazzo e i guanciali di percale rosso, era lo stesso che egli aveva tante volte benedetto, il sabato santo, nel suo giro per le case del paese; l'armadio e la cassapanca gli stessi donde Alessandra Madau prendeva le monete che gettava nel secchio dell'acqua santa e le focacce di pasta gialla che metteva nella bisaccia tenuta dal sagrista. Ma accostandosi al malato, il prete ricordava pure che Alessandra Madau non era morta lì, nel suo letto verginale; l'usuraio, da mercante girovago divenuto proprietario, l'aveva cacciata via dalla casa, comprata da lui, e vi si era messo lui, nel nobile letto, come il gufo nel

nido della colomba.

E dava proprio l'idea di un gufo, con quel suo viso perfetto da usurario, col naso adunco, gli occhi rotondi, sporgenti sul viso pallidissimo, i capelli bianchi arruffati sul cuscino rosso al quale il chiarore di un'antica lucerna d'ottone appesa alla colonna del letto dava un colore di sangue coagulato.

Aveva la febbre alta, ma riconobbe benissimo il sacerdote e gli tese subito la mano come chiedendo aiuto. E il suo viso a poco a poco mutò espressione, a misura che il prete gli parlava e gli stringeva con più calore la mano: gli occhi si socchiusero, diventarono lunghi, quasi dolci, le labbra, sui denti ancora intatti, ripresero un po' di colore; il viso bianco si compose, parve una maschera di marmo. Cosa strana: sembrava un altro, quasi giovane, quasi bello.

Il sacerdote lo guardava, senza smettere di stringergli il polso magro dentro il quale pareva scorresse una vena sola, tumultuosa e infocata. E come portati via da quell'onda di febbre mortale anche i pensieri diffidenti e i giudizi aspri del prete si dileguavano: gli rimaneva solo la pietà del cristiano vivo per il cristiano prossimo alla morte.

\* \* \*

Dopo la confessione l'usuraio tenne ancora stretta nella sua la mano del prete: pareva avesse paura a lasciarlo andare o valesse ancora dirgli qualche cosa.

Di tanto in tanto sollevava un poco la testa bianca, sul cuscino rosso, e guardava verso l'armadio collocato rasente alla finestra ove le mosche, illuse dal chiarore arancione della luna sorgente, si dibattevano ancora contro i vetri.

Il prete sudava, per il caldo afoso della camera chiusa e per il calore che gl'infondeva la mano del malato. D'un tratto provò un senso di vertigine, gli parve d'avere la febbre anche lui e si sentì gelare il sudore. Uno sportello dell'armadio si era aperto cigolando, e dentro era apparso come un fantasma: una donna che dava le spalle alla stanza, con la gonna nera pieghettata, il giubboncino a falde, il fazzoletto frangiato ricadente fin sugli omeri: Alessandra Mandau quale la si vedeva nei giorni di festa, quando andava in chiesa a passi misurati calma e composta come una nobile dama.

Un tremito cominciò a scuotere il malato; il suo viso tornò a farsi

brutto, contraendosi come quello d'un neonato che vuol piangere e ancora non sa piangere; e un gemito sottile, un lamento non umano, che rassomigliava al cigolio dello sportello, gli uscì dai denti stretti. Per alcuni momenti lotto' contro questo turbamento di cui pareva provasse un'angosciosa umiliazione: poi si lasciò vincere; lagrime gli bagnarono il viso, gli penetrarono in bocca e nelle orecchie; i denti si aprirono e il prete lo sentì gemere parole insensate.

—Sei lì.....sei ancora lì!.....perché non te ne vai? Vattene, vattene..... sono stanco, non ne posso più'.

Poi tacque, si calmò. Si passò le mani sul viso, asciugandosi le lagrime, si palpò a lungo la fronte, le guancie, la bocca, come per rimettere a posto i suoi lineamenti stravolti: non ci riusciva, però, perché le dita gli tremavano ancora.

Il prete, intanto, per far cessare la causa di tanto dolore, si era alzato e col bastone spingeva lo sportello quasi gli ripugnasse di chiuderlo con la mano; lo sportello però si ostinava a riaprirsi, a ripetere il cigolio, e per mostrarsi solidale, si aprì anche l'altro sportello, con un cigolio diverso, infantilmente beffardo. Il prete allora li spinse tutti e due con le mani, ma appena li lasciò, tutti e due uno dopo l'altro si riaprirono: pareva si divertissero a disobbedire. Incuriosito egli guardò meglio dentro l'armadio; non sentì che un forte odore di canfora e non vide che quel completo costume da donna attaccato con tanta cura che pareva indossato da un corpo umano.

Finalmente riuscì ad accostare gli sportelli, che a dire il vero non avevano più ne ganci ne serratura, e diede su di essi anche un colpettino col bastone per castigarli; poi tornò verso il letto e si chinò per congedarsi dall'usuraio.

Questi però gli riafferro' la mano, con una stretta tenace.

I suoi occhi guardavano implorando. Infine, che voleva? Aveva tanta paura e tanto rimorso?

—Infine, calmatevi! Che volete? Sì, mettetevi in pace con Dio.

—Con lui sono in pace,—mormorò allora il malato; e d'improvviso si alzò sulla schiena e scivolò dal letto.

Il prete se lo sentì addosso, nudo, scarno, tremante e caldo, e lo sos-

tenne sforzandosi a non gridare per non spaventare le donne, di là nelle camere attigue.

—Ma infine..... ma infine?.....

—Conducentemi,—pregava il malato; e più che condurlo, il prete si lasciò spingere da lui verso l'armadio.

Al tremolio dei passi gli sportelli si riaprirono, riapparve il vestito, e l'usuraio senza lasciare di appoggiarsi con una mano al prete con l'altra prese il lembo della gonna e lo baciò, poi se lo passò sul viso, poi cadde in ginocchio e con la fronte batte' sul ripiano dell'armadio e parve voler morire così, ai piedi del fantasma.

Il prete lo tirò su, lo riprese fra le braccia e piano piano, sudando, con un senso di ripugnanza e quasi di terrore, e anche con una certa rabbia, lo ricondusse e lo rimise come meglio potè a letto.

L'armadaio rimaneva aperto; ed era lui adesso a guardare, a pensare, cercando di rivivere in un tempo lontano. Seguendo il filo dei suoi pensieri domando infine con velata curiosità:

—Che cosa dunque ci fu tra voi due?

L'usuraio, col capo di nuovo affondato sul cuscino rosso, aveva chiuso gli occhi a pareva tranquillo, ormai in pace con tutti.

—Siamo davanti al mondo della verità,—mormorò.—E' stata mia amica, sì. Amica sì, moglie no, non ha voluto. Si vergognava di me. Ero un mercante venuto con le pezze di tela sulla spalla.....e lei era una nobile! Io le davo denari: per orgoglio lei mi pagava gl'interessi. Poi cominciarono le liti. Lei si vergognava di me. Amica sì, moglie no: poi m'insultava. Io le dissi: ti ridurro' povera, mendicante, così mi sposerai. Fu lei ad andarsene; e più diventava bisognosa più mi disprezzava: poi non volle vedermi più. Io speravo che lei tornasse qui: le tenevo pronto il vestito da sposa. Poi e' morta. Così e' stato: e nessuno lo ha mai saputo. Ma io.....io sono sempre lo stesso: e lei e' sempre stata la padrona qui.

\* \* \*

Quando se ne andò, il prete chiuse di nuovo l'armadio; ma gli sportelli si riaprirono subito, uno dopo l'altro, e l'odore della canfora uscì come da una porta aperta sul giardino dei morti.

was made at the age of seven at a soiree given by her father in his Florence villa, before a distinguished gathering, including Fritz Kreisler and the singer, Melba. Her sister Gloria is in the play "Lysistrata" and her brother is one of the composers of the songs in the revue in which she is appearing.

The Italian Art Theatre, directed by Giuseppe Sterni, is continuing its series of fortnightly productions in Italian. Last month they offered Luigi Pirandello's "Il Piacere dell' Onesta" (The Happiness of Probity), which had its American premiere a year and a half ago by the same organization. They followed up this success with Sem Benelli's "La Cena delle Beffe" (The Jest) in the original of its Tuscan blank verse, with the two principal parts taken by Mr. Sterni and Guido Nadzo. It was the latter's second appearance with the company as well as his second appearance in his native language in America, though he has starred in many American productions. He has spoken English all his life, although born in Montecatini, Italy.

It is a worthy enterprise, this Italian Art Theatre, which should receive the encouragement of the Italian colony and students.

## Education and Culture

Among the additional appointments recently made by New York University were Concetta Scaravaglione, instructor in the College of Fine Arts; Mendor T. Brunetti, instructor in the Washington Square College; and Mario Vaccaro, assistant.

Ernest A. Capelle of Hollis, N. Y., and Louis M. De Carlo, both of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., were recently the recipients of scholarships awarded to the student body.

Membership in the Delta Mu Delta, a national commerce fraternity which corresponds in the commercial field to Phi Beta Kappa in the educational, has been gained by the following students of the School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance of New York University: John A. Di Carlo, Francis P. Belloni, Saro Riccardi, Charles A. Sparacio.

Two of the scholarship holders at Princeton this year are William T. Pecora and W. V. Bottiglia.

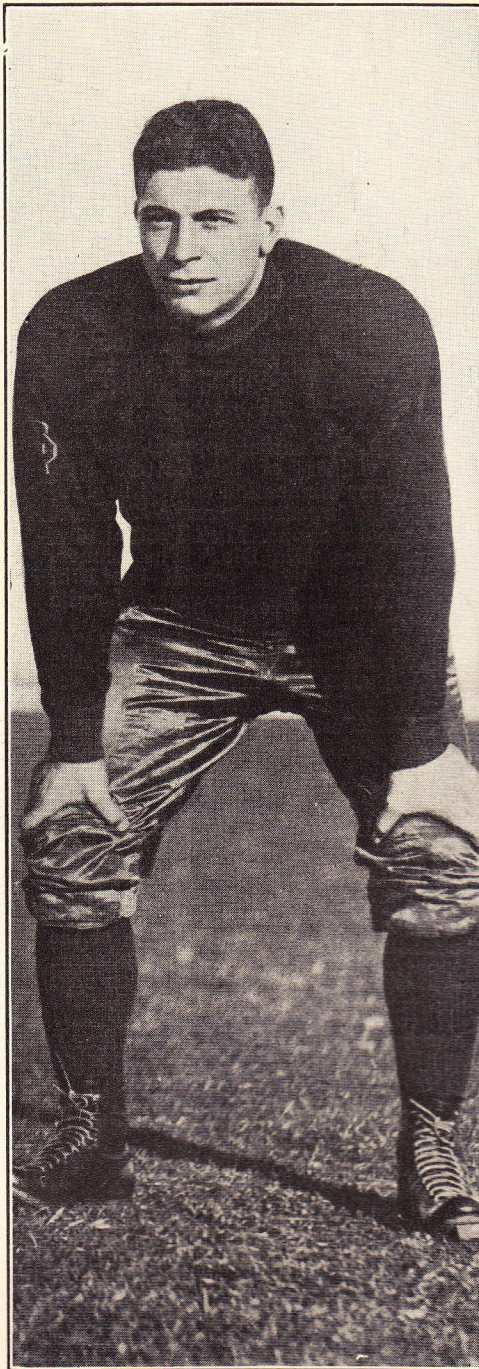
Frank Mendola, pharmacist of Buffalo, N. Y., was the winner recently of the second prize of \$200, offered by the house of McKesson & Robbins, for the best essay on the chain drug-store as compared with the independent.

After having won, by passing a difficult examination, a four year tuition scholarship to Cornell plus a \$100 gold medal, Salvatore Gugliuzza of Buffalo, has now won the George W. Lefevre prize, which entitles him to \$400 yearly in addition, as long as he remains at Cornell.

Dr. Carlo Marchiori of the University of Pavia in Italy recently delivered

a lecture before the "Friends of Italian Culture" of New Haven on the Lateran Pacts.

The Italian Club of Crane College,



FRANK CARIDEO of Notre Dame

Chicago, recently elected as president of the organization Miss Beatrice Immormino. Other officers elected were C. Staffa, vice-president; M. Hendricks, secretary; J. Parenti, treasurer; and J. Cappiello, sergeant-at-arms.

Last month there was dedicated in Seattle, Washington the new Casa Italiana building, costing \$50,000, the money for which was raised by the Italian community of that city.

The Italian students of De Witt Clinton High School, New York, under the guidance of Mr. Covello, Chair-

man of the Department of Italian in the school, recently formed a Circolo Italiano and elected the following officers: Mario A. J. Mondelli, president; Alfonso Porpora, vice-president; and Emilo Astarita, secretary.

Out on the Pacific Coast, in Berkeley, California, there was recently inaugurated Giannini Hall, a \$500,000 structure donated by the famous Italian-American financier, A. P. Giannini, who had already established a million dollar Giannini Foundation of Agricultural Economics at the same institution. Mr. Giannini was present with his family, and he was toasted and cheered.

William J. Giovanna of Providence College, R. I., as been unanimously elected president of the St. Thomas Literary Club of that institution.

At Harvard this past month L. E. Gatto, J. M. Iannuzzi, C. A. Pescosolido, and J. T. Sapienza, students in the College and the Engineering School, were the recipients of scholarships.

At the recent opening of the new building of the American Academy of Arts and Letters in New York, Professor Vincenzo Ussani of the Reale Accademia Nazionale dei Lincei, Rome; Professor Carlo Formichi, of the Reale Accademia d'Italia, Rome; and Giuseppe Romagnoli, of the Reale Insignia Accademia di San Lucia, Rome, were among the guests of honor.

Dr. Angelo Patri, widely known as an educator in this country, recently delivered a lecture at the Casa Italiana in New York on "Rural Education in Italy," the material for which he gathered while in that country studying its educational methods. He praised the work of the Italian teachers in the unpopulated rural sections, and their methods.

President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University and Mrs. Butler gave a dinner last month at their home in honor of Dr. Henry Suzzallo, newly elected president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, and Mrs. Suzzallo. Many others were present.

Lawrence Liberatore and Mary Di Dio of Rochester, N. Y., both of whom were graduated from high school last June, have received the Dante scholarships donated by the Italian Women's Civic Club of that city. These scholarships entitle them to a four-year course at the University of Rochester, and they were based on competitive examinations and work done during four years of high school.

Officers of the Justinian Club (whose members are exclusively of Italian extraction) of Boston University Law School were recently elected as follows: Arthur Forte, president; William Di Vitto, vice-president; Joseph Dovino, treasurer; Anthony J. De Nicola, secretary.

The guest of honor was the faculty adviser, Prof. Felix Forte, who pointed

out the distinction between the conception of justice and right of the Latin race and that of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Professor Forte was recently appointed by Governor Allen of Massachusetts to the commission representing his State in connection with George Washington's bicentenary. Governor Allen has also appointed him a Special Justice of the District Court of Somerville, Mass.

Mr. Peter T. Campton of Binghamton, N. Y., spoke recently over Station WNBF, a local station, on the "Contribution of Italians to America."

The Council on Research in the Humanities has made a grant to the Italian Department of Columbia University for the purpose of preparing a critical and annotated bibliography of Italian literature. The work of preparation has been organized in the form of a graduate course required of all candidates for the A. M. and Ph. D. degrees in Italian. It is under the supervision of Professor Prezzolini, with whom Mr. Gaudente Megaro is collaborating. Mr. Megaro has submitted a study on Vittorio Alfieri, forerunner of modern Italian nationalism, to the Department of History as his doctoral dissertation.

The first meeting of the current season of the Italian Literary Guild of Buffalo, N. Y., was recently held. Dr. B. A. Nigro is president of the Guild, a cultural organization composed of students and professional men.

The Beta Delta Chapter of Alpha Phi Delta was recently installed at Temple University in Philadelphia. The banquet to celebrate the occasion was held at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel. Among the guests were Professor Graves, Vimercini, McDermott, McMahan, Ramirez and Smith, Dean Cochran, Mr. Di Silvestro and Judge Alessandrini.

The Beta Epsilon Chapter of the Fraternity has also been installed at Bucknell University in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. The exercises were followed by a dinner at the Lewisburg Club. Of the faculty the following were present: Dean Rivenburg, Dean Miller, Professors Burpee, Robbins, Groner, Sprague, Bond, Ballentine, Davis, Childs and Fowle.

Both groups were recommended by the Presidents of their respective universities. The degree team consisted of Peter Sammartino, national president, Manlio Severino, Paul J. Salvatore, F. X. Pagano, Benjamin Marsicano, Frank M. Travaline, Bernard Pellegrino and Frank Sestito.

Raphael W. Petito of Trenton, N. J., occupies the "Hall of Fame" in a recent issue of the State Signal, the paper issued every two weeks by the State Teachers' College. The young man is one of the most active leaders in the college.

The tenth anniversary dinner-dance of the Lambda Phi Mu Fraternity will be held in the Grand Ballroom of the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York on December 29th. Frank J. Cerniglia is chairman of the Dinner-Dance Committee.

An Italian gathering took place late

last month at the International Institute in Brooklyn, presided over by Mrs. Eleonora Verdoja, for many years secretary of the Institute. Mr. Peter Cavicchia, formerly president of the Newark Board of Education and recently elected to Congress, spoke on "The Contributions of Italians to American Civilization." A musical program was also a feature of the evening.

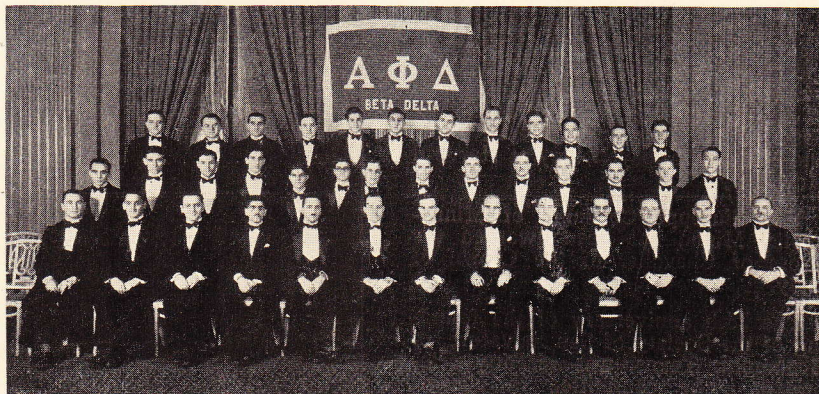
## Social Institutions

Mr. Edward Corsi, Head Worker of Harlem House in New York and presi-

ation of Buffalo held their annual ball last month at the Statler Hotel, the proceeds to go to needy Italian families. The following were on the committee: Mrs. Michael Strozzi, chairman; Miss Ida Campagna, Mrs. B. Oddo, Mrs. Dorothy Nigro, Mrs. George Battaglia, Mrs. Jennie De Vita, Mrs. Horace Battaglia, and Miss Anna E. Parisi.

The newly formed Washington Club of New Haven opened its clubhouse last Thanksgiving Day to its more than 150 members. Mr. George Mazzacane is president of the society.

The Italian Aid Committee of



A NEW CHAPTER OF THE ALPHA PHI DELTA

dent of the Columbian Republican League, spoke recently before the Rhode Island Federation of Women's Clubs at the Narragansett Hotel in Providence, R. I., on "The Attitude of the Foreign Born Toward Americanization."

Costantino Vitello, president of the Italo-American National Union of Chicago and the Middle West, was recently guest of honor at a banquet given on the occasion of his return from Italy.

A testimonial dinner attended by more than 500 guests was recently tendered to Joseph A. Castrogiovanni, president of the Italian-American Democratic Association of Queens in Astoria. Among the speakers were Frank Belucci, Joseph V. Loscalzo, Alexander Frontera, Dr. Vito Loscalzo, Michael R. Iorio, and Robert Molinari, the latter the executive member of the organization.

The Italian Historical Society last month held a luncheon at the Bankers' Club in New York, at which they were addressed by high political and economic personalities.

Mr. Giovanni Di Silvestro, Grand Master of the Order Figli d'Italia for Pennsylvania, has returned to Philadelphia after a three months' sojourn in Italy.

Umberto C. Cozza of Pittsburgh has received the Cross of Chevalier of the Crown of Italy. In the absence of the Italian Consul, Dr. Nino Calabro, who is in Rome, the honor was conferred by his secretary, Dr. G. Giurato.

The Italian Ladies' Relief Associ-

Waterbury, Conn., has made public its report for the fiscal year ending September 1930, during which time 117 needy families were helped. Total expenses were \$6,617.20. The officers are: Frank Pepe, president; Mrs. Maria Besozzi, vice-president; Rev. Joseph Valdambri, secretary; and Miss Rose V. Pepe, treasurer.

Mrs. Albert W. Levis of Dorchester, Mass., is chairman of the Italian Women's Committee of the 1930 Red Cross Roll Call for Boston.

Mr. Michael Communi recently addressed the members of the Ever Ready Club of the International Institute of Trenton, N. J., on "Italy of the Present Day." Mr. Daniel Benedetto, president of the Club, presided.

A Young Women's Civic Organization, composed of young women of Italian extraction, has been organized in Philadelphia with over 30 members.

The newly elected officers of the Unico Club of Waterbury, Conn., for the coming year are F. Palomba, president; A. Guastaferrri, vice-president; H. Mangini, secretary; F. Moreschi, treasurer; and L. Di Vito, Sergeant-at-arms.

The Free Blue Empire (of Bachelors) held its 9th Annual Ball last month at the Hotel Des Artistes in New York City. Mr. Frank Bruno is president of the society.

The Italian Welfare League of Newark, N. J., recently held a dinner and dance at the Elks Lodge in that city. Judge Minisi was chairman of the General Committee.

A banquet was recently tendered the Rev. Luigi Chiarelli of Buffalo on the occasion of his leaving the United States after having been here for some time.

At the annual dinner meeting of the Trenton Unico Club recently, held at the home of Dr. Anthony J. Lettiere, the retiring president, Mr. George Pelletieri was elected president. Other officers elected were Joseph Gruerio, vice-president; Angelo Cavalieri secretary; Ferdinand Masciantoni, asst. secretary; Dr. Joseph Pantaleone, treasurer; Santo Indiviado, sergeant-at-arms; and Peter P. Tummillo, chairman of the board of directors. The new officers were installed on Thanksgiving Day.

**"Unemployment: Causes and Remedies"** was the subject of a recent speech delivered by Henry A. Sasserno recently in Boston under the auspices of the Common Cause Forum. Mr. Sasserno has taught administrative law and commercial psychology at Harvard University.

Mr. Giuseppe Colaianni of Minneapolis, Minn., has been awarded the Cross of Chevalier of the Crown of Italy.

The 25th anniversary of the founding of the Society of San Salvatore, of Beaumont, Texas, was recently celebrated. The committee in charge, headed by V. Luparello, was composed of Charles Giglio, Giulio Tarantolo, Ignazio Aiena, Giuseppe Gagliano, N. Lomonte and Sam Fertitta.

In the newly-inaugurated Casa Italiana of Seattle, Washington, there was recently celebrated the anniversary of the Italian armistice, under the auspices of the Italian War Veterans. Mr. Salvatore Amoroso headed the committee, and among the speakers were the Italian Consul, Alberto Alfani, Pietro D. Vedova, and Ambrogio Chiappa.

The Prov. di Avellino Lodge of the Ordine Figli d'Italia, of Waterbury, Conn., recently celebrated its 30th anniversary and the granting of the Cross of Chevalier of the Crown of Italy to their pastor, Rev. Giuseppe Valdambrini.

The Italian-American Republican Club of Passaic, N. J., held its annual ball recently. Nicola Martini was chairman of the committee in charge of the affair.

The students of Italian blood in Franklin High School, Rochester, N. Y., have organized a Renaissance Society, with officers as follows: Sam Catalano, president; Michele Terrana, vice-president; Adriana Bonsignore, treasurer, Emilia Nardo, social chairman, and Maria Arnao, secretary.

A banquet in honor of Pietro Diana, on the occasion of his re-election as State Representative from New Haven, Conn., is to be held on Dec. 7th at the Hotel Taft in that city.

The Italian Women's Civic Club of Rochester, N. Y., recently held at the Seneca Hotel its 11th anniversary dance, the proceeds of which went to the Dante Alighieri scholarship fund. Miss Giovanni Miceli is president of the Club.

The Medford Lodge of Elks recently tendered a dinner to its most popular member, John Cifrino of Dorchester, former immigrant, who rose to founder and head of the world's largest market. A silver loving cup was presented to Mr. Cifrino.

The Neapolitan Club of Galveston, Texas, has concluded negotiations for the purchase of a building and site for its new headquarters. Messrs. E. Spata and R. Vassallo, head of their respective lodges of the Ordine Figli d'Italia, have charge of the organization of the new site.



Orlando Delfino

The Houston, Texas, section of the Italian World War Veterans recently held a celebration on the occasion of the anniversary of the Battle of Vittorio Veneto and also of the Italian Armistice. The speech of the evening was delivered by Dr. Pietro H. Scardino, who was introduced by Emilio Zilli, secretary of the Houston chapter.

The Italian Consul-General for the State of Texas, Dr. Vitale G. Gallina, recently paid an official visit to the Italian community of Beaumont, Texas. Joseph S. Maida was chairman of the reception committee.

The Italian Women's Welfare Council of Dallas, Texas, are to give their first annual dance on Dec. 3rd. Their president is Mrs. De George.

A new lodge of the Order Figli d'Italia has been established at Jeanette, Pa. The exercises were attended by Giovanni De Silvestro, Supreme Master of the Order, and Judge Alessandrini, Grand Master for Pennsylvania. Others who spoke included Sam Digangi, Ernest Biagi, Mrs. Santalucia, Luigi Marchioni, Antonio Demay, Mrs. Romano, and Mrs. A. Roy.

Some 10,000 persons were estimated to have been present when the Italian Barbers' Benevolent Society of New York State recently held their annual dance at the 71st Regiment Armory in New York. Among the 10,000 present was Comm. Emmanuele Grazi, the Italian Consul-General. President of the society is Giuseppe Mandese.

## Business, Professions, Finance

Mr. Ralph G. Caprio has been appointed by Mayor Conleton of Newark as Assistant Engineer in the Transit Bureau of Newark.

Dr. George A. Corio, physician, of Trenton, N. J., was elected president of the Italian Business and Professional Men's Club at a recent luncheon-meeting of the organization. Dr. Corio succeeds Joseph Plumeri and other officers include: Dr. Frank Petrino, secretary-treasurer; Dr. Albert Moriconi, chairman of the board of directors; Frank Sista, Simon Belli, George A. Cella, Recorder John Boscarell, Peter Pulone and Michael Lanzaro, all members of the board.

Michael Rapuano of Syracuse, N. Y., who won the Grand Prix de Rome of the American Academy together with a \$7000 prize, has been appointed Park Architect in the County of Westchester. Only recently did he return from a three-year residence in Rome on the scholarship.

Mr. Stephen F. Barrera, president of the Brooklyn Real Estate Board, took occasion last month to object strenuously to the proposed increase in the basic tax rate of New York City for the coming year, saying it was not compatible with the efforts of the Mayor and the Governor to decrease the rates on real estate. He advocated the changing of the tax system itself, whereby real estate, which represents only 50% of the total wealth, is levied for 80% per cent of the total tax.

A new and modern canning factory at Marlboro, New York has been opened up through the efforts of the Italian farmers of the Hudson Valley, organized by Arthur Massolo. The chairman of the inauguration was E. O. Palermo.

Invited by the Cleveland Medical Library Association, Professor Giuseppe Franchini of the University of Bologna, Italy recently delivered a lecture before the Association and the members of the Cleveland Academy of Medicine, tracing the history of medicine in Italy.

Frank E. Barranco, Sr., realty broker and an active civic worker, recently died in St. Vincent's Hospital, New York. He was 50 years old and had lived in Staten Island for 25 years. Born in Italy, Mr. Barranco came to America as a small boy. He built up a successful real estate business and was director of the Staten Island Chamber of Commerce and the Staten Island Real Estate Board.

The New Haven Retail Druggists, Association have unanimously elected as their president for the coming year Mr. James Ematrudo.

The Italian Stores, Inc., of New Jersey have opened up another store in East Orange, N. J. It is their fifth. The others are in Belleville, Newark (2), and Nutley. The founder of the company is Giuseppe Latorraca.

**Leaders** in the Italian wine-producing industry displayed great interest in the results of the American elections, particularly as they affected the question of prohibition. Experts estimate that there are 645,000,000 gallons of Italian wine in storage, and some of the leaders of the industry are making plans to take advantage of any change that may come about in the situation.

The youngest publisher in America is Orlando Delfino of Erie, Pa., who recently opened up a new firm: Delfino Enterprises, Inc., which comprises the following companies: Roland Publishing Co., specializing in the publication of Boy Scout magazines and church organs, including "Journalistic Youth," "Lone Scouts," "Business Guide" and "Corrie's Pal." Other firms that will be operated by Delfino Enterprises are the Western Hollywood Photo Studio, Liberty Sales & Supply Co., Supreme Mailing and Distributing Co., and Delfino's Laboratories. Mr. Delfino is only 17 years old, and he left high school to manage his many enterprises.

An "Italian Academy of Medicine" in Chicago has been started. There are more than 150 Italian physicians in Chicago, hitherto unorganized, but now grouped together through the efforts of Dr. Italo Volini, professor of medicine at Loyola University and one of the directors of the County hospital, assisted by Dr. Vincenzo Gino. Dr. Volini was elected president, Dr. A. V. Partipilo, vice-president, Dr. Silvio Sciarretta, secretary, and Dr. V. Gino, treasurer.

Mr. Filippo Torchio, president of the Banco di Napoli Trust Co., and vice-president of the Edison Electric Light Co., both of New York, has received the Cross of Chevalier of the Crown of Italy.

Mr. Eligio Cerruti, importer and representative of many Italian firms in the United States, has sailed for Italy for a short stay, combining pleasure and business. During his absence his place will be taken by Mr. A. Cominelli of his firm.

Dr. Frank A. Trippe of Erie, Pa., has returned to his home, after extended travels of study in various European capitals, to resume his practice.

At a special meeting recently of the Board of Directors of the Banco di Sicilia Trust Company of New York, Almerindo Portolio was elected president of the institution, one of the most important in the city's banking world. At the same time Dr. Leonardo Barbanzolo, formerly director of the Milan branch of the Banco di Sicilia, was elected Executive Vice-President.

The new 45,000 ton Lloyd Sabauda liner, Conte Di Savoia, now under construction, when it is launched, will be the first great passenger ship ever to be equipped with Sperry stabilizers, three of which will keep the ship on an even keel in all kinds of weather.

According to Col. M. Serrati, general manager of the Lloyd Sabauda in America, the installation of the stabilizers, each weighing 100 tons, involves the expenditure of about one million dollars, all for the added comfort of juries.

passengers on what is designed to be the world's most luxurious liner. It is now being built at Trieste for the New-York-Mediterranean service.

Count Giuseppe Volpi di Misurata, former Italian Minister of Finance, has left for Italy after a brief visit to this country on matters of business. He is chairman or director in twenty of the largest Italian public utility and industrial corporations. The last time he came to America, five years ago, he effected a settlement of the Italian war debt with the United States.

During his stay here, he called on President Hoover, and later was honored by a reception at Casa Italiana given by Columbia University. He also spoke on Italian hydro-electricity at a luncheon of the Italy-America Society.

## Public Life

The first Italian to have been appointed as Assistant District Attorney in the State of Texas recently was Mr. Angelo Piranio, of Dallas.

The Cleveland Bar Association has recommended the name of Attorney B. D. Nicola for a vacant judgeship in the Common Pleas Court.

Andrew A. Casassa, Mayor of Revere, Mass., has had an unprecedented victory in his campaign for re-election. He received 6,587 votes, 2,129 more than his opponent, and he carried ten out of the eleven districts. The eleventh, which he lost by only three votes, was his opponent's home section. A spontaneous demonstration took place at the City Hall when the results became known.

The name of Pasquale Marcello, a veteran Democrat, has been put before Mayor Tully of New Haven and he is the most likely to succeed to the position on the Board of Assessors left vacant by the death of its previous incumbent.

Italians comprised the largest single group of new voters at the recent elections, with 11,761, according to Merton A. Sturges, of the New York Naturalization office. Poles were second and English third.

Maestro Raffaele De Riggi, composer and musician of Yonkers, N. Y., after having studied for 14 years at the Royal Conservatory of Music of St. Peter in Naples, recently arrived in this country, where he was greeted by a large reception committee, including friends, relatives and the Mayor of the town.

The 48 clubs belonging to the State Federation of Italian Democratic Clubs will meet at the Hotel Taft in New Haven, Conn., on Sunday, Dec. 7th. It will be the first meeting of the Federation as a body since the Democratic victory at the polls last Election Day. Following the meeting the delegates will attend the dinner being given to its president, Pietro Diana, who was re-elected State Representative last November.

Attorney Philip Mondello has won the nomination for Alderman in his

Ward in Medford, Mass. He attended at the College of Business Administration of Boston University, and then the Law School, whence he received his lawyer's degree. He is a member of the Massachusetts Bar Association, North End Post of the American Legion, Ausonia Council of the K. of C., and of the Figli d' Italia, and he has been assistant Assessor for Revere. One of his opponents is Alderman Ernest Martini, who is seeking re-election to that position. Mr. Martini was elected two years ago by a large vote. There are four nominees in all, of which two are to be elected.

## Sports

As the current football season winds up, one of the outstanding features of the last few months, in retrospect, is the prominence achieved by Italo-Americans in the sport.

Far ahead of all other football scorers in the country this season has been Leonard Macaluso, the 200-pound touchdown and kicking ace and star fullback of Colgate, and the greatest single reason for Colgate's eminence as a high-scoring team this season. There is no more logical choice for All-American fullback this season than this young Italo-American, with 144 points to his credit at the current writing. Abruzzino, quarterback on the same team, has no doubt helped him considerably and is a star in his own right.

Then there is Frank Carideo, the Mount Vernon, N. Y. boy who, last year, was a practically unanimous choice for All-American quarterback, and who is one of Notre Dame's "Fighting Irishmen." It will be a big surprise if he is not selected for this position again this year.

Knute Rockne speaking: ". . . . and we have been fortunate in that nothing has happened to Carideo. Did you ever stop to think what a fix we would be in if Carideo were injured? It would break up the whole offense. Carideo has gone through his football career with few injuries. The loss of a quarterback is a tremendous blow to a Notre Dame team."

Joe Savoldi, the Italian from Three Oaks, Michigan, and this season's find for Notre Dame, was slated for a berth on the All-American himself up to the time of his marital difficulties. Now he is ace fullback for the professional Chicago Bears, and their star attraction.

Before Macaluso attained eminence as a scorer, that position was held by two men, one of them Bart Viviano of Cornell, the 180-pound fullback from Andover and Plainfield, N. J. Viviano was the hero of the Thanksgiving Day game with Penn, after which the crowd hoisted him on their shoulders and paraded him around the field.

Still another probability for All-American honors is Tony Siano, Fordham centre, and captain of his team for the second year running. Though Siano's position in the line does not make for spectacular headlines, his popularity among teammates and football fans is unquestioned. And up in Boston, Santo Marino is captain of the Boston University team, but unfortunately he was put out of play for the last half of the season by serious injuries.

There are scores of other Italo-Americans whose names appear in the football reports in the Sunday papers: it would be tedious merely to list them. Enough to say that they are more than coming into their own in this leading collegiate sport. It is hard to imagine that a few years ago Italian names were unheard of in football team rosters. The first one of prominence was Al De Vitalis, a Brown University star tackle in 1917-18, followed by Al Perotti of Washington & Jefferson. Now these Italian names are legion.

**Tony Canzoneri**, popular little Brooklyn boxer, who formerly held the world's featherweight championship, added another recently when he performed one of the most startling upsets in modern boxing history by knocking out Al Singer, defending lightweight champion, in one minute and six seconds of what was to have been a 15-round bout.

It brought Canzoneri the crowning distinction, the goal of all boxers below the heavyweight division who aspire to hold the championship in one class and, outgrowing that, reign supreme in the class next highest—a distinction enjoyed by perhaps half a dozen boxers in all ring history. It was the quickest transfer of the lightweight championship on record.

The young hero is 22 years old and was born at Slydell, Louisiana. He has been boxing six years and his record includes 94 battles. His is an almost unparalleled record from the standpoint of popularity and earning capacity. This is shown by the fact that he has earned more than \$250,000 in purses and has participated in bouts which, in the aggregate, have grossed more than \$1,000,000. His acquisition of the lightweight championship will give to one of boxing's most popular divisions a stimulus and an impetus that has long been sought as a desirable influence.

Following his victory, Borough President Hesterberg of Brooklyn presented Canzoneri with a gold medal for having taken the title to Brooklyn.

**Christopher (Bat) Battalino**, Hartford Italian and world's featherweight champion, is to defend his title against Kid Chocolate in a 15-round benefit bout at Madison Square Garden on Dec. 12.

**Fidel La Barba**, former world's flyweight and now grown to featherweight proportions, recently won an important battle when he defeated Kid Chocolate at Madison Square Garden, before a crowd of 17,000. It was a unanimous award, which lends emphasis to the clean-cut margin by which La Barba conquered one of the greatest of present-day fighters.

Some time ago, La Barba, then flyweight champion, threw it up in order to better himself and to go to college. But then he fell in love, and later into marriage, which meant he had to plan anew for the future. So he quit college

and entered the ring again to provide for a family. He took on Chocolate soon after starting on the comeback trail, but was rewarded with a beating. La Barba may have hesitated at meeting him a second time, but only long enough to make sure of his condition, and this time he beat Chocolate. With it also went the promise of a try at Bat Battalino, who now holds the world's featherweight championship.

**Larry Marinucci** of the 105th Infantry of Troy, N. Y. recently knocked out Nick Palmer of the 14th Infantry in a 12-round bout in Brooklyn before 7000 and thereby gained the National Guard middleweight championship.

Before a capacity crowd of 20,000, including Mayor Walker, Mayor Hague of Jersey City, John F. Curry, Generoso Pope, publisher of *Il Progresso Italo-Americano* and sponsor of the program, the charity wrestling show put on at Madison Square Garden went over as a success. It was arranged for the benefit of St. Joseph's Summer Institute, a camp for boys and girls at Hackettstown, N. J. In the feature of the evening, Jim Londos, world's champion, retained his title by tossing Gino Garibaldi after 46 minutes and 40 seconds of thrilling grappling.

## Miscellaneous

A single Italian committee for the collection of Christmas funds for poor Italians of New York City has been formed, the United Italian Emergency Relief and Christmas Fund, composed of representatives of the Italian Welfare League, the Italian Child Welfare Committee, the Vittorio Emanuele III War Veteran Foundation, the Societa di Beneficenza Legione Figli di Colombo, the Italian Consul General, Comm. Emanuele Grazzi, and Gr. Uff. Luigi Barzini.

The General Committee is as follows: Gr. Uff. Generoso Pope, president; Gr. Uff. Luigi Barzini, vice-president; Cav. P. Simonelli, treasurer; Avv. Salvatore M. Pino, secretary; and Comm. Emanuele Grazzi, honorary chairman.

The Executive Committee is composed of Hon. John J. Freschi, chairman; Mrs. L. Perera, vice-chairman; Cav. Uff. Vito Contessa, Miss Mary Frasca; Miss Carlotta Schiapelli; Mr. Edward Corsi; Mr. R. Santini, and Mr. Raffaele Cassetti.

**Frank Marinosci**, a Bronx, N. Y. barber who has been giving free shaves and haircuts to the unemployed, added more to his benefactions when he gave a Thanksgiving dinner for forty unemployed. He has said he will continue giving free shaves and haircuts to the unemployed as long as the depression continues.

Under the auspices of Dr. Frank A. Manzella, member of the Municipal Council of New York there will be held on Dec. 22 at the Star Casino a

series of boxing bouts, the proceeds of which will go for needy Italian families of Harlem.

A gold medal was recently won by Herman Valdiserri, of Denver, Colorado, for his shoe exhibits at an exhibition held in Philadelphia.

**Mr. Romolo Fanciulli**, editor of the *Winged Foot*, publication of the New York Athletic Club, died recently.

The November issue of "Current History" featured an article by Beniamino De Ritis on "The New Catholic Imperialism," in which the writer describes the new missionary policy of the Catholic Church and the international consequences of the recent Concordat in the religious field.

The Italian Government has acquired a building at 134 East 70th Street, New York, which will be remodelled to house in the future the Royal Italian Consulate. Plans are being made by Rosario Candela. The building, which cost \$115,000 and will need \$30,000 more for remodelling, was bought by a corporation, whose members include the Italian Consul, Dr. Emmanuele Grazzi, and Anthony Campagna, the building magnate.

**Miss Emelina Manganiello** of Waterbury, Conn., recently won two medals, one gold and one silver, in an oratorical contest held in New Haven County under the auspices of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. A high school student, she was the only Italian entrant.

The Cross of Chevalier of the Crown of Italy has been conferred on Attorney Salvatore Pino, who has been connected for some time with *Il Progresso Italo-Americano* of New York City.

The Countess Lisi Cipriani of Chicago, who edited the recently issued Guide-Book of the Italians in Chicago, has been giving lessons in Italian over the radio station of the Chicago Daily News, WMAQ., including in her repertoire elementary Italian readings and readings from Italian literature.

**Paolo Busti**, who is said to have founded the city of Buffalo as a general agent for the Holland Land Co., is remembered by a town in New York, near Buffalo, which bears his name. It was recently visited by five eminent Italians of Buffalo, Dr. Pier P. Spinelli, Italian Vice-Consul, Dr. Rocco A. Spano, Pietro Grisanti, Charles R. Sciolino, and F. Magnani.

**Patrolman Dominick Griffo** of New York was recently commended by his Deputy Chief Inspector for having foiled an attempted holdup by four gunmen in a Brooklyn cafe. It was the first time this officer had seen fit to use his revolver in his two years on the force.



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