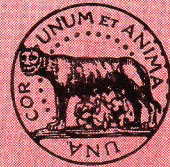


ATLANTICA

THE ITALIAN MONTHLY REVIEW



Colonial Balance Sheets

By Arnaldo Mussolini

War Books in Italy

By Giuseppe Prezolini

The Art of Simone Martini

By Franco Bruno Averardi

The "Befana"

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The Italian Steamship Lines
Combine

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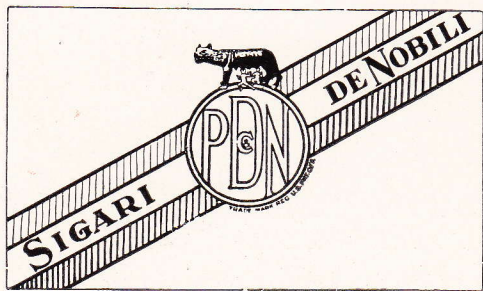
Topics of the Month

By Rosario Ingargiola

JANUARY

1932

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ATLANTICA'S OBSERVATORY

ITALIAN OR ITALO-AMERICAN?

COMPLAINT has been frequently voiced that Italian societies in this country, in the vast majority of cases, reflect exclusively the interests and viewpoints of the older Italians, those born in Italy. They do not realize sufficiently that their day is passing, and that their place will have to be taken, if at all, by their sons, the younger generation of educated Italo-Americans who will, otherwise, move into other channels.

Very significant, therefore, was an editorial by I. C. Falbo, editor of "Il Progresso" of New York, in the Dec. 6th issue of that Italian daily. After reviewing briefly the solid, foundational work done by these clubs, associations and mutual benefit societies of a purely Italian stamp, he adds:

"Let us render this tribute of recognition to the old associations and to the old members. But let us add, immediately after, that it is time to occupy ourselves a little more attentively with the younger ones, our younger ones, who constitute the younger generations of the Italians in America.

"Let them learn, in the schools, the Italian language, in addition to the national tongue, let them frequent Italian gatherings; let them rise as tutors of Italo-American friendship and good will; let them show themselves, as a group, to be worthy citizens of the United States and worthy descendants of the glorious race to which world civilization owes so much; and they will then be the most vigorous defenders of both themselves and of our immigrant community. . ."

After taking note of the many existing clubs and associations of an Italo-American, as differentiated from an Italian character, the writer points to a new movement begun in the Order Sons of Italy for the creation of junior lodges to supplement the lodges of the older members. This initiative, sponsored by Attorney Stefano Miele in the Grand Lodge of the Order *Figli d'Italia* in New York, is something he says that should be followed by other orders and in other States, and by other associations as well.

The problem, without a doubt, is one which faces every Italian association formed during the heyday of Italian immigration. If no step of this kind is taken, they are bound to lose gradually their influence and strength. But by modifying their organizations, by devoting more attention to the generation that is to follow them, both individually and as a group, their entities as societies will continue, though, of course, with new blood running through the same veins.

MOST IMPORTANT FACTOR FOR PEACE

"ITALY is today the most important factor for peace in the world." This striking statement stands out from the speech recently delivered by James G. McDonald, chairman of the Foreign Policy Association, over the National Broadcasting System. Touching on Grandi's very cordial reception here and on his return, he added:

"A close examination of Grandi's speeches in this country reveals the four major points in Italy's foreign policy, of which she has made herself champion with courageous frankness:

"1. Reduction of German reparations.

"2. Revision of some of the territorial arrangements as a result of the treaties of peace.

"3. Guarantees of national security, to be a result and not a condition of disarmament.

"4. Immediate and radical steps toward reduction of armaments.

"It is significant," continued Mr. McDonald, "that each of these points is a defiance of some of the principles which France considers necessary.

"Grandi's speeches, when they are accurately analyzed, appear to be rather like the invocations of a moralist and a pacifist, than the formal declarations of the Foreign Minister of a great nation."

SENATOR DAVIS ON THE FOREIGN LANGUAGE PRESS

ITALIAN-AMERICANS know vaguely that there are quite a few Italian dailies and weeklies in this country, but to be told by the Foreign Language Information

Service that there are no less than 129 of these publications printed in Italian, is surprising, to say the least. In New York State alone, for example, there are 36, and in Pennsylvania, 11. The fewest Italian newspapers are in the Southern States, where the number of Italians is not high.

These papers, and others printed in foreign languages in the United States, are fulfilling a valuable need. As Senator James J. Davis says in a recent article printed in "L'Unione" of Pittsburgh, "The foreign language press obtains its right to exist and a guarantee of its rights in the very Constitution of this country, and the papers and periodicals published here in other tongues than English are as much an integral part of the American press as any paper published in the tongue of the country.

"Without these various publications to translate the story of America into the languages of our newest arrivals, this country would remain a collection of races unknown to each other. In spreading American history, ideas and ideals among those who most need to learn these things, the foreign press is one of the great Americanizing forces we possess. It is doing a magnificent service to the country itself as well as to those thousands of people newly arrived on our shores.

"I doubt if foreign languages will ever disappear from our press. I doubt if this would be wise or advisable. America is composed of 120,000,000 people drawn from nearly every country of the world. These people bring to us cultural influences which tend to enrich American life.

"I think we can, without reservation, trust our foreign language press to observe a policy at all times of 100 per cent Americanism. They can interpret America not only to their racials here on our own soil, but to those of the same race who remain in the home country. There still exists in certain countries a resentment against our restrictive immigration, for instance. The foreign language press can do much to dissipate that misunderstanding. We instituted re-

strictive immigration not for political but for economic reasons. That law was not the outgrowth of any prejudice against any race. We established it in fairness to all. To escape economic disaster in America, we decreed that for the sake of those who desired to come here, as well as for our own sake, (native and foreign born) we could not safely admit a greater number of aliens each year than our industrial organization could absorb and supply with self-supporting jobs. That is the one reason behind restrictive immigration. I hope our foreign language press will at all times make this point clear to their readers, not only here, but back in the lands of their origin. The best judges of the fairness of this attitude of ours are the people who have already immigrated here. They know from direct experience of our economic life how their own security here would be endangered if we had gone on admitting unlimited numbers of their various strains.

"For all the publications issued in foreign tongues among us I wish the most substantial success, and I am sure that if guaranteed them, they will tell their readers the true story of America and paint with faithful accuracy the privileges and opportunities that are so abundant in American life."

"WHAT IS ITALY?"

WHATEVER one may think of the contest organized some time ago by the Italian magazine "Tamburino" for the best answers to the question: "What is Italy?" a contest in which some 12,000 Italians participated from all over the world, it cannot be denied that it has made the participants think hard, to sum up the glory, the culture, the arts and the traditions of Italy in one brief phrase. A few of the answers are perhaps more noteworthy than the others: "Italy is the constant image of our great love, mother of us all," "Italy is the country which, if taken away from me, I would die."

WAS DANTE A PHYSICIAN?

AN interesting question indeed, and one which Professor Mario Mollari of Georgetown University seeks to answer in an article in the Christmas Sunday supplement of "L'Opinione" of Philadelphia. After having reviewed certain known facts concerning the immortal Italian poet and his times,

the author reaches the following conclusions:

"The strongest proof that Dante had a real working acquaintance with medicine is supplied by the evidence contained in his works, none of which was medical in character, of a knowledge of medical authors, and of a power of describing and discussing medical matters which could hardly have been acquired by a layman, but might have been obtained by a genius such as Dante, during a comparatively short period of application under favorable circumstances. If Dante were not a practicing physician in the ordinary sense of the word, and if he never took the degree of Doctor of Medicine at Bologna or elsewhere, he yet had a knowledge of the subject which justifies us in describing him as a literary man of the highest rank, with a not inconsiderable practical and theoretical knowledge of medicine. He was not a medical man, but a man with a considerable familiarity in medicine."

BRISBANE ON ITALY

ARTHUR BRISBANE, whose short little thoughts on current events feature the Hearst papers daily, had a glowing column or so of praise for Italy and her great men not long ago. Beginning with Marconi because of his "newsiness" just at present, he went simply and briefly through a list of some of the world figures that have made Italy the cradle of civilization indeed. Things of this kind, of course, have been done before; there is no originality in it, but the fact that so many millions must have read it, lends importance to it.

Particularly to the point was the noted columnist's closing paragraph:

"Do not be one of the 'little, ignorant' Americans who criticize Italy and her people because they know nothing about them."

PRAISE FOR ITALIAN EDUCATION

IN one country of Europe—Italy—the new order is developing rapidly. Courses of study have been rewritten, school organization changed, new customs and loyalties propagated, and a new national culture created almost overnight. Within a militaristic framework of organization, discipline and State control, Italy is moving forward joyously, creatively to new standards of living, new national

ideals, new opportunities for individuals and groups. Fascism recognizes new potentialities in children, and, with the possible exception of Russia, is developing and capitalizing them as no other country is."

These glowing words of praise for the Italian educational system come from Professor S. A. Courtis of the University of Michigan, who recently completed a testing of 14,000 children in five European countries. Although his 2,000,000 items of data on their mental and physical development are still to be tabulated, his impressions are quite definite, as indicated in his article in the Bulletin of the Michigan School of Education, from which the above quotation is taken.

BENEDEUCE HEADS YOUNG PLAN EXPERTS

THE interest of Italians in the activities at Basle of the special advisory committee under the Young Plan meeting to consider Germany's ability to pay reparations and short-term loans has been enhanced this past month. For the first time since the war it was not an American who was elected chairman of a committee investigating reparations, but an Italian, Alberto Beneduce.

Signor Beneduce, fifty-five years old, is president of several large Italian corporations, director of the Banca Commerciale Italiana and head of the Italian Institute of Public Works. He it was who helped draft the constitution of the World Bank at Baden Baden two years ago, and he also served on the committee of financial experts headed by Albert H. Wiggin, the New York banker, last August.

The problem facing the advisory committee is one of the most difficult of postwar tangles. Whatever is decided upon at Basle, a matter later to be taken up by the governments concerned, it will be impossible to satisfy all sides completely. It is no exaggeration to say, without going into the matter, that important world history is being made at Basle, under the chairmanship of Signor Beneduce.

BARZINI WITH "IL MATTINO"

LUIGI BARZINI, one of the most eminent of Italian journalists, who sailed across the sea to New York after the war to found the "Corriere d'America," a leading Italian daily in America of which he remained editor till its owner-

(Continued on page 276)

Books In Review

THE LOVE OF MARIO FERRARO.
By Johan Wigmore Fabricius. Translated from the Dutch by Winifred Katzin. 448 pp. New York. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.

Reviewed by Dino Ferrari

BORN in Java in 1900, this young Dutch novelist, after painting a series of war pictures on the Piave, soon abandoned the brush for the typewriter; and it is thus, no doubt, due to his earlier devotion and practice of that visual art that he often sees with the eye of the painter and is thus able to portray, among other vivid scenes of cities, countryside, and people, the clear blue sky and sea of Capri with its peaceful indolent life on the one hand, and the dark, sultry atmosphere and ominous sounds of the Brazilian and Alto-Paraguayan jungle on the other, with equal sureness and faithfulness.

This latest novel of his is a well-written tale of a hopeless love, horror, and tragedy. In this broad canvas, Mr. Fabricius has packed away enough picturesque elements of beauty and coarseness, of brutal appetites and tenderness, of physical courage and moral cowardice, of sea, jungle, and adventure, to have delighted the late Joseph Conrad or to please even the most avid taste for the exotic and the active. But there is also a great deal of ruthless realism and genuine pathos.

Space does not permit us to indicate even the barest outline and multitudinous characters appearing during the course of its development. However, briefly stated, as the title implies, the story centers mainly on the hopeless and foolish love of Mario, a handsome but emotionally unrestrained Capri lad, for the beautiful but unresponsive and contemptuous Giulietta, of the same island; Mario's attempted murder of her favored "tedesco" (Norwegian Lover) and his subsequent flight, as a stowaway, to South America; his good fortune and reward, while in transit, in saving a rich little English girl who fell overboard; his unwise and ungrateful desertion of the one girl (a sad Russian prostitute) who truly loved and befriended him in his direst need; his pathetic marriage to Giulietta whom he sent for and who came to him a betrayed and

disgraced woman, pregnant with another man's child—though this deception and insult, Mario, in his boundless love, forgave her;—his humiliation and moral degradation because of her further scandalous infidelities; and, preceded by a terrible nightmare of mental horror and torture, his final tragic death, with the image of his unworthy beloved gravied in his heart. It is a sad story of suffering and sorrow, in which, mercifully, at least for the reader, the author has leavened the sad lot of these poor people with kindly irony and humour. But, as a piece of fiction, it remains none the less, a tragic tale.

Following more or less along traditional patterns, yet with just enough psychological reflection on their part, the characters are revealed chiefly through their action rather than through endless (and sometimes boring) internal analysis or by the author's running commentary. The pace of the narrative is swift and sure, rising and falling to suit the tempo to the mood. And if the course of events and the action of the characters seems, at times, forced, yet it is by virtue of the unpredictable that our keen unflagging interest in the denouement of the story is chiefly maintained.

BEAT 'EM OR JOIN 'EM. By Clement G. Lanni. Illustrated. 356 pages. Rochester: Rochester Alliance Press. \$3.

MR. LANNI is the editor of "La Stampa Unita," Italian weekly of Rochester, and its vigorous, outspoken editorials every week, the product of his facile yet trenchant pen, are probably the paper's outstanding feature. He does not, apparently, profess to be a vapid idealist; in fact, his strong sense of realism is what first strikes the reader of his editorials or his book.

Four years ago, Rochester, which up to that time had been governed by the boss system which is the rule in the United States, became stirred by a reform movement, which advocated administration with less partisanship, less attention to spoils, and more business-like methods. Through the backing of George Eastman, of Kodak fame, this movement was

successful in its appeal to the people, and it won a city manager type of government. But since that time the Republicans have been recovering lost ground, and at the last election they defeated the reformers decisively.

"Beat 'Em or Join 'Em' is the 'inside' story of this city manager movement in Rochester, a story which deals not with theory or government structure, but with actual people who have played parts in it, including the author himself, who personally knows most of the characters mentioned. In vivid, energetic and straightforward style, the author tells the story of the conflicting interests and opinions involved. It is, of course, local in most of its detail, but its appeal to non-Rochesterites lies in the fact that these behind-the-scenes activities have their counterpart in their own communities as well.

Quite frankly the author admits he is a partisan, but adds that he has tried to be fair to those whose views do not coincide with his. He is all for party politics and believes that honest, upright men can be elected to office through parties. As for a sample of his viewpoint, the following will do as well as any other:

"One may enter politics with nothing but altruism and idealism, but it won't be long before he discovers, if he has only an average mentality, that it is costly to be too altruistic and too consistent in politics. That desirable state of mind should be confined only to the successful business men who have a surfeit of funds."

All in all, despite the local nature of the book, it makes interesting and instructive reading, and as a case book of local American politics, too, it is quite valuable.

A MINIATURE HISTORY OF OPERA. By Percy A. Scholes. 69 pages. New York: Oxford University Press. 75c.

WRITTEN for the general reader and the student, this little book is "an attempt to take a bird's-eye view of a vast and confused tract of country." In brief outline form, the author traces the

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Founded in 1923

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TOPICS OF THE MONTH

By Rosario Ingarciola

GRANDI BEFORE THE ITALIAN SENATE

WHEN Dino Grandi, that charming and dynamic young man who recently visited our country as Italy's Foreign Minister, appeared before the Italian Senate last month to report upon his American voyage, he again stressed the point that he had come to America merely as a simple gesture of good will. He told the Senators that he had crossed the Atlantic in an effort to promote world peace and friendly co-operation among nations, seeking no secret alliances and asking nothing for Italy.

This, of course, was apparent to all Americans. Grandi's statement of the purpose of his visit before the Italian Senate confirms the impression generally expressed by the American press, namely, that, unlike many other such missions before, Grandi's was one of good will, friendship and peace: open, new-day diplomacy in the frank Mussolini manner.

There was a passage in Grandi's speech to the Senate which is worth quoting here:

"Never as today has it been shown so clearly that the interests of all nations are strictly interdependent, that the misfortunes of one will never be the fortune of another."

These words will fail to please some dyed-in-the-wool isolationists, unable to see beyond their noses. But in years to come they will be considered prophetic, as indeed they appear now to all sober-minded and impartial observers.

Grandi's reference to the Hoover moratorium is particularly noteworthy in view of the recent approval by Congress of the President's proposal—"the first real act," Grandi asserted, "toward international co-operation and the first attempt to rise above tragic credit and debit balances which are written in the blood of

10,000,000 men who will never see the sun again."

It is very gratifying to note such unanimity of feelings and purposes between the two great nations we love most and best: Italy and America.

MARCONI AND BELLINI

IT was at the time that Guglielmo Marconi, on December 12, 1901, then twenty-seven years of age, announced to a skeptical world the reception of the first transatlantic wireless message, that even Thomas A. Edison said: "I do not believe that Marconi has succeeded in receiving a wireless message." Edison, of all men, to say that! Yet his incredulity was shared by many other men of science and, in a certain sense, was perhaps justified, for Marconi's achievement was something of a miracle.

Thirty years after, last month, the entire civilized world celebrated the epoch-making event and in a manner which even the young and earnest inventor could not have

foreseen on that fateful and bleak morning in the little storm-swept station at St. Johns, Newfoundland.

Five continents, linked by mysterious and invisible waves, united to honor the genius of Senator Marconi, with millions upon millions of people joining to acclaim the great public benefactor. Marconi's response was particularly touching when he addressed the following words to that great unseen audience throughout the world:

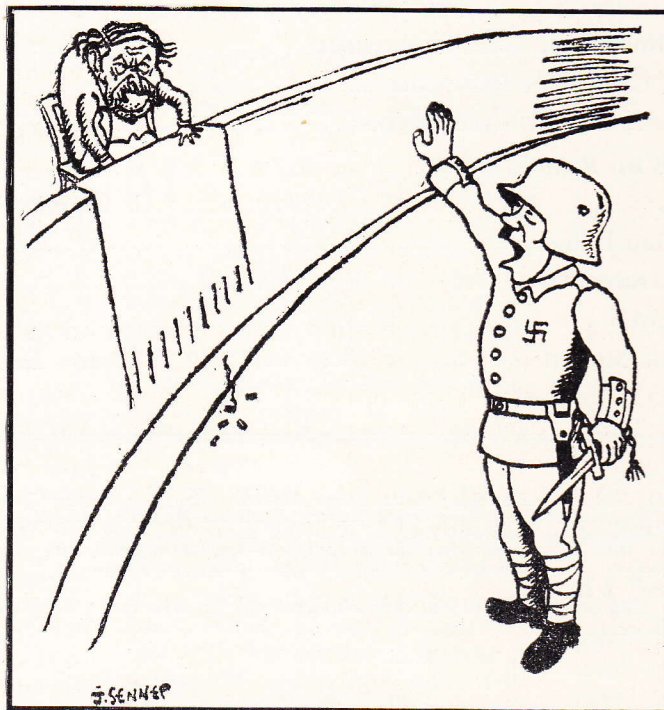
"Naturally my thoughts go back to the moment when, instead of sitting in a comfortable room in London, speaking words which I know will be received and understood on the other side of the Atlantic, I was standing in a bitterly cold room on top of a hill in Newfoundland, wondering if I should be able to hear simple letters transmitted from England."

Now, thirty years after, comes the Metropolitan Opera Company and for the first time in its history astounds the world by successfully broadcasting Bellini's immortal opera, "Norma". What a far cry indeed from those tense moments of watchful waiting "on top of a hill in Newfoundland," wondering, hoping, praying!

The broadcasting of Bellini's opera occurred on the centenary of its first production in Milan on

December 26, 1831. It is interesting to recall that, like Marconi's experiment, Bellini's work was received very coldly—in fact, it was hissed unmercifully. That seems to be the way with all works of genius; history abounds with such tragedies. In a letter to a friend, written on the night after the first performance, the much-harassed composer wrote:

"I am writing you under the impression of grief, of grief that I cannot express to you, but that you alone can understand. I have just come from the Scala: first performance of "Norma." Would you believe it? Fiasco!!! Fiasco!!! Serious fiasco!!! To tell the truth, the public was severe. . . . I am young and I feel in
(Cont'd on page 274)



Germany and France

"Ave Briand! Moratorium te salutat!"

—Echo de Paris

Colonial Balance Sheets

By Arnaldo Mussolini

Italians the world over learned with sorrow last month of the sudden death of Arnaldo Mussolini, only brother of the Italian Premier, and editor of "Il Popolo d'Italia" of Milan, the organ founded 18 years ago by Benito Mussolini and of late intimately associated with the name of his brother Arnaldo. Almost the entire life of Arnaldo Mussolini, who was only 46 at the time of his death on Dec. 21st, was spent in journalism. The following article is one of the last to have been written by him, and appeared in his newspaper on Dec. 2nd.

THE international colonial exposition at Paris has closed its doors. The pavilions are being taken apart, and the material is going the way of return. This item of news hardly rises above the ordinary routine of the chronicle of the day. It should, however, lead to a little reflection concerning the recent past and concerning the more or less immediate future of the colonial problem. The exposition at Paris closes with a strong credit item for the French Republic. I do not refer, speaking of credit, to balance-sheets of an economic nature: for this purpose there are still lacking the figures, and it would be useless to make such an examination of it. I allude, rather, to the moral balance-sheet. For a year a large number of tourists from all over the world have visited the colonial exposition. France has depicted in a broad and worthy way all she has done of a concrete nature in her vast colonial empire. There stands out a singular fact: France, although she has not the demographic efficiency necessary for peopling even a single colony, has applied, solely through executive, guiding elements and a vast outpouring of capital, the opening key to great regions from which she is drawing wealth and

prestige. This fact is to be considered with interest: it is an example of will, of tenacity, of national conscience. For a certain length of time it could be thought and believed that France, more than the unity of civilized peoples, was tending to perfect her great colonial empire, in which she was to find, not only the raw materials for her industries and her commerce, but also sources of strength and life in the event of international conflicts. Without a doubt this aim also figures on the balance-sheet of French policy, as it does with every other nation, but it is not the only one, and it is accompanied, at a time of general desire for peace, by a vigilant and constant preoccupation with economic strengthening and with the expansion of her own civilization.

To France and her colonial empire there is happening something similar to that which occurred in the industrial field in 1906, after the international exposition at Milan. Milan, and with it all of Upper Italy, drew exceptional benefits from it. There occurred a flowering, a very notable recovery, in trade, in relations, in exchanges. The exposition of 1906 marked an essential step in the development of Italian economic life. These great ex-

hibitions have, as a matter of fact, a credit side that is difficult to catalog among the assets and liabilities of ordinary balance-sheets, but which it is necessary to take account of in the field of the moral and economic tendencies and interests of tomorrow.

* * *

THESE general considerations ought to make us reflect on Italian colonial problems. Many lightly assert that Italian public opinion is not aware of them. That might have been true in other times of lack of interest in Italian internal and external conditions. Today public opinion has been appreciably changed. We would wish, nevertheless, that interest and the spirit of initiative were keener. In the matter of colonies, without seeking to create comparisons and comparative dates, it must be said that we have arrived quite late. We have figured worthily at the Vincennes exposition, but that is not enough. Now is the time to develop, in concrete and rapid form, our colonial activities.

We read a few days ago the account of the Hon. Razza concerning internal migrations. It is a matter of a praiseworthy effort that is being marked and appraised, as is also being ap-

(Continued on page 250)

War Books in Italy

By Giuseppe Prezzolini

Translated by S. Eugene Scalia

WAR books have been as numerous in Italy as in other countries. Families of fallen heroes have published their correspondence, journalists their articles, war veterans their diaries, and statesmen their memoirs. But why, one may ask, has no Italian war book ever been able to win world-wide fame, as is the case with Barbusse's "Under Fire," and Remarque's "All Quiet On The Western Front?"

The reason for this fact, I believe, must be sought in the more real and artistic character of the Italian books, as compared with the French and German just mentioned, the character of which is more journalistic.

By saying *journalistic* I mean to allude to that tendency, common to all newspapers, to note only what is exceptional and striking, and not the everyday, ordinary occurrences. The newspaper is the place where one reads the scandals and not the common events in life; where one reads about train wrecks, but where no mention is ever made of the trains that arrive on time; where one reads of absconding bankers and not of those, the great majority after all, who fulfill their business obligations.

Of a journalistic character, that is, concerned with the exceptional, are the most famous books on the war; and it is strange that upon first reading them we all are led to exclaim: "This is the war as it really

was." Not at all so; Barbusse's and Remarque's war is not the real war; that is, all the facts narrated by them, if taken singly, are true; what is



An Alpino in Marching Order
—From "Toes Up"

false is grouping them together.

The Italian war books are not so horrific as the most famous of the foreign ones. The war in Italy was not a sweet and tranquil affair. But seen through the pages of our writers one feels wafting through it a breath of humanity. The war was dreadful, but not always was it dreadful. Bloody days were followed by mirthful days; trying hours by joyful hours; the rain by the sun rays. It may well be that the Italian soldiers gave to the war a physiognomy all their own. It seems to me that no singing occurs in the war books of Barbusse and Remarque; in the Italian stories one does hear

the Italian soldier singing. "Canta, che ti passa" (Sing it away) is the slogan of a collection of songs of the Italian soldier, which means that the Italian soldier assuaged his sufferings with songs.

NATURALLY, we Italians did not, any more than the others, remain immune from the literary poisoning of war times. War destroyed bodies and material wealth; but it was also a great destroyer of spiritual values. It spread throughout the world a quantity of poison gas of the mind from which we are still suffering. The famous "propaganda" was a hotbed of lies for all nations. The so-called "war of ideas" was, alas, a "war against ideas!" How much nonsense, deadly to the mind, was said on the "Latin spirit" and on the "German spirit;" how many ideal values were dragged into a struggle with which they had nothing to do, values that were trodden upon and wielded as a weapon by the contenders, as if a statue or a book would gain by being used as a club or a gun!

THE war books that will survive, after all the "topical" writings, which responded to the practical exigencies of the moment, shall have been swept away, are few. It is not unlikely that a book may yet appear which, as a masterpiece, will come to depict this period of our life.

The only war book of the *Risorgimento* which is still

read, Cesare Abba's "Noterelle d'uno dei Mille" (Brief Notes of one of the Thousand), was written by "one who had been there;" but the epic of the *Risorgimento* is found in a poet who did not go to war, in Giosuè Carducci, who wrote when the smoke of the battles had vanished. It may well happen that our epic will be written by "one who was not there."

For the time being, we note that in Italy there is not a single war book which may be said to portray "the entire war," a book that so soars above the others as to be recognized as typical of Italy.

Several are the "good" Italian war books, and in each one of them is reflected the author and some moments and side-lights of the war.

I shall speak of some of these books, but I hasten to caution the reader that I do not mean thereby to place all the other books on a lower level. I grant without hesitation that some of the latter are as good as those on which I am about to dwell. If I have chosen the books I have, rather than others, it is because I had them near at hand and because, too, they enable me, thanks to their variety, to present various aspects of our war life.

THE first of the war books which impressed the Italian reading public was Soffici's "Kobilek." When it first came out, it was here and there mutilated by the censor. We have now a complete edition of it.

Its title, strange for an Italian book, was derived from the Slavic name of a knob on the mountains which rise to the north of Gorizia, where Soffici fought.

A writer and a painter before the war, Soffici remained such in his book. It is a diary. Now we find in it jottings not unlike a painter's sketch; now

from the sketchy passage we go on to read a page well written, simple, flowing, full of humanity and not devoid of a sense of grandeur. Aspects of nature, humorous remarks, sentimental and ironic snatches of life, portraits of the Italian people file past our eyes. They are "fragments," the literary form current at that time, and on which Soffici had left his own imprint of Parisian elegance and Tuscan purity. It is Fucini's art gone through the forge of Paris.

Impressionism is no longer an end in itself, but serves a soul that has been touched. Officers, fellow-soldiers, foemen are presented with rapid strokes. Here and there a comic sketch makes its appearance. But all through the book one feels that the writer now stands on a level other than that on which he had stood in previous years when he first won over and delighted the Italian readers with a pen full of color and *bizzarrie*.

ANOTHER war book of which I shall speak—were it only because, among all others of Italy, it is the sole book, I think, which has been translated in America with some degree of success—is Paolo Monelli's "Scarpe al Sole" (Toes Up). Of "Toes Up" it can be said that it really depicts the Italian war, with its alternations of sorrow and laughter, with its rain and sunshine, as it was seen by the Italian people who gave singing soldiers to the war. Monelli served in the Alpine corps. Typically Italian was the warfare which took these troops to the highest peaks of the Alps, troops that had characteristics well known in Italy—undaunted bravery, fondness for wine, and a spirit of good fellowship between officers and soldiers that did away with the severity of discipline. It is a

book written by a student; hence it is a youth's book. The war is viewed with that freshness and that unconcern for life which only youth can have. It is a truthful book, but its truth is that of a sound mind which hardships can neither fag nor cause to doubt. If we find profanity, it arises rather from the "inconveniences" of war than from its "dangers."

VERY strange, perhaps unique, I think, is Carlo Pastorino's "La Prova del Fuoco" (The Fire Test.) The war is viewed in a Christian spirit and described in a Franciscan style. It is not literature, mind you; it is not sugar-coated war, either. Nay, it is anything but that. The war is portrayed as it really is, but one feels that the human mind can learn even from war and find in it the opportunity to better itself, the opportunity to know evil and death, ever near and equal for all, the enemy not excepted. The foe suffers also, in the war as seen by Pastorino.

It is a book of a great sweetness which does not strike us at the very outset but which little by little seizes us and endears the author to us. We should like, we feel, to have been next to him.

INTERESTING and envisaged with a fearless mind is Arturo Marpicati's point of view in his book "La Coda di Minosse" (Minos's Tail). Of what Minos does he intend to speak? Of those improvised Minosses—the military judges. How many blunders were made during that period! How difficult was it then to sit in judgment, in haste and often without necessary testimonies and guarantees, with judges and public prosecutors not being well informed as to the facts! Marpicati has given us a lively account of one of these

hasty trials and has not only shown us mistakes and weak minds, but also lofty minds not afraid to fight for the truth even in those times. It is a book one reads with pleasure.

I HAVE reserved my last words for Benito Mussolini's war book, "Il Mio Diario di Guerra" (My War Diary). He wrote it when he was a mere private, in the trenches, and no one, save some prophet, suspected what his future would be. The book is important not only because that private has become the head of his own country and a figure of world-wide interest, but in itself. It is a reaction, with its simple style, against the rodomontades and nonsense of the war correspondents, who used to fill the newspaper columns with commonplaces and descriptions of battles never witnessed, not even through field-glasses. It is a lively analysis of the qualities of the Italian people. One feels therein the statesman.

For those who live in America it is not amiss, perhaps, to recall Mussolini's opinions of that period concerning the emigrated Italians who had come back to fight on the Italian front. He speaks of them in several places, and his insistence is a proof of his convictions. On November 2, he observes that among his fellow-soldiers "those are not lacking who are more wide-awake and worldly-wise. They are those who have been abroad, in Europe and in America." On April 6, studying the morale of the soldiers of his platoon, he divides them into several groups; about "twenty-five are those who returned voluntarily from countries in Europe and across the Ocean. People who have lived; people who have acquired a certain social experience. They are the best soldiers, all around." These "Americans" are among those most convinced of the necessity of the war: "Pietroantonio, from the Abruzzi, who voluntarily returned from

America together with two thousand others to serve the country, recounts to us interesting episodes on the life of our colonies across the Ocean. Immense was the enthusiasm with which our declaration of war on Austria was received. Throngs of men besieged the Consulates for their medical examination and their repatriation. . . . That is easily understood. The millions and millions of Italians, most of them from the South, who during recent years have travelled the roads of the world, know through painful experience what it means to belong to a nation politically and militarily without prestige."

I think that the American readers of this review, among whom there may be more than one who on that memorable occasion went back to Italy to take up arms, will be pleased to know this favorable opinion of Mussolini, then a mere private, an opinion which cannot have changed now that from a private he has become the Duce.

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praised the specific proposal to tie down the laborer to the earth. It is only necessary that all these possibilities be multiplied by ten, by a hundred, by a thousand. Internal migrations are a cause of equilibrium and they have an economic substratum, as well as a foundation of a social character. But the real masses, those that can relieve certain regions, cannot have an outlet except in vast areas of a gradual potentiality of an agricultural nature. At the present moment this aim is not attainable except in the colonies: in fact, only in Africa.

Africa is a continent which still awaits to be put into a

state of complete productive efficiency or, as it is said in modern jargon, exploited in full. It was taken by assault on the north, the south, the east and the west by the white race, but it is still largely a matter of guiding elements. There is, on the other hand, a phenomenon that is being observed: the progressive settling of Indian groups on the eastern shores of the Black Continent. It appears that these Asiatic peoples already see, with realistic instinct, the possibilities of African exploitation even for the most humble workers. As for the rest, particularly in Northern Africa, washed by the Mediter-

anean, the nucleus of the white race is in Tunisia, and is largely made up of Italians. Our two colonies, Tripolitania and Cyrenaica, pacified in every sense and relieved of military occupation, seem to await the immigration of our colonizers. Here the problem is one of means, and let us not obscure the fact that the present time certainly is not the best for launching programs of very great import. But if we consider what has been spent to build up the industrial structure, to heal and to recover some of the initiatives that interest various cities of ours in the north, we are bound to ask

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—Alinari

Rome—The Piazza Navona, or Circo Agonale, with the famous Bernini fountains

The "Befana"

By Clary Zannoni Chauvet

Granddaughter of Costanzo Chauvet, well-known Italian writer, and an author in her own right; she has translated many of the writings of Rabindranath Tagore into Italian.

THERE is a square in Rome that has two names; there is also a Roman and Christian festival that has two names. Festival and square are strictly connected. Circo Agonale or Piazza Navona is the first; Epifania (Twelfth Night) or Befana, the second. When a good Roman citizen speaks of the Circo Agonale he means the Stadium of Domiziano, converted afterwards into a beautiful square, enclosed on one side by a row of small and simple buildings of the 17th Century, and on the other—as though for contrast—by the magnificent palace Doria Pamphili and the Church of S. Agnese that Borromini built. Three fountains enrich the large footwalk that is placed in

the center of the square; smaller and graceful are the two laterals; powerful and decorative the central one, in which Bernini symbolized the four largest rivers in the world as a base for a precious Egyptian obelisque. But when the good Roman citizen mentions Piazza Navona, another vision appears in his mind. He means no longer the Rome of Domiziano or the Rome of the Popes, but only the center of the place as it has appeared for centuries, once a year, on the night between the 5th and 6th of January, the night of the Epifania or Befana.

Bartolomeo Pinelli, the genial and refined engraver of the past century, has left us a collection of marvelous etchings reproducing the Roman life of

his time. His fine works, inspired by the Canovian character, but dynamic, and with the addition of vivacity, is a documentation of the popular customs and habits of the beginning of the 19th Century. One of his most beautiful etchings is the Befana Festival in Piazza Navona. Peddlers, stalls and small carts covered with cheap toys, candies and roasted chestnuts, orange sellers, lamps, music and beautiful women in festive attires are designed. And there are also the "Befanotti," merry young fellows who used to disguise themselves in a grotesque way during that night and go about jesting and teasing people and playing shrill trumpets and rattles. This very Roman festival inspired Maestro Res-

pighi himself in writing the last movement of his suite, "Le Feste Romane," a colorful and perfectly vivacious page of music.

A RICH caravan reaches on that night the threshold of the barn, in the "Presepio" that has been prepared with loving care for the children on Christmas eve. On the morning of the Epifania, the children, with wide-open, marveling eyes, look at the three Holy Kings with crowns on their heads and golden mantles, adoring the Divine Infant. There are, behind them, camels, elephants and servants bearing precious gifts to the Son of God. Epifania means the mystic offering, the adoration of the Holy Kings, led by the comet star to the King of Kings. And how beautiful, how shining is the comet hanging over the straw roof of the hut!

But the festival has another meaning, and the children think of entirely different things when they mention the word Befana. Befana is the name of an ugly but good old woman who comes down the chimney, bringing toys and candies to the good children...

and also some pieces of coal if they have deserved it! Who was there who did not find a little piece of coal in the sock that was hung the previous night near the little bed? Of course we all found it! It was carefully wrapped and placed among toys and candies, bought at the same time with the Holy Kings and their splendid caravan of painted chalk in Piazza Navona. Children are quite conscious of their little faults and their hearts tremble while they are hanging their socks, for the Befana knows and sees everything!

Two names has the place; two names has the festival. *Circo Agonale*, artistic and historical glory; *Piazza Navona*, peddlers, candies, trumpets, rattles and crackers; *Epifania*, the Holy Kings, the mystic offering, the worship; *Befana*, the good old woman, toys... and coal!

UNFORTUNATELY the popular merry tradition is declining little by little. Every year brings fewer peddlers and fewer stalls around the three beautiful fountains. Very often the Holy Kings come from a refined store at the Presepio. They are made

in china instead of chalk, and their elephants and camels are in cloth and velvet. Are, perhaps, modern children different from what they were in the past? No. The child is the creature who best understands symbol, and who does not care if the figure in the Presepio costs ten cents or a lot of money.

The fun of the festival is no longer the same. Many people consider it an anachronism in our modern age. And what with central heating, and gas, and electric stoves, the poor old Befana is now obliged to find another way to enter the houses and reach the hanging socks. Let us hope that some chimney will remain in every home for the illusion and the happiness of the 6th of January!

There is only a small group of people who will see without sorrow the decline of the old tradition; they are those who live in Piazza Navona and who know that once every year they are destined to a sleepless night, the night that is spent in crying, laughing, whistling and jesting by a crowd celebrating in a pagan way a Christian festival.

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ourselves if it would not be desirable and opportune to have, for the purposes of our colonial development, a great outpouring of farmers' and workers' elements into the two colonies in our possession.

Many times it happens among those who emigrate from one region to another that there are signs of discomfort and disturbance; there are some who dream open-eyed of wealth, of the conquest of a great position, of the develop-

ment of a new firm in the course of a short two years. Sometimes want of a certain commodity a few kilometers from the great city is appraised of in an exaggerated way; but want itself is unknown when one is far-off, in a region that has the horizon for its boundaries, a sky that is always clear, a vigorous form of vegetation, and where relations among countrymen are dictated by the sense of unity and the spirit of sacrifice.

In the field of our economic adjustment, among the many possibilities that aid this solution, there is the colonial problem. We have already written about it before. The sending of some fifty families to Garian for the cultivation of tobacco is already an accurate sign of the will to do. But here also has the Italian Government operated. Private initiative must now complete this specific tendency of the central power.



Siena—Panorama of the city.

Siena of the Quattrocento

The Art of Simone Martini

by Franco Bruno Averardi

DANTE praises Giotto as the painter who darkened the fame of Cimabue. Petrarca, in two exquisite sonnets, praises Simone Martini as the painter who revealed to the world not only the earthly but also the heavenly, the spiritual beauty of Madonna Laura's face. Nothing could be more significant and inspiring to us than this link of friendly comprehension and spiritual nearness uniting the two greatest poets with the two greatest painters of the Trecento. This link is not only significant because those four names are so great but because these two spiritual relations appeal and respond deeply to our intuition. Giotto created monumental compositions, gathering and embracing with an overpowering centripetal force the chief artistic tendencies of his age. This appears most luminously in Santa Maria dell'Arena, that supreme revelation of what a church can be, of what space can become through the rhythm of forms and colors. In front of this miracle we can see that

Giotto did in painting something that approached what Dante did in poetry, although within narrower limits (Dante's achievement and Dante's range are unique and incomparable). He blended in a mighty harmony all the contrasting ideals, visions and energies of the Trecento. His work impresses us like a synthetic architecture arising from an immense ebbing and flowing ocean. Simone did something entirely different. He became the mysterious painter of sentiment and the subtlest painter of the human face before Botticelli and Leonardo. He is much more indefinite, much more intimate, much less outspoken and architectural than Giotto. He created with his designs and colors what Petrarca created with his verse: a new unique poetry which listened and responded to all the emotions of the soul.

SIMONE is the most profoundly representative painter of Siena of the 14th century, as Giotto is the most pro-

foundly representative painter of Florence in the same age. In his work he expressed the soul of Siena more intensely than any other painter—a soul dreaming alone in profound concentration, not expanding and reaching out to know and to conquer the world like Florence. The two arts are as profoundly different from each other as the cities are. Florence lies royally serene in her plain, like a garden open to every new wind, ready to accept and nourish every seed brought by that wind. And all the seeds of the Renaissance will find their first nourishment in the garden of Florence. If we turn from Florence to Siena, we have almost the feeling of turning from a marvelous garden to an equally marvelous fortress. And Siena really is a fortress, the fortress of the medieval spirit. She does not open herself to the winds of the new age, she protects the survival of her old spirit, of her old art, until the last—and when medieval art dies, after the last visions of

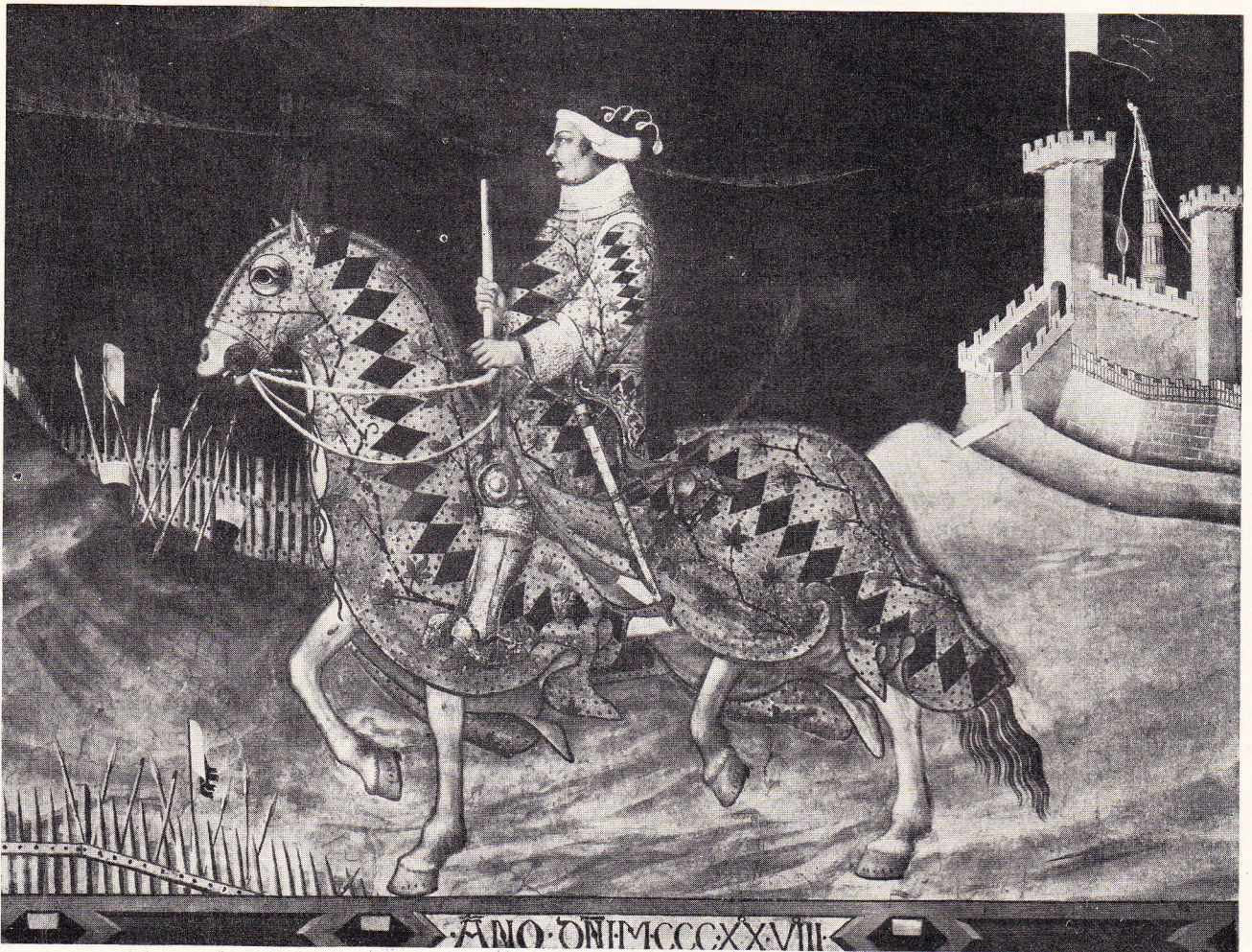
Sassetta, of Vecchietta and of Matteo di Giovanni, no Renaissance follows. Siense art dies with its medieval spirit. (Nobody could call Siense Renaissance those few imitations of Florentine architecture which we find in Siena.)

SOME art critics tell us that Siense painters, during the Quattrocento, were too weak, too far behind in artistic evolu-

inspiration, of the ideal in their minds. Anybody who has heard the voice of Siena while walking through her streets, while contemplating her buildings and her paintings, will realize this. He will admire Siena for having protected and asserted her own wonderful world side by side with the wonderful world of Florence, and will not condole with her for having failed to produce

Quattrocento: Mr. Berenson's study on Sassetta.

SIENA stepped out of the Middle Ages in political life, she proclaimed as Florence did the freedom, the majesty of the new Commune. But she adapted this historical transformation to her medieval spirit, which continued to live. Duccio opens the Siense Trecento. The immense inheritance



Detail of the "Guidoriccio da Fogliano" by Simone Martini, in the Palazzo Pubblico of Siena

tion to detach themselves from their primitive models. Strangely enough they do not see that if painters like Sassetta and Matteo di Giovanni continued to create mystic paintings (and what paintings!), it was not due to their weakness but to their strength, to the marvelous surviving, resisting strength of their mystic

Renaissance art. But Siense Quattrocento, in other words the delicate transformation by which Siense mysticism saved and sheltered its own existence in the age of the Renaissance, has not yet been generally the object of as much interest and study as the Trecento. But we have a wonderful unforgettable tribute to the Siense

which Siena receives from Byzantine Art wonderfully illumines the paintings of Duccio. While profoundly possessed with that inherited Oriental wealth, Duccio is the artist who awakens to the consciousness that a new art, Siense art, can and must be created; and he lays the first base of this new art. Then Simone

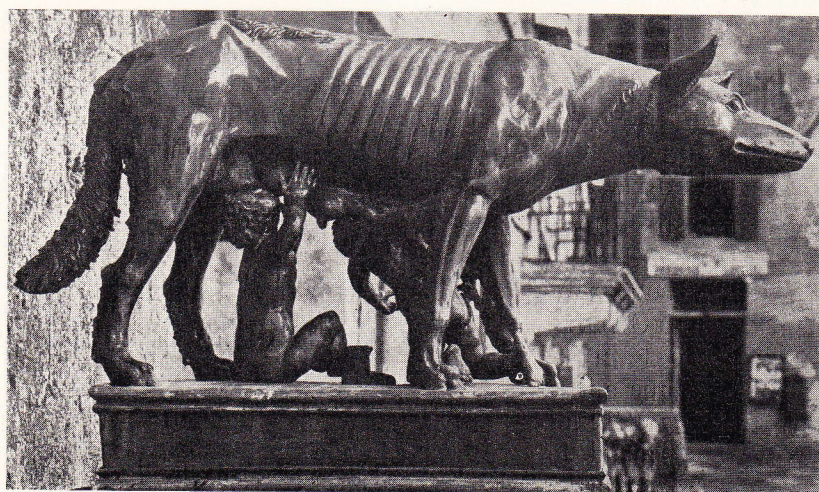
appears and blends this inherited Byzantine tradition with the French Gothic spirit which was revealed to him in Naples at the Angevin Court. The flame of his genius blends the Byzantine tradition with the Gothic spirit into a new essence and this essence is Siene painting, the most profoundly Siene painting that ever was created. Simone is, in the first place, above all a son of Siena, the great representative artist born from a great blood. All the earlier steps of Siene art, even the gigantic step of Duccio, lead to Simone as youth leads to maturity. He is one of those artists in which a race attains profound consciousness of itself.

I SAID that Giotto attained a wonderful, truly Florentine harmony between two extremes—between the mystic spirit and the first stirring impulses of the Renaissance. In Simone's work, the essential note is not harmony, it is passion, mystic passion. If we compare a pure and intense expression of Florentine mysticism (the latest and purest Angelico's paintings, for instance) with the mysticism of Simone, we realize how profoundly the one differs from the other. A background of serenity is always present in Florentine mysti-

cism. If we look at some of Simone's paintings, on the contrary (at his Annunciation in Florence, at the ecstatic mass of St. Martin in Assisi) we feel that his mysticism glows with all the human passion which was repressed and sacrificed to it. We are reminded of the mysticism of early medieval paintings, breaking out in expressions of infinite sorrow, of ecstatic consumption. We feel that there is more truly medieval spirit in the work of Simone than in any Florentine painting of his age. But now this medieval spirit speaks through an advanced, developed, intensified art, through a haunting sense of beauty, through a new subtle, physical delicacy and tenderness—this is the keynote, the mysterious and magic spell of Simone's art.

IN the man, as in the artist, we sense the same strange blending of diverging qualities. He lived at the Angevin court, he was keenly attracted by the refined expressions of aristocratic life and aristocratic beauty—and he was a profound mystic. His Saints, his Madonna's, if compared with those of Giotto, impress us as princes and princesses compared with strong and healthy *popolani* of Florence. We feel that Simone assimilated the atmosphere of

a court, while Giotto always remained at heart a simple citizen of Florence. And yet Simone spiritualizes that physical noblesse which appeals to him. He transforms it into a medium by which he expresses a mysticism of his own. This is the great miracle of Simone's art. As I said, his is a mysticism which avails itself of all those human, individual energies which were conquered. Through the holiness of Simone's paintings we perceive and feel, as through a precious alabaster, the flame of that human passion, delicate and intense at once, which was Simone's. The mystic urge was so profound that even before a contrast could arise, it transfigured that passion. But we feel in front of those paintings, more profoundly than in front of any others, all the price that was paid for mysticism. We feel this more keenly than in front of earlier mystic paintings, exactly because the time and the spiritual atmosphere had changed, because in the late medieval age of Simone it cost more to carry through triumphantly, to serve and to express a divine vision. I speak here rather of subconscious depths than of what the artist consciously realized. It is as we saw new stigmas resulting from an even greater spiritual heroism.



Siena—The wolf at the corner of the Palazzo Pubblico

Antonio Salandra:

Forger of Italy's Destinies

THOSE historians who believe with Carlyle that history is chiefly the product of a few men will find additional support for their theory in the person of Antonio Salandra, whose death last month recalls how, as Prime Minister of Italy the fateful first year of the World War, he changed the course of Italy's destination.

It would not be accurate to state that in declaring Italy's neutrality in August, 1914, and her intervention on the side of the Allies in May, 1915, Salandra disregarded the feelings of the majority of the Italian people and forced upon them the decisions taken by him and his cabinet. But it is well known that between the declaration of neutrality and the actual entrance into the war there developed in Italy two powerful groups which would have preferred intervention on the side of the Central Powers, or at least neutrality throughout the rest of the conflict. Giolitti's "parecchio" (he believed that Austria's offers in return for Italy's neutrality were sufficient) speaks volumes by itself.

Nor would it be accurate to say that Salandra was alone in reaching the fateful decisions of those uncertain years. Besides the King, who ignored dynastic connections to further the supreme interests of the Italian people, faithful as ever to the traditions of the House of Savoy, there were in Italy at that time many leaders of public opinion, who, following

in the wake of the Risorgimento, realized at the outbreak of the European War what an opportunity their country had of breaking the anachronism of an unreal alliance.

But to Salandra and his two foreign ministers, Di San



Antonio Salandra

Giuliano and Sonnino, should go the credit for the great decisions, for they were among the few who were acquainted with the many-sided obligations of Italian diplomacy and the unpreparedness of the Italian army for a gigantic struggle.

The passing of Antonio Salandra, however, should not remind us only of his part in the World War. An accomplished parliamentarian, a forceful orator, a distinguished writer on politics and jurisprudence, a popular professor of finance

and public administration at the University of Rome, a well-balanced undersecretary of state and minister in various cabinets, he gave his country the benefits of his sound judgment and powerful intellect with a generosity that only a pupil of De Sanctis and Spaventa could equal. His attack on the incompetence of the League of Nations in the Corfu incident, which he made as head of the Italian delegation at Geneva, remains a classical example of juridical knowledge and interpretation.

* * *

WAS Salandra wise in following the path that led Italy to fight against the Central powers?

It is admitted by military critics that had Italy chosen to fight on the side of Germany and Austria, they would have won the war. As a reward for her participation against the Allies Italy might have secured Nice, Savoy, Corsica, Tunis and some more generous colonial morsels. But such a participation would have been against Italy's real interests, which are not the material interests so often emphasized by people who have utterly misunderstood Salandra's "sacro egoismo" but the interests of a state that aspires to the position of true equality and independence in the family of nations.

Any one who reads Salandra's two volumes of memoirs, even if one is not acquainted with the wealth of material re-

vealed since 1919 by the archives of the leading European foreign offices, will realize how untenable would have become Italy's position had Germany and Austria won the war even with Italy on their side.

There are certain students of European diplomacy who have, very lightly, cast aspersions on the methods of the Consulta and who have reached the hasty conclusion that Italy was not loyal to the Triple Alliance, but they do not seem to realize, as yet, that Italy's position in the Triplice was not one of true equality, but rather of vassalage to Germany and Austria. Indeed, both Salandra and Giolitti tell us in their reminiscences how they were often tempted to eject the arrogant Austrian ambassador at Rome, von Mery, from their office. A victory for the Central Powers, therefore, would have sealed Italy's position of servitude to her allies. (No consideration is paid here to the almost certain havoc that the British and French fleets would have played on the Italian coast and to the traditional friendship

for, and affinity of interests with, Great Britain, a fact of which German chancellors from Bismarck to Bethmann-Hollweg were well aware.)

ON the other hand, it is obvious that Italy could hardly afford to remain neutral, even if her food supplies had been allowed to reach her by the Allies, who, through their control of the high seas, enforced their own laws of neutrality.

Salandra perceived at once Italy's precarious position and made up his mind to join the Allies as early as August, 1914, as he reveals in his memoirs. If Italy did not actually intervene until May 1915, the reason is to be found in the unpreparedness of the Italian army, which had not yet recovered from the effects of the war with Turkey. As to the assumptions that Italy's obligations towards the Allies precluded her siding with the Central Powers, Salandra, in his "Intervento," relegates their importance to an inconspicuous footnote. On the other hand, the charge that he pro-

crastinated his decision in order to reap some bargains, or to "fly to the winning side," one needs only to read his memoirs to explode that myth.

It is in the light of recent diplomatic revelations that Salandra's decision acquires the importance of a masterly stroke of statesmanship, and that his "sacro egoismo" should be interpreted. If, on the other hand, naive students of diplomacy have reproached him and Sonnino for binding the Allies to the Treaty of London of April 26, 1915, subsequent events have proved the wisdom of their policy.

ALESSANDRO Manzoni, in his ode to Napoleon, asks himself if the Little Corsican's glory was true glory—and leaves the judgment to posterity, but we do not need to wait for the coming generations to pass judgment on Salandra's statesmanship, for we know enough today of the background of Italy's foreign policy to accord him a position among the greatest of Italian statesmen.

—G. S.

LOVE SONG

Pincio

Even your name, O Rome . . . !

Why do I love you?

Is it the challenge of your quiet dome
That dominates city, almost rules the sky?

Is it the winding mystery of a street
Where living stones give to the feet a song?—
Stones all the great of earth have walked upon,
And those who merely loved and were not great?

Is it white music of the fountain's leap
From *piazza* shade into the early dawn?

Or cypress tree above a bolted gate?
Or stairs that climb to newer mystery?
Or pine that calms when cypress lifts too high?

Is it a hidden temple or a god?
Or statued age-green column deep in shade
Of oak with ancient struggle in the root?—
The leafed mirrors of your broad-bowled fountains,
Their crystal dripping plashing with the bells?

Or is it sunlight bursting on gray towers
To tell what gold is? (Where is light of sun
So gold as on a golden Roman wall?
—The sun that Francis sang but could not know
As only stranger eyes can know its gold.)

Even your name, O Rome,
Like organ-throbbing moonlight thrills a spell:

City where God was profligate with all
In one Eternal Holy City dream,

O blue no cloud can shadow in my heart,—
Why do I love you?

I only know I love you, ever shall:
I only know I cannot say farewell.

You have my life, O Rome,—so keep my death!
Give your great sky as freedom for my breath,—
Let your slow golden Tiber shroud a part
And let just any cypress hold my heart.

—Fredericka Blankner

(From the cycle of poems on Italy in "All My Youth,"
recently published by Brentano's.)

Pitture Vetrificate

Bijou Paintings in Crystalline Glazes by Italian Artists

By Eugene Clute

Contributor to the "Architectural Forum," "Architecture" and other periodicals; author of "The Treatment of Interiors" and of various works on the fine and applied arts.

AMONG the most interesting of the examples of Italian art recently exhibited in this country by the Italy America Society were a number of small paintings shown by Doctor A. Pugliese that were done in vitreous enamels upon tile. These pictures are known as *pittura vetrificate* and are the work of a group of painters under the leadership of the distinguished artist Basilio Cascella. Cascella, who has used vitreous glazes in some of his important works, conceived the idea of these bijou paintings in a lasting medium and encouraged a number of younger artists to work in this way, notably Adelaide Sodini and Melchioire Melis.

One of Adelaide Sodini's *pittura vetrificate* is shown by an illustration on this page, a study of an Arabian woman of North Africa. The coloring is rich and vibrant, while the handling of the medium is at once direct and sensitive. This subject is an unusual one for this artist, since she most often paints the picturesque types to be found in and about Rome, where she lives.

Melchioire Melis is a native of Sardinia and his home is at Cagliari. The peasant life of the region provides him with



Arabian Woman, by Adelaide Sodini
pittura vetrificata, painted in vitreous enamels on tile.

a wealth of material and he depicts the beauty of Sardinian women with compelling charm.

One of his most delightful peasant subjects shows a pretty miss on her way to make the customary present to a bride, a rooster and a dove, all beribboned and carried in an open basket. Sounding a deeper note, is his painting of a pro-

cession of women bearing candles across the snow from a little church, an old custom observed on Christmas Eve. Then there is his picture of a lumbering covered cart drawn by sleek black oxen in a flood of soft moonlight.

Basilio Cascella usually chooses his subjects for *pittura*
(Continued on page 260)

Father Giuseppe Maria Finotti

Pioneer Priest, Bibliographer, Writer

by Edoardo Marolla

NOT much is known of early Catholic literature in the United States. Indeed, to the average layman the fact that such a literature has always existed in America, even during the colonial days of Protestant dominion, is almost totally unknown. Even Catholic historians often take it for granted that Catholic literature did not begin to exist in this country until the days of the great Catholic immigrations and it is to the painstaking efforts of an Italian genius, the Jesuit writer and pioneer priest, Father Giuseppe Maria Finotti, that a record of the early Catholic writings in the United States were carefully collected and gathered in one great volume, the *Bibliographia Catholica Americana*, in such a manner as to leave an authentic register for future generations to study, and to prove conclusively that Catholics have given to the literary and artistic development of this country from its very beginning.

In the town of Ferrara, Italy, Giuseppe Maria Finotti, was born on September 21, 1817, the son of Francesco M. and Rosa (Tassinani) Finotti. His father, Francesco, was a judge, and, we are told, a very stern one who made the boy's life an unhappy one by his

sternness. But Giuseppe was nevertheless given a good education, as befitted a judge's son, and he was early sent to a Jesuit school. Shortly after he made it known that he felt called to the priesthood and that he wished to be a Jesuit. He was received into the order October 28, 1833.

Finotti might easily have remained all his life in Italy had he not some years previously, at the age of twelve, read Carlo Botta's *Storia dell' indipendenza americana*, which, by the way, was the first book on the subject ever written in any language. This work greatly aroused his interest in the land discovered by his famous countryman, and when the opportunity presented itself he came to America in 1845 with Father James Riepler to work in the Maryland province. Thus we have a classic example of how the influence of one Italian led another to come to America, and it was influences such as this one which gave impetus to the great Italian immigration of a later day.

The newly arrived Italian continued his studies with the Jesuits at Georgetown in the District of Columbia and was ordained in August, two years after his arrival.

His priestly duties began at Frederick, Maryland, and after a short stay there he was trans-

ferred to Alexandria, Virginia. While in Virginia he had charge of extensive mission fields in both that State and in Maryland. In Prince George County, Maryland, the church of St. Ignatius was built through his efforts and at Holyrood he established a Catholic cemetery. In 1852 Father Finotti asked permission to leave the order of the Society of Jesus and to be permitted to work as a regular parish priest. His superiors granted his wish and in December of that year he went to Boston and became attached to Bishop Fitzpatrick's Cathedral, where he remained until 1856. In that year he was placed in charge of the parishes of Brookline and Brighton, where the exemplary manner in which he fulfilled his duties earned for him the praises of his superiors.

During this time, in addition to his regular parish work, the Italian was busy as a writer and editor. For a number of years he had charge of the *Boston Pilot* and under his able editorship this journal became one of the leading exponents of Catholic thought in this country. He collected material for his *Bibliographia*, wrote a number of original works, and still found time to translate many pious stories. This literary work, plus his duties as a

priest, produced a great strain on him and he was often ill. But doggedly he continued to work on until in 1876 his health crumpled entirely and he was forced to relinquish his efforts. For a time he rested at Mount St. Mary's Seminary near Cincinnati, Ohio, but his naturally active mind could not remain idle long and after a short time he began teaching the young seminarians. Still in poor health, he was sent to Omaha, Nebraska, where he remained until Bishop Machbaeuf of Denver, Colorado, invited him to come to his diocese. It was thought that the mountain air would aid him and he gladly accepted the invitation. The Bishop stationed him at Central City, Colorado, where he assumed the duties of parish priest and set to work with a will in the hope that he would soon be well.

But although his health improved, the old priest was not to remain long in his new surroundings. In December of 1878 while returning from a distant station where he had said mass, he slipped and fell

on the ice, severely injuring himself. A few weeks later, on January 10, 1879, he died from the effects.

While Father Finotti was a great pioneer priest and as such he is to be remembered and honored, his fame rests chiefly on his writings. In addition to his *Bibliographia Catholica Americana*, the following books came from his pen: *A French Grammar*, published in Italy; *A Month of Mary*, published in 1853 and of which 50,000 copies were sold, a figure very seldom reached by any religious book even today; *Life of Blessed Paul of the Cross*, published in 1860; *Italy in the Fifteenth Century*; *Diary of a Soldier*, published in 1861; *The French Louave*, published in 1863; *Herman the Pianist*, published in 1863; *The Spirit of St. Francis of Sales*, published in 1866; *Works of the Rev. Arthur O'Leary*; *Life of Blessed Peter Claver*; and his last, which appeared in 1879, *The Mystery of Wizard Clip*. All of his works were written in clear simple language and all were of a deeply

religious character and thoroughly Catholic.

The *Bibliographia Catholica Americana* he worked on for a greater portion of the latter part of his life but did not live to complete it entirely. It contains a list of all the works written by Catholic authors between 1784 and 1820 published in the United States. In addition, it has a rather long preface with many critical notes on Catholic publishing which show a clear insight of the business. The work was so great that it was almost impossible to perfect and his many friends urged an early publication which could later be improved upon. Accordingly, the book was published in 1872, but Finotti died before having had time to publish another edition, and the work was never reprinted. But even in its uncompleted state, the *Bibliographia Catholica Americana* remains today the great Catholic historical document of Catholic literature in America and it should be a source of pride to every Italo-American that this work is the product of an Italian mind.

PITTURE VETRIFICATE

(Continued from page 258)

vetrificate from the more rugged types of the Castelli Romani region and renders them with keen insight and great vigor.

The art of making these little vitreous pictures is comparatively new, having developed during the past five years, though it is a direct descendant of the works of the della Robbias. It has been made possible by modern scientific advances in the preparation of colors in vitreous glazes, and the delicate control of high tempera-

tures that is afforded by the electric kiln plays an important part in the technique.

While this medium enforces a certain degree of simplification that give the pictures a desirable decorative quality, it permits of a satisfying refinement in the use of delicate nuances of tone and color, and of a sufficient exactness of graphic statement. Most valuable of all, is the rich luminosity combined with tenderness and brilliancy that gives to the

paintings in this medium their peculiar charm.

Being small, from seven or eight inches square to five or six inches high by fourteen or fifteen inches wide, as a rule, they are in scale with the small rooms of the more modest homes and apartments of our day, and with the more intimate rooms of larger homes. They form effective spots of decoration and their sympathetic interpretation of picturesque aspects of life are of unending interest.

Merger on the High Seas:

The Italian Steamship Lines Combine

ITALY has always been a nation to be reckoned with on the seas. Ever since the days when the *triremes* of ancient Rome subdued the Carthaginian fleet in the first Punic war, making the Mediterranean "Mare Nostrum" in every sense of the phrase for the Romans, Italy's maritime fame has been no whit inferior to her other claims to greatness. A long list of distinguished navigators, from Columbus down, attest to the fact that her sailors have been among the first to roam the world over.

But this is no longer primarily an age of discovery and exploration. What counts today is primacy in business and commercial enterprise. And the Italians, recognizing the need of presenting a united front to the marine competition of other countries, have now, following the trend of the times, merged their shipping efforts.

The three great Italian transatlantic lines, the Navigazione Generale Italiana, the Lloyd Sabauda and the Cosulich, are now unified under one company, the Italia Line, which will practically monopolize the traffic between Italy and the two Americas.

At the same time, three other powerful Italian steamship lines, which do most of their business in the Mediterranean and with the Orient, have also formed a single company. The

latter line, comprising the Lloyd Triestino, the Marittima Italiana and the Societa Italiana di Servizi Marittimi (referred to as the Sitmar) will retain the name Lloyd Triestino.

It is the opinion of observers that these two great mergers are to be attributed to the Italian Premier, Benito Mussolini, whose efforts have been bent toward the elimination of competition and unnecessary expenditures in his campaign to forward the interests of the Italian merchant marine. Recognizing the need of a working agreement among Italian shipping concerns, particularly the three transatlantic companies, the Premier, a few years back, succeeded in getting them together and having them pool their earnings. This pool proved so successful that it was adopted almost in its entirety by the North German Lloyd and Hamburg American lines, and more recently by several of the stronger Japanese shipping organizations. The recent double merger, then, is an outgrowth of the pooling plan, and is designed to coordinate sailings and permit a wider range of activities.

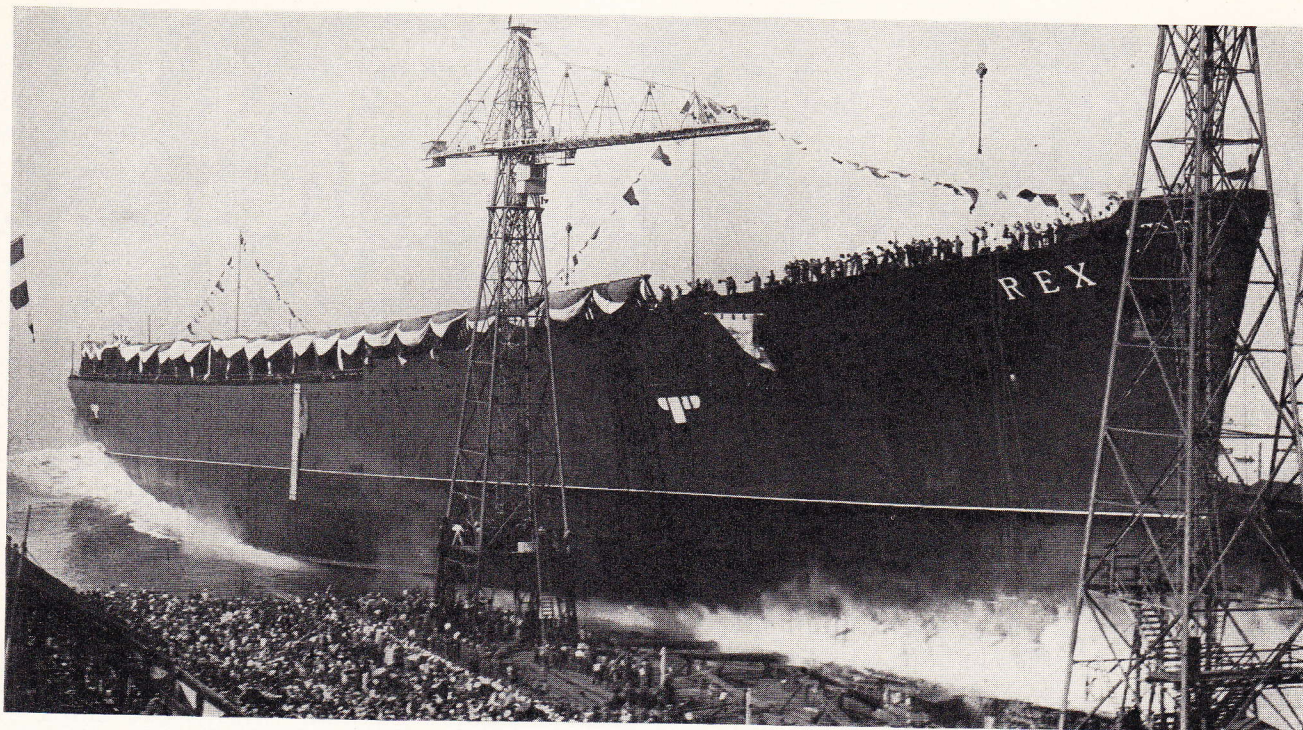
An indication of the scope of the two mergers is the fact that, according to Lloyd's Register of Shipping, the two companies will control 746,317 tons, represented by 100 ships. The Italia Line will have thirty-eight ships of 420,944

tons, and the Lloyd Triestino sixty-two ships of 325,373 tons.

The Cosulich Line is credited with nineteen ships of 145,627 tons, the Navigazione Generale Italiana with eleven ships of 161,556 tons, and the Lloyd Sabauda with eight ships of 113,761 tons. Largest in number of ships contributed to either merger is the Lloyd Triestino, with forty-one ships of 219,573 tons. The Societa Marittima Italiana of Genoa has six ships of 39,498 tons and the Sitmar fifteen ships of 66,302 tons.

Various moves, of course, are now to be expected, looking to the effecting of savings in overhead, such as bringing together the offices and piers now maintained separately by each company. In all probability schedules will be revised and new fields explored.

That Italy now has two super-liners being built, the 47,000-ton Rex of the Navigazione Generale Italiana and the 48,000-ton Conti di Savoia of the Lloyd Sabauda, both recently launched, and which are expected to challenge the North German Lloyd's Bremen and Europa for speed primacy in transatlantic crossings, is well-known. The two vessels are both about 900 feet in length and made to develop a speed of 27½ knots, and it is confidently asserted that the present running time of nine days between Naples and New York



The launching of the "Rex"

will be reduced to seven. When they are entered in the New York trade sometime during 1932, of course, it will automatically release at least two ships for either the South American or Far East trade.

Six of the vessels included in the combine are well-known in New York's harbor, where they dock regularly. They are the N. G. I. liners Augustus and Roma of 32,600 gross tons, with a speed of 22 knots; the Cosulich lines Saturnia and Vulcania of 24,000 gross tons, with a speed also of 22 knots; and the Lloyd Sabaudo liners in the family of the four "Counts," the Conte Biancamano and the Conte Grande, of more than 24,000 gross tons, with a speed in excess of 21 knots.

Just before going to press we find that the new Italia Line, according to latest advices, is to have a board of directors of seventeen, seven

each to be named by the N. G. I. and Lloyd Sabaudo and three by the Banca Commerciale Italiana, as former holder of the Cosulich Line shares.

As President of this board there has been elected S. A. R. the Duke of Abruzzi, admiral, cousin of King Victor Emanuel, authority of maritime matters, explorer of the North Pole, and one of the great colonizers of Somaliland. The presence of this distinguished royal personage at the head of the new amalgamation shows the importance attached to it.

Senator Vittorio Rolandi Ricci and the Marquis Giuseppe Salvago Raggi fill vice-presidential posts. Senator Ricci is well known in the United States, to which country he was formerly Ambassador from Italy. In addition he was formerly president of the N. G. I., and at present he is also head of the Credito Marittimo.

The Marquis Salvago Raggi, who, like Senator Ricci, is Genoese, is a member of the Italian Senate, and was formerly Governor of Eritrea, Ambassador to France, and a member of the Italian delegation to the Versailles Conference and to the Reparations Conference.

As yet, it has not been made public what parts are to be played in the newly-formed combine by Captain Angelo Ruspini, Colonel Merrigio Ser-rati and Giuseppe Cosulich, the heads in this country of the N.G.I., Lloyd Sabaudo and Cosulich lines respectively, although it is expected that they will be appointed to high executive posts. Another feature of the mergers that deserves mention is that it is understood that the interests of the staffs and the crews of all the companies participating have been adequately safeguarded.

—D. L.

Italian Funeral

A SHORT STORY

By Giuseppe Cautela

I HAD just gone to bed when the telephone rang. It was half past eleven.

My telephone seldom rings, and never at half past eleven. By the time I got downstairs to answer it, my mind experienced the longest minutes in my life. That bell had never sounded so strident and so insistent as it did in the stillness of that night.

"Hello," came a sorrowful voice from the other end of the wire, "is this Giuseppe Cautela?"

"Yes," I answered with apprehension.

"I am Vincent," said the voice again.

"Ralph died an hour ago."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "thank you, Vincent. I am terribly sorry."

"Good night."

"Good night, Vincent."

"Ralph is dead," I said to my wife.

"Yes, I understood," she said. "Poor boy! Gemma will be all alone now. She divorced her husband six months ago.

"Now she loses her only boy. Poor mother! 'My head, my head!' he kept on crying this afternoon in the hospital!"

"Spinal meningitis is a terrible disease," I answered.

It was only in the past Summer that the boy had played in the moonlight with my children. A giant for his age, only seventeen and six feet tall.

Antonio, Gemma and their son came to see us in their car, and with them Graziella, with eyes like velvet and a skin like alabaster.

The first time Graziella came along, on a hot Sunday afternoon in July, I was impressed with the cheerful mood of the little company. There is nothing more joyful, more boisterous and healthy than an Italian family out for a good time.

"Where's the poet, where's the writer?"

I heard Antonio's powerful voice ask my wife downstairs. Loud laughter and noise followed, as if a large company had come in. I clapped my hands to my ears.

"Poor me!" I exclaimed, "I might as well quit; it's too warm anyhow."

AS I was putting away my writings, my wife came in saying, "Antonio is downstairs with company."

"Yes, I heard him," I said with resentment.

"Now be nice," my wife warned me, knowing full well what sort of a bore I become when interrupted. By the time I got downstairs the company was in full feast. Italians always prefer wine to ice cream. There was wine on the table, it shone violet and red, full of life in tall glasses, and walnuts were being cracked with the teeth as if with a grindstone.

"Hello," I exclaimed as cheerfully as possible.

"Hello, Giuseppe!" cried Antonio, with glass in hand. You're a crazy man to write on a day like this!"

"Yes, I am," I said, "I quite agree with you."

"Before I invite you to have a drink," he said, "you must meet Graziella."

GRAZIELLA rose on her small feet, her dark head above me. This means that she was over five feet five inches tall. Full-breasted and well formed, she compelled admiration. She shook my hand vigorously, remarking in a peculiar husky voice:

"I hear you were writing. I hope we did not disturb you. We come from the beach."

"You are quite welcome, Signorina," I said.

"You must come over to see us some Sunday," she continued. "We live not far from it."

"Her father runs a restaurant down the Island, Giuseppe," added Gemma.

"And we live above it," said Antonio.

Then, "I am always to be found where there is good cooking."

"And good wine," added his wife.

"I must come over for dinner some night," I promised.

While we spoke, I noticed that Antonio was rather familiar with Graziella. It is not infrequent that Italian families become intimate after a very short acquaintance. For the moment I did not attach much importance to it, but my interest was further aroused when on succeeding visits Graziella came along as if she were a member of the family. It was puzzling to me when I saw Antonio's wife, Gemma, look on as if amused at her husband's loving ways with Graziella. But her smile was not natural. There was a hidden tear in it, and the arching of

her eyebrows as she looked at her feet made me feel that not everything was smooth.

BESIDES, Antonio's character kept my attention alive. His swaggering, all-conquering way, his eagerness to dominate a conversation and his powerful physique could not fail to impress a woman like Graziella. A fire was burning within her. It sent sparks through her fine black eyes every time she glanced at Antonio. And the man's voice leapt to a musical resonance as if touched by electricity. At times, late at night, Graziella would not leave the car, but remain in it with her eyes shut, and her head inclined on the cushion. Invariably she held Antonio's straw hat on her lap. All this was strange, to say the least. My wife, after asking Gemma a few times why Graziella did not come in, noticed her confusion, and asked no more.

One evening Gemma asked me if she should bob her hair.

"What!" I exclaimed, horrified. "Your beautiful brown hair! What's the idea?"

"Oh, it's such trouble in the morning."

"You have had it for many years and now you mean to cut it! Please don't. Besides, I don't think you should cut it for another consideration.

"What?" she asked eagerly.

"You would not mind if I..."

"No, really. Tell me," she answered.

"You are too—heavy," I said, avoiding the word fat.

"Yes, I know. What shall I do? I get terrible headaches from dieting, and it does not help."

"Why bother? You look well as you are."

"My husband doesn't think so," she answered quickly, glancing at Antonio.

"I don't think he means it," I said.

"He does," she retorted. "I am old, I am fat, and what not."

She looked at him resentfully, yet tenderly and almost pleadingly. I looked at my wife and she at me. An embarrassing moment followed.

"Italian Funeral" is one of the finest short stories written by the gifted Italian-American writer, Giuseppe Cautela, who can, as in the present story which appeared in the American Mercury a few years ago, depict in beautiful prose the strong, simple soul of the early Italian in America.

So it had come to this! I thought. Then aloud: "Don't believe him. He still loves you."

Antonio got up, laughing, trying to play the clown in order to humor his wife. But she looked at him with a smile on her lips and tears in her eyes.

"Shall we go?" she asked him.

"Sure," he answered jokingly.

"Ralph!" she called. Her son came in.

"Yes, ma." She took his hand saying: "Let's go home, dear."

II

TWENTY years ago, even fifteen, she was a proud beauty. She was an Italian Madonna walking through the streets of New York's West Side. And with her walked her husband whom she had married in Italy, and on the other side, occasionally, her present husband, Antonio. He won her from her first husband, Paul. And she, Gemma, after three years of childless marriage, was willing to be won. She was too healthy and beautiful not to

have a child. Her mother had had ten. Her sisters all had children. Her brothers, four of them, had from three to six each. To be childless is a terrible humiliation to an Italian woman. Children are the highest aspiration of her life; she would rather die than not have them.

ANTONIO and Paul had met in the factory. As if fatality willed it, Paul invited Antonio to his home. His wife, seeing this athletic, ardent young man, began to look at him with longing. When I saw the three walk together, go to the theatre, go down to Coney Island, I knew that before long Paul would lose his wife. Why does a young man spend his whole time with a married friend whose wife is beautiful? It is easy to explain the matter if you know the parties.

The courtship lasted only about six months. One Sunday night Antonio and Gemma ran away. Paul recognized the weakness of his position and one morning tried to justify his action for divorce by having some officers of the law surprise the lovers in their Brooklyn apartment. A few months later, Antonio married Gemma. They had two children—Ralph, who died last winter at the age of seventeen, and a younger daughter who died when a baby.

It seems that trouble comes with wealth. Gemma was the most indefatigable worker I ever saw. She set out to prove to her people who had turned away from her that she was a good woman and a splendid mother. She opened a small shop in Brooklyn, employing from twenty to thirty girls, according to the season, in making dresses. And while her husband jumped from one job to another, she put up the capital when he built his first house. Then she built a second. And

to satisfy her only wish of luxury she bought an automobile, so that she could drive down to the beach on Sundays. For a long time after she had her own houses she still lived in a small apartment in downtown Brooklyn, in order to be near her place of business.

Hard work had used her beauty badly. With the years she had grown a little fat, and her fine aquiline nose looked smaller now between her fleshy cheeks. She had hoped to reduce and regain some of her old charm by taking sea baths, so she had rented an apartment at Coney Island, not suspecting that Graziella with the black hair and black eyes was waiting there.

III

AFTER much insistence on the part of Gemma and Antonio we went to spend a day at their apartment at Coney Island. It was the first time I had met Graziella's family. A wonderfully expansive, noble-hearted father, who could drink more wine than any Italian I ever saw, and a very handsome mother, with white wavy hair and a glorious smile. The two sons, older than Graziella, almost broke my hand when they shook hands with me. They looked as if they could throw a house down. Like their father, they were masons, but the old man kept a restaurant now.

It looks as if Antonio is in for trouble this time, I said to myself.

"What did you say?" asked my wife, hearing me murmur.

"I said that today is going to be a wonderful day."

"It didn't sound like it."

"Well, what is the difference? A man is likely to say anything in certain places."

"Be nice now, Giuseppe."

"I am always nice."

The restaurant was on the ground floor, and a side door opened into a staircase that led

to Antonio's apartment on the second floor. Many times during the morning, Graziella, opening the door, called up with plaintive voice: "Antonio, An-to-nio!" Antonio did not usually hear the first time; but at the second call he would rush to the door with a tragic-comic exclamation in Italian, such as, "Ma sangue di—che c'è?" Then in broken English: "Well, Miss, you wish me?"

"Yes, I wish you," she would repeat, adding: "There is a telephone call for you." The telephone call lasted a long while.

In the evening after dinner she came upstairs. Her confused air, her flaming cheeks, and her halting step when she approached Antonio, plainly told how much in love she was with him. I tried not to see, not to hear, and not to feel the restless atmosphere in which they moved. At last the spell was broken when Graziella sat at the piano and began to play. She played and sang the folk songs of Naples as if she were born there. Two or three times Antonio sang duets with her. He surprised me with a powerful tenor voice. All the while Gemma spoke in whispers with my wife, and when her big son came in, all perspiring from a game of ball, she lost herself in him.

"Change your clothes now, and be careful! You may get a cold. Wait a while before taking the bath."

I looked at her while she had her back turned to me. Her beautiful thick tresses had been cut off.

IT was not long afterward that she came to my home while I was away and in a long tearful confession told my wife to what desperate point the affair had reached.

"There is only one thing left for me to do," she concluded.

"I must give him a divorce."

She had tried to persuade her husband to move away. He had refused, saying that it was too late. Concealment was not possible any more. Graziella's family had found out. Her brothers one night had put him with his back to the wall, saying: "You must marry our sister or we'll kill you."

He had asked for time. And the real tragedy had begun. He would awaken his wife in the middle of the night and demand that she divorce him.

"I will come to see you just the same even after I marry her," he kept on promising. For weeks the same scene was enacted until the strain began to tell on her.

One night on a lonely road, while they were alone in her car, she promised him that she would give him a divorce. But a thought tragic and revengeful passed through her mind. "He will come to see his son—to see me; he will not belong entirely to her. We shall change positions. She has fashioned a double-edged knife for herself. I have lived the best years of my life."

After a couple of months we heard that she had divorced her husband, and that Antonio had married Graziella. Eventually Graziella gave birth to a baby girl. We saw them no more, we heard of them no more, until Gemma's boy was dying in the hospital.

IV

ANTONIO visited his ex-wife and son every evening. An intimate relationship is not destroyed by a legal decision. The Italian husband is always master. Anyone would have thought, now, seeing the divorced couple beside each other in the same hour of sorrow, and talking to each other with no sense of anything save the death of their boy, that they were still man and wife.

But you could not help thinking that perhaps the last link which held them together had snapped at last.

THE room where the dead boy lay was decorated in white. Only a silver cross hung on the center wall over the body. The undertaker had put up a large painting of Mary Magdalene holding the body of Christ over her knees. This seemed so preposterous that Antonio had it removed. Four candles burned in high silver candelabrae; two at the head of the boy and two at his feet.

The room was already filled with flowers. I shall never forget the smell of those flowers. They, more than anything else, gave me the chill of death. They were icy cold, and their smell was musty and lifeless. Besides, it was snowing outside, and as the room was on the ground floor, a blast of cold wind came in each time the people opened the vestibule door.

Whole families with their children came in. Men, women and children knelt before the body and prayed. I saw flappers become intensely passionate and serious. In no place save before death, I think is religious feeling so sincere. In those kneeling youthful figures the spirit of their elders reasserted itself with new intensity.

It is not unusual to see old scores settled at an Italian funeral. People who have been avoiding one another all their lives meet there, and for one reason or other sometimes come to blows. There was a hidden fear that the dead boy's uncles would pick a quarrel with his father, due to his behavior toward their sister. Fortunately, they acted as if nothing had happened. And, for anyone who did not know, the exterior appearance and actions of the parents revealed

nothing of the fact that they had been divorced. The mental and physical habits of two people who have lived together for twenty years are not forgotten overnight. More, in this case, death reawakened an entire past. As in the days when their boy was living, father and mother sat close together on a sofa, and received the condolences of their friends.

The Italian character is dramatic at all times. The father felt that the audience present mentally accused him of neglect of his former family. In fact, it had not been so. For a week he had been living with them, so that he could be near his boy. However, it was late, and the air in the apartment was heavy. Until then, some people had been speaking in a whisper, but now they began to doze. Clouds of smoke came floating from the kitchen, where most of the men had taken refuge. Then all of a sudden, due to the question of someone who wanted to know how the boy had died, his father, in a strange, shrill voice began a long tragic recitation of the whole drama.

In such a case, no audience is more serious and attentive than an Italian audience. We listened with all the reverence due to a father's sorrow.

"I have written down all his last words," he said, "for instance, he often repeated, 'That bad woman, That bad woman!'"

I could not help thinking who "that bad woman" might have been.

HE took out of his pocket two folded handkerchiefs. "These I shall keep with me until I die. How many times I dried his face, his forehead! Last week I bought him a new pair of shoes. Frank, Frank," he called to his younger brother, "bring those shoes from Ralph's room." Frank

brought the shoes and laid them at his feet.

"These are size nine," began Antonio again, "but on his feet they looked well. He was well proportioned." Pointing to a photograph of the boy on the bureau he continued, "There you see him in his bathing suit. Look what shoulders! Does he seem to be only seventeen?" While every one admired the photograph, he burst into tears, and so did Gemma.

That ended the narrative.

The men returned to smoke in the kitchen in a different mood. It seemed as if a weight of some kind had been lifted. As in the Greek tragedy, a catharsis had taken place. So everyone began to make jokes over cups of black coffee.

Only the noble, white-haired grand-mother sat in a corner of the living room, a tragic mask indeed, never moving, never saying a word.

V

THE next day was Sunday. The funeral was to take place at ten o'clock. Later, word came from the priest that he would bless the dead boy only after the noon mass. Meantime the rooms of the little home were crowded. People stood up as in a church. The flowers had begun to wilt; in the stale air life never had seemed so tedious.

Evidently the new order from the priest had upset the plans of many. Some one began to talk of the tyranny of the church and the priests, and of the stupid, supine acquiescence in family traditions.

"I know that priest," exclaimed a man. "Because I was a widower he refused to marry me before the altar. 'I'll marry you in the sacristy,' he kept on repeating. And I, 'No, you'll marry me before the altar.' Finally we compromised for fifteen dollars more."

AN uncle of the boy, who had severed relations with the church long ago, would go to church today so as not to disturb the funeral ceremony. The discussion continued animatedly and the church came in for a terrible lashing. After listening for a while, I went outside. The day was dull; a gray sky lent a feeling of sadness. While half-shivering, I walked up and down the street, the white hearse drove up with a long line of automobiles. The sobbing and crying could be heard from outside now. I went in again. The boy's grandmother, always alone, was silently sobbing—the most touching figure in the room.

I went near and spoke consoling words to her.

"Today is Ralph's wedding; today mamma's boy gets married," she cried.

There are no words that you can say in the face of such sorrow. I clasped that beautiful gray head with my hands and kissed it.

In the meantime, the coffin was carried outside and placed in the hearse. I escorted the old lady to an automobile, while the neighbors crowding the side-walk, took a last look at the boy they knew so well.

We drove to the church. It was ten minutes to twelve. Mass was not over yet. So we waited, not suspecting that the most significant incident of the day was about to happen. At last people started to come out of the church, slowly, haltingly as if in a trance.

And while I stood at the door waiting, the boy's uncle from Providence, R. I., who had not said a word all the while I saw him, came by the automobile's

door very excited saying: "The priest wants ten dollars for the blessing of the body. He says he will not let the corpse out of the church if he does not get the money first!"

"This should not surprise you," I answered. "It is not the first time that I hear this. But I can't understand why he should have said that; no one disputed him the price, I think."

"No, that's what makes me mad; he wanted to make sure, I suppose. Why in Providence, they only charge six dollars."

"What are they going to do now?" I asked.

"If I were the boy's father," he said, "I would bless him myself when they bury him in the cemetery."

"Listen," I said. "Consider this a piece of business like any other and let it go at that."

THE coffin was carried into the church, and we followed. We took our seats. A statue of the Madonna stood inside the chancel, at the left center. Numerous candles were burning all around it. How sweet, how beautiful that Italian Madonna! The priest stood waiting at the right of it. The altar boy was at his side, holding the bucket of holy water. Everyone became quiet, and we all looked at the priest. He was a man in his late forties, resolute, aggressive, nothing of the meek, spiritual minister of God in him. His hair, well parted, was raised up to a crest on the right side. He faced us there, more like an actor about to perform his act than a priest.

In incorrect Italian, he began to speak. My attention

was sharply drawn. The proceeding was altogether unusual. I thought for the moment that perhaps his sympathies had been aroused, and that he would deliver an oration as a consoling tribute to life, to the stricken parents. But, misery of all miseries, here is what he said in broken Italian:

"I invite you to say a prayer for the poor one who has died. And as my prayer must have an act of faith as well as a spiritual meaning, my sacristan (while I will absent myself for a few minutes) will sell you a candle for twenty-five cents, which you shall hold lighted while I will bless the coffin. Later, the candle will be placed before the Madonna."

HE wheeled about and disappeared. There was a stir in the audience. Not a word was spoken. A powder-house would have been less dangerous. The boy's uncle got up and went out.

The sacristan, smelling a hostile reception, sent the altar boy with the box of candles. The boy walked timidly down the aisle, offering them. Only a pious old neighbor bought one. The result of the sale made the priest furious. When he came out, he looked at us with contempt. He shook his head, and pointing to the lone candle holder, he said commandingly to the boy: "Light that candle!" And with that lone flickering flame in a rising storm, murmuring some Latin, he circled the coffin, spilling holy water from right to left, and in two minutes the blessing was over.



Selections From

THE LIRA IS OUR FLAG

(From an editorial by C. E. Ferri in "Il Popolo d'Italia" of Milan for November 24.)

THE lira is our flag; thus did the Chief of the Italian Government characterize it in a recent speech. And well does the metaphor reflect, in its military and war-like allusion, the part money plays in the history of a people, conscious of the necessity of defending that temporal law that is the necessary substratum of the spiritual.

The lira defies the hurricane of calamitous times and remains firm in its position in our economy: it is being looked upon with renewed faith by the bankers of America, the world economic power. But it is well that this love of ours be conscious, that this pride of ours be fed by an exact knowledge of the daily and victorious efforts performed in its behalf by those responsible. Thus even in financial history there is poetry: figures, statistics, graphs and mathematical calculations seem like the strophes of a great paean that is the song of Italy on the upgrade.

A recent book by Mario Alberti and Vittorio Cornaro documents in an admirable manner the gradual coming of age of the finance and the tactical and strategical phases of the Fascist battle for the lira. What might seem to the superficial observer the result of fortuitous circumstances appears, after a minute analysis of events, as the heroically attained result of an immense battle in which indeed Italian finance, which the War left weakened, had to combat against the greatest armies of the world.

It might, perhaps, have been easy, relatively easy, to provide for a financial arrangement by giving up, however, our proud independence. There were various paths to follow in stabilizing the lira. Above all, there was the method adopted by satellite countries subject to others' policies, which beg help in foreign capitals and which attach themselves to the fate of the hegemonic money. Another way,

seductive in appearance, was that of the "gold-exchange standard" and of the so-called independence from governments of the banks of emission. But that vaunted independence often ends up later in a veritable servitude to the great world Institutions.

Finally there was the method thoughtfully chosen by Fascist Italy, the hardest method because it leads to the most distant goals. The pages written by the Regime in this battle would suffice, pages which anyone would have declared disproportionate between the Italy that emerged from the war victorious but impoverished and the powers which on the Peace of Versailles had placed the foundations of their economic dominion.

The months immediately preceding the speech of Pesaro were economically tragic months: the Regime felt the financial weaknesses of preceding governments, which the Italian people, in the enthusiasm of the March on Rome, thought to have eliminated forever in their fatal consequences.

No sooner does the international situation become grave than certain consequences manifest themselves as still operating: the franc undergoes a rapid depreciation, and through a phenomenon of contagion the wave of reduction threatens to become sweeping. There begins distrust, a greater withdrawal of deposits from private banks, an increase in imports caused by the foreseen rise in the value of goods. We are on the dangerous slope, on that slope where motion becomes constantly accelerated, till it attains a dizzy speed, brought about, in turn, by German and then Austrian money.

Now come the skeptics, or, at least, the hesitant ones; now come some internal currents, hungry for speculation to the harm of the people, to hope in a progressive devaluation in the lira. But suddenly

there comes the speech at Pesaro of August 18th, 1926, and the historic words of the Chief of the Government:

"I want to say to you that I will defend the lira to my last breath, to my last drop of blood."

An obligation: a promise. But it is interesting to take account of the technical and psychological methods that made of that promise a reality, preparing that decree of December, 1927 that marks definitive stabilization with the return to the gold-exchange standard: still more interesting is the quest for motives on behalf of which the Chief of the Government selected for stabilization a particularly high level, although he was conscious of the necessary phenomena of convalescence and of the difficulties that would be encountered.

Placing itself above the interests of any class, even above the most influential classes, which usually run the policies of governments, Fascism, through monetary revaluation and stabilization, addressed itself especially to those with savings, with pensions, the workers, and to those with Government bonds who had believed in Italy and whose faith was not to be belied. Thus did the Chief of the Government demonstrate once again that he is the interpreter of the sentiments and the interests of all the Italian people.

Let us now salute this lira inherited from the days of unification, threatened during the decades that followed independence, strengthened at the turn of the century and submitted to the greatest test of all: the European conflict and the events that followed.

It has grown out of one age and into another with a prestige that at one time would not have been dreamed of. If 1931 has been the crucial test for the monetary soundness of peoples and if some have fallen by the wayside, we have then emerged victorious from still another test. We have had our monetary Vittorio Veneto.

Well can we assert, therefore, that the lira is our flag. And the flag is being firmly carried forward

the Italian Press

by the ranks of the financial army of Fascism.

In this hour of upheavals for gold reserves, there naturally arises the question whether movements so vast and apparently incoercible may not somehow affect us, if only by their repercussions. The calm and thoughtful reply comes spontaneously from an examination of the financial policy of this first period of the Regime, which closed in its ninth year. Everything has been foreseen and provided for; in this harmonious correspondence between the intelligence that antici-

pates events and the will that procures the means for facing them lies one of the claims to historical glory of Fascism.

Today Minister Grandi, received with the greatest demonstrations of sympathy in the United States, brings with him the high authority of Il Duce, and unfurls with legitimate pride our monetary flag.

One of the matters under discussion and one of the agreements at Washington was an exchange of views on the international stabilization of exchanges and, in general,

financial questions that interest the future of the world.

Neither the discussions nor the agreements would have been possible if Italy had not voluntarily arranged its war debt payments with the United States, and if the Italian lira, revalued in 1926 on the New York exchange, had not held fast to its quota, defying the hurricane fearlessly. Thus are gathered the fruits of the great sacrifices met and strongly undergone; thus, and in this manner alone, does the prestige of a people grow in the world.



ANTI-AMERICAN AND ANTI-HUMANITARIAN IMMIGRATION RESTRICTIONS

(From an editorial in "*Il Progresso Italo-Americano*" of New York for November 29th, by its editor, Italo C. Falbo.)

WE do not intend to return to the controversy that has arisen for and against the immigration restrictions now in force. The one hundred and fifty thousand immigrants to whom the gates were opened every year under the latest law would certainly not have made the condition of the workers resident here any worse, for the large majority of them would have gone to meet relatives living here and from whom they would have obtained the necessary support.

In exceptional times, exceptional provisions. And so be it. American consuls scattered throughout the world have had orders not to endorse passports, with or without a reason, for ninety per cent of those who would and could—within the limits of the quotas in force—come to the United States. And they are carrying out with the greatest zeal the orders of their superiors. They are sometimes more royal than the king, or more "Hooveristic" than Hoover. But one should not exaggerate.

Especially should one not exaggerate when it is a question of cases

in which the most elementary sense of humanity suggests a little well-meaning tolerance.

That the greatest rigor should be used for the new "fortune-hunters" is explicable: there are still too many people, on the other side of the Atlantic, who have no exact knowledge concerning the gravity of the American depression, who still believe they can come, see and conquer, all at once, in the battle for the conquest of wealth. America, for the moment or perhaps for a goodly period, has nothing worthwhile to offer these dreamers: almost always white-collar workers.

But when it is a case of those who seek to reach their own families here resident, it is different, and it is well to be liberal in endorsing visas and passports.

There are children far from their parents, husbands far from their wives and children; there are families divided in half or in two: some here, some there. And yet, even within the limits of the legal quota, those who want to join their emigrant relatives find insurmountable obstacles in the various American Consulates.

But this is a wicked, a villainous policy, for there is nothing more inhuman than to keep apart and distant husband and wife, or father and children, especially if the latter are under age; and because there is nothing more anti-American than to oblige the worker, who produces and earns here, to send part of his wages—American gold—abroad to the country of his origin in order to sustain there, as it is his duty, his own family and closest relatives.

At a time when diminution in sales in America is being lamented, a diminution that brings about a continual reduction in products, agricultural or industrial, and a proportionate increase in the number of workers laid off, there would seem to be a clear and direct way to salvation: to increase the number of consumers, by having the far-off families of those resident here come to this country, so that they may consume, here, whatever is necessary for their maintenance, rather than live abroad on remittances of American workers, on gold withdrawn from American economy. It is elementary; it is indisputable.

And yet at Washington they insist fiercely on a policy of obstructionism against any relative of an immigrant who desires to come here to consume bread and to dress in clothes made in America.

If the doors of the United States were widened for those of close kin

living abroad on the charge of relatives living here, it would be possible to count upon an increase in population—and in consuming power—that would quickly lift somewhat the depression in American overproduction, which can no longer find adequate outlets in dis-

tant markets. And we still dare to hope that this is what we must and will arrive at, if in Congress a sincere and profound love for the well-being of the country will have for once the advantage over the residual hostility toward the newcomers, a hostility which still ob-

fuscates the mind and freezes the heart of not a few conscripted fathers, who are neither great politicians nor great economists; and who frequently, nevertheless, dominate American politics with the sinister influence of their numbers.

AMERICA AND OURSELVES

(From an editorial in "Il Tevere" of Rome for November 18th, 1931.)

LINDBERGH, the "flying fool," is probably the national hero of the United States. No boldness has struck so strongly the imagination and the sentiment of the Americans (and of the Europeans besides) as that exhibited by the slim, blonde young man. The "Colonel" later made his name resound on the other side of the world, in the Far East, in the same simple, legendary manner; and today he is the most idolized American in America. How then can we not be touched by the courtesy Lindbergh wished to show to our Foreign Minister, by flying him down from New York to Washington? The fog prevented the flight, but it cannot obscure the significance of the American gesture. Even had the newspapers and the press agencies remained silent concerning the feelings of the American nation and its attitude toward

the visit of Mussolini's envoy, there would still speak the figure of Lindbergh: he is young, audacious, generous, impulsive and balanced America all in one, meeting the Italian vessel when it had hardly anchored in the waters of New York harbor. He is the America of Mussolini's message, which has not been forgotten by the Americans, who would rather be understood than praised, since in understanding lies the foundation of every profound and fruitful agreement. "The history of modern humanity cannot be conceived without the United States." From the War down to the latest conquests of aviation, the history of the world is rich in American names. We Italians encounter these names with a feeling of affinity, and we are proud to link them with ours, the names of a nation young, barely formed, rich in aspirations more

than in goods, great especially for the disproportion between her moral qualities and her material possibilities.

In the flashing history of the United States we do not seek to insinuate imaginary obligations, as others do, using for an occasion anniversaries more than a century old; we limit ourselves to placing in their just light the results of a creative bent that has no precedent in human history. We are the friends of the Americans of today; we do not pose as tutors of the Americans of a hundred and fifty years ago.

It is for this reason that we are glad indeed that, to meet Minister Grandi, Mussolini's envoy, there came Lindbergh, the hero of our times, the happy incarnation of the American spirit with which we do not care to dispute, as the French with the heroes of Yorktown, for a small part of its glory in order to make of it a "common heritage."

The heritage common to Italy and America is the future of a civilized world thirsty for justice and peace.

LET US LOOK TOWARD THE EAST

(From an article by Alberto de' Stefani, former Italian Minister of Finance, in the "Corriere della Sera" of Milan for Dec. 2nd.)

THE Assembly of the National Council of Corporations, in its recent fervid discussions over the problem of exports, concerned itself predominantly with the subject of tariff policy, giving it a probably disproportionate emphasis which has overshadowed other aspects of the problem itself. The sensibility of the assembly was closed in this particular field, with the result, however, of having cleared and defined more exactly the concept that tariff policy, while not absorbing the entire export policy, is not and cannot be, outside of

its protective function, other than a tactical instrument for tending to improve the balance of trade and realizing its equilibrium. This tariff policy, then, cannot be considered apart from Italy's foreign policy, nor from that of other countries, insofar as this is a function of fixed economic conditions or serves to determine them. The debate, stripped of its theoretical aspects, has thrown light on certain necessities of Italian agriculture. Thus, on the one hand, the assembly expressed its own realistic thought concerning the tactical aims of

tariff policy, and on the other hand, it recognized certain protective exigencies for agrarian economy.

The consultants of the Minister of Corporations in matters of export policy, chosen from members of the National Council, will find themselves faced with the real and whole problem of our commercial expansion: whole, but made up of a multitude of elements, conditions and relations which merit individual and distinct examination, directing and procedure. And when they consider, one by one, our relative positions with all other countries, they will find perhaps that the deviation of our foreign trade from its former channels, which were those of Venice—a deviation which has been the result of new possibilities, especially European, and of others' monopoly in the Orient and

of the relative poverty of Asia and Africa—must be rectified at least as a mental revision and as a proposal for future developments. Followers of that great Venetian tradition have not been lacking, witness the trade and export statistics to the Orient even in pre-war days, particularly in the textile industries and in the industry of maritime transports, which is about to benefit from the recent merger of our navigation companies.

Not accidentally does our thought turn to India, which is now building an economic structure such as to render it, for some products, autonomous and self-sufficient for its own necessities. Perhaps not only autonomous, because its large availability of raw materials, from cotton to jute, improved in quality, will put her in a position to export those very manufactures which she formerly had to buy abroad. This, however, is not a reason that should induce us to lessen our efforts. It means, instead, making these efforts more intelligent, adapting them to new situations and new facts, and changing us from certain products to others, despite the persistent boycott of Mussulman origin. India today produces two and a half times more cotton manufactures than it did before the War. On the other hand, she is witnessing her own technical transformation, and this offers our exports new possibilities, even though different from those of yesterday. The increase itself in the consuming

capacity of the Indian people cannot fail to offer possibilities which her former poverty did not. We must look with kindness on the Indian economic movement. It is to our interest that it develop, to our total interest, even if it means temporary difficulties and delusions for us. India has a population of more than 350 million, one-sixth of the entire population of the world. Its foreign trade, in imports and exports, amounts to about forty billion lire yearly. Her balance of trade is consistently favorable for her, and this permits her to hoard up the precious metals. The United Kingdom, which formerly furnished India with two-thirds of her imports, now supplies her with only one-third. Italy has, comparatively, gained ground, but India purchases in Italy hardly 3% of her imports. In regards to India our balance of trade is unfavorable; it was unfavorable by 700 million lire in 1928 and 1929, and by 500 million in 1930. Maritime freight charges constitute a favorable part of our account with India. But hardly any of the firms which support our import trade from India are Italian. They are, and for the time being inevitably, for the most part English, Swiss, etc. The commercial profits of our enormous purchases thus escape us.

The technique of buying and selling in India, that is to say, the organs through which these operations take place, constitutes a problem worthy of consideration, in re-

lation to situations that are crystallized, resistant and modifiable only with extreme patience. In all of India, which represents, as mentioned above, one-sixth of the world's population, and which is at present in a moment of travail thick with unknown factors and possibilities, we have not even a commercial attache. In spite of all this, our traffic to and from India represents by itself the equivalent of the combined traffic to and from Jugoslavia, Hungary and Roumania. Products in bulk, which used to comprise the traditional imports of India, are being substituted gradually by the mechanical imports necessitated by India's new phase of development.

The problem, as it can be seen, merits, because of its very delicacy and difficulty, continuous and intense attention also on the part of the Ministries of Foreign Affairs and Corporations. Not a day should pass by without a step made, so as not to lose ground, but rather to gain it. All these problems are problems of first importance, or at least all of them should be treated with the same diligence, even those that have no vast political resonance and which seen outside of the orbit of daily competition. This applies also to the Eastern problem, essentially analytical, which gave Venice the instruments of its greatness and which can provide Italy with useful traffic and wider collaboration.



THE ITALIANS IN AMERICA

(From an editorial in "Il Legionario" of Rome for Dec. 5th.)

DURING his trip to America, Minister Grandi, as it was natural, did not forget to visit some of the more populated Italian centres. In New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, the Italians living in America were able to gather around the young Minister of Fascist Italy, who brought to the great starry Republic the thoughts of the Duce. These happy meetings undoubtedly served to strengthen all the more the ties of affection and devotion between the mother country and her emigrant sons. The festive greetings that were accorded to our Minister were not meant alone for himself

as an individual, so ready to arouse people's confidence and kindness, but also and especially for the idea which he represented. The Italians in America have felt the immediate, visible sensation of what is meant by the idea that has re-animating Italy; they have seen how and to what extent it is taking shape in this historic period of hard times. The pride of the Italians in America is fully justified, and we, who follow daily their work with the love and deep interest of brothers, are even happier because of it than they.

It has been stated that Fascism is a great idea of universal worth,

like that which has a word for all the states of feeling, a solution for all problems. The adversaries of Italy used to assert that Fascism was an exclusively political entity, and of a nature unable to either understand or realize the great human heartbeats, which arise everywhere in the world in this troubled postwar period. Instead of which, the words of Mussolini, interpreted with intelligence and with love, have shown that they are the only ones capable of penetrating into the most profound depths of the human spirit. The Italians in the United States, from the humble laborers to the financial magnates, from the intelligentsia to the diplomatists, have all become aware of the fact that the Italian Motherland is always young and always the bearer of a Thought that traverses her boundaries. For, after all, the mis-

TOPICS OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 246)

my soul the strength to take my revenge for this terrible fall"—and he did.

Marconi and Bellini: two of the Immortals, two of Shakespeare's "God's spies": what a lesson, what an example for all posterity and what glory for Italy!

*
THE PASSING OF THE
MELTING POT

IN his first annual report to President Hoover, Secretary of Labor Doak advocates stricter immigration and naturalization laws and suggests the finger-printing of all naturalized citizens. He also informs us that only one immigrant now comes in where five were admitted a year ago.

Needless to say, his report contains many sound recommendations, particularly as regards the deportation of alien radicals who advocate the violent overthrow of organized Government, but we fail to agree with Secretary Doak on the finger-printing of naturalized aliens and stricter immigration laws.

On this point Mr Harold Fields executive director of the National League for American Citizenship, has made some interesting observations in his recent analysis of the Federal Census of 1930. He discloses the fact that as against 241,700 immigrants who arrived in 1930, only 91,139 were admitted in 1931. If from these figures is subtracted the number of foreigners who left our shores permanently, we find that only 35,257 immigrants were added to our population, as contrasted with 191,039 in the year before.

In the light of these figures, it is fair to ask: How much more strict are we going to make our immigration laws? As to the finger-printing of naturalized aliens: What good purpose will it serve, except to brand millions of men and women by singling them out as people who must be watched as potential wrong-doers?

Mr. Fields' survey is more optimistic. It does much to allay the fears entertained by Mr. Doak. Mr. Fields finds that the Melting Pot is no longer bubbling over—"in fact," he says, "after a long period of boiling, it has begun to simmer."

He concludes:

"In summary, it may be said that, with the foreign-born whites

constituting only 11 per cent of our population, and with certainty of a decrease in the next decade, we are actually on the road toward complete assimilation, although our progress has tended to slow up in the last two years. The census figures, as pure statistics, are important enough, but when coupled with the conclusion of the Wickersham committee, that relatively fewer crimes are committed by the foreign-born than by the native-born, they make the whole topic of the Americanizing of the foreign-born take on a new significance."

*
"L'IDIOMA GENTILE"

THE other day I came across one of those rare news items which go directly to the heart and which make one look at life, not quizzically,—as is usually our habit—but tenderly, almost gratefully.

As is well-known, the present Italian government has given much impetus to the study of the Italian language abroad. In many parts of the world Mussolini has encouraged the establishment of schools where little children of Italian blood may study and learn the speech of their fathers, that beautiful speech which Alfieri has epitomized in one immortal line: "L'idioma gentil sonante e puro".

In one of these schools, in the City of Marseilles, the children were told to write a composition on why they should study the Italian language. One of the prize-winning essays, written by a little girl, made a particular impression on me. I give it here as it was conceived by the little girl, in the simple language in which it was written and which comes so near to the perfection of the early masters of Italian prose:

"Io voglio imparare bene la lingua italiana perchè è la lingua con la quale chiamai la prima volta mamma, perchè il primo sole che vidi fu quello d'Italia e perchè mio babbo ha combattuto per la libertà della Patria mia. Voglio parlare la lingua italiana per onorare migliaia di patrioti che si lasciarono imprigionare e mandare in esilio per difendere la Patria e la lingua e soffrirono ma non cedettero e morirono con la bella parola italiana sul labbro: Italia. Voglio parlare italiano per obbedire al Duce e far capire a tutti quelli che mi sentono

parlare che io son fiero d'appartenere a una Nazione che pensa e aiuta i suoi figli lontani e perchè ha tante belle città ed è ricca di nomini intelligenti."

I recommend this little masterpiece to the thoughtful consideration of thousands upon thousands of boys and girls—and grown-ups, too—of Italian blood living in this country. Truly, my friends, a little child shall lead them.

*
EDWARD CORSI: ELEVEN
YEARS AFTER

ELEVEN years ago Edward Corsi was a very young man—for that matter, even today he is still young. He was then winning his spurs as a journalist and studying law at the same time. I, too, was in the same situation; except, that I was *trying* to write and, at the same time, laboring to get by the Law School.

In those gay years of more than a decade ago he was editing a column of news comments entitled "Everyweek" in an Italian paper published in New York in which some of my stuff occasionally burrowed its way.

In the summer of 1920 Corsi left for Italy on a journalistic mission and the Editor of that paper asked me to pinch-hit for Corsi and edit the column. I remember that in assuming my duties I wrote that I considered it a distinction to be able to take Mr. Corsi's place. Well, much water has flowed under the bridge in eleven years and now Edward Corsi is Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island.

Because of the many duties of his office, he has been compelled to relinquish the editing of his monthly news comments, a feature which for a long time has adorned the pages of ATLANTICA (although I am given to understand that he will, in the very near future, contribute occasional articles)—and, curiously enough, again I am asked to fill his place.

As I write, I am forced to think back eleven years, and the only thing that I can say now is what I said then: I consider it a distinction to be able to continue Mr. Corsi's feature in this magazine, and I hope that I may be able to bring to it at least a little of his keen insight and sound judgment.

Ad majora, Brother Corsi!

TRAVEL NOTES

Jaded world motorists who have despaired of finding anything new under the motorist's sun will cheer at the news of the novel motor tour for privately owned cars which is being planned by the Governor of Tripolitania (an Italian colony in northern Africa) in cooperation with the Italian Tourist Information Office.

For the first time in the history of automobilism, owners of private cars will have the privilege of exploring the Tripolitanian hinterland. On February 1st, and continuing at regular intervals thereafter until May 31st, a party of several cars will set out from the city of Tripoli on a tour lasting from 25 to 28 days and covering from 2,000 to 2,800 miles. Each party will be escorted by a military guide, without whom such a trip would be inconceivable.

The number in each party will be limited to twelve persons, since frequently it will be necessary to stop over-night at the military forts, where sleeping accommodations are limited.

The route will take the motorist to the furthest outposts of Tripolitania, over dirt roads and desert trails to oases of tropical luxuriance and to the great sand dunes. The tour will include visits to ruins of once magnificent Roman cities and to remote subterranean cities of Arabs. Among the towns on the route are Homs, Misurata, Hon, Sebha, Brak, Garan, Nalut and Gadames.

The period during which these tours will be made coincides with the Sample Fair which will be held in Tripoli next spring and for which greatly reduced rates on round trip steamer accommodations from Italy are available, both for passengers and cars. Actual cost of the motor tour has not as yet been announced, but it is planned to keep expenses very low.

Reductions of from 30% to 50% on round trip railroad tickets to Rome from any city in Italy will be granted from Jan. 1st to April 10, to induce visitors to attend the exhibition of Eighteenth Century Rome which will be held at that time.

A musical program with internationally famous soloists and conductors has been announced as part

of the springtime festival to be held in Florence, Italy, in the spring of 1932.

A permanent symphony orchestra under the direction of Vittorio Guy will give a series of concerts, with De Sabata, Mengelberg and Stravinsky as guest conductors and Adolf Busch, Heifetz, and Bonnet among the soloists. In May there will be two concerts by the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of Berlin, under the direction of Furtwangler.

Other attractions during the Florentine Springtime Festival will be the fourth International Book Fair, an International Cat and Dog Show, a horse show, and fashion show. On May 1st and June 24th there will be the classic Florentine football matches played in medieval costumes.

A magnificent eighteen hole golf course has been opened recently at San Remo on the Italian Riviera, thereby adding one more attraction to the many which annually lure hundreds of American and English visitors to that famous resort. The mild winter climate at San Remo makes it ideal for golf all year round. The new course is situated about 600 feet above sea level and overlooks the picturesque town and the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

The balance sheet of the Italian State Railways for the fiscal year 1930-31, which has just been issued, will probably be unique among railroad balance sheets the world over, as it actually shows a surplus which amounts to nearly 10,000,000 lire.

The report shows that passenger traffic decreased about 12% and actual miles travelled decreased only about 8%. During this period Italy spent about 104,000,000 lire in electrifying her railroads and 369,000,000 lire in new tracks, new road beds, bridges and other improvements.

A congress of pilots who have made transoceanic flights will be held in Rome, Italy, from May 22 to 30, under the auspices of the Italian Aero Club for the purpose of discussing the possibility of linking the continents by air.

(Continued on page 276)

WHERE ATLANTICA MAY BE OBTAINED

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ATLANTICA'S OBSERVATORY

(Continued from page 243)

ship passed last summer to Generoso Pope, has been appointed director of "Il Mattino" of Naples, one of the great organs of southern Italy.

Though he succeeds the Hon. Francesco Paoloni in his new post, Barzini, a brilliant writer and correspondent, really inherits the mantle of the late Edoardo Scarfoglio, founder of "Il Mattino" and famous because of his slashing, polemical style.

Barzini, whose greatest fame rests on his war and other correspondence, is the author of more than a score of books, based on his travels and roving all over the world. One of his books, "La Meta del Mondo Vista da un'Automobile" (Half the World Seen from an Automobile) tells of the trip he took across Asia long before the World War, at a time when such an undertaking was considered unthinkable.

New York's loss is Naples' gain.

"BELLARMINE DAY" AT GEORGETOWN

THE Georgetown College *Journal* of November, 1931, a handsomely printed magazine of some 60 pages, devoted considerable space to an account of the speeches and events at the inauguration at its Law School of a holiday in honor of St. Robert Bellarmine, to come each year on his feast day, and to be called "Bellarmine Day."

Robert Francis Romolo Bellarmine, born in Montepulciano, in the beautiful hill country of Tuscany, on October 4, 1542, was one of the early Jesuit fathers (the so-

ciety was founded two years before his birth), one of the most saintly men of his time, a Cardinal of the Church and an eminent theologian, as well as a brilliant lawyer and an authority on jurisprudence. He has long enjoyed the title of "Blessed"; and it was only last year that he was finally canonized by the Church.

Several addresses were made on the occasion of the inauguration, among them those by the University's president, Father Nevils, Dr. George E. Hamilton, Dean of the Law School, James M. Kelly, of the 1931 law class, and Dr. James Brown Scott, a world-famous authority on international law, who spoke on "St. Robert Bellarmine and our Political Heritage."

DEATH OF A JUGGLER

AMONG the items in the news last month that attracted little or no attention was the death at Bergamo, Italy, of Enrico Rastelli, world-renowned juggler. Vaudeville folk remember him as one of the most colorful characters of the music halls of Europe and North and South America. Only 34 years old, he was the third generation in a celebrated family of jugglers, and he was touring Europe at the time of his death. His last American tour was completed two years ago.

According to the *New York Herald-Tribune*, Rastelli's most difficult feat was his "candelabra" trick, which he was afraid to try on the stage, but which usually worked without any trouble when he demonstrated it to his friends.

"Holding a giant ten-branch candlestick in his left hand and balanc-

ing a rubber ball on the tip of his nose and another on his chin, Rastelli would take ten candles from his assistant and throw them one after the other into the air so that they all landed in the sockets of the candlestick."

Child's play, indeed, are ordinary juggling tricks, compared with this almost unbelievable feat!

SHORTHAND AMONG THE ROMANS

AS modern as skyscrapers, steel files, subways and dictaphones is the conception usually held of shorthand, the means by which pretty, silk-stockinged, gum-chewing stenographers make their living. Yet it would appear that shorthand symbols are of ancient Roman origin, according to a recent archeological study made by Gino Masano. His investigation brought to light the full alphabet used by ancient Roman shorthand writers, and they are in many respects similar to those employed today.

When Rome was mistress of the world and her domain extended into every part of the world, the need for speedy methods of writing brought forth several forms of abbreviated writing by symbols, which were soon adopted for commercial and business purposes. The Romans went modern business one better by having most of their accounts and letters of a business nature written completely in shorthand, without bothering to transcribe them, since the recipient was always familiar with the shorthand code employed.

TRAVEL NOTES

(Continued from page 275)

All of the pilots will be the guests of the Italian Aero Club throughout their stay, and several important aerial shows are being organized for their benefit. Invitations are limited to fliers who have crossed any ocean in heavier-than-air machines, airships being excluded.

The Rezzonico Palace in which Robert Browning lived while in Venice, has been purchased by the

city of Venice to house the Museum of Venetian Art and Costumes. The Palace is a marvelous seventeenth century building on the Grand Canal, and has numerous frescoes by Tiepolo. Robert Browning died there in 1889.

A national Floriculture show will be held at San Remo from April 3 to 7, with more than one hundred exhibits of roses, carnations, plants

with ornamental leaves, flowering plants and other varieties of potted and cut flowers.

The three hundredth anniversary of the first horse race to be run in the famous square in Siena will be celebrated this year and the internationally famous Palio races which are held annually on July 2 and August 16 will be more glamorous than ever.

Notes on the Drama

By Madge Christie

W are glad to report that several of the plays on Broadway are doing good business. Inasmuch as the theatre was the first to feel the effects of the depression this might conceivably be the best and surest indication of an upward trend for all industries.

One of the plays which is nightly attracting capacity houses at the Henry Miller Theatre is "The Good Fairy." It is a light, amusing, whimsical little play by Molnar. A sure cure for the depression. The expectancy of good and the possibility of something out of the ordinary happening provide the basis for the story. The resultant situations and complications are delightfully entertaining. The whimsical is carried out still further in a most unique epilogue which keeps the audience in a state of good humored suspense up to the curtain.

The cast is very good. Helen Hayes, who has returned to us from the movies to play the title role, does so most charmingly. Always a capable actress, Miss Hayes seems even more so in this play. She is fascinating; and with all credit due Miss Hayes the theatre is able once more to boast of having satisfied patrons leaving its portals.

* * *

"The Church Mouse" at the Playhouse is a play of Ruth Gordon and others. The scenes are laid in Vienna and many references are made to the business life of that locale. Fortunately neither the author nor the actors have taken the story too seriously. Hence we are able to have a delightful time laughing at the many amusing lines and watching Ruth Gordon carry off the cream of the situations. Often when the story is skating on thin surfaces it seems as if there would be no play at all if it were not for her. Nevertheless we do not underestimate the good work done by the others nor their willingness to keep in the background that the leading lady may shine all the more winsomely.

* * *

There is no doubt but the story of "Louder Please" is authentic, perhaps verbatim from life. But life as it is lived in reality needs a little retouching—a few flashes of bright-

er coloring here and there to get the pathos and the heart beats over—in order to hold the interest when retold on the stage. Lee Tracy, however, is equal to making us forget the shortcomings of the story. There are none while he is on the stage. He gives us one of his veritable whirlwind performances with his usual boyish sincerity.

The story, which is the low down on the high pressure type of publicity used in the movies, is so far different from the other plays which we have had exposing the movie world that the subject seems quite new.

* * *

"The Passing Present," which was presented by Arthur Hopkins, proved to be a touching little history of the ultimate ending of many of our old New York families. The essence of what the family name has meant in the past and the effect of the high tensioned present upon the newer and more sheltered generation had been caught perfectly.

Only a few years ago one of the old standby establishments on Fifth Avenue was sold. The moment it had changed hands it was thrown open for the general public to view, a seemingly baring of the family's very soul. Such disregard for the sacredness of intimate associations and the indelicacy of the pryers was nicely brought out in this play.

Although Hope Williams has improved a great deal since the first time we saw her, in this her part was so saccharine with big sister stuff that it was scarcely a fair test. It would have been a task for a far more clever actress than Miss Williams. Several of the others did excellent work, among them, Helen Strickland, Cyril Scott, Morgan Farley and Josephine Brown.

* * *

"The Streets of New York" was the old time theatre of the days of the 1857 panic. Surprisingly apropos in 1931, far fetched and overdone, it kept the audience in hysterics most of the time. The play, presented by the New York Repertory Company, makes us hope their five forthcoming productions will live up to this one.

Sam Wren and Dorothy Gish carried off the honors of the evening, with the former carrying off

the bouquets of the debutantes as well.

* * *

Another piece of old time theatre, although not nearly so ancient, was "The School For Scandal" with Ethel Barrymore as Lady Teazle. This of course was played in all sincerity and had a charm and glamour connected with it that we miss in the theatre of today.

* * *

"After All" at the Booth started off with a very good first act but as the play went on was unable to keep up the pace. The subject was one of universal interest—the growing apart of children and parents. There were many lovely little scenes in the play and of the performances Miss Perry's was unusually good both from the standpoint of poise and freshness.

* * *

If depressions could put an end to people doing work for which they have no natural aptitudes, even depressions would be welcome. With so many actors idle,—capable actors who have done things and know their way about on the stage, it does seem a bit incongruous that in "Brief Moment" we should be compelled to endure having Alexander Woollcott throwing an entire play out of rhythm. And if there was no controlling his conceit and his desire to act, he should have been wiser that to have pitted himself against Francine Larrimore. Miss Larrimore, with no seeming effort, can hold an audience from the moment she steps on the stage until she makes her exit. But therein lies the secret of art. There is more to acting than meets the eye. It is more than just spouting lines, be they ever so clever.

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COLONIAL
LINE

Prof. H. E. Bolton, Knight Commander

THE Italian Government fittingly recognized last month the remarkable achievement of an eminent American historian when, on December 15th, the title of Knight Commander of the Crown of Italy was bestowed upon Professor Herbert Eugene Bolton of the University of California by Consul General L. Manzini of San Francisco at a dinner held in that city.

This title, the highest award of the order of the Crown of Italy, is seldom given to foreigners. To Herbert Eugene Bolton, one of the greatest of American historians, head of the History Department and Bancroft Library in the University of California, Vice President of the American Historical Society, Fellow of the Royal Historical Society of London, member of the Société de Americanistes of Paris, member of the Sociedad de Historia y Estadística in Mexico, Knight Commander of the Royal Order of Queen Isabel of Spain, this Italian honor was bestowed because of his most remarkable and best loved work, that on the life and achievements of Father Eusebio Francisco Kino, Italian missionary, "who led the way into

Arizona and California." It is called "Kino's Historical Memoir" in two volumes.

Eusebio Francisco Kino was born near Trent of Italian parentage in 1645, joined the Jesuit order, and in 1681 led an expedition designed to colonize the peninsula of California. In the words of Professor Bolton: "Destiny reserved for Kino a more promising field. Missions had already been established over all of southern and eastern Sonora. But beyond, to the west and north, lay the virgin territory of Pimería Alta, home of the upper Pimas, a region which comprised what is now northern Sonora and southern Arizona. At that day it was all included in the district of Sonora, to which it belonged until 1853, when the northern portion was cut off by the Gadsden Purchase. Father Kino arrived in Pimería Alta in March, 1687, the very month when La Salle met his death in the wilds of central Texas, and began a term of service that was to last for twenty-four years." By 1702 Kino had explored the Gulf of California and discovered that the long belief in California's island formation was an error, for through the blue

shell brought him by the Indians he decided that Lower California was a peninsula.

"The map which he made of his exploration, published in 1705, was not improved upon for more than a century." Kino's life and work far exceeded a possibility of even a glimpse in this short sketch. "He died as he had lived, with extreme humility and poverty. . . No one ever saw in him any vice whatever, for the discovery of lands and the conversion of souls had purified him."

Dr. Bolton's historical work is monumental. No other word will express its magnitude, but "vividly beautiful" tells its character. During the last three years only he has published four volumes of the diaries of Fray Francisco Palóu, the companion and historian of Junipero Serra, founder of California, "Crespi, Missionary Explorer, 1769-1774," a five volume work "Anza's California Expeditions, 1774-1776, and the founding of San Francisco," "The Outposts of Empire," and much more, but always deep in his heart, on the tip of his pen, as an inner voice singing to his soul, is "Kino."

Dr. Bolton spent last summer in Spain and Italy, bringing from the latter country many lovely views of his own taking, through all of which was the music, the love and beauty of his spiritual companion, Francisco Eusebio Kino, S. J.

The Italian Garden in Baltimore

AFTER some twenty years of planning, bickering and discussion, the Italian community in Baltimore now has a magnificent Italian house of its own, the Italian Garden, through the able efforts of the Order Sons of Italy in America. The noble and imposing edifice, officially dedicated on Dec. 6th, is at 806-810 San Paul Street.

An indication of the scope of the project may be gained by the fact that the total cost of the Italian Garden is in the neighborhood of \$90,000, \$34,000 of which was paid in 1925 for the property, and the remainder for the construction of the building. Equipped with all modern appliances and conveniences, the Italian Garden contains

four large meeting rooms, a great reception hall, library, basement, kitchen, many rooms, etc. The reception hall can hold 1300 persons comfortably seated, and 120 more can be accommodated on the balcony.

More than 1500 persons were present at its dedication last month, to witness the elaborate program scheduled. The Governor, the Mayor (both of whom could not attend because they were out of town), and all the Italian societies and clubs of Baltimore were represented. After the benediction by Rev. D'Urgolo, delegate of Archbishop Corly, V. Flaccomio, chairman of the Executive Committee that brought the work to completion, spoke briefly, handing

the keys of the building over to Atty. De Marco, Grand Venerable of the Order in Maryland. After the latter's thanks, several speakers followed, among them Rev. D'Urgolo, the representatives of the Governor and the Mayor, Mr. De Marco, Mr. Flaccomio, and the Italian Consul, Dr. Logoluso. The program was brought to a close with speeches by Judge Eugene Alessandrini of Philadelphia, Grand Venerable of the Order in Pennsylvania, and by Gr. Uff. Giovanni Di Silvestro, Supreme Venerable of the Order Sons of Italy in America.

Credit for having done such laudable work goes, of course, in large part to the Executive Committee entrusted with all the details of the project. Besides the chairman, V. Flaccomio, it consisted of Messrs. S. Bodor, F. Della Noce, G. Audisimi, G. Broccolini and G. Manfred.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

(Continued from page 244)

rise of opera in the various countries where it has flourished most, Italy, Germany, France, Spain, Russia, Great Britain and the United States.

Among the influences which the author says have given Italy a primacy in the art of singing from the 5th century to the present day, he emphasizes three. First of all, the "language is 'made for' song," because of the vowel endings; secondly, song has always been fostered by the Church, and Italy has for centuries been the seat of the Church in the west; thirdly, both opera and oratorio arose in Italy.

"And so," concludes Mr. Scholes in his chapter on Italy, "in about 1500 words I have essayed to draw the operatic map of three and a quarter centuries." The obvious criticism that 1500 words is far too sketchy for the subject also applies, with equal force, to the book as a whole.

STOCK SWINDLERS AND THEIR METHODS. By Charles B. Frasca. 209 pages. New York: Charles B. Frasca, Publisher. \$2.

NO doubt even in times like these, when most people steer clear of stock investments as they would from a plague, a book of the type of "Stock Swindlers and Their Methods" fills a need. This book is interesting in that the author, for 12 years, has been "exposing many stock frauds and recovering thousands of dollars," and thus presumably writes from experience.

Mr. Frasca by no means indulges in hazy generalizations. In blunt prose, he lists and explains scores of ways by which stock swindlers and white-collar bandits have mulcted gullible investors out of millions of dollars (\$10,000,000,000, says the author, in the past 12 years!), and, in all probability, still, do. He tells of the beginnings of the practice just after the war, defines a "mooch" as an inexperienced man or woman buying securities, a "dynamiter" as a high pressure salesman, etc., tells exhaustively of the methods used, including the "warrant scheme," the "switch" game, the engraved invitation method, and many others, which it is impossible here to elaborate.

In offering his solution, Mr. Frasca flays the laxity of the bar associations, the interference of

politicians, and present methods of electing and appointing judges. For someone with money to invest in stocks, a reading of Mr. Frasca's book will give him a feeling of caution that is desirable.

THE WAY OUT. By Henry S. Rosenthal. 74 pages. Cincinnati, Ohio: American Building Association News Co.

IN a masterly introduction to this little book, an introduction which analyzes quite clearly the economic situation in brief since the historic Fall of 1929, the author has occasion to say: "Alleged causes of the depression are rivalled in number only by the cures—both ranging from the plausible to the fantastic." Mr. Rosenthal, in his analysis, decides that the trouble now is that money "has literally gone into hiding," and "The Way Out" is still another method which, the author believes, by enlisting idle capital, will absorb many now idle workers.

The author's whole thesis can be summed up in the following paragraph:

"Aside from some totally unexpected invention which may be put on the market overnight, and so take the fancy of the masses as to result in a general bullish trend, the only product meeting the specifications is the single dwelling designed to penetrate lower economic strata than do any of our present 'detached' houses. The potential demand for such a structure is admittedly great, the field is unlimited, and the security is more stable than that of any comparable enterprise."

SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY. By E. T. Krueger and Walter C. Reckless. 577 pages. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.

THIS is an excellent book for the layman who would like to get a perspective of the whole field of social psychology. The authors, both professors of sociology at Vanderbilt University, present in this volume a summary of the many theories held by the many schools, stressing, of course, those with which they are inclined to side.

While touching upon every aspect of social psychology, the authors have emphasized the development of human nature and personality and the extent to which they

are the product of social experience and inter-action, without neglecting the physiological basis of human behavior.

The approach is inductive, about fifteen percent of the text consisting of case material.

A PREFACE TO MORALS. By Walter Lippmann. 348 pages. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.

ONE of the most profound characteristics of the present age undoubtedly is the fact that men have lost the simple, blind faith of their fathers, the faith that enabled them to believe that their lives are significant, that there is plan in the midst of the confusion and aimlessness of the universe. But while "the acids of modernity," as Mr. Lippmann terms it "have dissolved that order for many of us," the needs which that religion fulfilled have not also been dissolved. It simply is not in man to believe that birth, living and death constitute the whole of the human and spiritual cycle.

In "A Preface to Morals" Walter Lippmann, formerly editor of the "New York World" and one of the leaders of liberal public opinion in America, faces the problem squarely, in all its significance.

But those men who have lost their belief in a heavenly king, and they are many, *must* find some other basis for their moral choices other than the revelation of the will of God. And then the writer offers his way out: humanism, because, he says, in the kind of world he lives in, he can do no other. This morality he advocates is called humanism, "for it is centered not in superhuman but in human nature." When men can no longer be theists, they must, if they are civilized, become humanists.

Mr. Lippmann's humanistic creed has its good points and its defects, and it is impossible in a short review to do justice to them. Sufficient, however, is it to state that whether one is willing to go all or part of the way with him or not, it is impossible for the thinking modern not to agree with his theses in the first half of the book, which is one of the most illuminating and thoughtful of analyses of why men must believe, and why they no longer can believe in the way and in the things their fathers did.

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)

ART

For the first time in its history, a microphone was installed on Ellis Island last month, when, on Christmas Eve, a Christmas Festival program was broadcast by the National Broadcasting Company over Station WEAJ, under the auspices of the General Committee on Immigrant Aid. The audience, over 1200, included aliens detained for various reasons, friends and relatives, invited guests and others. Soloists of several nationalities performed in the musical program. There was a Hungarian dance, Russian Gypsy songs, Italian folk songs, a Scandinavian basso, a German cornet soloist, a Japanese xylophonist, a Spanish tenor and a German Christmas carol, besides a forty-piece symphonic orchestra under the direction of Erno Rapee. The soloists included Miss Dolores Cassinelli and Mr. J. Biviano.

The affair was arranged by Commissioner Edward Corsi, with the help of the Welfare Division of the Island, the American Red Cross and the Seamen's Church Institute, who participated in the handing out of gifts and presents. Occasions of this sort, thinks Mr. Corsi, will do much to dispel the hesitancy and fear of the average immigrant stationed at Ellis Island.

The University of Pennsylvania Medical School in Philadelphia is holding its second annual exhibition of painting, prints and drawings by physicians. Dr. Max M. Strumia, instructor in pathology at the University and pathologist at Misericordia Hospital in that city, was awarded second prize for his "Afternoon Confidences," a sketch of gossips in the doorway of a mountain village.

It became known not long ago in Chicago that James Petrillo, president for some time of the Chicago Federation of Musicians, has been re-elected to that position by acclamation.

Professor Romeo Gorno, internationally known pianist and teacher of music, died in Cincinnati late in November after a month's illness. He was 60 years old. Born in Cremona, Italy, Professor Gorno began his musical education in Italy and continued it at the College of Music in Cincinnati after emigrating to the United States forty years ago. He joined the Cincinnati College of Music's faculty in 1889 and was still instructing there at the time of his death. Formerly president of the Cincinnati Music Club, he was for many years also a violinist with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra.

Highly successful was the "Carnival of the Nations" held last month in Chi-

cago by the Chicago Daily News, the proceeds going for the benefit of the unemployed. "Italian Night" at this carnival was held on Dec. 6th, and among those participating at the concert held at the Blackstone Theatre were the following artists of the Chicago Civic Opera: Tito Schipa, Virgilio Lazzari, Augusto Beuf, Iva Pacetti and the young Serafina Di Leo. Giacomo Spadoni, also of the Chicago Civic Opera, accompanied at the piano.

The newly organized Civic Orchestra of New Haven, directed by Maestro F. Riggio, held its first concert last month in that city. A performance of Bellini's "Norma" (on the centenary of its first performance) featured the program, and the tenor Radaelli sang selections from "Martha," "I Pagliacci" and "L'Africana." Mayor Tully was one of the distinguished guests present.

PUBLIC LIFE

Mayor John J. Fogarty of Yonkers, N. Y., and former Mayor William T. Wallin were invested last month with the insignia of the Commander of the Crown of Italy in a ceremony at the City Hall which was attended by 300 persons. Dr. Joseph Brancucci, Italian consular agent, made the presentation "for signal service rendered to the public and the community."

Dr. John A. Falla, of the Yonkers Board of Education, presided and introduced Dr. Brancucci and Edward Corsi, United States Immigration Commissioner at Ellis Island, who also spoke. The Rev. E. J. Rossi pronounced the benediction and Vincent De Carlo, Assistant Corporation Counsel, introduced Dr. Falla.

Cav. Albert B. Ferrera, for many years one of the most active leaders of the Italian colony in Portland, Oregon, last month resigned his position as Royal Italian Consular Agent in that city, a position which he had held for 13 years, because of ill-health. He is 60 years old.

Born in Portland in 1872, Cav. Ferrera attended grammar school there, and then was sent to finish his education in Italy, at the Royal International Institute in Turin. At Turin, he numbered among his acquaintances men destined to be prominent in later life, including King Fuad I of Egypt and Manlio Garibaldi, son of the famous liberator.

After graduation, Mr. Ferrera passed several years traveling abroad and then returned to his native land to read law. He was admitted to the Oregon bar at Salem on October 6, 1898, one of his classmates being Senator Charles L. McNary. In March, 1926, the United States Senator made the mo-

tion to admit Mr. Ferrera to practice before the United States Supreme Court, indicating the esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries.

In recognition of his faithful work in Portland Mr. Ferrera was made a Cavalier by King Victor Emmanuel III, the honor being bestowed on October 30, 1930.

Cavalier Ferrera has the distinction of being the oldest person of Italian parentage born in Portland. His mother, Rose C. Ferrera, is 82 years of age and has resided in the State of Oregon a greater number of years than any other person of Italian birth. She may be properly termed the mother of the Italian community of Oregon. Born in Italy, she came to America in 1851; then went to California by the Nicaragua route, reaching San Francisco in 1853. She met and married Anthony Ferrera in 1869.

Atty. Sebastian Tanguusso was recently elected a member of the Board of Education of Chelsea, Mass.

Four Italian-Americans were appointed to public office last month through the support of the Columbian Republican League of New York State. They are: Joseph Furcinito of Syracuse, Assistant District Attorney in Onondaga County; Anthony Miceli of Rochester, Assistant District Attorney in Monroe County; Joseph Mauriella of New York, Assistant United States Attorney; and Thomas Grenadio of New York, Deputy Internal Revenue Collector.

Before a select group in the Law Library of the Catholic University of America in Washington, D. C., last month, Dr. Oreste Ferrara, Cuban Ambassador to the United States, and a native of Italy, delivered an address on "The relations between Roman public and private law during the republic." Dr. Ferrara is a professor of law at the University of Havana, and he received his doctorate of laws at the University of Naples. His talk was part of the Riccobono Seminar of Roman Law. Many eminent personages in diplomatic, public and educational life were present.

Atty. Vincent R. Impellitteri, Assistant District Attorney of New York County was elected last month as Commander of the T. J. O. Rhinelander Post, No. 6 of the American Legion, numbering more than 200 members.

Dr. Mario Carosi recently arrived from Italy to assume his duties as the new Italian Consul at Baltimore, Md.

Forty-two Italian-American Democratic clubs in Brooklyn recently united in an organization under the name of

the Federation of Italian-American Democratic Clubs of Kings County, with the Hon. Michael Laura, Deputy Sanitation Commissioner, as its executive member. Philip Tirone was elected executive secretary of the new organization.

Atty. Ettore Ciotti of Baltimore, has been appointed Assistant City Solicitor by Mayor Jackson.

Judge Frank Leveroni of Boston was the principal speaker recently at the first dinner-meeting of the Interracial Fellowship of America, Portland Chapter, held at the Hotel Eastland, Portland, Maine. More than 100 persons heard him and the Rt. Rev. John G. Murray, Bishop of Portland, decry modern destructive forces that would uproot the tenets of brotherly love and enveloping Christian ideals of simple faith, eternal hope and lasting charity.

SOCIAL

Judge Felix Forte of Boston, professor of law at Boston University, recently delivered an address before the Circolo Italiano of Boston on the little-known, but interesting topic of what the Italian woman has been like and achieved in history. Among other things, the first public hospital was opened by an Italian woman.

Congressman Peter A. Cavicchia of Newark, will be honored with a banquet by the Order Sons of Italy in New Jersey on Sunday, January 24th at the Elks Club in that city. The banquet was to have been held last June, but it was postponed for several reasons.

The Italians of New Jersey and vicinity learned with sorrow last month of the sudden death of Comm. Luigi Pezze at the age of 67 in Leonia, N. J. Dr. Pezze was widely known as the man who organized the Jersey City branch of the Dante Alighieri Society into one of the most influential in the country, and the only one to own its own home.

Born in Agordo in the Province of Belluno, Italy, he was graduated in medicine at the University of Padua, and afterward came to this country, about 30 years ago. It was in 1909 that, with the aid of a few others, he founded the Hudson County Committee of the Dante Alighieri, and built it up to its present position.

"The present moment in international relations: The position of the United States and Italy" was the title of a lecture delivered last month by the Italian Consul in New Orleans, Cav. Uff. Gallina, before the Italy America Society of that city. Dr. Gallina recently succeeded to the post formerly held by Dr. Mario Dessaulles.

Members of the Italian War Veterans Association were guests last month of Prof. Giuseppe Prezzolini at the Casa Italiana of Columbia University in New York. After a visit through the Casa, the members listened to addresses by Prof. Prezzolini and Dr. Salvatore Bonanno, president of the Association.

The Circolo Roma, a newly organized South Philadelphia club made up of 200 professional and business men, held its first dance last month at Mercantile Hall, under the patronage of Judge E. V. Alessandrini and A. R. Alessi. James Iannucci headed the dance committee. The officers of this new organization are: Louis Florio, president; Corradino Travaglini, vice president; Casmiro Maese, second vice president; Nicholas Del Conte, financial secretary; Alfred Leoncavallo, recording secretary, and Nicholas Di Pretore, treasurer.

One of the oldest New England Italian societies drew attention late in November when the Columbus Associates of Boston celebrated its 40th anniversary at the New American House, with Stephen Molinari heading the celebration committee. Gus Leverone is the present head of the society, which is the oldest of its kind in Boston.

The Latin-American girl was the topic of a talk recently made before the Aurora Society of Philadelphia by Mrs. Lena Fusco Hurlong, guest lecturer, attorney, feminist and suffragist, who recently returned from South America, where she spent three years studying the progress of women.

To head the newly formed Junior Italian American Club of Portland, Oregon, Joseph Casciato, one of the founders, was last month unanimously elected president. Other officers: E. A. Ferrera, vice-pres.; C. Chiotti, treas.; E. M. Jachetta, advisor; M. Berardinelli, recording sec.; A. Buzzelli, fin. sec.; and D. Casciato, sergeant at arms. The age limit set by the club is from 15 to 35.

The Ex-Combattenti Association of Rochester, composed of those who served in the Italian army during the War, held its annual ball last month at the Seneca Hotel in that city, with Paul Muscarella, Deputy Attorney General, as general chairman in charge of the affair.

For the fifth consecutive year, Atty. John A. Di Pesa of Boston, was elected late in November as Commander of the Revere Post of the American Legion, which now has one of the largest memberships in the State and a building of its own erected last year.

The annual election for officers and directors of the Circolo Italiano of Philadelphia, held last month showed the following results:

President John Alessandrini was re-elected for the third term, unopposed; First Vice President Edmund D'Ambrosio was re-elected, unopposed. Albert E. Rosica was elected second vice president; Secretary Alfred Chiurco was re-elected, unopposed; Treasurer John Crisconi was re-elected.

The members elected to the board of directors are as follows: V. G. Carpinelli, Dr. V. Angelucci, Prof. Pasquale Seneca, R. G. Carpinelli, F. J. Montmore, Dr. S. Miceli, John Festa, Americo de Martinis and Severo Antonelli.

SPORTS

One of the phenomena of intercol-

legiate football is the selection, at the end of every season, of mythical all-American, all-sectional or all-city teams. With so many Italian names outstanding in the lineups of the country's leading teams, it is obvious that an Italian All-American football team can be picked every year comparable with the best. The *Italian Echo* of Rhode Island makes a practice of selecting such a team every year, and its 1931 selections are carried on an adjoining page of this issue.

As Anthony Petronella points out in that paper, most major colleges boasted one or more Italians on their teams, "and in some cases, as at Cornell, the success of the team depended almost entirely upon them. On the college teams throughout the country there were more than 100 first-string college players; a youthful, vibrant bunch that played the game with characteristic Italian grit and courage." Though it must be admitted that this year's All-Italian team is not as strong as the 1930 combination, which contained such luminaries as Carideo of Notre Dame, Macaluso of Colgate, Siano of New York University and others, the 1931 aggregation boasts of some really outstanding names itself, including Orsi of Colgate, Viviano and Ferraro of Cornell, Perina of Pennsylvania, Toscani of St. Mary's on the Pacific Coast, and others.

Concerning the possibilities for next year, Mr. Petronella lists, as those worth watching, Buonanno of Brown, De Rita of Rhode Island State, Marchi of N. Y. U., Conti of Villanova, Mattia of Rutgers, Esposito of Wagner, Luminello of Villanova and Migliore of Columbia.

He forgot to add, or possibly his article was written before the event, the names of Ted Romano, quarterback of Brown, who has been elected captain of the 1932 team, and Tom Lombardi, Syracuse tackle, who will captain the Orange eleven next year.

It is important to take notice, incidentally, of the fact that, on the Associated Press's all-Eastern eleven, selected by consensus of the section's sports writers, two Italians appear in the first team, and two more on the second: Orsi, end, of Colgate and Viviano, halfback, of Cornell; and Cavalieri, end, of Holy Cross and Perina, fullback, of Pennsylvania. Among the honorable mentions in this all-Eastern team are Vavra, end, of N. Y. U.; Pichitino of Allegheny and Lombardi of Syracuse, both tackles, Grenda, guard, of Columbia and Ferraro, halfback, of Cornell.

New York City's high schools also had a good crop of Italian football players during the 1931 season. One of the New York evening papers picked an All-City football team which included five Italian names. They are: Colucci, tackle, of Flushing; Benvenuto, guard, of Erasmus; Verardi, guard, of Curtis; De Sio, end, of Curtis; and Ricca, halfback, of Erasmus.

BUSINESS AND FINANCE

Mr. Frank A. Matrionola of Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, has been nominated for the Presidency of the Chamber of Commerce of that section. Mr. Matrionola, besides being a member of sev-

eral community organizations, including the Bay Ridge Civic Council, is treasurer of an unemployment relief committee to aid the Bay Ridge needy.

Cav. Pasquale Simonelli, president of the Italian Savings Bank in New York for the past eleven years, and treasurer of the Italian Chamber of Commerce in New York, has been given the title of Knight Commander of the Crown of Italy. Born at Saviano di Nola in Campania, Italy, Comm. Simonelli has been in the United States for the past 34 years, 30 of which have been spent with the Italian Savings Bank, which now has \$34,000,000 in deposits.

A dinner was given by friends of John N. Malnati, assistant manager of the Hotel Biltmore in New York City last month at that hotel on the occasion of his having been decorated previously by the Italian Government with the title of Cavaliere Ufficiale. The dinner committee, composed of many prominent men in civic life, was headed by Judge John J. Freschi.

Mr. Malnati is also the holder of the Cross of the Order of the Crown of Italy, and the gold medal of Commander of the Household of the King of Belgium, both of them in recognition of his services during the War.

More than a hundred friends attended the banquet given last month in Philadelphia in honor of Philip F. Pagliaro, construction manager of the Keystone State Corporation.

There is about to be opened in Los Angeles the first Sample Exhibition organized by the Italian Chamber of Commerce in that city, at 130 South Broadway to give exhibitors an opportunity to make the public acquainted with their products. Among the exhibiting companies will be: Italian Vineyards Co., California Importing Co., A. Vignolo & Co., Tama Trading Co., Yolanda Packing Co., Emsee Importing Co., Gabellieri, Guidotti, General Steamship Co., Torre Insurance Agency, O. P. Castorina, F. & M. Importing Co., Vai Bros., Guasti & Giuli, Italotone Film Producing Co., etc.

The Vegetable Producers Co-operative Association of Colorado held its annual general meeting last month in Denver for election of 13 new directors. Speakers included Senator Tobin, State Market Director, and Frank Mancini, editor of "Il Risveglio" and "Colorado" of Denver. Officers of the Association are William Rossi, president, Caesar A. Gerali, general manager.

Comm. Dr. Joseph A. Danna of New Orleans has been appointed president of the medical corps and head of the Executive Committee of the Hotel Dieu Hospital in that city, on the occasion of the banquet given by the medical corps to Mother Superior Mary Agnes of that institution.

George P. Nunes, of Leghorn, Italy, and New Canaan, Conn., has been made a Knight Commander of the Crown of Italy. Mr. Nunes is vice-president of the Leghorn Trading Company and is its representative in Europe.

A banquet at the Hotel Victoria in New York City was held recently to honor Giuseppe Livoti on the occasion of his having received the Cross of Chevalier of the Crown of Italy.

In New York City last month, Philip Le Boutillier, president of Best & Co., and Jerome S. Hess of the law firm of Hardin, Hess and Eder, were made a Commander and a Chevalier, respectively, of the Order of the Crown of Italy in recognition of their efforts in behalf of the establishment of an American Wing of the Student House at the University of Rome and of scholarships for American students there.

The recipients were presented at the ceremonies by Justice John J. Freschi of the Court of Special Sessions, president of the Society of Friends of the University of Rome, organized to help in the establishment of the American Wing and the scholarships. Justice Freschi said later that a campaign for \$250,000, to be divided equally between the projects, was now getting under way. Mr. Le Boutillier is treasurer of the organization and Mr. Hess the secretary.

The Countess Fanny Zampini Salazer and former Supreme Court Justice Irving Goldsmith were among those present.

The honorary committee of the Society of Friends of the University of Rome, Inc. is as follows: Nobile Giacomo De Martino, Italian Ambassador, chairman. Emanuele Grazzi, Italian Consul General; Federico Millosevich, formerly president of the Royal University of Rome; Dr. John Grier Hibben, president, Princeton University; Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president, Columbia University; Dr. Elmer Ellsworth Brown, chancellor, New York University; Generoso Pope, publisher of *Il Progresso Italo-Americano*; Luigi Barzini, formerly editor of *Il Corriere d'America*, New York; Pietro De Francisci, president, Royal University of Rome; Professor Angelo Mariotti of Rome; Dr. Stephen P. Duggan, director, Institute of International Education.

EDUCATION AND CULTURE

The Italian Group of the Modern Language Association convened on Monday, Dec. 28th at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin, and several papers were read. Some of the speakers were Prof. Herbert D. Austin, Prof. Camillo P. Merlino, Prof. Rudolph Altrocchi and Prof. Angeline H. Lo-grasso. The Annual Meeting of the American Association of Teachers of Italian followed, and in the evening the Association held its annual Italian dinner at the University Club.

Under the auspices of the Italian Historical Society of Massachusetts, Harold Lord Varney of New York, gave an interesting lecture last month at the Boston Public Library on "Italy's New Role in World Politics." The officers of the Society in Boston are: Cav. Prof. J. D. M. Ford, pres.; Comm. Frank Leveroni, vice-pres.; Albert P. Robuschi, treas.; Prof. J. H. Sasserno, sec. The Board of Directors

includes the following: Dr. G. Bottero, Vincent Brogna, Paul Cifirino, Prof. Ralph Adams Cram, Prof. James Geddes, Miss Grace Nichols, J. J. Phelan, Comm. Saverio R. Romano, and Cav. Silvio Vitale.

Among the students who received scholarships at Princeton last month were Joseph Desipio and W. T. Pecora of the Class of '33, and W. F. Bottiglia and Lawrence D'Elena of the Class of '34.

The third annual dance and concert sponsored by the Circolo Italiano of Washington Irving Evening High School in New York was held on Dec. 12th at the Casa Italiana of Columbia University. Several well-known and popular artists featured the musical program. The program committee was headed by Anthony Di Palma and William Di Liberto, president and vice-president, respectively, of the club.

Professor Pasquale Seneca of Philadelphia was guest lecturer at a recent meeting of the Circolo Italiano of the University of Pennsylvania. Professor Seneca is in the Romance Language Department.

Arthur Caporossi of New Haven has won a scholarship which will enable him to study at the Royal Conservatory of Music at Naples, Italy. Caporossi, a baritone, is a graduate of the New Haven High School.

Miss Agnes Liberato of Ironwood, Michigan, has been elected secretary of the Wisconsin Visiting Teachers Association at the recent convention of the society held in Milwaukee.

The Italian Vice-Consul at Toronto, Canada, conferred not long ago on Emilio Goggio, associate professor of Italian and Spanish at the University of Toronto, the Cross of Chevalier of the Crown of Italy, awarded him by the King of Italy in recognition of Professor Goggio's contribution to Italian historical and literary studies in America.

George Rubatt, son of Dominick Rubatt, Mayor of Hurley, Wisconsin, was recently elected president of the Senior Class at Creighton University, Omaha, Nebraska.

Smith College has established a Junior Year in Italy. A group of students, all majoring in Italian, are now in Italy under the direction of Miss Emma Detti. They have studied at the Universities of Perugia and Florence.

An interesting piece of information, gathered from the latest issue of "Italica," the quarterly bulletin of the American Association of Teachers of Italian, is the fact that there are 300 students now taking Italian at Smith College.

For the third time since entering Harvard less than two years ago, Andrew J. Torrielli of Watertown, Mass., has been awarded a scholarship. The young student, 19, recently won the Samuel Croker Lawrence Scholarship of \$500 for excellence in romance languages. Last year, he was selected from among many competitors as the winner of the Crowningshield Scholar-

ship of \$475 and also the Samuel Croker Lawrence price of \$650. Graduated from Boston Latin School with high honors, Torrielli will be graduated from Harvard in 1933 and he plans to teach romance languages.

"Living with Culture in Italy" was the title of a recent address by Henry A. Sasserno, a candidate not long ago for the Boston Board of Education, before the Circolo Italiano of Harvard University.

Radio Station KFVI of San Francisco has been broadcasting every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11:30 A. M. a course in Italian lessons by Professor Antonio Achille, graduate of the University of Rome. It is said to be the only course of its kind on the Coast.

More than 800 people attended the benefit dance given recently by the Italian Club of Rhode Island State College to raise funds to establish an Italian Department at the College. The affair was held at the Narragansett Hotel and the committee in charge was chairmanned by Albert D'Orsi.

Countess Fanny Zampiri Salazer of Rome, one of the leaders of the feminist movement in Italy, was a guest not long ago of the National Woman's Party in Washington, D. C. She spoke on "The Future of the International Feminist Movement."

Countess Salazer was an intimate friend of Queen Margherita di Savoia, and she wrote a biography of the Queen that was published simultaneously in English and Italian. She represented Italian women at two international feminist congresses held in the United States in 1893 and 1902, and she has written many books, among them three volumes on the life of the Brownings, Robert and Elizabeth.

The Alpha Sigma Gamma Fraternity of Philadelphia, composed of Italo-American college students, gave its annual ball at the Majestic Hotel in that city recently. The committee in charge was headed by F. Pileggi and A. Ziccardi. The president of the organization is Henry M. De Leo.

Eta Phi Alpha is another Italo-American fraternity, composed of young college, professional and business men of northern New Jersey. During the holiday season the Fraternity, which has been established for ten years, held a Convention Ball and Banquet at the Lodge Room of the Newark Elks. Among the guests were Judge Anthony F. Minisi, Judge Nicholas Albano, Judge Casale and Michael Mearo, all honorary members of the Fraternity.

"To give the people of New York an opportunity to enjoy the contributions of foreign-born groups to the folk arts," and "to keep these arts alive as a vital part of our community life by providing foreign-born people themselves with fine and dignified opportunities for artistic expression," the Foreign Language Information Service has sponsored a Folk Festival Council, to take place on the last Sunday of January and the first Sunday in February, at which seasonal festivals of the homelands of 24 ethnic groups will be

ITALIAN ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM, 1931

(As selected by "The Italian Echo," of Providence, R. I.)

| FIRST TEAM | POSITION | SECOND TEAM |
|-------------------------|-------------|--------------------------|
| Orsi, Colgate | End | Collucci, Holy Cross |
| Lombardi, Syracuse | Tackle | De Rita, R. I. State |
| Grenda, Columbia | Guard | Nobilletti, Columbia |
| Del Isola, Fordham | Center | Farina, Bucknell |
| Scafide, Tulane | Guard | Capasso, Brown |
| Vavra, N. Y. University | Tackle | Della Vedova, Iowa |
| Cavaliere, Holy Cross | End | Devinuti, Boston College |
| Ferraro, Cornell | Quarterback | Mezza, Bucknell |
| Viviano, Cornell | Halfback | Pozza, Oregon |
| Toscani, St. Mary's | Halfback | Ronzani, Marquette |
| Perina, Pennsylvania | Fullback | Campiglio, West Liberty |

HONORABLE MENTION

ENDS—Cirillo, Lafayette; Caito, Brown; Delabrida, Villanova.

TACKLES—Luminello, Villanova; Migliore, Columbia.

GUARDS—Marchi, New York University; Alvino, Fordham; Casini, Kansas; Mattia, Rutgers; Conti, Villanova.

CENTER—Esposito, Wagner.

QUARTERBACKS—Buonanno, Brown; Cutri, Pittsburgh; Bevevino, Carnegie Tech.

HALFBACKS—Frischi, California; Caraviglio, Bucknell; Fuqua, Indiana; Lione, Georgetown; Paglia, Santa Clara; Zontini, Marshall; Demello, Catholic.

FULLBACKS—Rotelli, Brown; Parsaca, Detroit; Rometo, Washington & Jefferson.

presented. The festivals will take place at the Guild Theatre in New York.

The Italian part of the festival will include chorus and individual singing of Italian folk songs, music and dancing and a presentation of regional costumes. Maestro Bonelli will lead this group. The committee in charge of the preparation of the Italian program includes Prof. Leonard Covello, chairman; Elba Farabegoli, vice-chairman; Florence Adamo and Catherine Cannizzaro, secretaries.

MISCELLANEOUS

Not long ago Chief Justice Hughes of the Supreme Court reviewed the findings of the New York Court and remanded the case of Comincio and the City of New York.

On the death of Comincio, the Italian Consul General laid claim to his estate. He held that as there were no heirs or next of kin, Italy was entitled to the property under article XVII of the Consular Convention of 1878. Suit was brought by James F. Lagan, Public Administrator and John J. Bennett, Jr., Attorney General of New York. The Surrogate's Court held that the balance of the estate, amounting to \$914, should go to New York City for benefit of the unknown kin of the dead man and this ruling was upheld by the higher courts of the State. The Chief Justice Hughes gave his decision on the basis of treaties which exist between this country and Italy and therefore the estate of Antonio Comincio, an Italian citizen who died in New York

in 1925 should go to Italy instead of New York City.

The decision is an important one for the Italian Consulate General and the legal victory established a precedent in many unsettled matters of this kind.

Late in November a new Italian weekly appeared in Trenton: the Italian Journal, an 8-page paper edited by Otto Marzulli, formerly of Newark, with Americo D'Agostino as business manager. Offices are at 213 E. Hanover Str.

A 150-page book by Miss Pina Carredu, "Italiani all'estero" (The Italians Abroad) recently made its appearance in Boston from the presses of the Excelsior Press. Rich in illustrations and biographies, it constitutes another contribution to the biographical literature of the Italians in the United States.

At the annual meeting last month of the Association of Grand Jurors of New York County at the Astor Hotel in New York last month, Paolino Gerla was elected vice-president of the society, to succeed Paul Moss.

Miss Theresa F. Bucchieri, young newspaperwoman of Philadelphia, broadcast a message on Christmas Day over Station WDAS for the benefit of the Prison Welfare Association of that city.

In Hartford, Conn., Vice-Commander E. Gilbert Martino of the Rau-Locke Post No. 8, of the American Legion, was elected Commander of the Post recently for the coming year.

Prof. Father Filippo Robotti of the Ordine dei Predicatori, recently made a Chevalier of the Crown of Italy, was given a banquet in New York last month by the Nastro Azzurro Institute of New York.

PROFESSIONS

Late last month the Association of Italian Physicians in America, composed of Italian physicians in Manhattan, held elections for the coming year with the following results: President, Filippo Cassola. Vice-Presidents, John M. Lore, Angelo M. Sala, Charles Perilli and Hannibal De Bellis; Secretary, Anthony C. Cipollaro; Treasurer, Salvatore R. Scorza; Trustees, Michael Osnato, Adolph De Sanctis, Gaston Carlucci, Peter F. Amoroso and James V. Ricci; Censors, Salvatore Di Palma, chairman, Vitus Badia, Amerigo J. Grimaldi, D. William Scotti, Anthony Nigro, Joseph B. D'Oronzio; Committee Chairmen: Membership, Gaetano J. Mecca; Economics, Augusto Rossano; Scientific, Angelo M. Sala; Italian Literature, Giuseppe Previtali; and Inter-Society Relationships, Joseph Croce.

The Lambda Phi Mu Medical Fraternity, composed of young Italian

physicians, held its annual dinner dance at the Hotel New Yorker on Dec. 29th. Dr. J. Nicosia was chairman of the affair.

A new Italian medical society has been started, the Societa Medica Italiana, for Italian physicians practicing in New Jersey. Dr. Arcangelo Liva of Hackensack was elected its first president, with Dr. D'Acerno of Union City as first vice-president, and Dr. Bianchi of Newark, as second vice-president.

The annual meeting of the Societa Medica Italiana of Massachusetts took place last month at the Hotel Kenmore in Boston and elections for 1932 were held with the following results: Louis H. Limauro, president; A. Macaluso, first vice-president. W. Santoro, second vice-president; E. D'Errico, treasurer; Carl F. Maraldi, secretary. The feature of the annual meeting was an address by Dr. William F. Verdi of New Haven, Conn., professor of clinical surgery at Yale University Medical School and head surgeon of St. Raphael Hospital, on "Cancer of the Colon," illustrating his talk with lantern slides.

Dr. C. P. De Feo of New Haven, has been appointed assistant in the

Surgical Department of the New Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital of New York, where he interned after his graduation from the University of Maryland. During the World War Dr. De Feo was in Philadelphia as instructor of the medical corps.

At the invitation of the New York Tuberculosis Association last month, Dr. Giuseppe Previtali gave an interesting radio talk over Station WCDA in Italian on the prevention of tuberculosis among the children of the Italian communities. Dr. Previtali is professor of children's diseases at New York University.

The Justinian Club, all-Italian group at the Boston University School of Law, recently elected the following officers for the year: William P. DeVitto, president; Marco Pettoruto, vice president; Hugo Caroselli, treasurer, and Joseph Zottoli, secretary. Professor Felix Forte, faculty adviser of the club, addressed the meeting.

The Justinian Club, organized in 1922, is open to all students of Italian extraction. Last year the club granted a charter for a similar club at the Portia Law School. Prominent members of the bar will address the group at future meetings.

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Il Figlio

Novella
di C. Giorgieri-Contrì

Illustrata da
Anthony Marano

I

Quando sua madre fu morta, Francesco sentì tutto il vuoto della sua vita...

Prima, quella presenza glielo mascherava. Viveva con lei, non se ne staccava un momento; e durante la sua malattia s'era fatto infermiere, com'era stato per tanti anni figlio sottomesso e devoto. Da tempo, fin da quando s'era sentito precocemente diventar vecchio, egli s'era allontanato da ogni svago, financo da ogni amicizia... Nel loro piccolo quartierino, piccolo e modesto, quale si addiceva a persone appena appena agiate, quasi più nessuno entrava, salvo il medico e, a intervalli radi, una loro nipote e cugina, vedova, da Francesco amata in giovinezza, sposata con altri, e ormai anch'essa dimentica di ogni antico sogno. Per stare vicino alla madre, e per non costringerla a mutamenti, Francesco aveva strozzato la sua carriera, s'era ridotto a vegetare nel suo piccolo ufficio, in mansioni secondarie. E questo per vent'anni, per trenta: tutto un lungo periodo di vita, che adesso a guardare indietro, gli pareva uguale e monotono come il corso d'un fiume.

Non aveva mai pensato ch'ella sarebbe morta, che lo avrebbe lasciato. O, se lo pensava, il suo era un pensiero informe, subito ricacciato. Vagamente, aveva sperato di andarsene prima lui, ancora accarezzato da quelle mani rugose, ancor vigilato da quello sguardo imperioso che solo per lui a tratti si addolciva. Perché ella era stata sempre così: con un carattere autoritario che faceva tutto piegare, che tutto dominava. Da piccolo non gli aveva permesso nulla; da grande gli aveva reso difficile tutto. E sempre era stata con gli occhi aperti, che non glielo portassero via: prima i giochi, poi gli amici, poi le donne. E lo spirito debole di Francesco si era

acconciato a quell'autorità: l'aveva prima temuta, poi subito, poi desiderata.

In pochi mesi, la fine. A settantacinque anni, la quercia, rimasta sempre dritta e fiera, si era abbattuta. Giorno per giorno l'arteriosclerosi aveva minato quel corpo, indi spente tutte le energie di quell'anima. Negli ultimi tempi ella era

diventata quasi dolce, quasi umile. Si commoveva spesso, piangeva, tratteneva il figlio presso di sé come con una specie di rimorso occulto. Quando egli tornava dall'ufficio, e si sedeva presso la sua poltrona, in silenzio, ella alzava il capo grigio dai guanciali e lo guardava a lungo come se volesse penetrare a fondo nel suo pensiero. A cercarvi che cosa? Forse un rimpianto, una traccia di quell'antica giovinezza che ella aveva spento in lui? E Francesco sentiva il suo affetto filiale ingigantirsi per quella pietà che a lui pareva un ultimo dono, l'ultimo saggio di quella eroica bontà materna.

Perché Francesco non aveva mai avuto la minima fiducia in sé stesso. Si era sempre creduto un debole, un inetto.



“Adesso egli capiva”

Anche quando l'unico sogno era fiorito un istante nella sua anima pavida, anche allora, se non avesse avuto sua madre! Certo la prova era stata rude... e difficile la rinuncia. Certo allora egli ne aveva sofferto. Ma non avrebbe sofferto di più, quando trascinato da un'illusione, se ne fosse poi dovuto risvegliare? Invece ella gli aveva soffocato quell'illusione sul nascere. "Povero Francesco, tu non sei fatto per essere amato da una ragazza come quella. Tua cugina è giovane, e ardente; per un momento può illudersi che tu rappresenti per le iqualche cosa. Ma poi? E, (E') difficile da collocare, Cristina; non ha che la sua bellezza. Per questo tu forse anche rappresento ai suoi occhi un partito... Ma dà retta a tua madre che conosce il mondo... Non ti fidare... Pensaci."

Egli "ci aveva pensato," non sapendo risolversi a staccarsi da quella speranza. Cristina pareva sincera; pareva che nella sua florida gioventù un senso di inconscia pietà per la debolezza di Francesco si fosse mutato in amore. Anch'ella forse provava per lui come un istinto materno, che si concretava in un desiderio di elevarlo, di buttarlo incontro alla vita. Accorgersi di questo, per Francesco era stata una tale ebbrezza, che per qualche anno la sua vita gli era parsa mutata.

Che era accaduto, di poi? Per qual ragione tutto era cambiato ad un tratto; e Cristina senza dir nulla s'era come staccata da lui, non aveva più risposto alle sue mute implorazioni? Sua madre, in un silenzio cupo e come pieno di rancore, pareva dirgli: Avevo ragione? E poi Cristina si era sposata. Egli l'aveva rivista a intervalli; ma era un'altra Cristina, di cui l'anima pareva essersi chiusa, per lui, come in una riprovazione severa, come in una lontananza non più superata... E gli anni erano passati così: e anche Cristina era invecchiata, pur conservando i resti dell'antica bellezza e della tristezza antica, madre, vedova, occupata de' suoi figli e della sua esistenza serena.

II

Venne a vederlo, quando fu solo. E lo commiserò con affetto, ma senza espansione; gli profferse gli aiuti che poteva, ma tiepidamente. Francesco, tutto dato al suo dolore, risenti per quelle rare visite, una amarezza maggiore. Gli parve che ella fosse ancora lontana, che un ostacolo ignoto sempre si frapponesse tra loro. O veramente ella gli teneva rancore per la illusione che

un momento era parso riunirli; come se ancora ella si pentisse di aver potuto dargli qualche speranza d'amore?

Però, misero e solo come si sentiva, nessun orgoglio lo tenne, nessun amor proprio gli vietò di cercarla. Quali si fossero i suoi pensieri, ella era pur sempre la sola che lo riattaccasse al passato; per la quale la sua vita non era stata tutta vuota e nuda; e la sola con cui poter discorrere della sua morta. Egli a poco a poco si adoprò, con commovente imbarazzo, a far rinascere tra loro alcunchè dell'intimità antica. Quando andava a farle visita sedeva nel suo salotto, impacciato e premuroso, interessandosi a tutta la sua vita. Soprattutto i suoi bimbi, già grandini, lo occupavano. Portava dei giocattoli, delle chicche, dei libri: raccontava delle storie in cui la sua fantasia, costretta sin allora nei limiti della più nuda realtà, improvvisamente si esercitava e si dilatava. Un giorno ch'egli stava così intrattenendoli, ella entrò non vista, lo ascoltò, lo interruppe:

— Tu ami dunque i bimbi? Come mai?

Egli si stupì di quello stupore; ma non lo rilevò. Notò in lei soltanto, da quel giorno, come un aspetto insolito: come se nella sua freddezza qualche cosa si disciogliesse. Adesso, tutte le volte ch'egli andava da lei, ella gli mandava avanti i bimbi; poi sopraggiungeva sorridendo:

— Sono stati buoni?

Quando non parlava dei bimbi, parlava naturalmente della morta. Era il discorso che li accomunava di più. Ella l'aveva amata anche lei. "Era una santa donna" diceva. "E ti voleva bene." E pareva che aggiungesse severamente: Malgrado tutto! E Francesco, che assaporava quel concorde giudizio, quell'affetto comune, non comprendeva il perchè di quel tacito rimprovero.

Un giorno, il bimbo più grande si ammalò. Fu una malattia breve, ma preoccupante; e in quei giorni, Francesco, dimenticando ogni altro pensiero, trepidò con lei e l'aiutò nella cura. Quando ogni pericolo fu scomparso, alle labbra di lei salirono parole involontarie, non mai dette e forse sempre pensate...

— Sei stato tanto buono con il mio figliolo. Chi lo avrebbe mai detto?

— Perchè? — mormorò Francesco, umilmente.

— Perchè... perchè...

Ella esitava; poi, nella rinascita improvvisa della loro confidenza, ella spiegò, impulsivamente:

— Perchè non ti ho mai sentito ricordare quello che ti è morto.

— Quello che...?

Francesco sobbalzò. Non capiva. Un così grande stupore si dipinse sul suo viso, che Cristina si arrestò a mezzo, attonita anch'essa.

— Che dici, Cristina?

— Ma sì. Io lo sapevo... Quell'altro... Il figliolo che t'era nato tanti anni fa... Fu tua madre che me lo disse, che mi avvertì...

— La mamma?

— Sì — continuò Cristina, violentemente, come per liberarsi da un silenzio che l'aveva oppressa per tanto tempo. — Sì, sì... Me lo disse; mi fece promettere che non te ne avrei parlato mai. Troppo le doleva, troppo. Fu quando dovevamo... quando dovevamo sposarci... — e fu la sua volta di arrossire. — Ah! fu un colpo terribile per me! Saperti impegnato con un'altra; sapere che avevi un figlio... Ero tanto giovane allora; tutto questo mi sconvolse... Ma tua madre aveva ragione... Non potevamo... non potevamo sposarci...

— Ti disse questo? — balbetto Francesco, smarrito.

— Sì: poi non se ne parlò più, mai più. Soltanto qualche tempo fa, poco prima che se ne andasse, le chiesi che ne fosse successo del figlio... Ella mi disse; E' (E') morto... Era morto; e tu non lo avevi pianto neppure... Non lo amavi, di, non lo amavi?

— Cristina!

La rivelazione gli lampeggiò nel pensiero. Adesso egli capiva, egli capiva... Così lo aveva amato sua madre: ricorrendo financo a una menzogna, e quale menzogna!, per non perderlo, per non doverlo cedere ad altri... Aveva architettato tutto questo per distaccare Cristina da lui, per fare ch'ella non pensasse più a lui! Un momento il senso della sua vita mancata gli parve insostenibile. Per un momento gli si affacciò la speranza di poterla rifare! Ma come? Avrebbe dovuto dire, avrebbe dovuto spiegare... E allora che avrebbe pensato Cristina di sua madre? Come l'avrebbe giudicata?

— Non mi rispondi? — incalzò Cristina... — E la donna... la donna... la vedi ancora?

Come un antico guizzo di gelosia tremava nelle sue parole. Francesco balbettò, smarrito:

— Non adesso: non parlarmene adesso... Un'altra volta, vuoi? Ti dirò tutto, ti dirò tutto...

Ma non le disse più nulla. E non la rivide più...

Il Giardino Italiano

di Ugo Ojetti

Dal Volume "Bello e Brutto"

(Milano, Treves, 1930)

Novembre 1924.

Il primo giardino fu costruito dal signore Iddio e fu il paradiso terrestre perché paradiso, come s'impara in ginnasio, significa in lingua persiana e in lingua greca parco o giardino. E immagino che fosse romantico, ad imitazione cioè della libera natura la quale, a detta dei romantici fu cosa perfetta e quasi divina finché il maledettissimo uomo non intervenne con la sua satanica intelligenza e le sue leggi a corromperla: il giardino cioè capriccioso e irregolare che nel Settecento prese il nome di giardino all'inglese e conquistò l'Europa e fece sospirare Giangiacomo e le regali pastorelle versagliesi. Certo non era un giardino all'italiana. In questo tutto è proporzionato e distribuito come un'architettura. L'uomo vi è padrone e taglia e piega e lega alberi ed arbusti e distribuisce fiori e conduce acque secondo la ragione e l'ordine e il gusto e la misura sua, in una parola secondo uno stile. Vuole insomma che la natura gli obbedisca e che il giardino sia un riflesso e un ornamento della sua casa.

Cosè passate. Chi costruisce più parchi e giardini in Italia? Bastano quelli vecchi, e ce n'è tutti i giorni da vendere. Se ne costruiscono, e all'italiana, solo in America o in Australia dove s'ha spazio e danaro. Gran delizia e grande ammaestramento è comporre anche un piccolo giardino. I filosofi una volta lodavano la bellezza morale di quest'opera, e Bacone ricordando appunto che fu Iddio onnipotente il primo a piantare un giardino, aggiungeva che questo è in verità il più antico e il più puro degli svaghi umani. Ma a quei tempi gli uomini avevano una qualità oggi dovunque smarrita; voglio dire la pazienza, senza la quale ci si può illudere d'educare gli uomini ma gli alberi non s'educano di certo.

Giardino italiano e giardino inglese; classico e romantico; ragione e sentimento; arte e natura, o almeno quella studiata spontaneità che a forza d'artificio apparisce naturale alle anime candide: un artificio che arrivò nel Settecento fino a piantare, accanto alle finte rocce e alle finte rovine, alberi

morti per accrescere la commozione del languido spettatore. Né in poesia né in prosa, né in architettura né in pittura, l'opposizione delle due scuole, maniere e concezioni della vita e dell'arte, è tanto netta e visibile quanto nell'architettura d'un giardino. Questa infatti si serve di alberi che sono creature vive, mutevoli e longeve, e la loro obbedienza è più imponente e persuasiva di quella dei mattoni, delle pietre e delle travi che sono cose inerti.

Ora sul giardino all'italiana noi non avevamo un libro ragionato che ne narrasse la nascita e la gloria per tre secoli solari e la morte. Sulle ville toscane e romane e venete e lombarde, libri a dozzine, specialmente inglesi; ma proprio sul giardino come fatto della nostra architettura e segno della nostra civiltà, sul modo di concepirlo e di piantarlo e di adornarlo, niente. Adesso il libro l'ha scritto un toscano, Luigi Dami, illustrandolo con testi antichi e note copiose e vedute ben scelte da vecchie stampe e dipinti dal vero (*Il Giardino italiano*, con 351 tavole, Milano, ed. Bestetti e Tumminelli, 1924). Non uno, credo, dei nostri giardini dal Trecento al Settecento della cui rinomanza ci resti anche solo un ricordo scritto, è dimenticato da questo studioso il quale per fortuna è anche uno scrittore rapido e vivo.

Nel Trecento il giardino italiano è ancora rustico, un viale, un prato, una fontana di pietra; ma il pomario cogli alberi da frutto è separato dall'erbario con l'erbe odorifere e medicinali, il giardino dei fiori dal viridario cogli alberi sempre verdi. Sono quasi sempre giardini in pianura e murati, adatti ad accogliere idilli, canti, danze e decameroni. Hanno del giocattolo ben verniciato e scomponibile, e le novità, nelle forme d'una pergola o d'una vasca, non sono che capricci.

Solo nel Quattrocento si comincia a cercare un transito tra casa e giardino, tra la fabbrica di pietra e quella d'alberi: ed è la loggia terrena ad archi, nei palazzi di Pio secondo a Pienza, dei Montefeltro ad Urbino, dei Bentivoglio nella villa della Viola a Bologna, nella casa dei Medici in Firenze presso San Marco e in via Largo, quella che oggi è il palazzo Riccardi. Questa

loggia davanti al giardino è un ricordo delle ville romane per le quali già aveva sospirato di nostalgia il Petrarca. Plinio il giovane in una famosa lettera a Domizio Apollinare che avrei voluto vedere trascritta e commentata dal Dami, descrivendo la sua villa umbra posta, sembra, presso Città di Castello, parla proprio di quest'atrio e delle airole davanti recinte di bosso. La lettera è minuta ed è lunga tanto che Plinio alla fine se ne scusa: "Non è già la mia descrizione troppo lunga ma è la villa troppo grande." Siffatte descrizioni e indicazioni erano comandi per gli architetti umanisti. Leon Battista Alberti nella sua Architettura anche quando parla di giardini si riferisce in ogni passo agli antichi, a questi portici e alle grotte e alle fontane e ai vasi di pietra e ai bossi tagliati a far lettere e nomi e all'ordine degli alberi e ai pergolati su colonne da essi descritti. L'Alberti chiede addirittura che con allori, cedri, e ginepri intrecciati "faccinsi quei disegni che nelle piante degli edifizii sono lodati," archi, cerchi, colonne, come possiamo vedere nel nicchione di verdura e di frutta che è dietro la Madonna del Mantegna al Louvre o nelle imponenti arcate di verde intorno al suo Trionfo della Virtù. Nel Cinquecento Baccio Bandinelli scriverà addirittura: "Le cose che si murano debbono essere guida e superiori a quelle che si piantano."

Ma sugli esempi antichi l'Alberti estese il dominio dell'uomo anche alla veduta. "Vorrei che le case della possessione dei nobili non fossino poste nella più grassa parte della campagna, ma bene nella più degna donde si possa pigliare ogni comodità, sien vedute e vegghino le città le terre il mare e una distesa pianura e le conosciute cime delle colline e dei monti." Canti tutto il creato la gloria e la potenza dell'uomo. Sia il paesaggio legato alla villa; ma perché la lontana veduta non sopraffaccia con la vastità il riguardante, davanti alla sua casa o alla sua loggia stenda egli, come un tappeto sotto la maestà d'un sacro dipinto, un vago giardino bene allineato coi suoi pratelli vellutati e i vialetti listati di pietra e le airole d'amenissimi fiori e una fontana che canti e una peschiera che specchi e belle statue che sorridano. Tutti segni, questi, di ciò che solo l'arte dell'uomo può trarre da una rozza pietra o da un ruscello volubile.

Questa regina fu la villa sul colle. Il Dami con ragione osserva che il giardino italiano toccò la perfezione

solo quando si distese sui ripiani d'una collina: le ville di Tivoli e di Frascati che hanno davanti le vedute di Roma, Boboli sopra Firenze, villa Madama e villa Medici e villa Pamphili sopra Roma, gli Orti Farnesiani sul Fòro, villa Doria sul golfo di Genova, all'Isoabella la villa Borromeo sullo specchio del lago tra le quinte dei monti. Questo pel prospetto: per vedere ed esser veduti, come voleva da sovrano l'Alberti. Di qua, intorno alla casa "incastonata al punto giusto come una gemma grossa nell'alveolo d'una collana," l'architetto tratterà il colle come uno scultore il blocco di marmo, tagliando e scavando terra e roccia a suo disegno. Le due prime grandi opere del Cinquecento in quest'arte sono le due terrazze, le cordonate, le scalinate, le nicchie nelle mura glie, pensate dal Bramante pel Belvedere in Vaticano; e poco dopo la villa Madama di Raffaello sul pendio di Monte Mario, con le scalee curve, il teatro a gradinate, i tre giardini a terrazze. Nella vallata lì presso, Antonio da Sangallo crea il primo ninfeo.

Su questi modelli si lavora per tutto il secolo in tutta l'Italia, a Firenze, a Genova, a Mantova, a Verona, sui laghi lombardi, a Torino. La casa con logge, avancorpi, barchesse e terrazze, penetra sempre più nel giardino; e il giardino con portoni monumentali, balustrate, scale, anfiteatri, statue, con nicchioni e vasche e fontane e colonne sulla linea della prospettiva chiude sempre più il suo verde dentro la pietra lavorata. L'acqua è poca, prima a zampilli da un piatto all'altro della fontana, sul tipo quattrocentesco dato da Donatello, dal Verrocchio, dal Rossellino. Ma con Villa d'Este che è il capolavoro di Pirro Ligorio, cominciato nel 1550, già compiuto nel 1569, anche l'acqua copiosa, a strocio, a getto, a girandola, diventa il necessario ornamento e la gran voce d'una villa italiana: una voce che arriva fino all'organo d'acqua di Villa d'Este il quale mandò in

visibile anche il savio Montaigne; un ornamento che va fino al gioco e alla burla contro gl'incauti visitatori come cento stampe del '600 e del '700 descrivono.

Nel Ferrarese e nella bassa veneta tanta varietà e magnificenza si diluirono, anche nel Seicento, in pochi precetti senza ardimento: ville di pianura. Basta leggere gli scritti d'architettura del Palladio o dello Scamozzi. La casa è imponente, ma il giardino modesto, come accecato. Così le più ammirate ville del Seicento che obbediscono con magnificenza sempre più sfarzosa alle classiche leggi del Cinquecento, sono tutte in altura. La villa Aldobrandini e la villa Ludovisi a Frascati; dentro Roma, il giardino del Quirinale disegnato da Carlo Maderno, l'altra villa Ludovisi disegnata dal Domenichino, la villa Sacchetti opera di Pietro da Cortona, la villa Pamphili d'Alessandro Algardi; a Firenze, l'ingrandimento di Boboli verso Porta Romana, a Settignano la Gamberaia, a Pescia la villa di Collodi. E a dire del Piemonte e del Veneto l'elenco sarebbe troppo lungo. Qualche novità quell'ansioso secolo portò anche nelle ville. Amava il pittoresco; vide la pittura di paese farsi indipendente dai santi e dagli eroi; nel 1696 sorse l'Accademia dell'Arcadia. L'Arcadia non è stata la prima madre di Rousseau e dell'"Emile"? Ai soavi belati degli arcadi non risponderanno concordi, dopo un secolo, i sospiri e le smanie dei romantici? Nelle ville secentesche qualche tratto lontano dalla visuale della casa viene lasciato a bella posta incolto per amore della natura: il pineto irregolare di villa Pamphili, i prati e i liberi boschetti di villa Borghese, di quella d'allora.

Quanto all'architettura, oggi si comincia a discernere anche dagli stranieri la solidità dello scheletro classico nella nostra architettura barocca. Lo stesso nostro Settecento ignora i lezi e le svenie del rococò francese, e se mai si scriverà una storia meditata dell'arte italiana in quel secolo, si vedrà la

maschia statura di allora dei nostri architetti. Basterebbero la villa di Stupinigi del 1729, opera del Juvara, la villa di Caserta del 1752, opera del Vanvitelli, e la villa di Monza del 1780, opera del Piermarini, per mostrare chi eravamo anche in quest'arte.

Ma ormai il giardino all'italiana era anche dai papi chiamato giardino alla francese: obbedienza alla moda. Il giardino francese, il giardino di Le Nôtre, il giardino dell'intelligenza, come adesso dicono i neoclassici parigini, è il figlio del nostro giardino. Un fatto politico, la gloria cioè della monarchia francese e dell'arte sua, lo portò alla ribalta quando il nome e lo Stato d'Italia s'erano ritratti nell'ombra. Ma basta aprir gli occhi a guardare, e pensare che tutta l'arte francese era allora nutrita d'Italia. Il maestro di Le Nôtre fu Simon Vouet che era stato in Italia tredici anni, aveva sposato un'italiana anch'ella pittrice, e dall'Italia aveva riportato fasci e fasci di disegni. Le Nôtre a Roma venne nel 1679 mandato da Colbert. Molti suoi aiuti per la costruzione del parco di Versailles erano italiani: primo quel Francini maestro d'idraulica che vi condusse e distribuì con tant'arte, di canale in canale, di bacino in bacino, le acque.

Luigi Damis non s'occupa di rivendicare questa paternità italiana al giardino di André Le Nôtre. S'accontenta di constatare che "trasportato il giardino italiano da luogo collinoso in pianura appena ondulata, egli lo adattò alle condizioni e all'ambiente nuovo con spiriti non imitativi ma di creazione." Troppo e troppo poco, se si ricorda la rassegnazione con cui durante quasi due secoli abbiamo noi stessi regalato a Le Nôtre l'invenzione di quello che era nostro, e se si considera l'oblio in cui gli storici francesi vogliono adesso lasciare i veri maestri di Le Nôtre. Ingenui, perché a restituire a Le Nôtre questi gloriosi maestri e antenati credo che si accresca di molto il suo onore.

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