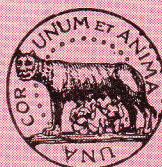


# ATLANTICA

THE ITALIAN MONTHLY REVIEW



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by Ugo Ojetti

Italian Names in  
American Geography  
by Giovanni Schiavo

Rossetti's Influence in Art

Old Roman Wines

The New Columbus

Hospital in New York City

Venice, City of Golden Dreams

America's "Peanut King"

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by Edward Corsi

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**CITY OF WATERBURY**  
**CITY COURT**

Waterbury, Connecticut

Judges:

John F. McGrath      Abner P. Hayes

January 23, 1931.

To the Editor of ATLANTICA:

An Italian friend of mine has shown me a copy of your estimable magazine, and I take this opportunity to write you my endorsement of approval of ATLANTICA, the Italian Monthly Review, whose purpose is to put before the American people, and especially the rising generation of young Italians, the advancement of the Italian people in America, and especially of the things they are doing to promote the welfare of this country. This is to counteract the daily newspaper articles of the crimes that are being committed by the few, and which are being featured in these newspapers. The American people at least should know what the great majority of the Italians are doing for the good, not only for themselves and their own people, but for the country as well. I most heartily recommend to my Italian friends in Waterbury that they promote this good cause by subscribing for and supporting the ATLANTICA in its endeavor to carry out this idea.

Sincerely yours,  
 (signed) Judge John F. McGrath

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# Atlantica's Observatory

**P**REMIER MUSSOLINI is not alone in attributing a great deal of the economic crisis now prevalent abroad to the now historic Wall Street crash late in 1929. The outstanding banking figure in Great Britain, Mr. Reginald McKenna, chairman of the Midland Bank, second largest in the world, is also of the same opinion. In his recent annual address as the Bank's chairman, he finds two of the three causes of the depression, in the United States. One of these is the stock market slump. Undoubtedly this was felt throughout the civilized world.

Yet Count Carlo Sforza, former Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs, writing in the *New York Herald-Tribune* of Jan. 11th, "exploded" a "Fascist Alibi" when he refuted Il Duce's charge that Italy's depression, to a large extent, is due to the stock market's action in 1929, which it is generally agreed depressed conditions and morale in other countries as well.

The Italian Commercial Attache at Washington, Mr. Romolo Angelone, was quick to answer these allegations. In an article published in the same newspaper shortly after that the Count Sforza, Mr. Angelone points out, as is well known by students and business men, that "the depression was consequent to the collapse simultaneously of several forces, any one sufficiently strong to bring on world decline. Among them: overproduction, with the resulting breakdown in artificial control over commodity prices, wild speculation in securities, a fall in the price of silver and in the corresponding purchasing power of the Far East, maladjustments in gold distribution among leading industrial nations, political unrest, and international financial complications."

Naturally, he adds, a depression so intense and extensive was bound to affect Italy, just as it affected practically every other country in the world.

**T**HE injustices and the inequalities created by the Versailles Treaty, it is well recognized, con-

stitute one of the most serious obstacles to European peace. In a recent editorial appearing in the *Corriere d'America* of New York, the contrast between those countries who profited by the war and those who did not is sharply drawn by Beniamino de Ritis. He distinguishes between the "Haves" and the "Have-nots." The "Haves," according to him, are "those powers, satiated with authority and booty, who defend the status quo, and un-



A New Bar Association.  
—From the Boston Transcript

der various formulae seek to maintain unchanged the present economic, military and political hierarchy of international life," while the "Have-nots" are the "peoples defeated in the war and severely taxed by the treaties, together with the peoples who are victims of the unjust and one-sided settlement of the peace." Fundamentally, of course, this just about sums up the European situation today.

**T**HE most recent vital statistics coming from Italy show an increase in the population for the past year of 515,000, with a total population for the country of just under 43,000,000. Premier Mussolini's efforts to stimulate the birth

rate, therefore, are beginning to show results.

As was the case during the previous year, the three largest cities in Italy, respectively, are Naples, with slightly less than 1,000,000, Milan, and Rome, the latter with 940,000.

**I**TALO C. FALBO, writing editorially in a recent issue of *Il Progresso Italo-Americano* of New York, of which he is editor, rebukes the alarmists who have been making much of the termination of the Franco-Italian naval holiday. After observing that the issue is not only between those two countries, but also involves the three other nations which attended the London Naval Conference, he points out that it would be folly for the poorer of the two countries, namely, Italy, to take the initiative in the building up of armaments which she can ill afford. Thus he lays the issue at France's door. He assures his readers that, in spite of differences, negotiations leading to a solution are going on, and will continue to go on.

**B**ATTLING fog and clouds which obscured the full moon of which they had planned to take advantage, ten planes of the original twelve in the Italian air fleet, as all the world now knows, maintained perfect military formation for 1,875 miles of ocean, from Bolama, in Portuguese Guinea, to Natal, Brazil, making the entire flight by dead reckoning.

The world, naturally, sat up and took notice. The ocean had been spanned before, but never with such precision, and with such careful safeguards, so as to reduce the element of chance to a minimum. Italy's achievements in the aeronautical field, many and outstanding, thereby received more respectful attention and publicity.

It would be idle to minimize the cost of this great achievement, the cost in human life. Yet there is hardly an advance made by civili-

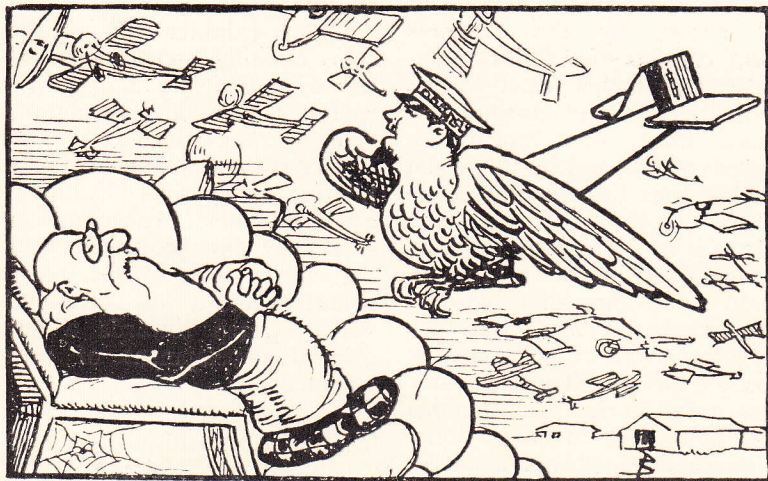
zation that is not registered at the expense of human life.

Many features of the flight were emphasized by the American press. Above all, however, the team-work and cooperation involved in the enterprise were praised. Said the *New York Sun*: "The successful spanning of the South Atlantic by the air squadron under command of General Italo Balbo, Italy's Air Minister, must stand out as a great Italian feat of aviation. . . The flight of a single land plane over a

single planes."

"The undertaking," said the *Baltimore Sun*, "was so well organized and prepared for that everyone was sure of its success. It is a continuation of those undertakings of the great Italian navigators who circumnavigated the world."

Influential Italian dailies, like *Il Progresso*, *Il Corriere d'America* and others, stressed all the above points, but also added that it strengthened the ties of friendship



A Cabinet Minister Who Can Hardly be Called a Sedentary Worker.  
—From the *Almanacco Bemporad*

large expanse of water is a test of endurance, skill, material — and good fortune. The flight of the squadron under General Balbo tested endurance, skill and material equally well, but its importance lies in its demonstration of the value of careful preparation, good team-work and discipline."

The *New York Herald-Tribune* emphasized rather the importance of the fact that the flight was made to South America. "Italy, in making this dramatic advertisement of her interest in that continent, is merely capping the trade missions and good will tours which have been traveling thither in steady procession from the different capitals of Europe—and of the United States. The procession is a significant one."

This note was included in the comment of the *New York Times* on the flight, but subordinated to the greatness of the flight itself, which, it added, called the world's attention to the progress of Italian aviation. "It remained for the Italians," it concluded, "to prove that argosies of the air could accomplish the passage as easily as

between Italy and the countries of South America, already strong because of the millions of Italian immigrants in that continent.

And now we shall await with eager expectancy the proposed flight of thirty-six Italian planes, nine groups of four planes each, again under the leadership and guidance of the indomitable General Balbo, from Rome to New York. It will be an undertaking indeed worthy of a country that has always been in the vanguard in the blazing of trails in history.

The result of the interview granted not long ago by Premier Mussolini to Mr. Ettore Patrizi, editor of *L'Italia* of San Francisco, appeared recently in the form of a long article in that daily, in which the writer, besides recounting what took place at the interview, described the steps leading up to it, and the circumstances surrounding it. One of his chief impressions of Il Duce was the fact that he is extremely well informed on conditions in America, especially concerning her efforts to lift herself from the morass of depression.

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# Travel Notes

## Foreign Papers on the Italy of Today

TWO important articles have been published recently by two French papers, the "*Petite Gironde*" and the "*Intransigeant*."

The first article is written by Jean de Granilliers, whose opinion—as the "*Action Française*" remarks—is ever so much more valuable in as much as it is not the outcome of friendship or of political affinity with fascism. The correspondent of the "*Petite Gironde*" relates what a renewed tour of a few thousand miles through Italy has revealed to him.

"Everything one sees in Italy," writes Mr. de Granilliers, "proves that the whole country stands under a powerful, decided and successful will of organization. One may observe this fact in the efficient functioning of all public services; in the abundance of electric power-stations, which transform natural energy into productive energy, in the number of tractors which plough the fields, in the evident progress of social hygiene, noticeable everywhere. Everyone works, fields are cultivated and irrigated with up-to-date systems. Cities grow larger. Nowhere in the streets is to be found objectionable refuse; no dirt in public buildings. Italy has become a land whose microbe - destroying chemicals are trumps."

The correspondent praises also the courteous welcome extended to all tourists indiscriminately, and says that, with no introduction, and never hiding his own profession of French journalist, he has traveled right through Italy and has always had a welcome reception and never experienced the least inconvenience.

After speaking of some items relating to the cost of living in Italy, Mr. de Granilliers ends his article by stating: "By being received with friendliness everywhere, without being bothered in the least by anyone, and by motoring on good roads or by using perfect railway, telephone and postal services, tourists will discover a land which does not remind one in the least of the Italy of 1913; it has never been more

lovely. When one comes to the end of the journey, he would feel ashamed if he were not fair towards the great work which is being accomplished so skillfully by the people of Italy."

The other article published, as stated above, by the "*Intransigeant*," consists of a series of impressions sent to his paper by the renowned writer Paul Morand, impressions made upon him by the present-day Italy and by its people on his last tour through this country.

"There is no better way to know one's neighbour," says Mr. Morand, "than to travel anonymously. No, foreigners who arrive in Italy are not at all escorted by policemen or by propagandists. Tourists may express quite freely their opinions without being sent to jail; a tourist is never searched, nor lectured, nor troubled."

## The Automobile Pavilion at the Milan Fair

On April 15th the Fourth International Automobile Show will be formally opened. The display will take place also this year in the Sport Palace and will be open during the last ten days of the Milan Fair.

The two interesting events, both of great national importance, will take place this year at about the same time.

A notable feature of the Fourth Automobile Show of Milan is the addition of a nautical and motor-boat display, which was formerly included in one of the sections of the Milan Fair.

## A Sport Exhibition at Venice

Beginning May 1931 the central pavilion of the biennial art exhibition will be placed at the disposal of the International Exhibition of Physical Culture and Sport and will stay open from May 1st to the 31st.

The Exhibition is only part of the program fixed for the International festivities of physical culture and sports. In the spacious pavilion of the biennial exhibition,

known to all who visit the famous exhibitions of modern art held every two years in Venice, there will be a rich display of plans of gymnasiums, stadiums, swimming pools and stands for drilling and games.

Other exhibits will consist of sport clothing, sport goods, exhibition of statistical data, graphs, photographs, rules and regulations of sporting associations, etc.

This is the first International Exhibition of Physical Culture and Sport ever held, hence it will prove extremely interesting to compare the efforts made by the individual countries and it will certainly be a valuable step towards a further general development of physical culture.

## The International Dog Show at Florence

The *Italian Kennel Club* has given its consent to the International Dog Show which will be held in Florence during the spring of 1931 and has approved the rules of the show and the date, which has been fixed for May 9th and 10th.

The President of the Committee is already receiving subscriptions from very important and well known Italian and foreign breeders and amateurs.

## The Fifth Tripoli Fair

The Prime Minister has authorized the holding each year of the Tripoli Fair, which has acquired a prominent economic as well as political importance, as is proved by its four years of experience. By means of its Fair the importance of Tripoli is growing considerably and it is placing the Colony foremost among all other towns of northern Africa.

The Tripoli Fair will take place from March to April 30th, 1931. The period of the Exhibition has been slightly altered since the last Fair: the change has been suggested on account of meteorological conditions and the dates of other festivities and international events which will take place at Tripoli.

# ATLANTICA

The Italian Monthly Review

Founded in 1923

## CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1931

TOPICS OF THE MONTH .....	Edward Corsi	54
CONTEMPORARY ITALIAN ART .....	Ugo Ojetti	55
ITALIAN NAMES IN AMERICAN GEOGRAPHY .....	Giovanni Schiavo	58
ROSSETTI'S INFLUENCE IN ART .....	Julia W. Wolfe	60
OLD ROMAN WINES .....	Clara Manderschied	62
THE NEW COLUMBUS HOSPITAL IN NEW YORK CITY .....	F. Cassola	64
VILLAGE SATURDAY, a poem .....	Giacomo Leopardi	66
VENICE, CITY OF GOLDEN DREAMS .....	Carter W. Blair	67
AMEDEO OBICI, AMERICA'S "PEANUT KING" .....	Dominick Lamonica	70
MAZZINI AND MARGARET FULLER .....	Giovanni Mori	73
THE HOME-COMING, a short story .....	Giovanni Comisso	75
RECENT ITALIAN LITERATURE .....	Giuseppe Prezzolini	78
BOOKS IN BRIEF .....		80
ITALY AND CIVILIZATION .....		82
GENERAL PERSHING, MARSHAL JOFFRE AND ITALY IN THE WORLD WAR....		83
THE ITALO-AMERICAN NATIONAL UNION .....		86
PROFILES: Chief Siccardi of Bergen County, N. J. ....		87
WHO'S WHO .....		88
THE ITALIANS IN THE UNITED STATES .....		90
A MINIATURE ANTHOLOGY OF ITALIAN LITERATURE (In Italian).....		95
ATLANTICA'S OBSERVATORY .....		50
TRAVEL NOTES .....		52

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# Topics of the Month

BY EDWARD CORSI

## BUTLER AT IT AGAIN

**M**AJOR Gen. Smedley D. Butler has come into the news again, this time with a verbal assault on the Premier of Italy, the echoes of which have been heard round the world. Addressing the Contemporary Club, in Philadelphia last month, the General in usual form characterized Signor Mussolini as a "mad dog of war," repeating in the course of his remarks a highly preposterous story, the nature of which is well known.

General Butler is a gallant soldier with a fine record of service to his country. But he has a slippery tongue which has gotten him into trouble on more than one occasion. Given an opportunity, he will blabber with the loquaciousness of a Senator, and though what he says may or may not be true the fact that he has no business to say it seems never to enter his head.

The incident has created a stir, naturally, and though settled officially, by Butler's own explanation which followed Stimson's apology, Mussolini's acceptance and Adams' order of arrest, publicly it is still the subject of much gossip, and much photographing of the *dramatis personae*.

That General Butler was indiscreet, is to put it mildly. As an officer on duty he had absolutely no right to engage in political comments highly compromising not only to himself but to the country whose uniform he wears. And as an American his sense of fair play should have prevented him from telling a highly injurious tale of which he had but second hand knowledge.

The American people would not, under any circumstances, tolerate an insult to their President by an officer of the Italian Army or any responsible official of the Italian Government. Certain conventions and proprieties are as necessary among nations as among individuals and in the interest of common decency they should be respected.

As to the story itself, it must remain a pure invention until either Butler or Vanderbilt or anyone else is prepared to establish its veracity. We have no choice but to accept Mussolini's own assertion that it is untrue. That is simply fair play.

## A PROGRESSIVE MEASURE

**U**NEMPLOYMENT insurance is making headway explanation which followed aging. The Conference of Governors, which adjourned recently, concerned itself almost wholly with the question; business and labor groups and leaders in all walks of life are giving it more than passing thought.

The insurance of our workers, many of whom are helpless immigrants, against the hazards of unemployment and the suffering of recurring cycles, is not, as many suppose, a dole system, but a self-respecting effort on the part of labor itself, aided by capital and the State, to meet rainy days by thoughtful investment in times of sunshine. It is a measure comparable not to the usual pensions for old age and widowhood, but in principle to the compensation awarded work-

ers injured in the course of employment.

The main objection to this measure, and others of its nature, is that they constitute a drain on the community. Facts do not prove it. New York, with a social welfare program involving the gratuitous allowance of millions of dollars yearly, shows as yet no evidences of bankruptcy. And in Italy, to cite but one of the countries where unemployment insurance has been in operation for over a decade, a social insurance system of 6,000,000,000 lire invested annually on long terms and at a fair rate of interest, is not only a successful humanitarian enterprise but a practical means of stabilizing the money market.

## THE WICKERSHAM REPORT

**T**HE Wickersham report leaves the question of prohibition exactly where it was. Like Mrs. Vanderbilt's famous hoop skirt, it covers everything and touches nothing. It touches nothing in the sense that, though scholarly and exhaustive as to premises, it lacks those "constructive, courageous conclusions" the President had urged in naming his Commission.

It is a Janus-like document, with bones aplenty for both wets and drys. To the wets it offers a frankly accurate substantiation of the failure of the law, while to the drys is given the all important satisfaction of knowing that the noble experiment is to go on. In one breath we are told that people are drinking, public opinion is increasingly hostile and enforcement difficult, and in another that the thing to do is to keep on experimenting.

With seven of the eleven members thinking wet and signing dry, we have an accurate

(Continued on page 85)



# Contemporary Italian Art

by Ugo Ojetti

THE other morning, after Premier Mussolini's speech at the first Quadrennial Art Exposition in Rome, while the other guests were following the official cortege and the other rooms were vacant, I found myself, while wandering through the exhibition, before the statue by Attilio Selva, called "Eva" in the catalog, I don't know why. Alive and sensuous, sincere and thoughtful, leaning against the trunk of a tree as though to remind us that beauty, too, is rooted in the earth and in the simplicity of nature, and that the true artist re-creates it always similar and in obedience to truth, giving it only the touch of his own style, this statue seemed to me the most beautiful in the exposition. And, thinking over the words of Benito Mussolini, I wondered what, for example, the French would say in the present stagnant condition of their sculpture after the death of Bourdelle, if there appeared in a Parisian exposition a sculptor such as Selva and a work of sculpture such as this. Certainly the next day, from Germany to Italy, newspapers and magazines would raise their voices in chorus at the miracle, and managers of expositions from New York to Stockholm would be cabling for something, be it even a mere sketch, done by the august hands of the new genius, for their galleries. The awards, the purchases, the moral and material aid by which the Italian Government is fur-

thering and exalting our art, instead, remains a fact known only within the nation, without



Ugo Ojetti

any echo outside of our boundaries. Why?

AND as for painting, selecting only examples from among the thousand works in this illustrious Roman Quadrennial, the same thing could be said. How many nations in Europe today can boast of four painters like Tosi, Casorati, Carena, Ferrazzi? And, to commemorate two recent deaths, of the greatness and originality of Mancini and Spadini? I am not establishing hierarchies, I do not assert that these artists may be superior to this Frenchman or that German universally known, purchased, commented

on, honored. But I do say that painters of their vigor and stature deserve to be placed at least on the same level with Matisse or Derain, with Picasso or Kokoshka, with Chagall or Hofer; instead of which they are not, either in the opinion of the public or in the judgment of critics. Why?

ARTURO TOSI, here in Rome, reveals such a typical harmony of color, such a ready mastery of his technique, such a continuous and warm sincerity, such a natural seriousness of work, that from these thirty paintings of his there seems to emanate a happy serenity. This serenity comes from the vastness of his skies, the softness of his light, the security of his figure and touch, and more so does it come from the certainty the painter shows of having now reached the end of his long labors, of being able to say what he wants, and only that which he can say; having, in other words, defined his world—a balance entirely Lombardian. Cremona, Carcano and Gola have helped Arturo Tosi to form his manner of expression, but his style is all his own, deft and constructive, which, to the careless spectator, may even appear to be too summary and synthetic if, placed before a landscape, he seeks only the construction of the lines and the light; yet, on closer inspection, every canvas has a music of its own, with deep echoes and thoughtful cadences. And this music is better grasped in

some of his still-lives, of a warm, unforgettable intimacy.

LESS unified and tranquil, in a nearby room, are the works of Felice Carena, who after a long illness, has returned to his painting with renewed youth, sensually enamored "of this beautiful world and of this divine light," as he himself says in a prefatory page to the catalog of his works. There are self-portraits, female nudes, flowers, fruit—with almost an eager curiosity that does not satisfy itself within a composed and premeditated picture, and contents itself with suggesting, with deft quickness and simplicity, only the most brilliant, fresh and seductive appearances. The painting is rich, lively and animated, with faint suggestions of shadows.

Must we deduce from this exhibition the fact that Felice Casorati, intellectual, ironic and geometric, is about to break the round cage in which he has closed himself? Already at the recent Venetian Biennial his clear contours appeared softened in some of his canvases, and a tenderness, subject always to his intellect, appeared to suggest itself in the background colors. It is certain, however, that here the ivory-white female nude lying on a gray and blue carpet beside a basket of yellow lemons, and the rosy violet of the portrait of the painter's mother, define, with the same firmness of touch, the two extremes of the art of Casorati, and maintain intact his fame and his indisputable originality.

Ferruccio Ferrazzi declares himself that his labors consist in reconciling, in art, love for nature with impetuosity of imagination. Few painters indeed, today, have an imagination as darting and radiant, and Ferrazzi knows how to give it far-off and mysterious

echoes by arranging the perspectives of his compositional backgrounds, little by little, in such a way that the figures seem to be as in the midst of the play of infinite mirrors. For years, even in his simplest family portraits, he has placed before his paintings a crystalline prism as a coat-of-arms or

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*Ugo Ojetti, editor of PEGASO, one of Italy's outstanding cultural and literary magazines, and of DEDALO, foremost among Italian magazines devoted to art criticism, is also himself the greatest living art critic in Italy. He has contributed extensively to Italian periodicals and is the author of many books, among them "Cose Viste" (Things Seen), "Ugo Foscolo," "L'America e l'avvenire" (America and the Future); and "Ritratti di artisti italiani" (Portraits of Italian Artists). He has planned and directed two art exhibitions himself.*

*The following article, a critical appraisal of the works exhibited at the Quadrennial Art Exposition in Rome, has been translated by Dominick Lamonica from "Il Corriere della Sera" of Milan, one of the most important of Italian newspapers.*

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trade-mark of his; and the painting that won the Carnegie Prize at Pittsburgh and which is here exhibited, a slender, standing nude woman, is called "Idol of the Prism" for the very reason that the young blonde has that lucid sign in her raised hand. Now the painter has explained himself even more plainly, presenting outright a "Woman in the midst of the mirrors." The love of symbolism, sometimes even abstruse, is old with Ferrazzi since the time when, in 1910 and 1912, he painted, under the inspiration of Segantini, the "Hearth" and the "Mother," which are now in the National Gallery at Valle

Giulia. It is certain that even simple and sober paintings like "Roman Bull" assume a monumental character. His painting is diverse: now even, clear and evident; now, in a landscape, obscure and weighty. I prefer the former. But, in viewing the six large sketches that are hung over the paintings, and in admiring their vast conception and virile design, one question comes to everyone's mind: why isn't this artist given a room, a ceiling, a great wall to decorate with frescoes or mosaics? How many others are more worthy than he for this, not only in Italy, but in all Europe?

OUR public, in matters of art, is still diffident. The cries of some innovators, who would save Italy from the danger of having an Italian art, annoy and tire them. And the artists isolated in small groups and factions, with but few and intermittent clients, are sometimes stifled, and doubt themselves. Outside of Italy, on the other hand, they could find support from art dealers and art lovers, who would prize them all the more for being recognizable and, it can be said, authentic. How, other than by this isolation, explain in Casorati himself the unforeseen error of these "Three Sisters," shot through with sharp and disfiguring lights and shadows? Or in Carena some large nudes badly cut in wood, that seem to reflect the energetic sketches of Mario Sironi, of the painter, that is, furthest away from him in natural disposition, in ideals, in technique? How, in the room containing the sculpture of Arturo Martini, reconcile the "Nude in the Sun," so shapely, languid and, one would say, Hellenistic, with the absurdities of other round-faced, fish-mouthed statues? And, in the room where Ro-

mano Romanelli has gathered together his thoughtful sculptures of the last few years, how reconcile the intent and sorrowful portrait of Domenico Giuliotti, or the fine, haughty one of Count Guicciardini, or the great, splendid bas-relief of the "Olive-Crusher," or the admirable war medals, with the great bronze of "Janus and the Woman," inspired, I believe, by one of the strophes in the Ode to Clitumno by Carducci, of a grave, soulless realism? And in the room reserved for Ardengo Soffici, beside the simple and accurate landscapes, clearly done in the Tuscan manner, beside the solid figure, called "1919," of a barefoot worker with head lowered, and enveloped in his old infantry cape, why must there appear also empty and lime-like landscapes, shown always in an hour of ennui and fatigue? And yet when he writes about art and fiercely recalls order and tradition, Soffici shows there is still alive in him that which Luigi Dami in *Dedalo* recognized in him years ago: "solid virtue, innate good sense, ready to react against any intellectual deviation." And Wildt, too, why does he exert himself in imagining rhetorical and contorted monstrosities like this "Parsifal," or in carving the empty mask of our King, chiseling, refining and smoothing the marble, treating it, that is, like an enemy to be conquered, when he can calmly model from the full block a portrait such as this, of Margherita Sarfatti, which will remain one of his most sincere and human works?

I HAVE selected these few examples from among many because I am discussing original and experimental artists who, in another moral climate, would feel dammed up by continual approval, and would not vary between opposite methods

or would not distract themselves by novelties and attempts which, in comparison to their better and stronger works are held to be almost capricious and dilettante-like. At Paris or Vienna, at Monaco or Berlin, in other words, they would be true to themselves for the good reason that there they would have close to them and won over, a public capable of remaining true to them.

BUT, in order to succeed in having recognized the worth of our art of today, it is first of all necessary to combat competition with our own weapons. In other words, when a stranger visits salons like these of Mario Sironi or Carlo Carrà, he can, if he is an art-lover posted on the latest in international fashions, even admire; but soon he thinks of the artists in his own country who speak the same language, or better, the same cosmopolitan jargon; and naturally if they be equal, he prefers his own. These salons help us to realize that we are not provincial; that instead, we are even in the vogue, and this is indeed a great satisfaction; but they do not help us to overcome the other artists at one jump. Sironi is a born painter, of a stark epic strength, who has not yet succeeded in wholly revealing himself.

I do not, it is understood, maintain that we should remain closed to all novelty, even foreign. But I do believe that it is up to Italian art to come out of this limbo of fantasy, to give a human conclusion to the attempts and the experiences of others, to "express the inward creative commotion into simple forms, plastically synthetic, and comprehensible to the ordinary spectator." These are the words of Ardengo Soffici, who is a convinced admirer of Carlo Carrà. As simple, plastic, synthetic and compre-

hensible forms we would mean those painted, for example, by Armando Spadini, who, though he has assimilated whatever of French impressionism is useful to him, has always remained, frankly and gloriously, Spadini; I mean those that Emilio Sobrero offers us in his two women at a window; or those paler ones which, in a similar painting, Achille Funi offers us, with his opaque technique; or, to speak of a landscape, those that Raffaele de Grada, who has now reached full maturity, delineates with robust colors in his "House and Mill" or, to recall the more exquisite and sensible of the Italians in Paris, those which, with a clear, light brush, Filippo de Pisis indicates in his still-lives. This exemplification might easily be lengthened, and some day we will continue it by telling how, in our judgment, we could finally arrange our exhibits in other countries not only so as to let foreigners know that our modern painting, too, is up-to-date with the vogue, but also to have ourselves respected for our unique qualities of Italianity. And there should, from time to time, be exhibits of, at most, two or three artists, fully and comprehensively represented.

Meanwhile this is to be noted: that the economic crisis today, outside of Italy, is disturbing artificial markets and restoring, even in art, the sway of common sense. The time is more than ever propitious for being ready and prepared; and the Roman Quadrennial will also have this merit: that it will have drawn up, for such a battle, our strongest forces. But we must have the courage to rise above doubt, to speak clearly and to see clearly. Will this be possible? Only then will the problems set forth in Premier Mussolini's speech reach the satisfactory conclusion which such faith and such love deserve.

# Italian Names in American Geography

by Giovanni Schiavo

IT IS not always possible to trace the influence of a country or of a civilization upon another country or another civilization. In literature one may often trace the influence of certain artistic forms of expression, but when we attempt to discover to what extent one form of culture has left its mark upon other cultures, we are likely to muster few tangible proofs.

Italy's influence upon American civilization, for example, is very hard to trace. America is a composite nation, made up of people of various nationalities, mostly Anglo-Saxon. All these people have helped to mould American life and to create a culture which has absorbed many of the characteristics of the different ethnical groups that have settled in the country. These groups, whether they originated in Great Britain or in Germany, in France or in Poland, in Holland or in Hungary, have been the bearers of types of culture which have been influenced at one time or another by the creative spirit of the Italians.

Of course, the same thing could be applied to older civilizations, especially the Greek, which in their own times exerted such great influence upon Rome and Renaissance Italy. But Italy, more than any other country, has had a civilization which has continued uninterrupted for more than 2500 years, always adding to what she inherited from others, and, therefore, Italy has left a deeper imprint upon the civilization

of modern countries than any other nation either of our own times or of the past.

Italian influence in America could be traced indirectly through the influence that

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## *Cities in the United States with Italian names most often repeated are as follows:*

<i>Monticello</i>	80
<i>Verona</i>	17
<i>Augusta</i>	17
<i>Rome</i>	14
<i>Piedmont</i>	13
<i>Milan</i>	13
<i>Naples</i>	11
<i>Marengo</i>	10
<i>Lodi</i>	10
<i>Como</i>	8
<i>Venice</i>	7
<i>Stella</i>	7
<i>Savoy</i>	7
<i>Palermo</i>	5
<i>Napoleon</i>	5
<i>Ravenna</i>	5
<i>Turin</i>	5
<i>Virgil</i>	4
<i>Verdi</i>	4
<i>Sorrento</i>	4
<i>Sardinia</i>	4
<i>Parma</i>	3

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Italy has had in the past on the cultural development of other European nations, especially Great Britain.

We do not need to recall the influence of Italy upon English literature or English life, not only directly but also through France, a country which, perhaps more than any other, has absorbed Italian thought and customs. We do not need to recall Chaucer or Milton, the Brownings or Byron, Keats or Shelley, to realize that Italy has influenced American literature through her influence upon

English literature. We do not need to recall the influence of Italy on English life through the thousands of cultured Englishmen who for generations past have toured and loved Italy. Even in America we have similar traditions. Anyone who is acquainted with the works of New England writers will realize at once that the lure of Italy has played its part, however small, in the creation of some forms of American life.

To the influence of Italy upon the literatures of Europe and especially upon that of Great Britain, may be traced, to a very large extent, the hundreds of Italian names which one meets in the study of American geography.

For example, there are in America no less than 14 cities bearing the name of Rome, the most important being that in New York State, which, incidentally, happened to receive its city charter in 1870, the same year that Rome became the capital of the Italian Kingdom.

THE grandeur of Rome, that is to say of the Latin world, must have fascinated many Americans if today we find so many cities having Roman names, from Romulus and Remus to Virgil, to Seneca, to Cato, to Agricola, to Cicero, to Cincinnatus (and Cincinnati), to Scipio, to Caesar and even to Brutus and Nero.

Italian cities have their homonyms in America. Syracuse, Milan, Palermo, Mantua, Mo-

dena, Florence, Padua, Naples, Como, Pompeii, Riva, Ravenna, Parma, Salerno, Savona, Rimini, Tivoli, Trent, Turin, Venice, Valambrosa, Verona, Genoa, Lucca, Segno, Subiaco, Villanova, Campobello, Asti, Mondovi, Augusta, Ancona remind one of similar towns in Italy.

**F**AMOUS Italians also have cities named after them in the United States, from Dante (in South Dakota and Virginia) to Verdi, who has been honored by four states; to Tasso (Tennessee); to Rienzi, (Mississippi); to Casanova (Virginia); to Beccaria (Pennsylvania); to Pico (California); to Garibaldi (Oregon); to Cavour (So. Dakota and Wisconsin); to Leonardo (New Jersey); to Cabot (Arkansas, Pennsylvania and Vermont) and, of course, to Americus and Columbus.

The Napoleonic campaign in Italy may have influenced American founders of cities to choose the names of Marengo, Lodi, Arco. Five states have cities named after Napoleon.

Italian regions are represented in American geography with Lombardy (Mississippi) Sicily Island (Louisiana) Piedmont (13 states have cities named after it) Tuscania (Oklahoma) Venetia (Pennsylvania) Apulia (New York)

Marche (Arkansas) Sardinia (4 states).

Italian rivers also have been remembered. We have indeed two towns by the name of Arno, (Missouri and Virginia) and one called Piave (Mississippi).

Cities named after Italians in America, with the exception of Columbus are few. We find indeed only Tontytown, in Arkansas, founded by an Italian, in honor of the famous lieutenant of La Salle; Beltrami, in Minnesota, named after the discoverer of the sources of the Mississippi river; Vigo county, in Indiana, named after Colonel Francis Vigo, who made possible the capture of Fort Vincennes by General George Rogers Clark; Cataldo, in Idaho, after Father Joseph M. Cataldo, a missionary of the Northwest, often called the father of the city of Spokane; and last of all, the town of Rosati, Missouri, which until a few weeks ago was known as Knobview but whose name, at the suggestion of the Italian consul, Dr. Mario Dessaulles, was changed in honor of the Reverend Joseph Rosati, the first bishop of St. Louis.

Other towns in America having Italian names are Abba, in Georgia; Albano, in Virginia; Alcova in Wyoming; Anselmo, in Nebraska; Antonio, in Kansas; Basile in Louisiana, probably named after some Sicilian

pioneer; Belzoni, in Mississippi and Oklahoma; Bosco, in Louisiana; Braggadocio in Missouri; Costa, in West Virginia; Doloroso, in Mississippi; Falco in Alabama; Famoso, in California; Ghio in North Carolina; Giatto in West Virginia; Lake Elmo in Minnesota; Marianna in Arkansas, Florida and Pennsylvania; Mirabile in Missouri; Monaca in Pennsylvania; Monsanto in Illinois; Monte Cristo in Washington, probably after Dumas's famous hero; Moroni in Utah; Norma in New Jersey, North Dakota and Tennessee; Olio in Arkansas and Mississippi; Ora in Indiana and South Carolina; Orsino in Florida; Oscuro in New Mexico; Padroni in Colorado; Pantano in Arizona, Perla in Arkansas; Ravalli in Montana, Rosina in West Virginia; Roseto, in Pennsylvania, a town inhabited and governed mostly by Italians; Valdosta in Georgia; Vesuvius in Virginia and many others.

**I**T would be interesting indeed to trace why and by whom those names were chosen. Most of them, to be sure, have been adopted, as said before, because of the lure of Italy and the influence of Italian writers upon European literature, but a few also may find their origin in the activities of the Italians in America.



# Rossetti's Influence in Art

by Julia W. Wolfe

RUSKIN once said: "In speaking of my much loved friend, Gabriel Rossetti, I believe his name should be placed first on the list of men within my own range of knowledge who have raised and changed the spirit of modern art; raised in absolute attainment, changed in direction and temper." That was a generous tribute and it came from a good authority.

Ruskin here speaks of a fellow-worker in terms that might not inaptly be applied to himself, for with the movement led by Rossetti his own name will ever be associated. He speaks in sympathy as well as with authority, and there is ground for the belief that the deliberate judgment to which he committed himself is slowly gaining the acceptance of all art lovers. The great genius of the painter was slow in being accepted. And it is in the earlier works of Rossetti that the true vindication of his fame will ultimately be found, work executed without reference to the public, and for a long time eclipsed in importance by the more and better known achievements of later years.

And yet it is not certain that the seclusion which Rossetti chose to impose upon himself, though it may hinder the due appreciation of his talent, was ill-advised. If his life had been passed in the open marketplace of criticism, perhaps he might not have found the courage to follow the ideals he had discovered for himself. These ideals as we shall see were

strange to the temper of his day, and if the embodiment he was able to give them has been the subject of exaggerated praise, the ideals themselves, however perfect the form in which they might have been expressed, could not at the outset have won immediate or

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These two opening stanzas from "The Blessed Damozel", by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, show the combination of imagination with some elements of realism in detail, which is characteristic of the Pre-Raphaelite manner:

*The blessed damozel leaned out*

*From the gold bar of Heaven;*

*Her eyes were deeper than the depth*

*Of waters stilled at even;*

*She had three lilies in her hand,*

*And the stars in her hair were seven.*

*Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,*

*No wrought flowers did adorn,*

*But a white rose of Mary's gift*

*For service meekly worn;*

*Her hair that lay along her back*

*Was yellow like ripe corn.*

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general recognition. Rossetti influenced most powerfully those who were at the time best prepared to receive his influence—men who could distinguish the newly-discovered principles of his art from its imperfections, and who, feeling deeply the worth of what he

followed, knew also the difficulties which he had to encounter for all defect in the result. To his individual fame as an artist, the long interval that has passed between the execution of his best work and its publication to the world, has doubtless been a grave disadvantage. Even painters of less pronounced individuality who have not, as he had, to reconquer the whole dialect and phraseology of their art need some time to win attention for the little that is original in them, and it is therefore no wonder that the world was slow in recognizing this man.

Rossetti had an admixture of robust strength and penetrating refinement and this partly explains the influence he had over minds of varying constitutions and destined to choose the most widely divergent paths in art. The force of his personality has been felt and admitted in the practice of men who could never have hoped to appropriate his finer sense of beauty, men who were realists born and bred, but who, nevertheless, found in the uncompromising certainty of expression which stamps his earlier designs a means of securing a closer contact with nature. And, on the other hand, the earnest and high purpose with which he sought to enlarge the vision of northern painting, and to open to a nobler inheritance of poetical truth, no less attracted to him the allegiance of others differently gifted, who came with no thought but for the beauty that

is born of ideal invention, and who nevertheless equally gained from his example the encouragement and direction of which they stood most in need.

IT is the task of criticism to seek to discover in the art of Rossetti the reflex of those high qualities by which he was known as a man. Nor is this an easy task. To the things of the imagination we are apt to apply a standard of criticism borrowed from the laws of the physical world. That the strength of a chain lies in its weakest link is true in mechanics, but it is not true in art or literature; a poet or a painter can only be fairly tested out of the best that he has given to the world; and yet we are so impatient to be rid of the responsibilities of judgment by the invention of a formula that will seem to simplify our thought, that we are tempted to seize with too eager haste upon those productions of an artist wherein the characteristic features of his style are carried to excess.

And in Rossetti's case this natural perversity of criticism is specially favored by the circumstances of his career. The questionable and disruptable elements in his art were developed at a time when he was justified by the encouragement of his admirers in attempting work of larger and more important scale, and it happens therefore that the paintings of his which make the most immediate appeal to the public eye are just those wherein the pronounced idiosyncrasies of his style are expressed with greatest extravagance. It was not the Rossetti of *La Bella Mano* or the *Blessed Damozel* who inspired the poetic realism of Millais, and the patient labor of Holman Hunt, or who first stimulated and encouraged the imaginative design of Burne

Jones; and yet by the work of the later period of his life, to which these pictures belong, the artist is too often judged and known.

At the time when these pictures were produced Rossetti had become possessed by an ideal in art that was not the ideal of his youth and early manhood. Certain individual types of beauty had now taken a morbid hold of his imagination, and human features whose subtlest truth of expression he could at one time patiently win from nature had now been transformed by him into detached symbols of some mystic thought, divorced, he scarcely knew how far, from the absolute semblance of reality. Always and even to the last working with the true temper of a poet, he had nevertheless parted with the secret by which the poet's thought can be translated into the language of art, a secret he himself had been the first to announce to those who looked to him for example.

TO understand aright the secret of Rossetti's great influence, we must take ourselves to the opposite limit of his artistic career. We must begin where he began, and note the means whereby he first sought and won the allegiance of his followers. Ruskin vindicates his praise of the painter by reference to a single picture—*The Virgin in the House of St. John*; but this, if it be allowed to stand first in the list of his earlier performances, is only the type of much else that was wrought in the same spirit and to the same end. When he was twenty he produced the beautiful picture of *The Annunciation*. Nor was it only in sacred legend that he found scope for the exercise of an imagination that stamped upon every theme it touched the impress of a profoundly religious spirit. But he could touch with

certainty and force the pathos of modern life.

NOR was it with the art and poetry of Italy that his genius chose to ally itself. While William Morris was rekindling in verse the forgotten beauty of the Arthurian legend, Rossetti, in whom the poetic instinct always led and directed the forces of art, was quick to divine the means by which painting also might share in the treasures of this newly conquered kingdom of Romance.

There are many men in art as in literature who only win the highest triumphs when they rid themselves of the kind of poetic ambition that haunts the season of youth, and in its place have gained a keener insight into nature. Some of the noblest paintings that remain to us are frankly founded upon the direct and simple observation either of the truths of human character or of the beauty of the outward world, and it therefore implies no reproach against a painter that he should elect the later life to put aside the fanciful ideals of youth. But the course of Rossetti's art tells a different story. He was a poet to the end of his days, and though he might seek to divert the strong imaginative impulse with which he set out upon his career, he could not escape its influence. And so in his case the change that came over his art was not healthful but hurtful; for the poet's vision, no longer finding for itself the earlier form of utterance, left him still unsatisfied with the kind of beauty that might have contented a different kind of mind. Ever will his earlier works be considered the masterpieces of this great soul, those touches of beauty which makes his name to be spoken in awe.



The old, traditional method of making wine still prevails in Italy

# Old Roman Wines

by Clara Manderschied

**A**N old Roman flask, now on exhibition in a museum at Speyer, on the Rhine, contains wine which is 1,600 years old, discovered during excavations.

The cultivation of the vine and wine-making for domestic use were a part of the yearly routine on the farms of ancient Greece and Italy, while the finer kinds of wine were a valuable article of commerce. The ancient Romans prided themselves on their rare wines and numerous varieties were served with their sumptuous, many-coursed banquets. Cider and mead were served first, then the delicate, violet-flavoured wines of Phoenicia and the warm liqueurs of Spain. There were also the celebrated Gallic wines, clear and sparkling and a marvelous Cyprian wine, well calculated to drive away all manner of depression. Among the cheaper fermented drinks relished by the Romans were perry, date and mulberry wines and a beverage called mulsum, compounded principally of wine and honey, was usually sipped at the beginning of a meal. Other condiments were added to this mixture in almost

infinite variety; a species of mulse flavored with pepper, and hence called *pipperatum*, was a special favorite, while

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*The subject of wines is always an interesting one, be it past or present. The old Romans used to pride themselves, and with reason, on their rare wines, and many varieties were served with their sumptuous banquets.*

*In connection with banquets, ATLANTICA is pleased to inform its readers that Miss Manderschied's article on "Roman Banquets," published in the January issue, will be reprinted in the March issue of "Current Reading," a magazine which contains "digests of worthwhile articles." This is not the first time an article from ATLANTICA has been reprinted by a magazine of this type. In its May, 1930 issue, the "Reader's Digest" reprinted "The Italian Art of the Marionette" by Dominick Lamonica, which appeared in the March, 1930 issue of ATLANTICA.*

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more than fifty kinds of distilled liqueurs were manufactured from the juices of different aromatic plants.

Wine was only taken in moderation during the banquet, rarely clear, sometimes iced, oftener mixed with warm water. The business of regular drinking began only after the dessert had been removed. The wine was mixed in a huge vase or *crater*, whence it was ladled out by the servants in *cyathi*, one-handed cups or ladles. The *cyathus* was the unit of measure for a systematic drinker, who, though he often used a goblet of the capacity of several *cythai*, always reckoned his feats by the number of the latter which he consumed.

The elder Pliny tells us in his Natural History that at the time of his writing, which was probably about 50 A. D., there were some eighty varieties of good wine in the Roman market, of which number nearly two-thirds were grown in Italy. Excellent kinds were raised on all the southern slopes of the Alban hills, at Velitrae, at Praeneste, and notably at Formiae upon the coast. Among the Sabine wines, the once renowned Caecuban, which Augustus considered the noblest wine on earth, and which chiefly came from the neighborhood



of Terracina, was no longer grown in Pliny's time, and its name had become a kind of general expression for any particularly excellent vintage. The yet more famous Falernian in all its varieties, brown and pale, sweet and dry, had also lost something of its prestige, owing to the fact that it was unscrupulously adulterated.

THERE was a brisk demand for certain Sicilian wines, especially those of Messala, Taormina, and Syracuse, and also for those of Central and Eastern Italy, from the vineyards about Spoleto, Ancona, and Cesena, near Ravenna, where, indeed, wine was not merely more wholesome, but cheaper than water. From Aquileia in the North came the Vinum Pucinum, to the use of which Livia ascribed her 82 years of exceptional health, and the excellent wine of Istria. The Tuscan wines as a whole were considered inferior; the best was that which came from the higher levels of the Mediterranean coast, near the white marble city of Luna. The Rhaetic wine of Verona was particularly esteemed among those of Cisalpine Gaul.

WE know that Horace cultivated grape vines on his Sabine Farm from which wine was made, for we read that "Horace bottled some wine and sealed the jar with his own hands in honor of Maecenas."

Wines of Spain, Provence, the Mediterranean islands, Greece, and Asia Minor, were always to be found in the Roman market, but those of the East were always prepared for transportation by a treatment with sea-water and resin. Wines which ripened slowly, as those of the far South almost always do, were often taken when unfermented, and either

cooked or exposed to the sun or the action of smoke; and there were Gallic wines, which, like the Scotch whiskey of today, always retained a peculiar flavor due to the latter process. These wines were valued by the Romans according to their rarity and costliness, the huge sums expended in their purchase furnishing cause for pleasurable excitement to these extravagant epicures.

The following, quoted from one of the Ancients, will show how greatly they valued this delicious and inspiring nectar:

"O wine! Golden fountain that reflects the sun! Flagon that the generous gods have spilled on the earth to rejoice the hearts of men!"

The vine was native all over the peninsula of Italy and always esteemed a peculiarly sacred product of the soil. It was under the direct patronage of Jove, in whose honor were celebrated, on the Twenty-Third of April and the Twentieth of August, the feasts of the *Vinalia Urbana* and the *Vinalia Rustica*. The vintage was opened by the *flamen dialis* with a religious ceremony. These pious, old-fashioned customs, however, had reference merely to the production of the ordinary sour wines of the country, like Horace's vile *Sabinum*, or that acrid wine of the Alban Mount, which excited the merriment of Cineas, the ambassador of Pyrrhus. The careful and expensive culture of the vine for the production of choice local varieties did not begin in Italy until after that of cereals had notably declined.

A very old book entitled "Concerning the Management of a Roman Nobleman's Court" allots over 1400 *scudi* a year for the expenditure of wine for a single household. The allowance was a jug (rather more than a quart) of

pure wine daily to each of the "gentlemen" and the same measure diluted with one-third water to all the rest.

IN THE Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York may be seen an ancient Arretine bowl which is decorated with the figures of satyrs gathering and treading grapes. In this collection are also tall jars, called *dolia* by the Romans, which were used for storing and exporting wine. These took the place of casks and barrels. In this collection are also various bronze wine jugs, beakers, wine-strainers and bronze ladles.

Most Italian wines are still made in the ancient manner: the mass of pulp is crushed with the bare feet and on the Eleventh of October a festival called the *Meditrinalia* is celebrated in honour of the new wine. Many ceremonies attend the pressing of the grape and it is considered a sort of rite by the natives, who enter into it with much enthusiasm. Each district makes its own class of wine, both red and white. In Italy the white wine is believed to be the better. The white "Frascati" and the white "Genzano"—the wines of the "Castelli Romani" are among the most famous both in Italy and abroad. The Wine of Albano was praised by Horace. "Velletri" is made in the Sabines. In making red wines coloring matter (logwood or elderberry) is used. Wine made one year is not consumed until the following season. It is left in barrels to settle. Before being taken from the barrel and decanted, a small quantity of olive oil is added to each flask to keep out the air. A green leaved branch is used at the storehouses of the vineyards as the sign of the merchant.

# The New Columbus Hospital in New York City

by F. Cassola, M. D.

**F**OR years the Italians of New York City have felt the necessity of a large, modern, up-to-date hospital, with scientific equipment and an active, energetic and progressive medical staff, that would minister to the benefit and the welfare of the Italian community. The Jews, the Irish, the Germans and other racial groups in the city have long had such modern institutions of their own, and other cities throughout the United States have their magnificent, completely-appointed Italian hospitals, notably San Francisco, Chicago and Seattle. Only in New York City has this urgent need remained unsatisfied. But now this will no longer be the case.

In the architecturally beautiful and completely equipped 11-story Columbus Hospital that has just risen its imposing form in the quiet Gramercy Park section on East 19th Street between Second and Third Avenues, this long-awaited fulfillment of the dreams of Italians has now come to pass.

This month the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, an Italian order founded fifty years ago by Mother Francesca Saverio Cabrini, the order which owns and operates also the Italian hospitals in Chicago, Seattle and Philadelphia, are dedicating their new Columbus Hospital in New York City, a truly tremendous work

that is the culmination of years of industrious activity and silent, fruitful toil, under the remarkable and energetic leadership of the present head of the order, the Reverend Mother-General Antonietta Della Casa. In addition to this great new edifice, which has been built over part of the ground of the old Columbus Hospital, the Sisters have also another hospital uptown, the Columbus Hospital Extension on West 163rd Street in Washington Heights. The latter institution, whose personnel has recently been altered to make way for a new and complete Italian medical staff that is working enthusiastically and successfully in harmony, will soon have its influence felt among the Italians in the Bronx.

His Excellency Nobile Giacomo De Martino, Royal Italian Ambassador to the United States, is Honorary President of the two hospitals, with Dr. Emanuele Grazzi, Royal Italian Consul-General in New York, as Honorary Vice-President.

**T**OGETHER, these two hospitals have a present capacity of some 400 beds, which is sufficient to accommodate about 10,000 patients every year. This estimate of 400 beds was arrived at after a very recent survey, it having previously been thought that

their combined capacity would be only 300 beds. This will be more than enough, for the time being, to take care of the Italian patients who prefer to be treated in an Italian institution. More than fifty physicians will be necessary to round out the medical staff of the new hospital, and these, together with a slightly smaller number at the uptown branch, comprise a group of about one hundred physicians, all Italian, at the service of both hospitals.

**W**HAT these hospitals will mean to the Italian physician cannot readily be appreciated by the average layman. Heretofore the former has made enormous strides forward as an individual, and on the basis of individual effort, energy and initiative. But his predominance as a group has not been so apparent, although it must not be forgotten that there are three medical associations for Italian physicians in this city, one each for Manhattan, Brooklyn, and the Bronx. These and other associations and fraternities unite the Italian physicians into groups, through which they can exercise more influence than they would be able to individually. But progress in hospital work for them has been slow, handicapped as it has been by the lack of a hospital for people of their own race, who comprise a considerable portion of their

clientele. Now the opportunity to assert themselves as a group is in their grasp. It may not matter so much, perhaps, for the older Italian physician, ripe in years and less needful of such an opening, but for the newer generation of Italian physicians, born in this country, trained in American colleges and medical schools, and full of enthusiasm, energy and ambition, the opportunities presented by the Columbus Hospitals are incalculable. They open the door to greater achievement, based on the little-recognized, but nevertheless solid and invaluable foundation laid down by their predecessors, the older generation of Italian physicians.

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**C**ONSTRUCTION of the present Columbus Hospital on East 19th Street began more than two years ago, in October, 1928. But its history dates back much further. The first hospital put up in New York City by the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart was erected in 1891 at 109th Street, a small, unpretentious affair. Soon after it was transferred downtown to 12th Street, where it occupied two private dwellings. Then in 1895 it moved to what is now the present location of the old Columbus Hospital on East 20th and 19th Streets, the site formerly occupied by the old Post-Graduate Hospital. And now, thirty-five years after, they have opened up a great, new, fully-equipped institution for the care and treatment of the sick and disabled that can well be the pride of the Sisterhood and of New York City's Italians, for it bears favorable comparison with the best hospitals in the metropolis. Moreover, both hospitals are fully approved by the American College of Surgeons, the highest professional recognition that

can be accorded any hospital.

One of the outstanding advantages of the two Columbus Hospitals is the fact that they have been built not only for present needs, but also with an eye to the future. The property adjacent on both sides of the uptown branch, as well as that of the present hospital itself, is owned by the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, who can expand their facilities there whenever nec-



The New Columbus Hospital on East 19th Street.

essary. Perhaps it is not too much to say that, before very long, there will be a new hospital building, no less imposing and beautiful than the new building downtown, at the uptown site.

Downtown also there is room for expansion. The two-story Clinic in the rear of the main new building, with its complete facilities for taking care of all kinds of dispensary cases, has been built with foundations strong enough to support six more stories, which can easily be added as the needs of the hospital grow. Besides this, there are the old houses adja-

cent in which the Sisters live, as well as the chapel, which can also be used for expansion.

Practically all of the credit for this accomplishment, as has been mentioned before, goes to the Reverend Mother-General Antonietta Della Casa, head of the Sisterhood throughout the world. When, in 1926, she returned to the United States from Europe, it was her intention to concentrate upon the development of the downtown site for a new hospital, and relinquish her efforts toward promoting the Columbus Hospital Extension uptown, which was not then staffed by Italian physicians as is the case now, for, during her absence, two other hospitals had been built nearby. When the facts were laid before her, however, it did not take much to persuade her to retain the uptown site, with its possibilities of further expansion as soon as the need so requires.

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**T**HE hospital itself, from its great, ground-level sunshiny basement to the two additional setback stories atop the operating rooms on the 9th floor, is a marvel of completeness, beauty and efficiency. The 9th floor is completely given over to operating rooms, three large ones for major surgical operations and six less spacious ones for minor operations, ranging from eye, ear and throat troubles to plastic surgery and orthopedics. The maternity department occupies the entire 8th floor, and one section, set off from the rest, is given over to a large, beautifully-appointed department for the care of new-born babies. The funds for outfitting this splendid, spacious department, complete in every detail, were raised by the Junior Auxiliary Committee, which has also taken upon itself the task of meeting all its financial requirements, both present and future.

ONE of the features of this hospital is the luxurious suites provided for those who can afford to pay more, in addition to accommodation for those of more moderate means, and even for the poor, who are treated free of charge, for, after all, this is a charitable institution. These suites can be obtained by those who would like to have their families or relatives always near them. This is a service supplied by but few other first-class hospitals, corresponding practically to hotel service. These "de luxe" suites or single rooms occupy the entire 7th floor, and are provided with every convenience, including private bath, telephone, radio, and a complete call system for nurse or doctor in every room. On the 6th floor are the rooms for pediatric cases, the 5th and 4th floors are the surgery floors, and the 3rd and 2nd are for medical cases.

THE first or main floor, besides its spacious foyer, its two waiting rooms and general offices, also contains the X-ray and physiotherapy departments, the pharmacy, convenient quarters for the internes, and a large room to be ultimately equipped with an extensive, exclusively Italian medical library.

Downstairs, below the main floor, but at ground level, there is a great central kitchen and laundry supplying the needs of the entire building. Also on this floor there is a large lecture room capable of holding more than 200 persons. Addresses and lectures will be given here, often perhaps by eminent Italian physicians or scientists who happen to be visiting in America. Then, too, there is the extensively outfitted laboratory, the great rest-rooms that occupy the north-east corner of every floor, the three elevators, and the auto

driveway that allows ambulances to have direct access to one of the elevators that leads to the operating rooms.

ALL the work, technical, administrative, executive etc., done at these two hospitals, with the exception of the most menial and heavy tasks required, is, of course, done by the Missionary Sisters themselves, all of whom are highly trained for their respective duties, such as nurse supervisors, pharmacy, laboratory technicians, etc. The Sisters perform their tasks conscientiously and economically without any remuneration whatsoever, as is well-known, so that, with the large item of salaries eliminated, practically all the funds at their disposal go directly for the care and treatment of patients.

## VILLAGE SATURDAY

Translated from the Italian  
of

Giacomo Leopardi

by Hattie M. Finlay

The damsel comes in from the country,  
Upon the hour of sunset,  
With her bundle of grass, and in her hand  
she brings  
A bouquet of roses and violets,  
With which, as she is wont,  
She prepares to adorn her breast and hair  
For the festival to-morrow.

In the last rays of the waning light  
With her neighbors on the stairway,  
Sits a little old woman spinning;  
And she keeps talking of the time of her  
youth,  
When she prepared her festal adornment,  
And, still lithe and robust,  
Used to dance in the evening  
With the companions of her girlhood.

Already the air grows dim,  
The clear blue deepens to azure, and the  
shadows  
Turn down from hill and housetop  
At the whitening of the rising moon.  
Now the ringing of bells gives sign  
Of the festival that approaches;  
And at that sound one would say  
That the heart again takes comfort.

The children shouting  
On the square in a crowd

And leaping here and there,  
Give forth a joyful rumor.  
And meanwhile to his frugal board,  
Whistling, returns the farm hand,  
And he thinks of his day of repose.

Then, when every other torch is spent  
And all else beside is silent,  
Hear the hammer tapping, hear the saw  
Of the carpenter, who is watching late,  
In the closed shop by the lamplight,  
And he makes haste, and he spends himself  
To finish the task before dawning.

This of seven is the most welcome day,  
Full of hope and rejoicing:  
To-morrow the hours will bring  
Sadness and pain, and to the usual task  
Each in thought will be returning.

O playful boy,  
This time of flowers  
Is like a day filled with gladness,  
A day clear, serene,  
That precedes life's festival,  
O little lad, enjoy it; a stage that's sweet,  
A season joyful, this one.  
No more will I say to you; but that your  
holiday  
Be slow to come, let not this agrieve you.

# Venice, City of Golden Dreams

by Carter Warrington Blair

**T**HERE is something about the Venice of today which, though we think and speak of her lightly as in a decadent period, makes her more fascinating, it is suspected, than ever before, even in her supreme hour when Doges ruled and the flag of St. Mark's was feared on distant seas. She keeps the charm of utter novelty that has alone been hers above any other city. Her glory of art remains, and it is opulent history that enriches canal and calli and sunny piazzas and campi, and almost every building in the enchanting town. There was a time when Venice, in the hands of the Austrians, allowed herself to go disheveled and sat down and sulked and naturally lost for the moment some of her attaching attractions. But all that is long passed. Our Venice of today is bright and laughing and as full of music and hope as at any page of her long story. There are those who visit her now who remember earlier visits when she was crushed and conquered, her population diminished more than half, her palaces crumbling too fast of their own accord, and helped on to ruin by their owners. That was the Venice that would not be resigned but only defiant and ashamed. But she began this century as part of United Italy, and with more than thirty years of freedom behind her, years in which there has been ample time to recover much of the old buoyancy and beauty, and to grow in wealth and en-

terprise; and it looks as if soon again she might number above 200,000 citizens as in the old times. This Venice is a living city peopled with the most interesting of folk. Her manufactures are thriving. The spirit of her people is high.

As read and told of, Venice gets a trifle stale. Everyone knows that it is a town built in the sea, and that there are canals, and that streets are narrow calli where it is difficult to get room to spread a good-sized umbrella when the shower comes. And all know that there are palaces—15th century, Gothic, Byzantine, Romanesque and Renaissance—and a great cathedral like no other structure under the sun; and which it is said it should be the aim of every educated man and woman to see; and that there is a sumptuous building of lace-like Gothic outside, with walls inside where the Venetian painters have left a splendid record of their art, and where a Council of Ten—with a mysterious inner Council of Three—once conducted the affairs of the proud Republic and kept its citizens up to the mark by threats of paying close attention to any accusation—bitter attention to one of disloyalty—which was dropped into the lion's mouth at the entrance of their halls of meeting. It is remembered that there are bridges, and lagoons, and black boats—long and narrow and high beaked—and, yes, glass tortured into all sorts of beautiful and fantastic shapes and generally supposed to be in-

clined to a milky-white color tinted with blue, as if the milk were well-watered.

Those not personally acquainted with Venice are quite certain to recall all this when the beautiful city is mentioned, and then they are quite ready to talk about something else. So when one must tell of Venice, it is difficult to draw the line between great enthusiasm that is apt to bore the hearers, and a restrained style of description that in no way does justice to the unique city, the alluring city, the city of golden dreams, whose variety is as great as the moods of the sea and sky can give; this Venice of which it has been told that when in the course of life she gets behind you, her voice is ever after in your ears calling as she always calls to those who turn away from her.

**V**ENICE is the city of the world having the most of an individual atmosphere. It takes only a few hours' acquaintance with her to let us see with Goethe why the Venetian had to become a new creature and to create a new type of home. Her founders were fairly driven from the face of the earth, and had to build on the marshy islands where strong currents flowed in eccentric fashion through a waste of shoal waters, creating paths in the sea which were plain to be initiated, but traps to the stranger navigator who could never know where it was safe to sail his boats.

Here the fugitives found

shelter from every enemy no matter how strong in numbers. Here was the chance to live unmolested in troublous times, and to thrive, first in a quiet way, then, to get into trade with the mainland until commercial prosperity was assured, and then to break on the world as a strong people ready for conquest. The Venetians lived up to every opportunity for advancement and culture afforded them.

**T**HEIR peculiarities were forced upon them, and from the beginning it was a peculiar city. We can almost feel certain that the first hut built by the fugitives on these low-lying Rivoalta islands of the salt-lagoon to which they had fled, was erected on piles driven on the edge of a mud-bank, or so near it that a water-path could be shaped in, and that there were steps built down to a low water-level where twice a day the sea half overflowed them. As other huts crowded in, and more room and even certain rude luxuries were called for, balconies were thrown out, overhanging the narrow canals, and then the waters reflected the lights of the little settlement and its colors and the colors of the shifting clouds. Beauty came quickly to Rivoalta, a beauty which has endured. Her people, safe from all foes, were closed in by a great silence filling the earth and sky off to a horizon of wonderful grandeur and grace, according as you look north or south. Music soon came, and a happy way of life. It is a very old Venetian proverb that runs:

“Bother not to hunt in  
vain;  
What has not been  
stolen will turn up  
again.”

We are told that the women of a race give it its characteristics. The sunny-natured, con-

tented, bright and alert Venetians are the descendents of generations of housekeepers who were born and lived and died in a noiseless city, one where every window framed a picture, where there was no dust, where all refuse was cast on the waters with the surety that the tides would speedily carry it out of sight. It is no surprise that the Venetians developed in ways that were old and odd and splendid and lovable, and that the growing city had the same characteristics.

She has altered little. Crawford says of her: “Here and there a small oil lamp burned before the image of a saint; from a narrow lane on one side the light streamed across the water, and with it came sounds of ringing glasses and the tinkling of a lute, and laughing voices,” as his hero, back in the year 1740, went on his errand in Venice at night, sending his boat creeping quietly along the narrow ways. This is the experience of Venetian boys doing errands in the same canal streets right down through the ages. It is our experience if we will to call out Pietro and the gondola at night, and to go floating off from the gay front of the Piazzetta, “the front door of Venice,” and out of sight of the wide reach of brilliantly illuminated Grand Canal with its music boats and swarms of gondolas, and to penetrate where tall buildings close us in from all but a narrow strip of starlighted sky, and where the only sounds are the lapping of the waters, and of that Venetian good cheer which seldom seems to fail.

**R**IVOALTA was beautiful, we may be certain. Rebuilt on a grander scale and in stone and marble, it became the imposing Venice of the early Doges. It was in 1111 that St. Mark's was consecrated, the

great church erected to hold the bones of the patron saint, bones which have been miraculously preserved from the fire that destroyed the first church of St. Mark's and everything else in it. For a hundred years, sea-captains returning from the gorgeous East were required to bring spoil of precious marbles and columns for the great Basilica.

**T**HERE came the time of the “golden book” of Venice, when the ruling power fell into the hands of the hereditary nobility. Then the magnificent palaces rose on every hand. But Venice was a long time building yet. It was not until 1590 that the Rialto, with its glorious side spring of a single vast marble arch, made a cavern on the Grand Canal where the bridge connects two calli that come to the water's edge, one up and one down stream. There were more magnificent structures added in this era, and it is the Venice of the 16th century that is our Venice of today. She is mellowed by the years, and her corners are a little rubbed, and now and then she shows uneven facades where the foundations have given away, and she has more than one empty space which was once filled by a lofty campanile, but she is surpassingly lovely still.

It must be very much the same as in the olden days when you float out on the lagoon and look at the sea city rising from her more than a hundred isles, a cloud of soft color with many domes and campanile breaking into the sky line. Off toward the east is the low stretch of the natural breakwater, the Lidi, shutting out the Adriatic, making it the servant to scour the city clean twice a day, and never permitting it to come in as an enemy who would sweep Venice away in short time if the narrow strip of islands did

not stand guard.

OVER miles and miles of the shallow water as you turn to the southwest, the Euganean Hills mound up beautifully blue back of the low lines of green shore. To the north there are more miles of lagoon, and beyond Murano of the smoking furnaces, there tower up the Dolomite Alps, pale, stark, ragged like stalagmites; and other Alps go higher still into the sky and these hold aloft the gleaming white of eternal snows, and show glaciers glittering down their sides.

When the sunset hour comes, this stately horizon flushes to a gorgeous splendour of color that spreads down from the distant heights and across the waters, and sets your gondola afloat in a sea of richest fire opal. It is a wonderful show that never repeats itself, but always reappears in a fresh scene of familiar features, but with a new exotic beauty.

All the shores of the wide lagoon and its islands show a fringe of green vegetation, and here and there on the mainland and on the islets are seen miniature Venices with their feet in the water, and with rosy and delicately-tinted walls and campanilli reflected below them. Over on the Lidi is seen the

cluster of buildings at the stopping place of the boats from Venice, and the starting place of the horse-car line which carries the visitor across to the great bathing pavilion on the Adriatic shore and to the turquoise-blue sea beyond where the bathers disport on the water's edge.

The lagoon itself is a wide sheet of water with its highways marked with warning stakes intended to help the mariner of our time, who comes with peaceful purpose. There are some 20,000 of these fingerboards of the sea. The lagoon is a perpetual surprise to the stranger who puzzles over the deep sea channels where the ocean steamers and the men-of-war pass sedately and assuredly on to their anchorage at the head of the Grand Canal, while a few yards at one side, and miles from shore, the fishermen may be wading ankle deep where a just submerged mud-bank gives them a hidden footing. Beyond, the lagoon boats with their painted sails and often with delightfully high-colored loads of fruit and vegetables, go scudding along before the breeze, safe in a channel fitted to their drawing depth, while the flat-bottomed gondola is carefully kept in its little path which might be

shallower and therefore more direct than larger vessels must seek.

All this is outside Venice, but it surrounds the sea city and Venice dominates it and has to be considered with its setting of the lagoon and the Lidi and the outlying isles and the distant mountains, or half the charm of the city cannot be realized.

THE spell of Venice once felt is never ending. The Queen of the Adriatic turns her guests into lovers and keeps us true however far we stray from her. It takes only a chance word, a strain of beautiful Italian music, the lapping of a wave, a touch of vivid color seen in a clear light, and the New World fades from about us. The witchery of a Venetian night, the long, clean charms of a Venetian day, returns, and in a moment we are transported half a continent away, in a great city moored in the waters, and her streets rise and fall at the call of the tides, and rare silence is the distinctive note where all is motion and color.

"...from out the wave her structures rise,  
As from the stroke of enchanter's wand."



# Amedeo Obici, America's "Peanut King"

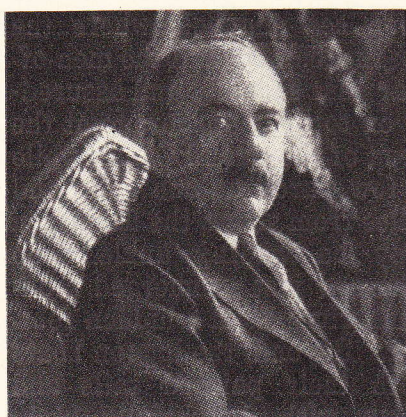
by Dominick Lamonica

**I**N recounting the lives of their successful, self-made millionaires, Americans love to point to the example of Frank W. Woolworth, who built his fortune on the thin American dime. But consider the case of Amedeo Obici, America's "peanut king," who based his fortune on the lowly American nickel. When he arrived in this country at the age of 12, that sum constituted just about all his working capital. Now the Planters Nut and Chocolate Company, of which he is President and General Manager, does more than \$12,000,000 of business annually.

The fundamental idea by which Obici has been guided is extremely simple. People think much less of spending 20 nickels, proportionately, than they do of spending a dollar. This the young immigrant noticed immediately after his arrival in the United States, the country where, his mother had told him back at Aderzo, near Venice, in Italy, "everybody made much money." Why, therefore, seek dollars, which were so guarded, when nickels were so plentiful? They are so plentiful, in fact, that now, at 52, Amedeo Obici is one of the wealthiest Italians in America.

At Scranton, Pa., his uncle, who had sent for him, put him to work on his fruit-stand, and sent him to school the following week. But education did not sit well on the young lad's

shoulders. "The books," he says, "meant nothing to me. All I could understand was arithmetic. When school end-



Mr. Amedeo Obici

ed in June I had learned nothing more than I already knew when I came to America. That was the end of my schooling here."

But this is not altogether true. Obici did continue his education, though it was not of the formal kind. After having worked at Pittston and Wilkes-Barre for fruit-stands and cigar-makers, he got a job in a popular cafe, whose owner, Billy McLaughlin, "taught me about Shakespeare and helped me to learn English. More than that, I learned much about life in Billy McLaughlin's place. The patrons (doctors, lawyers, city officials, and successful business men), discussed everything under the sun, and I listened."

Young Obici was 17 when Mr. McLaughlin died, and for a while he worked for a rival firm. But working for someone else, after having worked for Mr. McLaughlin, was not to his liking. He had made and saved enough money to bring his mother and his two sisters here the previous year, in 1896. Accordingly, he decided to go into business for himself. He rented sidewalk space in front of a store, obtained enough lumber to build a stand on credit, and in the same way managed to win over wholesale fruit dealers. "But for my peanut roaster I had to pay cash," he adds.

That humble little peanut roaster was the precursor of what now amounts to one of the great corporations of the United States, with its four great factories at Suffolk, Va., Wilkes-Barre, Pa., San Francisco, and Toronto, over 2000 employees, and an authorized capital of five million Preferred Stock and ten million Common Stock. But that \$4.50 roaster demanded constant attention, lest the peanuts be scorched.

"**O**NE day I got hold of an old electric fan motor and rigged up a set of pulleys. I put that fan motor to work turning my peanut roaster. So far as I know, it was the first electrically operated one in the world.



"Then over my stand I put a sign, 'Obici, the Peanut Specialist' People came from miles around to buy my peanuts."

**T**HAT was the beginning. Soon he was packing five-cent bags of shelled peanuts for the trade. This he stimulated by placing in the packages coupons bearing the letters of his name, one letter per package, and giving dollar watches to those who spelled out his name with the coupons. "I gave away some 20,000 watches in two years," he admits.

The "peanut specialist" had experimented meanwhile with salted peanuts and peanut candy bars, and, with the business expanding beyond the scope of one man, he determined to make a national market for his product, conceiving the idea of the Planters Peanut Company. This, however, needed help and capital. The first of these problems was solved by his obtaining as partner M. M. Peruzzi, sales manager for one of the biggest Scranton wholesale confectionery jobbers, who knew his trade and how to develop a market. The other he managed to solve through some friends.

Thus, in 1906, the Planters Peanut Company of Wilkes-Barre was incorporated, with \$20,000 capital stock paid in, and with two small store buildings and about 15 employees.

When the landlord jumped the rent from \$100 to \$200, however, "I determined to buy the building, although the price was \$39,000 and I didn't have so much as \$1000." Upon the recommendation of friends, nevertheless, he managed to secure a loan at the local bank.

A little showmanship occasionally does no harm and may do much good, Mr. Obici has discovered. When he was able to purchase his first carload of peanuts, he unloaded the whole car in wagons and paraded it through the principal streets of Wilkes-Barre, the novelty creating much favorable comment. Fewer people now were skeptical of the idea of selling salted peanuts in five-cent bags. Fewer people, too, were saying that Messrs. Obici and Peruzzi had "gone nutty with peanuts."

In time it became necessary to look to their sources of supply, for the bulk of the nation's peanuts are grown in Virginia and North Carolina.

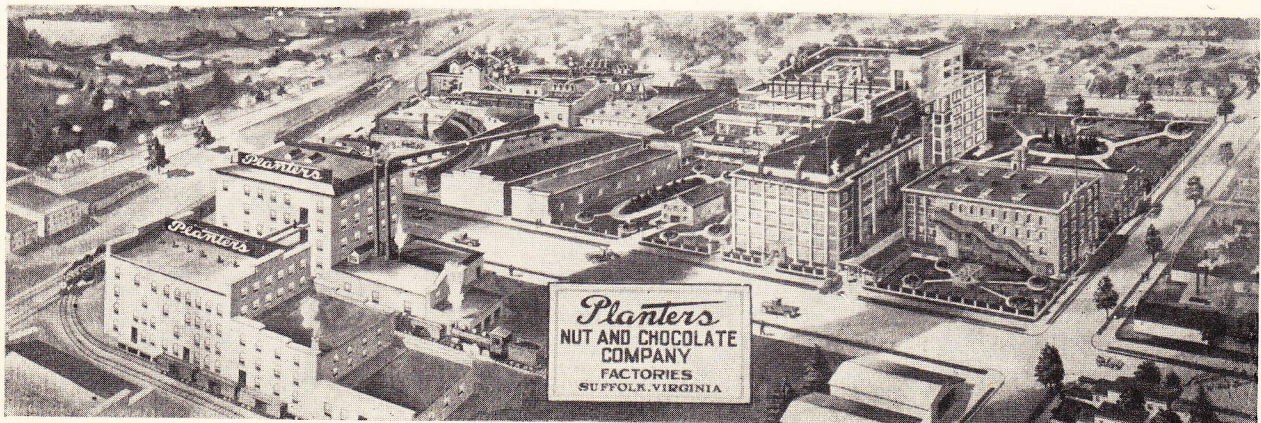
"**I** THINK it was intuition," says Mr. Obici reminiscently, "that brought me to Suffolk, Va., in 1913 with \$25,000, all that the Planters Company could venture at the time, to establish a peanut cleaning business. The plan was to buy the nuts direct from the Virginia planters and clean them ourselves.

"It certainly didn't seem like good business judgment to

go to Suffolk. We could have bought our nuts from experienced cleaners in Suffolk at the time more advantageously than we could buy them ourselves. But our venture in Suffolk grew into the manufacture of the finished product itself there."

**T**HERE is hardly a man, woman or child in this country today who is not familiar with the jaunty, be-monocled and top-hatted figure of "Mr. Peanut," with his tempting invitation to munch the product he represents. "Mr. Peanut" is, so to speak, 13 years old, for it was in 1917 that the Company's first national advertising campaign was launched with a series of full page advertisements in the Saturday Evening Post and other magazines and newspapers. During the many years that have passed since "Mr. Peanut's" formal debut, he has made himself a nationally-known, nay, an internationally known character.

The enterprise was now growing by leaps and bounds. Since the preparation of the raw peanuts and of the other raw products they were manufacturing as by-products was being carried on more conveniently, efficiently and economically in Suffolk, the center of the peanut belt, where the new buildings had been erected especially to suit the operations, Mr. Obici decided to discontinue all manufacturing in



Wilkes-Barre and concentrate it in Suffolk. This decision proved very profitable and made possible further expansion.

Heavy transportation rates seriously handicapped expansion west of the Rockies, so in 1921 a factory site was acquired in San Francisco, and with this added facility the western coast States were supplied as conveniently as the eastern half of the country.

FROM time to time, efforts had been made to introduce the manufactured products of the Planters Nut and Chocolate Company into Canada, but customs duties made the cost of the merchandise prohibitive. Accordingly, in 1925, after an investigation of conditions in that country, a modern factory building was purchased in Toronto, and a campaign of national advertising in Canada soon made Planters Salted Peanuts popular in the Dominion. Even in England, in 1928, was "Mr. Peanut" introduced, and accepted without reservation.

Sales branches and warehouses are now maintained in several of the largest American cities to facilitate and expedite the distribution of the finished products. Two of these branches, incidentally, are headed by Italians: Mr. J. M. Gargano in New York, and Mr. L. Bencini in Chicago.

The growth of the Company has been prodigious, for besides producing the enormous tonnage needed to supply its salted peanut, peanut butter, and candy departments, large volumes of raw peanuts, shelled and unshelled, are sold to the jobbing and manufacturing interests throughout the United States. It is the largest concern of its kind in the world

and it dominates the American market. The 1930 production of peanuts was about 4,000,000 bags, of which 90% passed through the hands of Mr. Obici's Planters Nut and Chocolate Company.

Like many other of the greater corporations in America, it has found it necessary to manufacture practically all its own accessories. There is a complete tin factory manufacturing all tin containers for salted peanuts and peanut butter, which run into the several thousand every day. A great printing plant is also maintained, which prints all the cartons, paper bags, and colored advertising matter used by the company, and where, too, are located machines for the scoring of cartons, and waxing machines where all boxes are waxed before assembled. All paper bags, cartons, cases and crates used for shipping purposes are also manufactured by the company, whose own employees cut trees on the company's own timber tract, ship them to the company's own saw mill, and then store them in the company's own lumber yards.

A far cry, this, from the days of "Obici, the Peanut Specialist," with his \$4.50 peanut roaster that demanded his constant attention.

"I HAVE been asked many times," says Mr. Obici, now the "Peanut King," "how I got from where I was to where I am. I should answer, work and friends. I've worked from 16 to 18 hours a day until recent years, and I have never lacked friends. Friends have been one of my biggest assets. I never needed money for my business which I was not able to get."

Now Mr. Obici has been able

also to devote more of his time and attention to other things beside business. He has served his adopted city of Suffolk as President of its Chamber of Commerce, he has been made a Commander of the Crown of Italy by His Majesty King Victor Emanuel III, and recently he contributed \$10,000 toward the establishment of a Chair of Italian Culture at the University of Virginia.

NOT long ago he went to Italy for a much-deserved vacation, and to visit his native town of Aderzo. But vacations, for men of his calibre, are seldom, if ever, untinged with business matters. So it happened that, while there, he saw the possibility of cultivating peanuts in the Italian colonies of Libia and Tripolitania. Peanuts grow only in tropical countries or climate, and these two colonies both fulfill the requirements. To this end he saw many men high in Italian governmental and business circles. The Hon. Giuseppe Bottai, Italian Minister of Corporations, has evinced great interest in the project.

When a man has worked so untiringly, and under such stern, self-imposed discipline, it is bound to have its effect upon him. America's motto is "Business is business," and Mr. Obici's rule is said to be never to smile during business hours. "A business office should be like a graveyard" sums it up in his own words. Yet his eyes are bright and sparkling and he is not as forbidding as all that, for, though he may look very serious and protest that the request is unreasonable, his employees know that none of them ever went to him for a favor without having it granted.



Giuseppe Mazzini

Giuseppe Mazzini

# Mazzini and Margaret Fuller

by Giovanni Mori

**B**ETWEEN the twenty-ninth and the thirtieth of June, 1849, the tragic and significant epilogue of the resistance of the Roman Republic against the armies of the French Republic took place.

In the afternoon of the thirtieth, after the fate of Rome had been decided at Villa Spada, Garibaldi, summoned by the Assembly, galloped up to the Campidoglio. The General ascended the rostrum and with a calm voice announced that all further resistance would be futile and that he, together with those who cared to follow him, was about to leave Rome to seek in other parts of Italy the battleground of honor and the fortunes of his Country.

Thereupon the Assembly, in the name of God and of the people, decided to desist "from a defense which had become impossible." But Giuseppe Mazzini, triumvir with Armellini and Saffi, dissented from the opinion of the Assembly and then and there resigned from his high office.

**I**T was only through the insistent requests of two ladies who had been his followers in his magnanimous enterprise that he allowed himself to be convinced to leave Italy

and to seek again the bitter road of exile. These two foresighted and affectionate counsellors were Giulia Modena and Margaret Fuller, the former a Swiss lady from the Canton of Berne, the latter an American from the United States. They were two of the exquisite feminine souls which the preaching of the Master had inflamed, two of the heroic and sweet women in whom he had been able to instill a fervor and passion without bounds for the liberation of his Country and who had lent a pure note to all Mazzinian enterprises.

Margaret Fuller was born on the 23rd of May, 1810, in Cambridgeport, Mass. She had a predilection for study, and reading was a favorite occupation which absorbed many hours of the day. She became interested in various literatures and deeply studied various civilizations. Most of all she was absorbed by the study of Latin, through which she came to understand Latinity and to comprehend the splendor of ancient Rome.

**I**T was in the Spring of 1846 that she was finally able to satisfy her earnest desire to visit and know the Old World of which, through her spiritual, youthful ardor, she had assim-

ilated the history, the literature and the civilization.

On August 16th she landed at Liverpool and proceeded immediately to Edinburgh. There she became acquainted with Wordsworth, De Quincey, A. Combe and Chalmers. Afterwards, in London, her circle of acquaintances increased day by day. Among these she was struck most by Thomas Carlyle and an Italian, "who alone among so many writers seemed to me to be a man."

Margaret Fuller had finally met the Master, notwithstanding the fact that Bolton King says she had gone to England ill-disposed toward him.

**S**HE met him in the home of Carlyle, where Mazzini had been a welcome guest since 1839. There she heard the discussions between the great Englishman and the Italian exile. In a description left by her of an evening spent in their company, she narrates how Mazzini turned the conversation to the topic of progress and idealism and how Carlyle eloquently controverted him. She describes also how sad Carlyle's wife would become on seeing her husband's verbal violence and how she would say to her: "These, for Carlyle, are opinions, but for Mazzini,

who has given his all for them, even to the point of urging his own friends to go to the gallows for them, they are questions of life and death."

The two souls easily understood each other. Mazzini, writing to Henry Mayer, describes Miss Fuller as "a rare woman in her love for and active sympathy with all that is great, beautiful and holy." From the acquaintance with the Master Margaret Fuller derived a beneficent influence for her restless and tormented soul. The noble woman had become a true apostle in the sense in which Mazzini understood that word: one who undertakes a life mission.

"Mazzini," she wrote at that time, "is a great man. His radiant features strike a sweet melancholy into my spirit and consecrate my present life. Would that, at the supreme moment, like Magdalen, I might pour the sacred ointment on his head!"

In December, 1846, she was in Paris, where she met Sand, Lamennais, Beranger and others, and participated in the social life of the great capital. But her impatience to reach Italy was great. In one of her letters she wrote that her professor of French often told her she spoke and acted like an Italian. She further wrote: "I hope that in Italy I shall feel more at home."

And at her "home" she arrived in May the following year.

Rather than with the saddened spirit of Shelley, she contemplated the prostrate greatness of Rome with the ardent and fiery spirit of Byron, who said: "It matters not when Italy will be freed, who or what must be sacrificed; it is a unanimous goal, the true poetry of politics. Think of a free Italy!"

After having traversed the peninsula together with some friends, as they were about to

recross the Alps, she left her friends and remained in Italy. Was the fascination of the country too great for her, or was her mission not yet fulfilled?

In October, 1847, she returned to Rome. She wrote: "The fact is that Italy receives me as a long-lost daughter, and here I feel at home; whenever I may speak of her, you will hear something of my life, of my inner self."

**B**UT in the meanwhile, another event intervened to modify Margaret Fuller's life: her secret marriage to Marquis Ossoli, whom she had met at a ceremony in St. Peter's.

The Marquis, by his union with her, had, almost unconsciously, acquired the same political ideas, and breaking away more and more from his family, became an ardent supporter of Italian liberation. When it seemed that the Italian rulers, goaded on by popular will, were on the point of giving battle to the Austrians on the plains of Lombardy, Ossoli joined the Roman Militia and held himself ready for departure. She wrote to him from Rieti:

"It seems indeed ominous that everything should be against us, that just at this moment you may be obliged to leave. But you must do what honor dictates. Go if honor demands it. I will try to sustain myself; I leave it to your judgment when to return, if ever you will be able to return. If all should end, we have at least had a short period of happiness together. Good bye, my love. I embrace you eternally!"

**O**N February 9, 1849, the Roman Republic was proclaimed, and the Assembly unanimously bestowed upon Mazzini Roman citizenship and invited him to come and reside in the Eternal City. On March

5th, Mazzini entered by way of Porta del Popolo with a throbbing and exultant heart.

Two days after entering Rome, Mazzini went to visit his American friend. She wrote: "I heard the bell ring, a striking voice uttered my name. It was Mazzini. In spite of his sufferings, he still seemed divine to me. He spent two hours with me and we spoke of everything that interested us. He hoped to come to see me often, but the moment is critical and everything will fall upon his shoulders, for if there is anyone who can save Italy, it is he. My only regret is that I am not able to help him. As for him, I know he will survive defeat, if it is possible that he can be defeated; but certainly to see Italy once again bleeding and beaten will be a terrible blow for him."

These words, written by her on March 8th, 1849, were surely prophetic. The Roman Republic remained in existence only four months.

After the fall of the Republic and the flight of Mazzini, Margaret Fuller, knowing that her husband was safe, left Rome and went to Rieti for her son, determined to leave as soon as possible for her native country, where she proposed to carry on a vast work of propaganda in behalf of the Italian cause, and to write a history of the Roman Republic. For this she had gathered rare and valuable documents and had prepared notes upon the events which she had witnessed.

On May 17, 1850, with her husband and child, she embarked at Leghorn, anxious to rejoin her family, to see her friends and to begin her work. But two months after they had set sail, the ship, stricken by a storm, was thrown upon the rocks of Fire Island and completely wrecked, thus ending the life of Mazzini's devoted friend and disciple.

# The Home-Coming

by Giovanni Comisso

Translated from the Italian by S. E. Beckett

I REMEMBER, one warm night in the Gorizia zone, during the cholera outbreak, lying in camp and dreaming—or imagining—that I had tramped all the way back to my native town. I was standing at the city gates, tired out with my long tramp and impatient to get home; but the gates were closed, and the sentries on guard would not let me pass. I waited there all night, until it was dawn at last and they opened the gates. I needn't have been in a hurry; my family was away, and my friends appeared to be angry with me; not one of them would look at me. I don't know whether it was a dream or a vision, but it came true after Caporetto. A mounted patrol halted me at the San Tommaso gate, and drove me away as soon as they knew I was from the front. It didn't matter. I found an easy place in the wall, climbed over and ran straight home. I rang the bell twice. The whole place was shut up and my family had gone, sent away out of the town like everybody else. Even the half-wits! They had been kept to the last. The shops were closed and the streets empty, except for a stray shopkeeper scurrying nervously along. Crossing the square, I met a friend who had been rejected as unfit. He seemed half-dazed and asleep, walking arm in arm with his girl. I greeted them cordially. They stared at me.

“What are you doing back here? How does it come you

are not at the front?”

I thought he was very surly and selfish.

“Well, you see. . . .”

But he wouldn't listen to me, and turned away in a rage. I felt like a stranger.

I was determined to sleep at home that night. I came in from the fields behind and, leaping the walls, made my way into our garden. Then I wrenched a window off its hinges and got into the house. The air inside was terrible, but otherwise, everything was pretty much in order throughout the deserted rooms. My father and mother must have eaten just before they left, because there was a cloth on the kitchen table, and dirty plates. I fingered a piece of apple-rind; that made me feel nearer to them somehow. The cupboards were stuffed with provisions: big hunks of cheese, macaroni, fruit, sugar, coffee, oil.

I WENT outside. D. H. Q. was in an hotel a few yards up the street, and I thought I would offer to put up the officers of my own company. The lieutenant from Naples, who was my C. O., said he'd be very glad.

Some people I knew in the hotel told me my family had left for Florence the day before. We had lunch together. Nothing was said until after dessert, when one of them asked me how it was we had been forced to retreat. I knew him — rich, and young and strong too. I had often won-

dered how he managed to keep out of it. I started to tell him:

“The whole front line was wiped out by poison gas. . . .”

He interrupted me coldly:

“Didn't the French stand up to it?”

I lost my temper:

“To hell with the French. What we need is a few fellows like you to come out and show us how to stand up to it.”

AND that was the way they treated us at home, after all we had done and suffered, simply because they were feeling the pinch for the first time and didn't like it. Divisional mess was on that evening; and I dined with the other officers. The general was very sad and nobody spoke. There we were with excellent wine, and not even sure that we would be allowed to stay. Some were saying we would have to withdraw behind the Po.

A lieutenant in the Carabinieri attached to our Division asked me to take a turn with him through the town and see that nobody was breaking the curfew that went into effect at sundown. I felt something like rapture, walking along the dark silent streets and wondering how this strange city could be mine. Astonished and rapturous. Down from the Piave came the sound of machine-guns, faint and clear through the silence.

THE lieutenant told me about the soldiers who had been shot that morning on

the racetrack for having looted a few abandoned houses. A little stream kept us company until we came to the low arches. We passed under them. Suddenly, we heard voices in a house on the corner of a narrow lane, voices and the clinking of tumblers in a toast. Then silence, followed by the soft tinkle of a slow-timed music-box. • Light came streaming through the shutters. The voices were merry ones, women's voices. An old woman opened the door and stood back at once from the threshold. Two women and an officer were in the little room. The women were from the town; I knew them both, and the officer too. On the table were bottles, and the little music-box. One of the women was called Tea. She had a strong, coarse voice, which yet was childlike in its inflections. As soon as she saw us, she snatched an enormous old-fashioned pistol out from under a cushion and pointed it at us.

"You won't catch me coming quietly," she said in dialect, to the great amusement of all present. I invited them all to supper at my house the following evening, and the old woman promised to come and cook for us.

In the house, besides all the food, I found bottles, many bottles. An uncle of mine had sent a couple of his maids to see what they could save from the wreckage, and I made them stay; so that in the evening, there was a woman to each officer. Each couple had a little private table hidden away behind screens, and soft couches so that they could eat lying down. The kitchen was transformed, bright and cheerful with a fire burning in the range, and the old woman perspiring over her dishes. We had our orderlies waiting on us. I had baskets of bottles brought up from under the

stairs. We couldn't be bothered opening them with a corkscrew, so we slashed off their tops with our bayonets. The wine foamed up and splashed against the walls, and we threw the empty bottles out of the window onto the roof of the house next door.

My fellow officers had the absolute freedom of the house, and the whole place was turned into a kind of low-class hotel. I could hear the orderlies eating and drinking and joking with the old woman. I carried Tea into the room where I had slept as a child. She kept her money hidden in her stocking. Nothing would do but she must tell me all about her own childhood, what a thrill riding a bicycle had given her in those days. Then, she went to sleep. And so it was nearly every evening at my house.

**T**HERE were always two lorries waiting in the little square near the hotel, for the order to leave was expected any minute. We had no definite news from the front. One day, some shells fell on the outskirts of the town. My uncle's maids fled. There were some quite valuable things in my house, and I didn't see why they should go to provide loot for the Austrians, if there was any way of hiding them. So I took my C. O.'s orderly and my own, and the three of us got all the pots and pans together, and packed them up in big crates. Then, we went after the linen and copperware and stowed everything away in a room in a far corner of the house, and on top of it all, we piled every object of any value I could find—blankets, mattresses, pictures, mirrors—anything and everything I could lay my hands on in the house. After which, I locked the door and pushed a wardrobe up against it. But my C. O.'s orderly, a Neapol-

itan like his superior, remarked with an air of great cunning that there was no use trying to hide the door behind the wardrobe because the wardrobe was a piece of furniture which, it was plain to be seen, did not belong there. I took his advice, and decided then and there that we should have to wall up the door. The two orderlies worked on it a whole day, and I kept bringing them drinks, I was so anxious for them to make a good job of it.

**T**HAT night they smeared it with mud, and the next morning, almost before it was dry, they gave it a coat of plaster. You could see the outline of the door, but I thought that the Austrians, if they did come, would be in too great a hurry and too excited to pay much attention to it. It made me happy to feel that I had safe-guarded my humble treasures. Then, it occurred to me that I might never see my town again; so I went out and walked the deserted streets and looked at the houses all shuttered up in broad daylight, and suffered the same strange feeling of rapture. More than one whispered summons came floating down to me through the air, and I would catch a glimpse at some high window of a woman's head and beckoning hand. The last leaves on the trees along the river were yellow now, and lustrous in the mist. No town could be so beautiful as this abandoned city of mine, I thought. And when, turning down a street, I found myself headed for the Piave, the steady dry crackle of machine-guns reached my ear. Outside the walls, I came upon a party of Austrian prisoners who had been marched down from the lines under mounted escort. They were halted in front of a public house, and then were brought in and locked up in the very

room where we all used to dance and stage a celebration on the last day of school.

That evening, while we were at mess, the news came in that our troops had greatly strengthened their position on the Piave. Also, we had held the valley at Alano, where the enemy had hurled their full strength against us. This was the first piece of good news for over a month; so the general ordered champagne, and we drank to the victory. Afterwards, I went off with the C. O. to fetch Tea and her friend, and we smuggled them back to the house under our cloaks, keeping to the side streets all the time. Next morning, I found him and his orderly in a great stew, being engaged in packing up all their belongings; the order to leave had come at last. So I packed up too, and closed the house; and that same evening, the Division started off for Bassano.

WE halted for a few days in a little country place just outside of Bassano. The officers had a villa to themselves, and the men found billets as best they could among the peasants. One morning, I went to see my C. O. about a piece of work that had just been finished, and found him sitting there being shaved by his orderly. Every now and again, he would let out a curse, doubtless meaning to convey to me that the relations between master and man were not to be affected by the fact that they came from the same village. Suddenly, there on the little table beside the looking-glass, I caught sight of something vaguely familiar and pleasantly associated with my boyhood. It was a perfume-spray that used to stand on my mother's dressing-table. Then I saw a hair brush that belonged to us, too, and a small celluloid powder-box. I found

myself trembling with rage.

"Those are mine," I said.

He did not appear concerned.

"This bastard Michele must have taken them by mistake," he said.

THE words were hardly out of his mouth, when I saw a red woolen blanket with black stripes that had been thrown over the bed, a famous blanket, one that I had been particularly fond of all through my boyhood.

"Another mistake, eh?"

The face of the Neapolitan lieutenant took on an injured expression behind its soap-barrage.

"I can't help it," he said, "he put it on the bed,"—with a jerk of his head in the direction of the orderly, whose features contrived to express blankness and duplicity, at one and the same time, giving his master to understand, more plainly than by any words, that he was only too glad to take all the blame; and all the while he was busy figuring up in his mind what he was to get out of it.

"That's a nice way to return hospitality."

The orderly doggedly replied that a French artilleryman had made him a present of the blanket, that the French artillery used no other kind, and that I had made a mistake.

"But can't you understand, I know it by the smell? I slept under it for years."

But he kept on in his flat Neapolitan accent, assuring me that I was making a mistake. I was getting angrier every minute.

"I'll talk to the general," I shouted, "I'll have you court-martialled," and I went out in a fury. I was still trembling with anger when I got back to my room.

"Talk about the Austrians." I said to myself. "Hate begins at home."

I felt that the war was stupid and a ridiculous affair. But I could not stay angry for very long among these objects that seemed to breathe the very atmosphere of my own home, and I was soon calm enough to reflect that the war on thieves was as old as humanity itself, and that I was mixing up two things that had nothing to do with each other.

I COULDN'T take my eyes off the red blanket. Looking at it, I felt myself slipping back into the past, into the other world of my childhood. Sitting there, waiting for the climb up the Grappa, and with all my treasures about me, I could almost imagine myself at home again. I would keep them with me always. There was a knock at the door. The C. O.'s shave was over. He had come to apologize for his orderly.

"Surely, you don't want to make trouble over a wretched blanket. He'll get sent to the trenches, and he has a wife and children. Can't you leave him to me? I'll give him something that'll teach him to keep his hands off what doesn't belong to him."

He was oozing reconciliation. There was only one way to get rid of him.

"You needn't trouble," I said coldly, "I've forgiven him long ago."

He understood there was nothing more to be said, but he paused at the door.

"As soon as leave starts, if you'd like to let your orderly off, you know you have only to say the word..."

"Thanks," I replied, "he's done nothing to deserve it."

He stood there for a second, and I saw come over his face a look of bewilderment, deepening into an expression of fear that he was powerless to conceal. Then he disappeared for good.

# Recent Italian Literature

By Giuseppe Prezzolini

IT IS not entirely my fault if this volume (*Sweat and Blood*, by Guglielmo Ferrero, Milan, Mondadori, 1930) came somewhat late to my notice. It forms the third part of a series of novels that Guglielmo Ferrero undertook to write. It is the intention of these novels to represent, in the form of a large fresco divided into three sections, the history of contemporary Italy beginning with the entrance into Rome of the troops of Victor Emanuel II, in 1870.

The reason that I looked at the cover of the book but did not open it is this. The first two parts of the series (translated into English in an abridged form under the title of *The Seven Vices*) seemed to me heavy, clumsy and even presumptuous. I was annoyed by the tone of caricature with which Italian statesmen were presented. I did not care to read the third part; one is entitled to leave the third glass of wine after the first two prove displeasing to the taste.

I admit that I was wrong. I therefore thank the friend who insisted upon my reading it. Having begun the first few pages of the book I was unable to leave it and for almost an entire night I read until I had finished it. I realize that this is not necessarily great praise. The same can sometimes be said of very mediocre detective stories. However, this book contains much more than a detective story. In it the author shows the great spiritual prog-

ress that goes on within himself.

*Sweat and Blood* is the story of the unfortunate battle that

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*Professor Giuseppe Prezzolini, Italy's foremost literary critic, Visiting Professor of Italian Literature at Columbia University, author himself of several books that have already become enduring literature, and at present Director of the Casa Italiana at Columbia University in New York, continues in this issue a monthly contribution to ATLANTICA on Italian life and letters. Professor Prezzolini was formerly Chief of the Information Section of the Intellectual Co-operation Institute of the League of Nations at Paris.*

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Italy lost at Adua in 1896 through the error of entrusting the command of her troops in the war against Abyssinia to a leader who was a journalist and a politician rather than a general.

Stendhal and Tolstoi have given us modern descriptions of battles that have become classic. Nobody actually sees a great battle; only the episodes are perceived. One may be present at a fight, but the battle itself is recorded only through documents. Thus, the hero of Ferrero's novel, Officer Alamanni, tries in vain to understand what is happening. He passes from episode to episode of the battle, from hope to despair, from one doubt to another, to the final climax when, fighting heroically and

with apparent fortune, he is taken prisoner.

Stripped of all his possessions, beaten and badly treated, he is forced to go with the Abyssinian army on their return home, there, month after month, to suffer hunger, insults, and the most cruel bodily privations, and to feel the uncertainty of his very life.

He had gone to Africa as a volunteer in reaction to a disillusionment in love, and in protest to his family whose fortune was founded on graft. He possesses a generous but innocent and inexperienced soul and has just begun to realize the injustice of the world. He attempts to rebel but fails in breaking the social web that supports these injustices, therefore he goes to war in an effort to evade a world that horrifies him.

He finds that wealth, youth and beauty in themselves do not bring real happiness and joy; he finds joy and happiness, instead, on the painful road that leads him and his companions in slavery towards Scioa. He finds them through experiences of charity, patience and fasting.

WHO would ever have imagined that Ferrero would some day write a novel destroying all the beliefs by which he would have sworn earlier in his life?

The long and painful march made with bare feet on rocks and thorns into the heart of Africa have meant for Alamanni the conquest of a certain re-



ligious truth that he had formerly derided; namely, that richness, power and passion bind man. Only the willful renunciation of all these can give profound happiness and a sense of liberty.

**A**LIGHT, delicate plot is developed which completes the conversion of Alamanni. He finds, in the wife of the chief that has made him a prisoner, a protector. She is a black Magdalen, one of those "mesdames" that the Italian officers were accustomed to keep as temporary wives during their stay in the colony. She does not reveal her past. Perhaps she feels more than a little attraction towards the prisoner whom she guesses to be of a good, rich and powerful family. But the attraction on the part of both never surpasses the bounds of friendship. The "madame" is content to watch over the white prisoner as a mother and thus to save him from the greatest difficulties.

In this way Alamanni attains also that other Christian virtue: chastity.

I have insisted on this aspect of Ferrero's book because it is fundamental, directing and explaining the whole narrative. The reader who is looking only for amusement may be assured that he will not find the book monotonous. The trip of the prisoners from the valley of Adua to the realm of Menelik is rich in descriptions of interesting types, episodes, adventures and barbarian customs and with the spiritual analysis which never entirely satiate. The reconstruction of this trip, like the one of the battle, is based on documents collected with great patience and interpreted in a very able fashion.

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*Ardengo Soffici: Memoirs of an Artistic and Literary Life, Florence, Vallecchi, 1931.*

Soffici is an artist who knows how to animate and illuminate the merest trifle. In this book he brings to life certain characters and sketches of the literary and artistic life of Florence and Paris, where he



Guglielmo Ferrero

has long lived. Each one emerges from the written page alive. As a background there are descriptions of the country, of society, of moments of the day that seem painted in vivid colors as well as written with a marvelous precision in details. And from characters and anecdotes of small importance, Soffici educes little sketches, dazzlingly brilliant and full of human feeling.

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*Jolanda de Blasi; Italian Authoresses from the origin to 1900, Florence, Nemi, 1931, 408 pages.*

*An Anthology of Italian Authoresses from the origin to 1000, Florence, Nemi, 1931, 564 pages.*

The work of the Italian women poets is here passed in review by Mrs. de Blasi, who, with much sagacity and a just critical sense, accords to only one woman, Catherine of Siena, the right to measure up to the best poets. It is excellent

anthology—rich in bibliographical information.

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*Luigi Barzini Jr.; New York, with preface by Luigi Barzini, Milan, Agnelli 1931. 275 pages.*

Written by the young son of the noted journalist, it might well be taken for a book by the father, so alive is it—so photographic—so real. Free from rhetoric, padding and exaggeration, it is the best Italian presentation of New York that we know about, and we are glad that it has come from among the youth.

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*Giovanni Papini; Laborers in the Vineyard, Longmans, Green & Co., New York, 1931.*

Consists of fourteen essays written at different times, in different spirit, on different subjects, of different length, of different interest. In all of them we find, more or less, Papini; and that is sufficient to make the book interesting.

—\*—  
*Vincenzo Cardarelli; Parlamento dell'Italia, Vallecchi, Firenze, 1931.*

I fear that American readers will very often not understand the literary jargon used by Cardarelli. Cardarelli is the leader of the Italian writers who want to return to the Academy away from the University, and to the elegant writers away from the philosophical writers.

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*Arturo Onofri, visto da Banfi, Benco, Colonna di Cesarò, Cavicchioli, Comi, Cozza, Evola, Flora, Gui, Levasti, Manacorda, Marone, Marotti, Moscardelli, Palmieri, Pavolini, Piccoli, Prati, Regnoli, Rosa; con una lettera di Giovanni Papini, Vallecchi, Firenze, 1931.*

Arturo Onofri, a very fine, polished poet, in later life felt himself filled with a mystic ex-

perience, which gave to his poetry a new tone, the outcome of a great spiritual concentration. Some friends of his in this volume remember his virtues and celebrate his art.

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*Camillo Antona Traversi; Studi e documenti sopra Ugo Foscolo, riordinati e raccolti da C. A. T., Bologna, Zanichelli.*

Political chatterings of Foscolo as a youth, love notes and printers' bills, critical writings

in collaboration with copyists for the purpose of earning money: all this may be interesting to know, but it does not give us an insight into the spirit and life of Foscolo. And yet, some day, there must be written this "vie romancée" as adventurous as that of Byron, and concerning a much more artistic poet.

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*Gaudence Megaro; Vittorio Alfieri, Forerunner of Italian*

*Nationalism, Columbia University Press, New York. 1931.*

At the height of the 18th Century, which denies patriotism, Alfieri affirms that the Italian people must awaken, and create the Italian Nation, united, free from tyrants, from priests, and from foreign rule. The greatest merit of the book lies in the fact that it shows the balance of the author; in his judgments, precise and well informed, he never exaggerates.

## Books In Brief

*CAESAR: THE MAN, by Mirko Jelusich. 429 pages. New York: Richard R. Smith. \$3.*

IT would have been more accurate to call this novelized form of biography "Caesar: the Hero," for that is what Mr. Jelusich has made of him. He is a hero set in the midst of an interesting and entertaining tale. There is drama, suspense, characterization, dialogue—in short, everything one would expect to find in a novel, including a plot. Yet, technically, this is a biography, and it does present Caesar to the reader very plausibly. It would be a mistake to say that this particular example of fictionized biography constitutes "the last refuge of the bad novelist and the lazy historian" for its scholarship is sound and its technique quite readable.

Aptly enough, the book has been translated from its original German (excellently, by the way, by Bernard Miall) into English, for there is much in common between Caesar's Rome and modern America. In fact, the biography is dedicated "to the great American nation, the heir of the Roman State ideal." Mr. Jelusich has shrewdly written a work in a manner that will appeal to its intended audience, which is, no doubt, secretly proud of its kinship with Caesar, the man.

*THE STREET OF THE ISLANDS, by Stark Young. Woodcuts by Ilse Bischoff. 218 pages. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.*

THERE is a delicacy and slightness about the short stories and sketches comprising this

volume by Stark Young that is hard to define. They deal with the most intangible of things, with moods and emotions that are deep in the



Mirko Jelusich

Author of "Caesar the Man"

human heart, and of which we are seldom aware, even though very often they are the prime motivators of our actions. In this respect, a quotation opposite the title page is significant: "For it seemed to me, thinking on these things, that every man is an island, and that, in the midst of these islands, runs the street of life."

Some of the stories take place in Italy, as "Ora Pro Nobis," or "Assisi Farmer," or "Campo Santo," while the rest are set in Spain, Texas, or the South. Mr. Young sailed for Italy last month to give the George Westinghouse lectures, established seven years ago to acquaint Italy with American culture and ideas. He is scheduled to speak at the universities of Rome, Milan, Padua, Florence, Palermo, and elsewhere. A previous book of his, "The Three Fountains," published in 1924, was translated into Italian and published in Rome just before his arrival there.

*THE SPIRIT OF PROTESTANTISM, by Harris E. Kirk. 233 pages. Nashville, Tenn.: The Cokesbury Press. \$32.00.*

THIS book consists of the collected Cole Lectures delivered recently at Vanderbilt University by Dr. Kirk, who has been the annual lecturer on historical Christianity at Princeton University since 1923. They are devoted to a defense and advocacy of the Christian religion, as well as the taking of bearings of present-day Protestantism.

The publication at this time of such a book is particularly timely, for it was some 400 years ago, in April, 1529, that the representatives of the German people signed the historic *Protest* which gave to Protestantism its name and character.

*THE CROSS BEARERS*, by A. M. Frey. 306 pages. New York: The Viking Press. \$2.50.

**I**N coarse, unfinished prose, without any pretence at artistry, the author of this book has presented a little-known side of the war, that of the German stretcher-bearer. "Little known," however, only to a few of those who fought at the front. These few would be the ones who went through it uninjured. As the author remarks, "The Red Cross is only of secondary importance to men whose bones are whole."

As one would expect who has been reading the "All Quiet" type of war book, examples of the disgusting and useless brutality of war are manifold. In fact, it is the stretcher-bearer's fate to see that side of war almost exclusively. Says Herr Frey, describing the human remains of a battle: "This useless flesh, available only 48 hours ago for bearing guns, thrusting bayonets, or firing cannon, now rolled into the pit. If it ever served worthy or useful purpose out here it is now: it manures the earth."

Although there is a preponderance of this callousness, it is relievingly varied with the day-by-day animal life of the soldiers: food, women, the elements, etc. Herr Frey, whom Heinrich Mann calls "one of the best literary artists of his generation" has written several novels before, but this is the first one in which he draws upon his experience with a medical unit in the war.

*THE GREAT MISTAKE*, by John Knox. 176 pages. Washington, D. C.: The National Foundation Press. \$3.

**A**MONG the things with which the President of the United States has to cope are attacks on his reputation delivered from the Senate floor. Another is the publication of a book such as "The Great Mistake," which mistake, apparently, is "to let these stories" (gossipy, disparaging and accusing stories) "go unchallenged or unproven." It is the contention of the author that Herbert Hoover has profited from propaganda, and that the legend built up about him is a false one.

After going through the by now familiar routine of decrying the President's treatment of the depression, Mr. Knox thinks "the job upon which they (the President and his Administration) have em-

barked seems to be too big for their abilities. The time has come when the country will have to take steps in the matter. If Mr. Hoover and his followers cannot run the country we will have to hire somebody who *can* run it." The tone and viewpoint of the book correspond to that of the passage above. It purports to quote from official records and documents to show that Hoover is incapable of "running the country."

The less said about this type of biased propaganda the better, although it might be added that patriotic societies are seeking to have the book banned.

*THE BUSINESS OF WRITING*, by Frederick W. Ziv. 129 pages. Cincinnati: The Writer's Digest.

**N**O advice concerning writing is as succinct and at the same time as comprehensive as that enunciated by many, namely, "If you want to write, write." Anyone who has written for any length of time knows that writing is "ten per cent inspiration and ninety per cent perspiration." But not all those who are starting in know this, whence it comes to pass that books on writing are always coming off the presses.

The chief value of this particular book lies in its brevity, and in its close-to-the-ground, practical viewpoint. It confines its advice to the story form, although few realize that there are many other different types of writing.

The advice is tempered with continual exhortation on the part of the author to the reader to get down to work if he would amount to anything. This, if followed, is of more value than all the rest of the book. He advocates, besides copious writing, voluminous reading, the practicing of one's "literary scales," the analyzing of literary markets, specialization, reader-identification in characterization, the conservation and expansion of ideas, etc., all of which and many more, have been expounded hundreds of times before, and will continue to be expounded.

*MAN'S SOCIAL DESTINY IN THE LIGHT OF SCIENCE*. By Charles A. Elwood: Cokesbury Press, Nashville, Tenn. 1929.

**T**HE Vanderbilt University School of Religion elected Prof. Elwood as the Cole Lecturer for 1929. The lectures are pre-

sented to us in book form under the above title. Prof. Elwood has long been known as one of America's prominent sociologists; but he is a sociologist with a peculiar bent. He is religious and an idealist. He looks at society and sees it as it is. He then proceeds to build up an ideal social order.

In order to attain this ideal which is a harmonious relation between the individual and the group, human beings use conscious control by the group over individual behavior. Government and laws are means of control, as is education. Religion, an idealization of social values, and a projection of these values into the universe, is indispensable. Morality, as religion, goes to motives. The moral ideal must be pictured, not as a perfect individual, but as a perfect society, consisting of all humanity.

Of religion as an agency of social control. Dr. Elwood has made a special study. He believes that cooperation is more dependent on inner attitudes and ideals than on external forms and machinery. The institution in society which concerns itself with social values is religion. Religion universalizes our ideas and values and intensifies them. It furnishes a control capable of bringing about universal good-will.

A religionless civilization could not exist, for civilization has developed about patterns, and only religion, not science, can universalize our pattern ideas. Of all the religions, Elwood believes that Christianity is the best religion for the socialization of individuals, which he believes to be a desirable process. The Christianity of today, however, has failed in the past through too little attention to the findings of modern science, and men's social needs. If, however, a more national, revitalized and socialized christianity could revive the religious spirit and bring religion into harmony with science and democracy, it would furnish a control which is competent to bring about universal good-will, the motivation for a better social order.

Such are the ideas expressed in *Man's Social Destiny*. Your reviewer found it a welcomed pleasure to read a book which has an optimistic view in these days when so many of our writers see nothing but decadence in our contemporary civilization.

## Italy and Civilization

**V**IRGIL, the bimillenary of whose birth has been celebrated by hundreds of cultural societies in this country and abroad during the past year, is the most widely read poet of every land and age. For his poetry and his themes, universal in their scope and application, have lost none of their beauty by being translated into all the languages of the civilized world.

As His Excellency Nobile Giacomo De Martino, Italian Ambassador to the United States, says: "During practically all the years of the two millennia that have elapsed since Virgil's birth, his work has been a golden mine of incalculable richness for the delight of mature minds, a mighty stimulus to the creative artist. Because the poet expressed himself in terms beyond the usual limitations of time and space; because his conception of the problems of life illuminated the experiences of man of every age and clime; because he clothed his ideas with the utmost beauty, melody and significance of which human words seem to be capable, Virgil is as real to us, as vital in the life of today, as he was to his own Rome."

The Director General of Fine Arts in the Italian Ministry of National Education, Signor Roberto Paribeni, in an article in the January issue of "The Golden Book" points out, also, that although Virgil may not be Italy's greatest poet, he is certainly her dearest one. "Surpassed by the immensity of Dante's vastness of conception, Virgil is, none the less, the poet who, more than any other, summarizes in himself the most characteristic gifts of the Italian spirit: the love of rusticity, the passion for agriculture, the sense of justice and of duty."

**W**E seldom stop to consider how commonplace an attribute of civilization photography is. Yet we have occasionally wished for a camera that could take pictures in their natural colors—of, perhaps, a blazing sunset, or the strange blue of a lake at twilight. Now there steps forward an Italian, Luigi Cristiani, an electrical engineer of Milan, with a new process of color photography, announced and demonstrated at a recent meeting of the New York Business

Paper Editors.

While those engaged in marketing the process say it will for the present be available only to industrial concerns and advertising companies, it is probable that in three or four months it will be available to the amateur. The process requires three photographs of the same object on three separate ordinary negatives. These negatives are developed in the ordinary way and then are printed on three sheets of specially prepared cellophane colored blue, red and yellow respectively. These thin sheets are then superimposed on one another and mounted on cardboard or paper, and the result is a natural-appearing picture in the three primary colors.

**D**R. GABRIELE TERRA, recently elected president of the Republic of Uruguay, and for some time before the Uruguayan Minister to Rome, is of Italian descent, a fact that is not generally known.

**W**HEN Mr. Bernardino Molinari, last month, made his first appearance of the season at Carnegie Hall as conductor of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, he opened his program with the Concerto Grosso No. 8, in G Minor (the "Christmas" Concerto) of Arcangelo Corelli, (1653-1713), whom Mr. Gilman, editor of the Society's program notes, not only calls "the greatest violin player of his day," but whom, as composer, he credits with having "advanced materially the art of concerted instrumental writing." Important as Corelli's influence on music was—he invented many of the characteristic devices of later composers—Parry, in his *Evolution of the Art of Music*, asserts that "Corelli's works stand at the head of . . . all modern instrumental music, for hardly anything written before his time appeals to the modern hearer as being sufficiently mature to be tolerable. . . . The appearance of crude helplessness and uncertainty which characterizes the works of earlier composers is no longer perceptible. This was indeed an extremely important step to have achieved, and

can hardly be overrated as indicating an epoch in art. His works are the earliest examples of pure instrumental music which have maintained any hold upon lovers of the Art."

**I**T is pretty generally a safe bet, concerning most ideas for inventions, that "Da Vinci did it first." This amazingly versatile genius, the painter of "Mona Lisa," "The Last Supper" and other works of the ages, is also credited with having invented the homely but useful wheelbarrow, the rotating smokestack that turns with the wind, and the flexible roller chain used on bicycle sprockets. According to Edwin W. Teale, writing in *Popular Science Monthly* some time ago, he is even credited with the plus and minus signs used in arithmetic, and Da Vinci's plans, as far back as the 16th and 17th centuries, for an airplane, are well known.

Once "Leonardo was invited to the court of Milan to play the harp and sing his own compositions. While there . . . Caesar Borgia made him military engineer in charge of canals and waterways. In this capacity he formulated some of the earliest laws of hydraulics. He planned a canal from Pisa to Florence, diverting the waters of the Arno. Two hundred years after his death it was constructed exactly as he had projected it."

He found relaxation in devising new tools and machines, and though no one man could carry out all the designs of his brain, his steps were invariably in the right direction. He devised an early form of automobile to be run by a spring motor, a diving suit, a life belt, he drew the first map of the globe to include America and an Antarctic continent, and even "before Columbus sailed from Spain, Leonardo not only maintained that the earth was round, but calculated its diameter at more than 7,000 miles. The actual diameter, as now accepted, is about 7,900 miles." Even in physiology Leonardo excelled, knowing more about the human body than any other man of his day, through the body-dissections he made in preparation for his paintings. Before Harvey, he knew something about the circulation of the blood; before Copernicus, he declared that the sun did not move, but that the earth revolved about it; and before Galileo, he proposed a telescope, making a note in his manuscript: "Construct glasses to see the moon enlarged."

# General Pershing, Marshal Joffre and Italy in the World War

IN the installment of General Pershing's Memoirs which appeared on February 3, 1931, the former chief of the A. E. F. pointed out that, if Italy had its Caporetto, so did the French and the British suffer "disastrous defeats." He recalled that on Dec. 16, 1917, General Petain brought reports from Italy which were far from encouraging and how "the opinion was expressed in certain French circles that they should take over the Italian army and reorganize it if there was to be anything effective expected on that front. Another suggestion was that a French Chief of Staff be appointed for the Italians, and that the President of the United States, as a distinguished friend, should put the proposition forward with the necessary pressure to accomplish it. But, of course, no such change was necessary or even remotely possible." Yet in the installment which appeared the day before, the American general wrote, "The Italians seemed to have recovered their morale to a limited extent, with the stiffening of their lines by British and French divisions, and had successfully held their own against the Austrian attack on the Piave."

As the latter statement may lead some people to accept as true some of the assertions put forward by French writers in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" regarding conditions on the Italian front after Caporetto and the part that General Foch played therein, it may not be out of place to clarify once more the situation as it existed in those days.

After the Italian disaster, as General Pershing relates, the Allies had very little faith in the Italian army and had planned to establish their lines of defense on the Po-Mincio line and even farther back. The stand on the Piave was discouraged by General Foch, who did not believe that the Italians could hold the Piave line. If the Italians stood on the Piave the

credit should go to King Victor Emmanuel III and to General Cadorna. The Piave line, as a matter of fact, had been chosen many years before the World War and was selected as the objective of the general manoeuvres of the Italian Army in 1903. At the meeting at Peschiera, where the decision to make a stand on the Piave was taken, it was indeed King Victor who insisted on that point. On that occasion, it is said, General Foch, coming out of the meeting, exclaimed, referring to the King of Italy: "Good Heavens, that man is really a King."

As to the stiffening of the Italian lines by the British and French troops, it should not be forgotten that the Italian armies stood alone to stem the onrush of the enemy. Only recently Marshal Petain in his inaugural address before the French Academy stressed the fact that the Italian troops stopped the advancing Austro-German armies without any military assistance from the allies.

General Mangin in his book "Comment Finit la Guerre" also made that clear when he wrote: "The position was stabilized before the arrival of the French troops" (page 158). H. W. Steed, the former editor of the *London Times*, who opposed Italian aims at the Peace Conference and who had the opportunity to study the situation well, wrote:

"Little by little, the Italians rallied and strengthened their position on the Piave line. For this rally they deserve the more credit since the British and French reinforcements did not actually go into the line until it could be seen whether the Italians had recovered enough morale to stand. This question—whether the Allied reinforcements should be used at once or whether they should be held in reserve was one of the most critical of the war.

Had they been thrown in at once, as the Italian Command wished,

and had the Italian troops then given way in other parts of the line, the British and French divisions would have been needlessly sacrificed or overwhelmed in the debacle. But the very fact that the reinforcements were there nerved the Italians to gallant efforts and made it also a point of national honour that they should stop the Austro-German offensive unaided." (*Through Thirty Years*, Vol. 11—page 148.)

Thomas Nelson Page, American Ambassador to Italy from 1913 to 1919, explains the situation as follows:

"The story was published in the countries of the Allies that Italy was saved by the British and French contingents sent to her relief, and this has become the generally accepted story. It is not a correct statement of fact. That the relief promised and sent to Italy had a great moral effect in stiffening the Italian morale is undoubted, and, possibly, this has not been sufficiently recognized in Italy. But the fact is that the fighting that was done on the Piave at that time was done by the Italians themselves. The only active military assistance her armies received immediately in that crisis was from her own naval forces, who were brought in to help defend the lower Piave. They improvised rafts and floating batteries and, bringing them into the lagoon and mouths of the Piave, contributed efficiently to the salvation of Venice and the Venetian Plain; and, as turned out, of Italy and of the Allied cause.

"Italy was ready to fight, but she must have food and coal and steel. The representatives of France and England returned to France satisfied, and troops began to come into Italy. They could not, however, in any event, be got in to the fighting zone for two weeks, and the Italians set themselves to the task to save Venice. The French and British troops were not sent to the front at all in that crisis; for they were

needed. The four French divisions were stationed behind the Po-Mincio line, convenient to the defense of the front from the Stelvio to Lake Garda, and were later placed south of Bassano as a general reserve. The British were, as they arrived, placed in the region about Mantua, behind the front lines. They were, in the first days of December, sent to relieve the worn First Army in the Montello Sector; and the French were, a day or two later, brought up into line to relieve the Italians in the Monfenera-Revassacca Sector.

"By the time the British and French had arrived at these positions, the crisis had passed on the Piave. The Austrians had been definitely stopped, and were taking their revenge by harrying the unfortunate inhabitants of the countryside on the eastern side of the river, who had not been able to escape. The aid that the British and French rendered at that time was substantial, but was wholly moral and economic. The military aid that they rendered was later on." (*Italy and the World War*—Pp. 317-318).

In connection with the recent death of Marshal Joffre, we have read quite a few stories and facts relating to the part that he played in the battle of the Marne, but not in one of the many eulogies and editorials about him, not even in Italian papers in this country, have we noticed mention of the influence of Italian neutrality on that famous battle.

It may not be amiss, therefore, to recall what Commander Sorb wrote on the subject in "La Tribuna" of Rome, of May 30, 1930.

Referring to Deputy Delcroix's address before the Italian Parliament, to the effect that "with out Italy's neutrality France could not have been able to counteract on the Marne," Commander Sorb explained in detail how Italian neutrality undoubtedly prevented a decisive defeat for the Allies. He quoted General H. von Kuhl, for-

mer chief of staff of the von Kluck army, (which constituted the right wing of the German front and which through its retreat brought about the French victory; who in his book "The Battle of the Marne," stated: "Italy by virtue of the Triple Alliance had promised Germany to send in case of war five army corps and two cavalry divisions. That promise was renewed in the fall of 1913, with the exception that instead of five army corps Italy was to send only three, the cavalry contingent remaining the same. In March, 1914, or four months before the outbreak of the World War, the Germans asked for a formal agreement to that effect which, however, was not concluded because of the outbreak of the war. Italy's neutrality, therefore, deprived the Germans of the assistance of three army corps and two cavalry divisions, which would have helped considerably to reinforce their right wing and thus make possible a German victory on the Marne.

But that was not enough. Italian neutrality allowed France to take care rapidly and without disorders of the transportation of 38,000 men from Algeria in August, 1914. Thus, after the battle of Charleroi colonial troops were available on the French front.

Italian neutrality, moreover, made it possible for France to use on the German front large contingents of troops which were destined for the Italian frontier in case of Italy's siding with the Central powers. It is therefore indisputable, said Commander Sorb, that Italian neutrality turned the scales in favor of France at the time of the battle of the Marne.

It is known that the German defeat was due to an order by the German Staff, dated August 26, 1914, which transferred two army corps from the French to the Russian lines. If the Italians had taken their place by the Germans on the Marne, operations on the Italian front would certainly have begun at once, and as the French

General Staff had planned to leave there only reduced effectives, one can easily imagine how that which happened to the Germans in Eastern Prussia, through the Russian offensive, would have happened to the French; consequently French Troops would have been needed on the Italian front to stem the Italian offensive.

The transportation of French colonial troops then would have been made possible only by way of Morocco, which would have delayed their arrival in France and their use on the Western front a month after the declaration of the war. It should also be considered that public opinion in France might have requested that colonial troops be left in Africa for fear of an Italian invasion of Tunisia.

If we take all these factors into consideration, concluded Commander Sorb, one may safely state that Italian neutrality made it possible for France to use in the Battle of the Marne a larger number of troops, to win the battle and to save the country. "Indeed," according to von Kuhl, "a defeat on the Marne would have had a disastrous effect on French morale. Paris and Verdun, the two key positions of the French defensive system, would have fallen."

The occupation of Paris would have brought about the German occupation of Northern France and of the North Sea coast as far south as the mouth of the Seine. France thus would have been separated, at least directly, from England. "If the Germans had succeeded in occupying Calais," wrote Marshal Foch, "we would have been in a precarious position."

If the Germans had won at the Marne, if they had reached the North Coast, they would have been able to organize an intensive submarine warfare against English commerce, and to shell London from Calais.

Therefore, Italy, through her neutrality, did a great service not only to France but also to Great Britain.

—G. S.



# The Italo-American National Union

**T**HE largest and most important Italian organization in the Midwest section of the United States, and undoubtedly one of the most important in the whole country, is the Italo-American National Union. With an adult membership of about 5000, and with 1500 juvenile members to count upon as future adult members, few societies are more firmly entrenched in their localities than this fraternal organization, which now has over 50 lodges.

In its 35 years of existence the Union has issued policies amounting to over \$7,000,000, and it has paid, in death claims, over \$1,000,000. Its general fund, as of last November, was \$169,800.46. All the members of the society carry insurance varying from \$300 to \$1,500 (soon to be raised to \$10,000), and in case of sickness a member is entitled to free medical assistance and to an average weekly allowance of \$15 to start from the first week. They pay from a minimum of \$1.40 to a maximum of \$4.75 a month, including insurance premium, while the expense of management is provided for by a monthly per capita fee of twenty cents.

When it was first organized in 1895 in Chicago, it went under the name of *Unione Siciliana*, but thirty years later, in 1925, it changed its name to Italo-American National Union, so as to widen its scope, and admit other Italians besides Sicilians. Now, according to members of its Supreme Council, the Union is planning the construction of a modern building for its own uses, as well as the establishment of a home for the aged and an orphan asylum. It has its own official publication, a monthly called "The I.A.N.U. Bulletin," now in its sixth year, edited by Mr. Vincent Ferrara, with Mr. D. Frank Coccia as co-editor. Among such a large juvenile membership, too, it is only to be expected that many of them

are of athletic bent, and active in sports. Their basketball and football teams are both excellent.

At the head of this numerically



Mr. Costantino Vitello, President of the Italo-American National Union

vast organization, in the capacity of Supreme President, is Mr. Costantino Vitello, now in his fifties, who came to this country as a young man from his native Grotte, in Sicily, to seek his fortune. Much of the credit for bringing the organization to its present flourishing conditions should go to him, for he has never spared either time or money to advance the good fortunes of his association. Other officers are Vincent E. Ferrara, Supreme Treasurer, who is recognized by all as one of the leaders of the Italians in Chicago, and who has given the Italo-American National Union the benefit of his vast technical knowledge and his experience as banker and businessman; Pasquale Scaduto, Supreme Secretary; Thomas H. Landise, Counsel; Dr. S. Ingrao, Medical Director; Ciro Balbano, 1st vice-President, and Leo Buonaventura, 2nd vice-president. The members of the administrative council include Domenico Tinaglia, Salvatore Faso, Vincenzo Schicchi, Vincenzo

Prosapio, Rocco Guglielmucci, Sante Clausi, Michele Nardulli and Pietro Bianco.

Last summer a delegation of the Italo-American National Union was received by Premier Mussolini to whom Mr. Vitello, on behalf of the Union, presented a check for 100,000 lire (about \$5000) to be used for the relief of the Italian earthquake victims. That, however, was not the first instance in which the Union has given without stint to help Italians in the Peninsula and in the United States.

The total of the charitable and patriotic contributions that have been made by this remarkable institution since its inception is well over \$50,000. The largest single item was that of \$6000 raised for the relief of the sufferers in the famous Aetna eruption of a few years ago, with the recent donation of \$5000 for last year's earthquake victims next largest in size. Other sums given unselfishly in the past few years have been \$2500 to the victims of the Messina earthquake, and \$2000 each respectively for the relief of the victims of the Calabria earthquake, the families of the Tripoli war dead, for the orphans of the World War, for the War blind, for the Chicago Bazaar of the Allies in the World War, and for the Italian invalids of the World War, as well as many other smaller, but no less important beneficences.

Today one can say without fear of contradiction that the Italo-American National Union occupies a dominating position in the Italian colony of Chicago. Always first to help, it is always ready to bring its powerful influence to the support of any cause that will enhance the prestige of the Italians.

Soon the Italo-American National Union expects to widen its field of action by increasing the amount of the policy of each one of its members, so that one can easily foretell that in the near future it will become one of the leading fraternal insurance companies in the country.



# Chief Peter J. Siccardi

## of the Bergen County, N. J., Police

AS head of the first aerial police department in this country, and probably in the world, Chief Peter J. Siccardi of the Bergen County (N. J.) Police is commonly called the "Sky Cop." It was on March 22, 1929, that the Bergen County Board of Freeholders, after some intensive agitation on his part, authorized him to form such an aerial unit, to comprise 2 airplanes and 4 police pilots. After this, other cities, notably New York, adopted the idea, using them to examine licenses and airports, and to assist in general police work.

Although there are now three other Italian police chiefs in New Jersey—Anthony Magrino of Fairview, Frank Borelli of Cliffside, and Nicholas Perripato of Garfield—the first Italian police chief in the United States was Siccardi, who, incidentally, was also the first motorcycle policeman in Bergen County, in 1912.

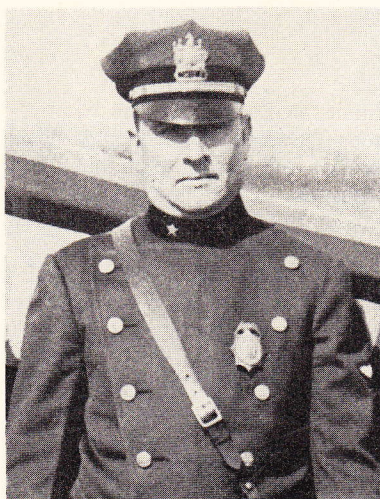
Chief Siccardi has lived in only two places in his life. He was born in Sullivan Street, New York City, July 9, 1885, and it was 20 years later that he moved out to Hackensack, in Bergen County, where he started as a patrolman. During this time he has made himself known not only in his county, but throughout the State.

One of his outstanding characteristics is his use of modern inventions in police work. Besides being a pioneer in motorcycle policing, and his primacy in the use of the airplane for that special purpose, he has also gone on the air, broadcasting police alarms and giving weekly talks on traffic over WBMS. The latter have brought him hundreds of congratulatory letters from other police heads.

Chief Siccardi is an intimate friend of many of the country's leading aviators. It was Clarence Chamberlain who taught him to

fly. He was Bernt Balchen's best man when that distinguished airman was married recently, and not only is he a close friend of Lindbergh, but in the past, when the latter came to New Jersey, Siccardi always accompanied him as his personal bodyguard.

But it is traffic and all the prob-



Chief Siccardi

lems associated with it that interest him most. Notwithstanding the fact that Bergen County is the main outlet for the States of New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania, with 280 miles of improved road, it has had for many years the lowest death rate from traffic causes than any other county in the State. Traffic constitutes the greatest continual problem facing the police today, in his opinion, for it has many ramifications, and it dovetails with the prevention of crime.

It was his knowledge of traffic conditions that last June, 1930, made him one of the vice-presidents of the International Association of Police Chiefs, an organization composed of some 1100 members from all over the world. As far back as

1922, at the annual convention in San Francisco, he was appointed to the first Traffic Commission of that body, and he has also been a member of its Executive and Ways and Means Committees. At the Association's 33rd annual convention at Chicago in 1923 he helped draw up a uniform law for the operation of motor vehicles in this country and Canada, a system still in use.

For his adopted State of New Jersey, he was a member of the Commission of the New Jersey State Chiefs Association that formulated a uniform system of traffic signals to be used by policemen. This system is now used by all the police departments in New Jersey. Mr. Siccardi is a former president of the New Jersey State Chiefs Association. He has been one of the first in authority to agitate for a minimum speed law on highways, in the belief that slow traffic on such roads is a danger. Now he is working on a law to this effect which is to be put up before the State Legislature. In view of his intensive activity in the field of traffic, he has been consistently mentioned as New Jersey's next State Motor Vehicle Commissioner.

Outside of his capacity as Police Chief for Bergen County in Hackensack, he is a member of many societies and organizations. Among these are the Order Sons of Italy, the Italian-American Republican Club of Bergen County, the Christ College Lodge of the Moose (of which he is Past Dictator), the Hackensack Elks, and the Shrine.

Policing today, thinks Chief Siccardi, is no longer just a matter of "breaking up crap games" as in the old days. Today it is a recognized calling, requiring a knowledge of law and human nature, and as such it is underpaid.

# WHO'S



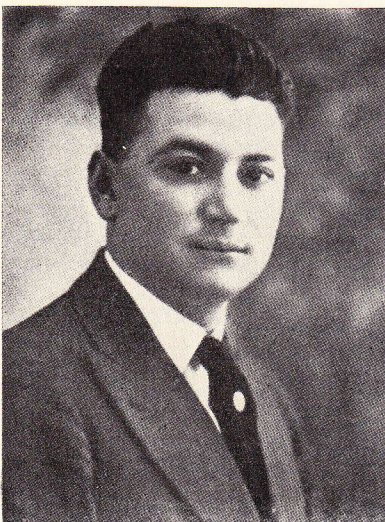
Mr. Ralph Ciluzzi  
of New York

Though he started out as a druggist, Mr. Ralph Ciluzzi is now, at 45, one of New York's big builders, as well as Vice-President of the Italian Historical Society. His latest skyscraper is now rising at Riverside Drive and 95th Street, an imposing apartment house. Mr. Ciluzzi was 14 when he came to New York from his native town of Staletti in Calabria, Italy, his first job paying him \$2 a week. After graduating from the Buffalo College of Pharmacy, at 21, he opened up a drugstore which soon grew into a chain of five. But something told him to sell out and enter real estate. Now he is one of New York's leaders in that field, employing some 600 men when business is good.

Mr. Brogna, one of the busiest of men, is Chairman of the Unemployment Committee in Boston, Overseer of Public Welfare, Grand Venerable of the Order Sons of Italy for Massachusetts, and for the past 12 years has been general counsel for the International Hod Carriers' Building and Common Laborers' Union of America. He was formerly counsel for the Italian Consulate at Boston, and in 1922 was appointed Assistant District Attorney for Suffolk County, the first Italian ever to hold such a position in Massachusetts. Besides being a member of the Democratic State Committee since 1911, he served in the House of Representatives in 1912, 1913, 1914, 1916 and 1917. Born in Italy in 1887, he came to Boston in 1893, and was graduated from the Boston University Law School in 1908.



Mr. Vincent Brogna  
of Boston



Mr. Daniel J. Scrocco  
of Newark

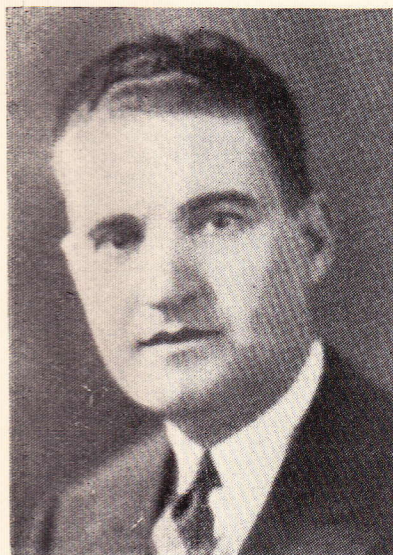
The Mercantile Land and Lakewood Studio Companies not long ago engaged Mr. Daniel J. Scrocco as architect for designing and supervising the construction of the Moving Picture Studios and Radio Broadcasting Station Building, soon to rise on the 4000 acres owned by them in Pine Forest Manor, near Lakewood, N. J. One million dollars is the estimated cost of this project. Born in 1892 at Alberon, Italy, Mr. Scrocco came to America at the age of 15. Working during the day and studying at night, he was soon able to go into architecture, in which field he has become builder, contractor, real estate man and architect all in one. He has erected scores of buildings, and the home designed for himself in Newark, the Villa Scrocco, has been widely commented on as a model.

# WHO

The Leppert Roos Fur Company of St. Louis, of which Mr. Anthony G. Solari is President, bulks large in the Middle West, doing an average annual volume of business of over five hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Solari, who was born at Sopra La Croce, Genoa, in Italy, 64 years ago, came to America in 1874. He started with the Leppert Roos firm in 1879 as an errand boy at two dollars a week, and, little by little, he worked his way up, becoming superintendent in 1890 and finally, in 1917, president. Among the many organizations of which Mr. Solari is a member are the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce, the St. Louis Retail Association, the Ethical Society, Knights of Pythias, Rotary Club, Optimist Club, and the Elks.



Mr. Anthony G. Solari  
of St. Louis



Mr. William P. Ortale  
of Pittsburgh

Recently Mr. William P. Ortale was elected Chairman of the Committee for an Italian Hall in the projected Cathedral of Learning of the University of Pittsburgh. Mr. Ortale, moreover, is president of the Bank of America Trust Co., capitalized at over a million, owner of the Ortale Contracting Co., President of the Pittsburgh Commissary Co., Secretary and Treasurer of the Masta Publishing Co., and Treasurer of the Ormiston Press, Inc. He is also treasurer of the International Cooperative Club, life member and one of the founders of the Keystone Athletic Club, and member of the Pittsburgh Athletic Association. When Mr. Ortale came to this country in 1905, he worked as errand boy at a dollar a day.

The J. B. Zingrone X-Ray Laboratory is known in Chicago as one of the finest in the entire Middle West. Besides being its owner, Mr. Zingrone is Director of the X-Ray Department at the Mercy Hospital in Chicago, as well as Instructor of Radiology at the Medical School of Loyola University, and Lecturer for the American Catholic Hospital Association. It is generally conceded that Mr. Zingrone is the originator of the X-Ray treatment in whooping cough. He was born at Iaccurso, Catanaro, in Italy, 42 years ago, and his start in life in this country, in 1906, was as elevator boy.



Mr. John B. Zingrone  
of Chicago

# The Italians in the United States

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

## ALABAMA

Mr. Elviro Di Laura of Birmingham has been active in upholding the cause of the Italians in that part of the State. He has written letters to his city's newspapers, answering unjust and false allegations whenever they appeared. Recently the *Birmingham News* published a letter from him memorializing Virgil, while the *Birmingham Post* printed a long answer of his to a "Mussolini vs America" series which it had been running

## ARIZONA

The Italian Fraternal Society of Globe has elected the following officers for 1931: A. Giacomo, pres.; G. Uccini, vice-pres.; D. Revello, treas.; J. Perlino, recording sec.; D. Rosa, fin. sec.

## CALIFORNIA

Mr. Frederick A. Marianetti has been made manager of the San Mateo branch of the Bank of America, having already acted in that capacity for several months. Mr. Marianetti started working with the Bank of Italy (now Bank of America) in 1907, and has been at the San Mateo branch since 1917.

Comes the news from San Francisco that Mr. Giacomo Tassano, president of the Stockton Gardeners' Association, and Capt. Giovanni Del Lungo, secretary of the Italian Book Exposition held there last year, have been made Chevaliers of the Crown of Italy.

With simple ceremonies, Mr. Angelo J. Rossi was last month inducted into office as Mayor of San Francisco. Among his first official acts, he confirmed the selection of Mr. Cesare Restani as San Francisco's Fire Commissioner.

In line with pre-announced plans for the simplification of the administrative structure of the Transamerica Corporation, the Transamerica Realty Holding Company has been formed to take care of all properties of the Corporation. Among the directors of the new company are A. P. Giannini, L. M. Giannini, James A. Bacigalupo, C. P. Cuneo, V. D. Giannini and A. Pedrini.

The Hollywood Civic Grand Opera gave its first presentation of the season last month. Its director is Maestro Aldo Franchetti.

Among the speakers at the inauguration of James Rolph as Governor of California were Angelo J. Rossi,

Mayor of San Francisco, and Supervisor Sylvester Andriano.

The S. S. California, which has initiated a direct Italy-California service, was warmly greeted when it anchored in San Francisco harbor last month. An elaborate program of welcome was presented in which there took part, among others, Governor Rolph, Mayor Rossi, and Vice-Consul Mellini.

An interesting lecture was given last month by Capt. Giovanni Del Lungo before La Giovinetza Club of Los Angeles at the Town House. Capt. Del Lungo, who was recently made a Chevalier of the Crown of Italy, spoke in Italian on Italian writers who died in the War and on Trench Folklore.

The object of the club is to promote interest in the study of Italian. Among the lectures in Italian to be delivered before it in the future, under the direction of Dr. Mellini Ponce De Leon, Italian Vice-Consul for Los Angeles, are "Italy of Today" by Dr. Bruno Averardi of the University of Florence; "Sicily—Legends, Traditions, Customs" by F. B. Averardi; and "Italian Writers of Today from Fogazzaro to Papini" by Dr. Angela Caruso Spadea of the University of Rome.

## COLORADO

Among the new officers of the Vegetable Association Corporation of Denver are the following: William Rossi, pres. and treas.; Directors: John Di Tulio, Anthony Mastrangelo, John Labriola, Crescenzo Tibaldi, Nicholas Paolini, Nicholas Rossi, Nicholas Quaratini, Davide Fanella.

Warren Delliquadri, of Pueblo, has been appointed Chief Clerk in the Pueblo County Clerk's Office.

The Society Fedelta Italiana Vittorio Emanuele III of Pueblo has elected the following officers for 1931: Past Grand Pres., Giovanni Mastronardi; Pres.: Carlo Occhiato; Vice-Pres.: Charles D. Palma; Rec. Sec.: Lazzaro Ciavarelli; Fin. Sec.: Giovanni Pannunzio; Treas.: Giovanni Muzzio; Board Chairman: Liberato Izzarelli.

## CONNECTICUT

Il *Corriere del Connecticut* of New Haven, edited and published by G. Santella, celebrated last December its 35th anniversary.

In Hartford, the following Italians have been appointed to important positions: David E. Marcello: Police Board; Alderman Rocco D. Pallotti: Parks Committee; Patrick J. De Pasquale:

Street Board; Rocco Sagarino: Charities Board; and Anthony J. Pagano: Building Commission.

The Mayor of Bridgeport has appointed Mr. Ralph Piccolo as one of the members of the Sanitary Committee.

Some 500 people attended the first annual banquet of the Washington Club of New Haven. Frank Sposa was toastmaster, and among the speakers were Cav. P. De Cicco, Italian Vice-Consul; G. Mazzacane, president of the Club; and Atty. G. Di Cenzo, also of the Club.

State Senator Don Cambria was one of a committee of three recently selected by the Chamber of Commerce to draw up a law to be presented in the Legislature, to create a Civil Tribunal for Middletown in cases below \$100.

At a recent meeting of the Italian-American Democratic Club of New Britain the following officers were elected for 1931: Salvatore Butera, pres.; Anthony Gozzo, vice-pres.; Samuel A. Nesta, sec.; Paul Mangiafico, fin. sec.; Dr. A. L. Avitabile, treas.; and Filadelfio Coro, sergeant at arms.

The following officers for the current year were elected by the Circolo Italiano of New Haven at a recent meeting: Ettore Frattari, pres.; Giuseppe Barraco, vice-pres.; Giuseppe La Valle, corr. Sec.; Antonio Ferrara, fin. sec.; Michele P. Ferrara, treas.

At the initiative of Mr. Pasquale Giangrande, a banquet was recently held in honor of Dr. Louis Mastroianni of New Haven, at the Peacock Inn.

The new officers of the Societa San Sisto of Southington, elected last month, are as follows: Nicola Landino, pres.; Louis Terafino, vice-pres.; John Rungi, corr. sec.; John Carboni, fin. sec.; and Pasquale Rich, treas.

Dr. Gaetano R. Sandulli of Waterbury, has been appointed one of the six physicians for the city's schools. Born in Waterbury, Dr. Sandulli attended the medical colleges of Amherst and Tufts.

Miss Elvera G. Pepe of Waterbury gave an exhibition not long ago at her home of the many paintings she has executed. During the three days of the exhibition, many people crowded the house to see and admire her work. At Notre Dame Convent in Waterbury, Miss Pepe won a high school medal for art, and at Mount St. Joseph's Academy, where she was graduated in the class of 1928, she specialized in arts

and crafts, and interior decorating. She recently also won a medal at Marymount College for superior ability in art.

The Waterbury Unico Club held its first supper-meeting of the year last month at the Hotel Waterbury, with W. H. Harris, secretary of the Lincoln House, as chief speaker. He was introduced by Atty. Fred Palomba, president of the Club.

Later in the month, another meeting of the same kind was held, at which the speaker of the evening was Prof. P. S. Zampiere, of the Bridgeport Junior College. Dr. F. Martucci also spoke.

## DELAWARE

Under the auspices of the Italo-American Citizens League of Wilmington, a meeting was recently held in that city to form a Dante Alighieri Society. Its officers are: James Gallo, pres.; L. Schiavoni, vice-pres.; Atty. Errigo, treas.; G. Marano, corr. sec.; D. Salomone, fin. sec.; and G. Cerchio, sergeant-at-arms.

## WASHINGTON, D. C.

One of twelve naval officers selected recently by the Navy Department for postgraduate study in naval construction was Mario G. Vangeli of Erie, Pa.

At the Royal Italian Embassy recently a reception was held in honor of the American Association of Professors and Instructors of Modern Languages, which had been holding a convention in Washington. His Excellency Ambassador De Martino addressed those present on the development of the study of Italian in the United States.

## ILLINOIS

At a recent meeting of the Italian Athletic Club of Chicago, Andrea Lucchesi was re-elected president for 1931. Other officers elected: C. Tali-ani, vice-pres.; G. Di Piero, treas.; A. Marselli, corr. sec.; J. Gloira, fin. sec.

Mr. Vincent E. Ferrara, Assistant Cashier of the North Avenue State Bank of Chicago, and Supreme Treasurer of the Italo-American National Union, left last Jan. 14th from New York on a business trip to Europe and Africa, together with the president of the institution, Mr. Landon C. Rose.

The Justinian Society of Italian lawyers of Chicago has elected the following officers for 1931: John B. Meccia, pres.; Frank De Bartolo, vice-pres.; Antonio Caliendo, treas.; and C. J. Bisesi, sec.

The Banco di Napoli Trust Company of Chicago recently received its Charter from the State Auditor of Public Accounts. The new banking company, backed by the great Banco di Napoli, will begin operations sometime in February.

Prof. Giorgio Abetti, director of the Rockefeller Foundation's astronomical observatory at Arcetri, near Florence, Italy, and vice-president of the Inter-

national Astronomers' Association, is at present in Chicago, after having visited the New Haven, Mount Wilson and Lick Observatories in this country, and given lectures at the University of California.

The Arcolian Dental Arts Society of Chicago, which is composed of the Italian members of the dental profession, recently held a dance and reception at the Lake Shore Athletic Club. The officers of the Society are August Pecaro, pres.; William J. Serritella, vice-pres.; Carl J. Madda, sec.; and Rocco P. Tufo, treas. The latter also acted as Chairman of the Dance Committee.

## INDIANA

The Italians of South Bend, Indiana have recently organized themselves into an organization to be known as the society of Mutuo Soccorso di Cristoforo Colombo. The officers are: president, Giuseppe Muia; vice-president, Paolo Sergi; treasurer, Antonio Vumbaca.

## LOUISIANA

Corrado Albruzzio, artist and architect, who not long ago returned from Italy after a 3-year stay, recently held an exhibition of his work at the Arts and Crafts Club in New Orleans. A previous exhibition of his at the American Academy in Rome was warmly praised.

At a recent meeting of the Congregazione e Fratellanza Italiana di San Bartolomeo Apostolo of New Orleans, the following officers for 1931 were elected: Francesco Alaïmo, pres.; Onofrio Rando, 1st vice-pres.; Domenico Compagno, 2nd vice-pres.; Tommaso Picone, corr. sec.; Angelo Biscotto, fin. sec.; and Tommaso Greco, treas.

## MARYLAND

Mr. S. R. Mancuso, of Baltimore, editor of "Il Risorgimento," has been elected to the Board of Directors of the Baltimore Press Club.

Mr. Luigi Cavaliere, upon the recommendation of Congressman Vincent L. Palmisano of Maryland, has been appointed to an important position in the Baltimore Recorder's Office.

The Modern Noodle and Macaroni Works, Inc. of Baltimore, has elected the following officers for 1931: J. Madison Maggitti, pres.; C. Francioni, 1st vice-pres.; A. Fiorini, 2nd vice-pres.; Thomas Balducci, treas. and general mgr.; A. De Leonebus, sec.; and A. M. Balducci, asst. sec. and treas.

## MASSACHUSETTS

More than 600 people from various parts of Massachusetts attended the testimonial banquet held at the Copley-Plaza last month in honor of Judge Felix Forte, recently appointed to the bench. The toastmaster was Joseph A. Tomasello, who also acted as chairman of the committee on arrangements, which included Paul Cifrino, treas.; Thomas Nutile, sec.; and Atty. Sebastian Smedile, exec. sec.

Mrs. Joseph A. Tomasello was unanimously elected president recently of the newly-organized Italian Legion Auxiliary of Boston. Among the other officers elected were Emelia De Ferrari, vice-pres.; Grace Tomasello, rec. sec.; Dalmi Carli, corr. sec.; and Maria Verdi, treas.

Thomas A. Gemelli, of Boston, has been appointed Probation Officer in the Roxbury Municipal Court.

The Chatterbox Club, an Italian girls' organization of Boston, last month gave its 12th annual ball at the Hotel Somerset, the proceeds, as usual, going for charity. The committee arranging the affair was composed of the Misses Rose Meninna, Lucy LeMarca, Edna Grovo, Isabelle Barone and Rose Arata.

Mrs. Ernest A. Lepore and Joseph A. Popardo, of Agawam and Springfield respectively, have been appointed Deputy Sheriffs for the County of Hampden.

The Italian Athletic Club of Boston recently elected the following new officers: Felix Faloretti, pres.; Dan Fillos, vice-pres.; Joseph De Favri, corr. sec.; Giulio Francesconi, fin. sec.; and Ferruccio Vedani, treas.

The Italian Art Club Orchestra of Boston is being formed under the guidance of Mario Forziati of Medford. It is expected to give its first presentation toward the end of February.

Mr. John Bianchi of Boston is one of the jury of 12 to award the 10 prizes for advertising founded by Edward W. Bok in 1923, as announced recently at the Harvard School of Business Administration.

The Revere Municipal Council has increased the salary of its Mayor, Andrew A. Casassa, from \$3500 to \$5000 a year.

The Quincy Municipal Council recently held a banquet in honor of Mr. Angelo P. Bizzozero, retiring president of the Council, who had been a member of that body for many years.

Upsilon chapter, the Harvard branch of the Alpha Phi Delta national fraternity, recently held its first smoker of the school year at the Hotel Kenmore in Boston. Not long ago, too, the Upsilon (Harvard), Sigma (Boston Univ.) and Tau (M. I. T.) chapters united in giving an informal dance at M. I. T.'s Walker Memorial Hall.

The Italian-American Political Club of Massachusetts, Inc. has elected the following officers for 1931: Nino Alessandrini, pres.; Carlo Ripaldi, vice-pres.; Pacifico Pace, sec.; Angelo Di Santo, vice-sec.; A. Di Stefano, fin. sec.; and Attilio Adami, treas.

## MICHIGAN

Atty. Cosimo Minardo, of Detroit, has been appointed Assistant District Attorney, to fill the position left vacant by Atty. Capizzi's appointment as Assistant Attorney General.

Atty. Andrea Di Maggio of Detroit is a candidate for Judge of the Com-

1st vice-pres.; Vincenzo Buompane, 2nd vice-pres.; Celestino Petrarea, treas.; Emiliano Fiore, Italian corr. sec.; John Vitullo, English corr. sec.; and Sam Franco, vice-sec.

At the All-Nations Theatre of the Cleveland Plain Dealer last month, the Cleveland Italian Dramatic Club presented the comedy "Malacarne," under the direction of John De Agro. The officers of this society for 1931 are: E. Di Santo, pres.; John De Agro, director; G. Bertolino, corr. sec.; E. Nesi, fin. sec.; G. Vinci, treas.

The executive committee of the Italian Cultural Garden of Cleveland, under the presidency of Filippo Garbo, is organizing a ball on the occasion of the erection of a monument to the poet Virgil.

The Mutual Benefit Society "Christoforo Colombo" of Cleveland has elected the following officers for 1931: Frank Di Santo, pres.; Giuseppe Fruscella, vice-pres.; Nicolangelo Cammarino, sec.; and Domenico De Maioribus, treas.

At a recent meeting of the 21st District Republican Club of Cleveland the following officers were elected for the coming year: Charles Ferretta, pres.; G. Lo Castro, vice-pres.; I. D. Giacomo, sec.; G. Cali, fin. sec.; and Pio Valente, treas.

## PENNSYLVANIA

Cav. Uff. Fortunato Tiscar, Italian Vice-Consul at Scranton, has been made a Commander of the Order of the Crown of Italy.

Detective Sergeant Luigi Scalise of the Erie Department of Police has just completed 20 years on the force. He came to this country at the age of 19 and began as a patrolman in 1910. The Societies Nuova Aurora, Club Calabrese and Young Men's Civic Organization gave a joint reception in honor of the occasion.

Mr. Michele Santomena, pharmacist of Erie, has been dispensing free medicine to the poor and needy of his city.

A banquet organized by the realtor Enrico Di Bernardino was recently given at the Sylvania Hotel in Philadelphia to welcome the addition of Attorney Edward Furia to the city's lawyers.

The South Hill Italian Club of Pittsburgh will hold a reception and ball at Schenley Hotel on Feb. 12, the proceeds to go for the erection of new clubhouse.

The Principe di Piemonte Lodge of the Order Sons of Italy, of Johnsonburg, recently celebrated its 17th anniversary with a banquet. One of the speakers was Francesco Pasquino, the Lodge's Venerable.

The new officers of the Columbia Fire Co. of Roseto, all Italians, are as follows: Joseph Cistone, pres.; Joseph Pinto, vice-pres.; Michael C. Falcone, rec. sec.; Philip Martocci, fin.

sec.; Peter Rinaldi, treas. The mayor of Roseto is the Hon. Anthony D. Sabatino.

The Italia Dramatic Company recently held a program at the Italian Club Theatre in Allentown. The Company's director is F. A. Giannini of Philadelphia.

The Society Figli della Sicilia of Bradford, at a recent meeting, elected the following officers for 1931: Paolo Panvini, pres.; Carmelo Letizia, vice-pres.; Giuseppe Pilato, corr. sec.; Nicola Russo, fin. sec.; and Luigi Spinato, treas.

Comm. Beniamino Bruno, of Coatesville, a retired colonel and honorary member of the Order Sons of Italy, has been made a Chevalier of the Order of Saints Maurice and Lazarus, one of the highest that can be conferred by the King of Italy.

The Banca Commerciale Italiana and Trust Co. of Philadelphia gave its employees a month's bonus last Christmas.

The Unione Abruzzese of Philadelphia last month elected the following officers: Antonio Casciato, pres.; Pasquale Ferrara and Corrado Travaglini, vice-presidents; Michele Vitacolonna, corr. sec.; Angelo Nicolantonio, fin. sec.; and Luigi Casciato, treas.

Franco-Italian relations were discussed at a luncheon last month of the Foreign Policy Association at the Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia, attended by over 500. Mr. Carlo M. Flumiani upheld the Italian point of view in the discussion.

Miss Theresa Pasquariello of Allentown was recently elected president of the Home Economics Club of Cedar Crest College.

## RHODE ISLAND

The oldest Italian society in Rhode Island, the Societa Unione e Benevolenza of Providence, celebrated last month its fiftieth anniversary. The guests of honor were Messrs. Luigi Piacentini and Gaudenzio Gaspari, the only surviving founders of the association. The organizing committee included R. Tortolani, C. Schneider, T. Gianfrancesco, G. Di Yorio, G. Ventrone and N. Caldarone.

Some 600 people attended the victory ball held recently at the Elks Auditorium in Providence in honor of Atty. Benjamin Cianciarulo, reelected not long ago as State Deputy for the 14th District.

His Holiness Pope Pius XI has made Dr. Antonio G. Fidanza, of Providence, a Chevalier of the Roman Catholic Church with the Cross "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice." Dr. Fidanza, in 1908, was the first physician of Italian descent to practice medicine in Rhode Island. He was born in Wilmington in 1887 and was graduated from the Medical College of Virginia at Richmond. He is a member of numerous societies.

Rev. Flaminio Parenti, pastor of the Church of the Holy Ghost in Providence, Dr. Conca of Federal Hill, and Dr. Raia of Providence, who has been active in work for the poor, have been made Chevaliers of the Crown of Italy.

Mr. Nicholas Picchione of Providence, accountant, is teaching a course on the Federal Income Tax at the Commercial High School in that city.

Mr. Joseph J. Langelo, who has been manager of the East Providence branch of the Morris Plan Company for some time, has been made manager of a new branch opened by the Company in the North End of Providence.

At the annual meeting of the Society Gabriele D'Annunzio held recently in Providence, Frank A. Prete, councilman-elect from the 4th Ward of that city, was elected president for the coming year, the 11th in the Society's history.

## TEXAS

The Italian Junior Association of Houston held its annual Christmas Ball on Dec. 21 at the Philo Dramatic Club Home. Mr. Sam Alfano acted as master of ceremonies.

The Neapolitan Social Club of Galveston recently elected the following officers for 1931: P. Torregrossa, pres.; H. Ragone, vice-pres.; F. Sunseri, sec.; A. Messina, treas.

## WASHINGTON

Mr. Nicola Paoella, noted pharmacist of Seattle, has been made a Chevalier of the Crown of Italy. Mr. Paoella has written considerable poetry, much of which has been translated into English.

A permanent "Italian Relief Association" is being organized in Seattle, with the support of 11 of the outstanding Italian societies of that city. Instrumental in its organization were Prof. Carlo Goggio, of the Department of Italian at the University of Washington, and Dr. Saverio De Donato.

The Women's City Club of Seattle recently held a luncheon and program at the Chamber of Commerce building, sponsored by the Royal Italian Consul, Atty. Alberto Alfani.

The Seattle Lodge of the Order Sons of Italy last month commemorated the fifth anniversary of its founding. Mario Basso was chairman of the committee on preparations, and among the speakers were Federico Bassetti, Grand Deputy of the Washington Lodge, and Michele Marinacci, Grand Venerable.

## WISCONSIN

Father Antonio J. Righino, newly ordained priest, recently celebrated his first holy Mass at Hurley, Wisconsin. The church was crowded to capacity, and a large banquet followed in honor of the new priest. Father Righino is the first Italian priest to be ordained in that section. He is a member of the Norbertine order.

# A Miniature Anthology

## Of Italian Literature

Jack London

by Ardengo Soffici

from "Ricordi di Vita Artistica e Letteraria"

Verso il millenovecentotre conobbi a Parigi questo simpatico pubblicista che certa critica pacchiana, anche di casa nostra, va gabellando da un pezzo per un grande scrittore. Un grosso olandese, curioso tipo tra di poeta, di cicerone e di mezzano, il quale le Muse non nutrivano, e perciò s'ingegnava acciuchando nel cortile del Louvre stranieri doviziosi, che poi pilotava tra il bello e il brutto del magno mare parigino, ci presentò l'uno all'altro in un caffè non troppo edificante del Quartier Latino, la *Taverna lorraine*, per esser precisi, ritrovo allora di generose e liberalissime donne e di artisti non d'altro ricchi che di giovanile spregiudicatezza e di gloriose speranze. Il letterato americano di passaggio aveva voluto vedere anche quell'ambiente inusitato, e non è a dirsi quanto la sua vista lo divertisse e lo mettesse allo stesso tempo in imbarazzo.

Jack London era a quell'epoca assai giovane: avrà avuto sì e no ventisettemme anni; ed il suo aspetto, simpatico, come dicevo, era quello di molti suoi compatriotti, sia per i tratti fisici, sia per il modo di vestire e le maniere. Piuttosto alto, robusto, sbarbato, i capelli castagni arruffati sulla fronte, portava una camicia colorata col colletto floscio e la cravatta lunga, un abito grigio, comodo, di foggia sportiva, ed aveva ai piedi un paio di quelle scarpe gialle, pratiche e di magnifico cuoio, che da sole bastano a caratterizzare l'americano; quel tipo d'americano. Era franco, allegro e rideva apertamente come un uomo del popolo.

Seppi, pel canale del comune amico, un poco della sua storia. Figlio d'ignoti, egli si era trovato ed aveva preso coscienza di sè, fra gli otto e i dieci anni, in una miniera del Nord America, dove faceva piccoli servigi agli operai

delle gallerie, i quali, non sapendo come chiamarlo, gli avevano messo quel nome di Jack, che è fra gli anglosassoni un appellativo applicabile a ognuno, un po' come il Pascà che i nostri meridionali appioppiano come nome ad ogni soldato che non conoscono. Aveva molto patito durante quella vita sotterranea, e di nuovo molto patito e faticato quando l'aveva cambiata con quella più arieggiata e pittoresca, ma non meano difficile, del libero proletario girovago e talvolta vagabondo attraverso gli Stati dell'Unione. Verso i tredici anni gli era capitato tra mano non so che libro, e ciò aveva mutato tutto il corso della sua vita. Quella lettura l'aveva tanto impressionato, infatti, che da quel giorno non si era più saziato di leggere, di legger qualunque cosa gli venisse a tiro; non solo, ma l'idea di scrivere anche lui qualche libro gli si ficcò fin d'allora in testa, tirannicamente; e poichè tutta la sua esistenza non era stata che un tessuto di poco comuni avventure, nè altro aveva fatto che conoscere paesi e tipi di gente interessantissimi, tale idea veniva in lui confortata dall'altra che la materia per lo meno non gli sarebbe mancata. Il che lo decise presto al gran passo.

Scrisse presto infatti qualcosa, che, per sua confessione stessa, somigliava alcun poco a ciò che Gorki aveva fatto prima di lui. Senonchè, come firmare quella sua prima letteratura? Quel povero e solitario "Jack" non poteva bastare di certo. Il fatto che nel corso delle sue letture, l'immagine e il nome della città di Londra gli eran rimasti più impressi nella fantasia e come i più suggestivi, bastò a risolvere anche tale questione. Quel nome di *London* sarebbe stato senz'altro il suo: tanto più che Jack London suonava anche abbastanza bene.

Con gli argomenti che aveva sotto mano a dovizia e il nome che s'era così fabbricato, la sua carriera poteva dunque cominciare; ed era effettivamente cominciata in quegli anni. All'epoca in cui lo

conobbi aveva già pubblicato due volumi, credo di novelle, che l'amico olandese mi aveva definito piacevoli e magari notevoli, ancorchè dettati con lingua poverissima, per nulla originale, trasandata, giornalistica in una parola, e privi quindi di quel che si deve intendere per stile. Appresi da lui medesimo, che ciononostante le riviste americane si contendevano la sua produzione a colpi di dollari, il che visibilmente lo esaltava, facendogli intravedere a non lunga scadenza una ricchezza strepitosa, dov'egli e la sua famiglia—chè era già ammogliato—avrebbero nuotato a piene braccia. Per allora, i *magazines* per i quali scriveva gli pagavano qualche cosa come un dollaro e mezzo per ogni linea di stampa.

Passammo insieme in quel caffè alcune ore gradevoli in grandissima cordialità, sebbene il suo modo puerile e barbarico di concepir l'arte e la gloria mi facesse ridere; ma in codesto gagliardo giovanottone, più che l'artista, lo scrittore, io consideravo l'uomo a questo mi attraeva e piaceva.

E qui potrei dar termine a questo semplice ricordo, se non mi piacesse di chiuderlo invece con un piccolo aneddoto che a quella serata si riferisce, e che in certo qual modo umoristico la coronò.

Conoscendo, dunque, io pochissimo l'inglese, e Jack London per nulla il francese, la nostra conversazione si era svolta più che altro con l'aiuto del nostro olandese che funzionava da interprete. Ad un certo punto però questi dovette assentarsi; e noi, lasciati così soli, avremmo dovuto starcene in silenzio ad aspettar che tornasse, se a me, che non sapevo rassegnarmi a ciò, non fosse venuto in testa di dare al mio compagno una prova di quel che può un italiano anche in simili condizioni. Così, raccolta tutta la mia audacia linguistica, espressi all'americano, in un inglese che mi pareva adeguatissimo al caso, questo mio pensiero: che fortunatamente la gente del mio Paese sa farsi intendere, infatti, senza

saper le lingue, a forza di mimica, a un bisogno; cosa comodissima perchè in tal modo noi due avremmo potuto continuare da soli la nostra bella conversazione.

—*What you mean*—domandò London esterrefatto a quelle mie parole.

Non capii la domanda, ma ne immaginai il senso, sicchè ripetei con un altro giro di parole il mio concetto. Ma London dava segni d' intendere di meno in meno. Ritentai la prova più volte. Sempre invano, tuttavia.

Quando l'olandese tornò a noi, ci trovò l'uno di faccia all'altro impigliati in un groviglio di incomprendimento reciproca tale da darci l'aspetto di due sordomuti o di due briachi.

Al vederci in quello stato, domandò a me che cosa fosse successo. Ripetei a lui, in francese, il mio discorso circa quella gran falcolta di noi italiani di farci capire ad ogni modo. Ma una risata da far tremare i bicchieri sul tavolino mi tagliò la parola in bocca.

— E difatti si vede! — fece alla fine quando potè ripigliar fiato. Tradusse poi a London le mie parole, le quali fecero sbellicar dalle risa anche lui. Tanto che io stesso, dapprima un po' confuso e seccato per quella prova così mal riuscita, non trovai nulla di meglio da fare che mettermi a rider con loro.

## Gli Idolatri

by Gabriele D'Annunzio  
From "Il Trionfo Della Morte"

Le compagnie giravano intorno alla chiesa, aspettando il loro turno per entrare; giravano, giravano senza posa, a capo scoperto, dietro i crociferi, senza mai interrompere il canto. Uomini e donne portavano un bastone crociato o fiorito su cui s'appoggiavano con tutto il peso della loro stanchezza. Le loro fronti grondavano; rivoli di sudore correvano per le loro gote, inzuppavano le loro vesti. Gli uomini avevano la camicia aperta sul petto, il collo nudo, le braccia nude e su le mani, su i polsi, sul reverso delle braccia, sul petto la cute era tempestata di figure incise, colorite con l'indaco, in memoria dei santuarii visitati, delle grazie ricevute, dei voti sciolti. Tutte le deformazioni dei muscoli e delle ossa, tutte le diversità della bruttezza corporea, tutte le indelebili impronte lasciate

dalle fatiche, dalle intemperie, dai morbi:— i crani acuminati o depressi, calvi o lanuti, coperti di cicatrici o di escrescenze; gli occhi bianchicci e opachi come bolle di siero, gli occhi tristemente glauchi come quelli dei grossi rospi solitarii; i nasi camusi, come schiacciati da un pugno, o adunchi come il becco dell' avvoltojo, o lunghi e carnosì come una proboscide, o quasi distrutti da una corrosione; le gote venate di sanguigno come le foglie della vite in autunno, o giallicce e grinze come il centopelle di un ruminante, o ispide di peli rossastri come la saggina; le bocche sottili come tagli di rasojo, o aperte a flaccide come fichi sfatti, o rapprese nella loro vacuità come foglie bruciacchiate, o munite di denti formidabili come le zanne dei cinghiali; i labbri leporini, i gozzi, le scrofole, le risipole, le pustole:— tutti gli orrori della carne umana passavano nella luce del sole, d'avanti alla Casa della Vergine.

VIVA MARIA!

Ogni torma aveva il suo crocifero e il suo duce. Il duce era un uomo membruto e violento che occitava di continuo i fedeli con urlì e con gesti da forsennato, percotendo nella schiena i tardi, trascinando i vecchi sfiniti, ingiuriando le donne che interrompevano l'inno per trarre un respiro. Un gigante olivastro, a cui fiammeggiavano gli occhi sotto un gran ciuffo nero, trascinava tre donne per tre corde di tre' capestri. Un'altra donna veniva innanzi ignuda dentro un sacco da cui escivan fuori soltanto il capo e le braccia. Un'altra, lunga e scarna, dal volto livido, dagli occhi bianchicci, veniva innanzi trasognata, senza cantare, senza mai volgersi, lasciando scorgere sul suo petto una fascia rossa che pareva la benda cruenta d'una ferita mortale; e di tratto in tratto vacillava come se non potesse più reggersi in piedi e dovesse alfine cader di schianto e non rialzarsi più. Un'altra, grifagna iracunda, simile a una Furia rustica, con il manto sanguigno avvolto intorno ai fianchi ossuti, con sul busto un ricamo lucente come una spina di pesce, brandiva un crocifisso nero guidando e incitando il suo manipolo. Un'altra portava su la testa una culla coperta da un panno cupo, come Liberata nella notte funebre.

VIVA MARIA!

Giravano, giravano senza posa, accelerando il passo, elevando la

voce, eccitandosi sempre più agli urlì e ai gesti degli energumeni. Le vergini con gli scarsi capelli sciolti e impregnati d'olio d'oliva, quasi calve sul cocuzzolo, stupide e pecorine nel volto e nelle attitudini, procedevano in fila, ciascuna tenendo una mano su la spalla della compagna, guardando a terra, compunte,—creature miserevoli, le cui matrici dovevano senza voluttà perpetuare in carne battezzata gli istinti e la tristezza della bestia originaria. Dentro una specie di bara profonda, portata a braccia da quattro uomini, giaceva un paralitico affogato dalla pinguedine, con le mani penzoloni contorte e nocchiolute per la mostruosità della chiragra come radici. Un continuo tremore gliele agitava; un sudore abbondante gli stillava dalla fronte e dal cranio calvo, rigandogli la larga faccia ch'era d'un color roseo disfatto, sottilissimamente venato di vermiglio come la milza dei buoi. Ed egli portava appesi al collo molti brevi, spiegato sul ventre il foglio dell'Imagìne. Ansava e si lamentava come in un'agonia tormentosa, già semispento; tramandava un insoffribile odore, quasi di dissoluzione; esalava da tutti i pori l'atroce pena che gli davano quegli ultimi guizzi della vita; ma pure non voleva morire: si faceva trasportare in una bara ai piedi della Madre per non morire. A breve distanza da lui, altri uomini di forza, usi a reggere nelle sagra le statue massicce o gli altissimi stendardi, trascinavano per le braccia un ossesso, che si dibatteva sotto le loro tenaglie ruggendo, lacerò nelle vesti, con la bava alla bocca con gli occhi fuori dell'orbite, con il collo gonfio di arterie, con i capelli sconvolti, violaceo come uno strangolato. Passo' anche Aligi, l'uomo della grazia, divenuto più pallido della sua gamba di cera. E di nuovo tutti gli altri passarono, nel continuo giro; passarono le tre donne dal capestro; passo' la Furia dal crocifisso nero; e la taciturna dalla zona sanguigna; e quella con la culla sul capo; e quella vestita d'un sacco, chiuso nella sua mortificazione, rigata il volto di silenziose lacrime che le sgorgavano di sotto alle palpebre chine, figura di un evo remoto, isolata nella folla, come circondata da un'aura dell'antica severità penitenziale, suscitando nello spirito di Giorgio ancora la visione della grande e pura basilica clementina ove la rude cripta primitiva ricordava i cristiani del IX secolo, i tempi di Ludovico II.



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