

# ATLANTICA



JANUARY, 1933



Frank Di Gioia — "Concerto, Washington Square"

NOV  
25  
CENT

**SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH IN ITALY . . . BY GUGLIELMO MARCONI  
AN IMMIGRANT FATHER . . . THE "LITTLE ITALY" OF 1850  
THE CITIZENSHIP VALUE OF THE ITALIAN LANGUAGE . . . .**



# BOOKS AT LOWER PRICES

Special Offer to Subscribers Through Atlantica's Book Service

## 66% OFF On these books

THE TRAGEDY OF THE ITALIA. By Davide Giudici. Appleton's.

*The first complete account of Gen. Nobile's flight over the North Pole, written by a member of the rescue party aboard the ice-breaker Krassin. The author is an Italian journalist and unhampered by official restrictions.*

List price \$3. Our price \$1.

LIFE AND SCIENCE. By D. F. Harris. Appleton's.

*Concerning the mechanisms and the rhythms of life.*

List price \$2.50 Our price 83c

DAVID WILMOT, FREE SOILER. By C. B. Going. Appleton's.

*A biography of the Great Advocate of the Wilmot Proviso, which later became the 13th Amendment. He was "...one of the most intense personalities in the great free-soil struggle culminating in the Civil War."*

List price, \$6 Our price \$2.

FROM WORKSHOP TO CABINET. By G. N. Barnes. Appleton's.

*The autobiography of the Labor member of the British Cabinet during the World War.*

List price \$2.50 Our price 83c

## 25% OFF On these books

SAVONAROLA. By Piero Misciatelli. Transl. by M. Peters-Roberts. Appleton's.

*The story of the 15th Century priest whose burning spirit illumined the Italian Renaissance, by one of the most eminent European writers. Illustrated.*

List price \$3. Our price \$2.25

THE MYSTICS OF SIENA. By Piero Misciatelli. Transl. by M. Peters-Roberts. Appleton's.

*In no other Italian city during the 13th, 14th and 15th centuries was art so closely bound to Religion and Life as in Siena. This book is rich in humor, romance and legend, and well illustrated.*

List price \$3. Our price \$2.25

## 33% OFF On the following books

ALL MY YOUTH. A Book of Poems. By Fredericka Blankner.

*With the beauty and charm of Italy woven into most of the poems (especially the cycle of 22 poems grouped together under the heading "Italia"), this recent book by an ardent lover of Italy, which has elicited the praise of critics here and abroad, has been dedicated to friendship between Italy and America.*

Reg. price: \$2 Our price: \$1.33

WHAT CIVILIZATION OWES TO ITALY. By Dr. James J. Walsh.

*Every Italian in America ought to have a copy of this book, which deals comprehensively with every phase of Italy's contribution to civilization, under 16 classifications.*

Regular price: \$3. Our price: \$2

WHERE DEMOCRACY TRIUMPHS. By F. Paul Miceli.

*An outstanding Italian contribution to American letters, this novel relates the triumph of an Italian youth over the new environment that is America. You will like it for its observations concerning the problems confronting the educated Italian-American.*

Regular price: \$3 Our Price: \$2

STOCK SWINDLERS AND THEIR METHODS. By Charles B. Frasca.

*Since 1920 the author, an investment broker, has been successfully exposing stock frauds in this country, and has recovered millions of dollars for the victims. In this volume he tells all about the tricks employed by stock swindlers, so that the reader may be on his guard.*

Reg. price: \$2 Our price: \$1.33

## FOR INFORMATION Concerning Books

Readers are requested to communicate with our Book Service Department, which will endeavor to answer all questions concerning new Italian and English books, prices, etc. This service is extended also to our obtaining for our subscribers of any book, Italian or English, that has been published recently, and at lower prices than usual.

## 50% OFF On the following books

LIFE AND MYSELF. By Giovanni Papini. Translated from the Italian by Dorothy Emrich. 250 pages. Brentano's New York.

*This volume of Papini contains the 26 stories of "Il Tragico Quotidiano e il Pilota Cieco". They are the philosophical and imaginative stories of the early Papini. Written when the now famous author was trying to make a place for himself in the world, they show his reaction to the "Verismo" and "D'Annunzianesimo" then in vogue.*

Reg. price: \$3 Our price: \$1.50

GARDENS OF ROME. By G. Faure. Translated by Frank Kemp. One volume quarto, of 100 pages, with more than 100 illustrations and 14 full-page plates in watercolor.

NAPLES (Capri, Amalfi, Sorrento, Paestum, Pompeii, Herculaneum). By C. Maclair. Translated by John Gilmer. One volume quarto, of 170 pages, with more than 150 illustrations and 14 full-page plates in watercolor.

MECCAS OF ART IN NORTHERN ITALY (Milan, Bergamo, Brescia, Verona, Vicenza, Bassano). By G. Faure. Translated by John Gilmer. One volume quarto, of 100 pages, with more than 100 illustrations and 14 full-page plates in watercolor.

*In the three volumes listed above we have something between the descriptive book and the art volume. The many sepia reproductions of masterpieces, landscapes, scenes and places of peculiar interest in Italian cities, towns and country places give us a panorama of the natural and artistic beauty of the Peninsula. The water color plates by Pierre Vignal, with their vivid and warm phantasmagoria of hues, add considerably to the artistic value of the books. The text by Faure and Maclair not only serves as an instructive guide but makes pleasant reading as well. All three are published by Brentano's.*

Reg. price: \$10 Our price: \$5



# Not Just Grape Juice!

it means

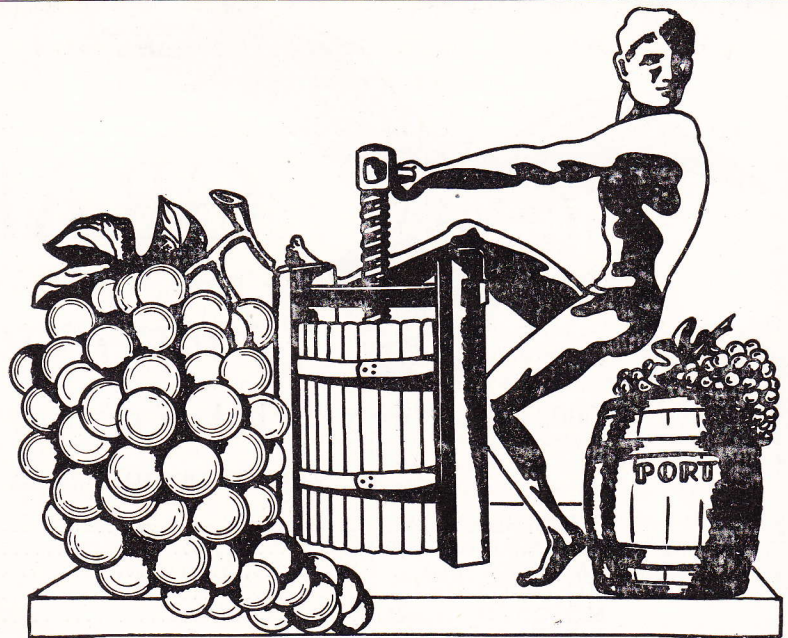
quality

flavor

freshness

variety

least labor



## GAMBARELLI & DAVITTO

333 SIXTH AVENUE

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Our unfermented Grape Juices  
guaranteed to be absolutely Pure  
and Unadulterated, pressed from  
U. S. No. 1 grade of Grapes.

CHelsea 2 - 4846 - 4847

## Bank of Sicily Trust Co.

Filiazione del

BANCO DI SICILIA - PALERMO

MAIN OFFICE

487 Broadway, New York City

Succursali

590 East 187th Street — Bronx, N. Y.

2118 Second Avenue — New York City

196 First Avenue — New York City

2059 Fulton Street — Brooklyn, N. Y.

*Tutte le Operazioni di Banca  
Conti commerciali e conti speciali in dollari  
ed in lire*

*Rimesse per posta e per telegrafo  
Biglietti di viaggio per tutte le Compagnie  
di Navigazione*

## BOOKS ABROAD

*An International Quarterly  
of Comment on  
Foreign Books*

Issued by the University of Oklahoma  
Press, Norman, Oklahoma.

*Roy Temple House, University  
of Oklahoma, Editor*

BOOKS ABROAD, now 35c. a copy and  
\$1 a year, was established by Roy Temple  
House in 1927 to promote international un-  
derstanding by disseminating literary infor-  
mation. For advertising rates write to Todd  
Downing, Advertising Manager BOOKS  
ABROAD, University of Oklahoma, Nor-  
man, Oklahoma.





# PURE GRAPE JUICE

*from fresh grade A grape*

50,000 satisfied users are back of our long established reputation

**VARIETIES AND PRICES**

	10 gal. keg	25 gal. keg	45 gal. keg
ZINFANDEL (red)	\$13.50	\$26.75	\$42.50
CHIANTI (white)	13.50	26.75	42.50
BARBERA (red)	14.00	28.00	44.00
MOSCATO (dry)	15.00	30.00	47.00
MOSCATO (sweet)	17.50	35.00	55.00
MALVASIA (red dry)	15.00	30.00	47.50
MALVASIA (Port type)	17.50	35.00	55.00

Delivered free in Greater New York and vicinity      Refund of \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$3.00 on kegs returned  
 In 35 days with no work and no waste you have ready a superior product guaranteed perfect by the "Fruit Industries Ltd." a \$30,000,000 company.

## WINE-GRAPE CORPORATION

270 BROADWAY (Room 1007) — Tel.: COrtlandt 7-1966 NEW YORK CITY

Distributors for the Middle West: GAZZARA & ROCCA — 1425 South Racine Avenue — CHICAGO, Ill.

### WHERE ATLANTICA MAY BE OBTAINED

BOSTON, Mass.  
Amaru and Co.,  
333 Hanover St.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.  
P. Sergi,  
218 Columbia St.

CHICAGO, Ill.  
A. Agostino,  
301 E. Kensington Ave.

DETROIT, Mich.  
Libreria Bonaldi,  
3033 Gratiun Ave.

DONORA, Pa.  
E. Grazzini,  
540 McKean Ave.

NEW YORK CITY  
Brentano's  
1 W. 47th St.

A. Martignoni,  
166 Bleecker St.

S. F. Vanni,  
507 W. Broadway

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.  
A. Napolitano,  
1203 Federal St.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.  
Carfi Bros.,  
433 Clinton Ave.

IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR A MAGAZINE  
TO REFLECT AND INTERPRET THE  
THOUGHT OF ITALO-AMERICANS,  
YOU WANT

## ATLANTICA

It is the only Italian magazine in America published in English. That's why it is read by the educated, second generation, English-speaking Italo-American.

It keeps you abreast of the more important Italian activities and affairs of the day. That's why, if you are a cultured, discriminating reader, you cannot afford to miss it.

**SUBSCRIBE NOW  
AT THE NEW RATE!**

### ATLANTICA

*The Italian Monthly Review*  
33 WEST 70TH STREET  
NEW YORK CITY

Gentlemen:

Please enter my subscription to your magazine for one year  Send me bill.  I am enclosing \$3.00.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Please mention ATLANTICA in communicating with advertisers



# ATLANTICA

Founded in 1923

## CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1933

*A Decade of Scientific Research in Italy... <i>Guglielmo Marconi</i>	149
The Citizenship Value of Italian... <i>Mario Petruzzelli</i>	152
The Religion of Liberalism... <i>Francesco Grilli</i>	154
An Immigrant Father... <i>Anthony M. Turaño</i>	157
*The "Little Italy" of 1850... <i>Francesco Moncada</i>	160
*Poem of Prudence, a short story... <i>Massimo Bontempelli</i>	162
Two for Five... <i>Giuseppe Cautela</i>	164
Marionettes on Broadway... <i>M. A. Melchiorre</i>	167
Harvest Time in Merano... <i>Alice Seelye Rossi</i>	168
Two and Two Make Four, a short short story... <i>Gerlando Mangione</i>	170
Songs from the Sicilian, verse	171
Atlantica's Observatory	172
The Art World... <i>Maurice J. Valency</i>	174
The New Books	177
Umbrian Landscape, verse... <i>Julia C. Altrocchi</i>	178
The Italians in the United States	179
Viva il Fascismo, verse... <i>Walter Littlefield</i>	184
Atlantica in Italiano	185
Topics of the Month... <i>Rosario Ingargiola</i>	148

\* Asterisk denotes that article appears also in Italian in the section "Atlantica in Italiano".

F. Cassola, M. D., Editor & Publisher; Dominick Lamonica, Managing Editor; Giovanni Schiavo and Matthew A. Melchiorre, Contributing Editors.

Joseph Loffredo, Business Manager; A. Moro, Circulation Manager.

Published Monthly. Annual subscription, \$3.00. Single copy 25c. Editorial and General Offices, 33 West 70th St., New York City. Telephone TRafalgar 7-1282. Copyright 1932. All manuscripts should be typewritten, accompanied with return postage and addressed to the Editor. No responsibility is assumed for unsolicited manuscripts.

Copyright 1932. No article or story in this magazine can be reprinted wholly or in part without special permission.

## The Cover This Month

Some of the latest works of the young Neapolitan-American artist represented on the cover this month, Frank Di Gioia, have been exhibited this month at the Marie Harriman Gallery, and they have been cordially and even enthusiastically received by the New York press.

The "Herald Tribune" confined itself to saying he "makes an outstanding impression," but according to the "Evening Post," he has an "ability to make crowded little compositions in water color come vividly to life like a pageant... the ability to seize upon the bodily gesture that reveals the mental habit in humorous characterization," which "is no more apparent than his increased power of draftsmanship and of composition on a larger and less congested scale." The "Times" remarks that he "works felicitously in oil but moves with a freer, a more authoritative hand in water color. He has made a place for himself with his delightful little urban satires." These satires, the "Sun" points out, have to do mostly with the Italian quarter, and it adds that they "all are vastly entertaining as documents, but the little water color 'Going Home' is something more, being subtly and feelingly painted."

The son of a Neapolitan sculptor who reproduced the sculptures of the ancient Greeks, young Di Gioia followed painting rather than sculpture when, as a boy, he came to America with his family. He went through the public schools in the usual way, studied painting at Cooper Union, and then joined the Art Students League. Art schools he has not found satisfactory; private studying has done more for him. A period as a commercial artist, during which time his work found its way into leading magazines, was followed by his present bent, which is that of using his fellow-Italians and scenes typical of them as subjects for his deft and subtly satirical hand.

## "ATLANTICA" NOW 25c. A COPY

Beginning with this issue, the price of this magazine is reduced to 25c. a copy and \$3.00 a year. This is due to prevailing conditions and is in line with the trend among all magazines today. It will make ATLANTICA available, we are certain, to a wider reading public, for it will continue its same policy, with no other alterations.



# TOPICS OF THE MONTH

By Rosario Ingargiola

## IS AMERICA A DEMOCRACY?

THE question whether or not America constitutes a genuine Democracy pops up now and then. Lord Bryce, in his famous study of the American form of government, while saying many excellent things, flattering and otherwise, never really answered the question definitely. There have been other students since, some mouthing the usual platitudes about the American being the best form of Democratic Government in the world and others expressing sincere doubts about it.

Now, curiously enough, comes no less an authority than our own War Department to make the skepticism of some impartial observers not only well-grounded, but authoritative.

The War Department has issued a pamphlet called "Training Manual No. 2000-25, Citizenship," which every soldier of the United States must read and study. In this little book one meets the following interesting statement:

"Democracy is the direct rule of the people and has been repeatedly tried without success. Democracy results in Mobocracy, Demagogism, License, Agitation, Discontent, Anarchy."

Doubtless, many timid souls will be deeply chagrined to read these treasonable words. They will imagine that Mussolini, whose contempt for Democracy is so well-known, has perhaps inspired them. Yet, if we look at it calmly, the statement of the War Department, while surprising, contains facts which are true and which can be easily proved.

Democracy both in meaning and in practice, is supposed to have originated in Athens. But even in Athens Democracy never really existed. Plutarch reports that Lycurgus, who appeared to be zealous of the equal rights of men, was asked one day why he did not make his government a Democracy instead of an Oligarchy, and the wise legislator replied: "Go you and try a Democracy in your own house."

These words are true today, as they were true then. Real Democ-

racy has always been and always will be a dream. It would be possible only if men were gods.

Mrs. Stowe once said to someone: "Your little child is your only true democrat"—which means exactly the same thing. In order to have a real Democracy, the people in it must be either children or gods. But, alas, they are neither.

## THE RECOGNITION OF RUSSIA

THE results of the past Presidential election have brought to the front once more the question of recognizing the Soviet Government of Russia. Democratic leaders in Washington, like Senators Swanson and Walsh, who are close to Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt, feel certain that after March 4th, Russia will be recognized. Well, we ask, why not?

The Soviet Government has been in existence fifteen years. During all this time it has been a Government both *de facto* and *de jure*,—a Government, indeed, more stable and more popular than that of many so-called liberal countries. Almost every nation has recognized it. Italy was the first to resume relations with Russia. Yet, America, liberal and Democratic America, still refuses to recognize Russia.

In 1920 I wrote an article urging the recognition of Russia in which I quoted the words of an English publicist who had written in the "London Observer": "The Russia of today is totally changed from what it was even last year, and is once more a great power."

In 1923 I wrote another article on the same subject in which I quoted David Lloyd George, then former Prime Minister of England, as follows: "It is time we made up our minds that the Soviets have come to stay, whether we like it or not."

After all these years, what has America done? Nothing. This stubborn and idiotic refusal to accord recognition to Russia certainly does American statesmanship no honor.

Aside from the moral question, can't we see that great commercial advantages of incalculable value will come to the United States by recognizing Russia? Or is it the new and startling theory of a new-fangled American Diplomacy that a Government must be in power 100 years before we may vouchsafe recognition?

Let us hope that President Roosevelt will answer the question in the light of common sense and in the interest of world peace and good will.

## MR. ROTHAFEL AND THE HUNK OF MARBLE

THE Music Hall of Radio City was inaugurated last month amid great pomp. Yet, to all art lovers, its most notable feature was the absence of the three nude

(Continued on Page 176)



— From the "London Evening Standard"  
Civilization: "Dear, Dear! Is there no such thing as plain horse sense?"



# A Decade of Scientific Research in Italy

By *Guglielmo Marconi*

FIRST of all, let me point out new duties which a recent law entrusted in the National Research Council. This council of ours has been given the responsible task of expressing its opinion on all regulations which must be submitted for approval to the Cabinet Council whenever such regulations have a technical, scientific character. This task is of the highest importance because not a few major problems of national economy are tied to such regulations. Our other important task is to control national products, the right being given to industrialists to apply to our institution for an authoritative guarantee attesting the excellence of their products. This guarantee is certainly an efficacious means to promote appreciation of good Italian products, both at home and abroad.

I shall first recall the principal researches effected and the results obtained:

Regulations have been suggested and already approved by law for the utilization of alcohol as fuel.

A new process has been found for extraction of the essence of lemon, which improved the quality of the Italian product and aided this branch of agricultural industry.

Researches are approaching a conclusion on products of our canning industry, aiming exactly to define their qualities in order that they may be more highly appreciated in world trade.

Researches are being made on the properties of Italian mineral waters which are not yet well known, while the first volume of an inventory dealing with Latium is about to be published.

Printing has begun of the first volumes, beginning with Sardinia, of an inventory of national fuels, which is already completed.

Concerning carbon fuels, concrete proposals have been made aiming to popularize the use of solid fuels for automotive vehicles, for both industrial and agricultural uses.

In the field of fertilizers, research has been extended to the production of synthetic nitrates

---

A subject that has not received, in this country, the attention it merits, is the tremendous progress recently being attained in Italy in the application of scientific research to the national welfare. Not long ago, however, Senator Guglielmo Marconi, inventor of wireless telegraphy and one of the really great men of the century, speaking as one of the directors of the Research Council of Italy, summarized in the presence of Mussolini the scientific achievements of the last ten years in Italy, thereby bringing the subject to the fore. Senator Marconi's speech is herewith reproduced below, in an English translation.

Commenting on the address, the "New York Times," in a recent editorial, called attention to the fact that while State aid to scientific research is familiar to us already, what is new is Italy's emphasis on organization. "We have at least a hundred laboratories and research staffs in Washington, but no centralized direction. Duplication of effort is everywhere apparent. If we read Marconi aright, Il Duce has exercised his powers with such rare intelligence that Italy's scientific bureaus constitute an organic whole. The Research Council apparently initiates research, assigns problems to the proper scientific agency and exercises general scientific control. And Il Duce in turn heads not a hundred scientific divisions but the Research Council—the directing brain of official science....

"The reason for Italy's remarkable technical evolution lies in management and common sense. Strange that in these trying days of budget-balancing we have not followed the Italian example by centralizing the scientific work of the Government and thus eliminating unnecessary laboratories without loss in research efficiency."

---

and phosphate manures, with special attention given to mineral manuring of soil containing a high percentage of soluble salts in an arid, warm climate. This research is of the greatest importance to intensify agricultural production in our central southern regions.

IN the field of engineering, I am happy to say, researches are almost always made in collaboration with the State administration and private bodies directly interested.

For the technical problems of roads a complete cycle of experiments has been made on bituminous emulsions and cement pavings, reaching conclusions that have already been published concerning rules for accepting materials and the way in which work must be performed.

Regarding the study of metal bridges, notable and entirely new results have been obtained concerning the behavior of structures under different load conditions.

Two new types of marine engines are now being tested. The first is designed to replace the gasoline engines now used on the last submarine chasers which have been developed by the Italian Navy. The second is more suitable for large ships.

The important problem of determining the stresses produced by waves in the stormy season on harbor defense works has also been investigated. At Naples, Catania and Genoa important equipment is being installed for registering these stresses.

Researches now being made are about to reach concrete results concerning the structural characteristics of large dams, on vibrations and on the shape of projectiles. Particular attention has been dedicated to the investigation of a proposed reaction motor for flights



at high velocities and high altitudes. An unfortunate incident, however, took the life of the inventor, Engineer George Cicogna, an officer in the navy who had dedicated to the study of this fascinating problem his high intellect and his limited financial means. To his memory I send reverent salutations.

I also recall with pleasure our scientists who actively participated in the solution of problems connected with the national economy, among which I wish to mention the investigation of the situation in the Italian iron and steel industry.

In the medical field the council's researches have been dedicated especially to subjects of the widest hygienic interest for urban and rural mining populations, particularly typhoidal fevers, undulating fever, hookworm, rheumatism and diseases of sulphur miners.

**S**TUDIES so far performed in the brief time since they have begun have resulted in more precise knowledge of the part played by the ameba as the habitat for the maturation of Ebert's virus, on the propagation of typhoidal fevers by flies, on epidemics of typhoidal fevers among the inhabitants of seashores, on the capacity of sulphur dust to produce hardening of the lungs of miners, on the biology of micrococcus melitensis and bacillus abortus and on the causes of undulating fever.

Similarly, a new view has been formulated on the biology and spread of hookworm, and on the influence of ultraviolet rays on the human organism, while a promising national movement has been started for the study of rheumatism, which constitutes a grave hygienic problem.

Worthy of mention also are researches on the tubercular ultravirus and the ultramicroscopic elements of the malarial virus, as well as researches now under way on neoplastic cells and natural metabolism during infections.

In the field of the problems of diet, the nutritive value of vegetables, fresh milk products and cheeses in various regions of Italy, as well as of powdered milks and tinned milks, has been exhaustively studied, with results of the greatest practical interest, especially regarding the feeding of children.

Researches are at present being performed on the nutritive value of African cereals.



Guglielmo Marconi

Important researches have been made or are being made for the study of penetrating radiations, an interesting problem of modern physics, the results of which have already been published in a scientific review.

By agreement with the Ministries of Aeronautics and the Navy simultaneous explorations of the high atmosphere and the depths of the sea are being prepared, for the study not only of penetrating radiations but also of a number of geophysics problems of the highest scientific interest.

In the fields of geodesy and geophysics important gravimetric experiments have been performed, the principal ones being that of 1931 in Italian seas with the Italian submarine Victor Pisani and that

on the Carso high plateau. Horizontal pendulums have been installed in the caverns of Postumia for the study of tides and the earth's crust.

**T**HE research council, in addition to carrying out a program of researches, has also organized certain services formerly lacking in Italy, while of great practical value for our country. The National Centre of Technical Information has as its object collecting and elaborating information of all kinds on the progress in various fields of science and its applications, furnishing such information to the State administration, to industrialists and to private individuals.

The Centre has at its disposal a well-equipped technical consulting



library, a collection of more than a thousand scientific and technical reviews from abroad, and extensive archives, with more than two million entries, relative to publications and patents. Some four hundred foreign academies and institutes exchange publications with us.

Another service is that of the Italian scientific and technical bibliography, now in its sixth year of publication. With the active and diligent collaboration of our committees, it has assumed a fundamental importance in the documentation of the scientific and technical activities of our country. It has been cited abroad as a model of its kind and authoritative approvals have applauded our work.

Together with the organization of the Italian bibliography there is the library of Italian reviews (about 1800 of them), which is kept up-to-date and is the only really complete one existent.

Even the Central Institute of Technical Calculations, which began on November first, will soon be in a position to render notable services to the State administration, to industrialists, and to private individuals.

Numerous already are the publications under the supervision of the Council, among them our review, "La ricerca scientifica" (Scientific Research), now entering its fourth year. By agreement with the Italian Electro-Technical Association and the Italian Physics Association, there is also being published a review, "L'alta frequenza" (High Frequency) which concerns itself particularly with long-distance telephony, radio - communication, and all allied technical and scientific problems.

It should be noted that many of the most important Italian scientific societies have coordinated their work with that of the National Research Council: for example, the Italian Society for the Advancement of Science, the Italian Electro-Technical Association, the Italian Electro-Technical Committee, and many others.

Another thing that deserves to be noted is the work the Council is now undertaking to collect specimen relics and documents to show the magnificent contribution made by Italy to the progress of civilization. The collection, which will consist of more than a thousand such ancient relics selected from among the most important will, after it has been exhibited at the Chicago Exposition of 1933, remain housed in the American Museum of Sciences in that city.

From this rapid and brief examination of the work done to date, there result some facts which permit us to formulate a program to be followed steadily in the future, and not only that, but to fix still more accurately the aims of our activities. Above all, there is the necessity of treating fundamentally the problem of raw materials.

This is probably the greatest problem of our national economy, in the study of which our best technicians have been called to join. However, from a complex of elements, it results that the very serious problem of raw materials has not been treated deeply enough in Italy. Much has been done, but separately, and without coordination. Many ideas that are thought to be exact are instead very uncertain, whereas in this field it is frequently better not to know than to believe one knows. In these researches, the help of the Central Institute of Statistics, which we trust will not be lacking, will be invaluable in integrating rationally the work of our technicians.

The problems that are serious for us are those of research laboratories and headquarters. The problem of laboratories is a fundamental one, for there are still too many researches in Italy that cannot be made because of the lack of the requisite experimental means.

THE problem of headquarters, too, was a serious one for us. I say "was" because it has now been solved, and it is for us a new source of profound gratitude to *il Duce*.

At present our services are distributed in various parts of the city. Their amalgamation in a single headquarters will represent such a saving of energy and expenditure that our Institute's yield will certainly be much larger because of it. But Rome was not built in a day.

We must seek to utilize more and more to the advantage of our country the great power which the Council has at its disposal, that is, the possibility of having recourse immediately, for the study of a given problem, to technicians competent to solve them.

Just as there is a Council of State for juridical and administrative problems, so ours can be the Government's Technical Council, in a position to deal with scientific and technical problems not only from a single point of view, as often happens with specialized commissions, but also utilizing all the elements that contribute to bringing about the most opportune solutions.

And not only in expressing opinions, but also in providing the State with news and information, can the work of the Council be useful. History teaches us that during wars, be they military or economic, peoples pass through difficult moments. In such moments an organization capable of rapidly giving opinions or data may be precious. It is an old adage that being informed is often better than being armed.

The preparation of a greater status for scientific research is truly a meritorious work, even as it is a meritorious work to give to our country the means for those researches which we cannot yet execute, but which may, perhaps, arrive rapidly at unexpected results, opening up new fields to provide prosperity for our people, who, in their fecund work, deserve the highest of destinies.

I trust that by means of this rapid synthesis I have succeeded in giving an idea of the work done by our Institute and of the enthusiasm with which we have all collaborated, happy to offer our labors with absolute devotion to our country and to the regime which now governs its destinies.



# The Citizenship Value of Italian

By *Mario Petruzzelli*

IN considering the citizenship value of the Italian language in relation to the education of American youth of Italian parentage, we are immediately confronted with a very vital question, namely: The Americanization of our immigrants' children. This is a complex and difficult problem, for the solution of which our public schools are sparing no effort. They are displaying an interest and a zeal perhaps unique in the history of any country in the attempt to assimilate and educate a large foreign element.

A brief review of this interesting social experiment as to its origin, development, and results attained, will lead us to a better understanding and to a clearer discussion of our topic.

When at the very beginning of our century a new wave of immigrants coming mostly from Central Europe and the Latin countries inundated the Atlantic shores of America, a feeling of surprise and uneasiness spread among the American people. Such a reaction is easily explained when we consider that Europe, especially in the past, has not always sent to this country the best of her children. Public opinion was directed toward the social problem arising from the new situation, and while some directed their activity toward the enactment of legislation to limit the number of these immigrants, others began to study what they thought were the best means to assimilate this new mass of people, to raise their standard of living up to or as near as possible up to that level of comfort which is typical of this country and, at the same time, to inculcate in the minds of these immigrants and their children those principles and ideals which they felt were best for the interest of America as well as for the interests of these new citizens. No other country has perhaps ever been confronted with such a gigantic social undertaking.

This large number of people that had been forced to emigrate by an impellent economic need presented in general all the outward signs of ignorance and decadence. They appeared to Americans, at that time, as representing backward and degenerated countries. Any diversity of habits was often considered as a sign of inferiority. One need only go over some of the various publications of the time to understand the common feeling on this subject.

TO break every social and cultural relation with the old countries, to destroy every trace of life and tradition of the birth-places, appeared to be the most logical step in that first attempt of Americanization. Historical, traditional, cultural, social, and psychological elements, which constitute the inner self and subconscious life of every racial type were not properly considered. The result of that first effort at Americanization appeared very soon to be but a rather thin coat of American varnish which only in a very few cases touched the character of the individual. A new type of American citizen was soon developed in the second generation of immigrants, a type which had undoubtedly acquired new social habits, a material independence, and that unlimited ambition so characteristic of the American people. But, at the same time, this new type was lacking in that strength of character and austerity of virtues of the first Americans. Moreover, it was ignorant of the traditions of the great cultural artistic development typically European.

There evolved, in other words, a peculiar social type that was no more European, but certainly was not that American citizen that the Apostles of such a creed of Americanization had in mind to form.

At this stage a new current of ideas and principles had found its

way in the opinion of many. America appeared to be the great "Melting Pot" into which these various new groups had to throw their best and out of which the new American had to come. The old principle of Americanization aimed at the reproduction of an American type which should be as like the old type of the Colonization period as possible, rigid and pure in his habits; only in this peculiar type most people saw at that time the attainment of moral, religious, social, and political perfection: a static historical type was in other words chosen as the pattern of this new social experiment. The sincere and faithful apostles of this creed, apparently, were not aware of the fact that society by its very nature is not static but dynamic, that many uncontrollable forces change and move onward. The new principle of the "Melting Pot" was after all a better interpretation and understanding of the social phenomenon which was and still is taking place under our own eyes today.

AT the same time other factors were contributing to bring about a change of opinion on this subject.

The hypothesis of the superiority of the Nordic races was being strongly opposed and defeated with scientific and historical arguments by the best scientists, who had shown how the most rapid progress of the Northern countries of Europe was due mainly to historical contingencies and economic factors, rather than to any biological or physiological superiority of those peoples.

Then came the World War, which placed the American side by side with the French and Italian soldier and was the occasion of a greater propaganda in favor of the Latin nations, making possible a more intense knowledge and understanding of these peoples.



The above factors and a few minor ones made many people in this country realize more and more that this large mass of immigrants had behind it centuries of civilization and of desirable artistic and scientific attainments, and in the new process of Americanization the sociological, historical and psychological elements involved in the situation were properly considered.

Not so very long ago Glenn Frank, President of the University of Wisconsin, expressed himself on this subject: "I have long been fascinated by the perplexities that beset the first-born generation of immigrants — I mean the first generation of American-born children of European-born immigrant parents.

"So often they live in a kind of twilight zone between the land of their fathers and the land of their birth. The first generation of American-born children of European-born immigrant parents often have neither the stabilizing love of the old home of their fathers nor the stabilizing love or insight of a mature knowledge of the new home.

"The first generation of children of European-born immigrants need above all education in the current realities of the land of their fathers and in the current realities in the land of their birth."

LET us now observe more closely the American-born boy or girl of Italian parents. When we come in touch in our classes with a clean, kind, disciplined and diligent student, we discover generally the following facts: the parents of this pupil know Italian quite well and have a pretty good background of Italian culture which, in many cases, they have imparted to their children. To a superficial observer this fact might appear as retarding our process of Americanization, instead, as we shall see later, it is a very important element which has contributed greatly to it. When we consider instead the undisciplined, rough and negligent student coming from the same group we are studying, we find that the language spoken at his home is a sort of colonial vernacular made of American slang and the dialect of their native province, that little or nothing is known of the cultural life of their homeland.

The student of whom we spoke first is acquainted with the language and with the best traditions of his

groups, and this produces a stabilizing effect in his mind. The other student instead is almost ashamed of his very family and his race, and when in the midst of different racial groups he feels uneasy and uncomfortable, and very often he becomes a disciplinary problem in our schools. At this point, in order not to be misunderstood, I wish to state parenthetically that no one realizes more than I that these young people must become as familiar as possible with the birth, growth and achievements of this nation which is their "Patria," that they must acquire and understand that wonderful patrimony of traditions, history, science and literature which is the very pillar of her true greatness. It is with a feeling of real satisfaction that we see how well this task is being accomplished in our schools! But when this boy or girl of Italian-born parents looks behind to identify himself with the typical group from which he comes, the psychological crisis arises. And it is quite natural that it should be so.

WHEN our immigrant's son looks back at his early life to consider his environment, his recollections in most cases are not very encouraging. The best he can think of is the sight of the East Side of New York or of any other Eastern city where immigrants are massed together. The rich surroundings of traditions characteristic of his race do not exist for him; he experiences a sort of spiritual starvation from which he tries to escape. Often he cannot understand his own parents' thoughts and manners and this situation at times becomes really tragic. He is no longer at home in his own family. That peaceful united homelife which we still believe is the real foundation of happiness and society is never experienced by many of these young people. At times, this peculiar psychological condition is aggravated by the rather cold attitude of the other better groups around him.

What has caused this undesirable and unique situation?

The answer is quite obvious: The first generation of children born in America of Italian-born parents have been entirely cut off from the heritage of their race; as individuals, they do not know and feel that they are the heirs of a people that has given the world the greatness of Rome and that of the Renaissance, whose masters are still

the spiritual leaders and teachers throughout the civilized world today.

One of the most important factors that have greatly contributed to the material as well as to the cultural growth of the Anglo-Saxon group in this country has undoubtedly been the intellectual and spiritual guidance that these groups have enjoyed since the very beginning of their immigration.

The Italian immigration in this country is comparatively recent. It began about the very beginning of this century and was made of the poorest classes, which saw in this great land the only hope for their economic redemption. Artists, professional men, business men were very seldom seen among the Italian immigrants, who missed that spiritual help which had been very conspicuously present among the other groups that had come here from the northern countries of Europe. No wonder, then, that the American-born children of these immigrants ignored every manifestation of the artistic, scientific and literary life of the country of their fathers and that in contact with other more advanced racial groups felt, to a certain extent, humiliated and sometimes ashamed of their own race.

WE all know that an American citizen, be he the direct heir of the first pioneer or the son of the last immigrant, when he adds to his intellectual equipment one or two modern languages, thereby widening his culture, acquires a direct understanding of millions of people with a rich cultural background different from his own. With this new equipment he can directly penetrate and better interpret the very soul of those people and consequently very often becomes a messenger of that international good-will we have heard so much about.

The teaching of the Italian language to the American youth of Italian extraction has a two-fold aim and value; first, it gives them those opportunities we have just mentioned; second, it re-attaches them to the best historical, artistic and cultural traditions of their fathers, giving them a consciousness of the rich heritage of their race, an indispensable element which distinguishes the civilized man from the savage.

Acquainted with their priceless intellectual patrimony, they will

(Continued on Page 159)



# The Religion of Liberalism

By *Francesco Grilli*

AS if to prove, in fact, that the thesis which identifies idealism and liberalism is a strictly personal problem, there comes to us, with a certain characteristic clearness and emphasis, at no time accustomed to dissociate practice and experience from the theory, the "Storia d'Europa nel secolo decimonono," of Benedetto Croce. (1). The personality of the author and the importance of his work induces us, as it were, to treat of them separately.

After having philosophized about his own country (2) Croce takes a leap higher and undertakes to philosophize about Europe in general, and the result is that he has produced a historical narrative of utmost importance. For those who are not aware, it is well to note here in passing, that Croce is an Italian patriot — but a patriot who, according to Professor Carlton Hayes, is "of the liberal, humanitarian, idealistic sort," and therefore an avowed foe of jingoism and nationalistic strutting.

The "Storia d'Europa" is supposed to be Croce's crowning-point of his whole conception of the philosophy of history: of liberalism as the product of idealistic philosophy, and a problem already sketched more or less in other of the author's works, such as in "Contrasti d'ideali politici in Europa" and in "Aspetti morali della vita politica." It is a sort of "liquidation of the past," designed to regain for the author that peace of mind which the war and the events following upon it had somewhat disturbed. The present work comes to us, therefore, not as one of the many

abrupt and sporadic outpourings so characteristic of the decade after the struggle, but as the result of years of patient and systematic review and meditation of the author's whole philosophic thinking.

GIVEN, therefore, the bourgeois liberal predilections of the author, we cannot doubt the manifest subjectivity of the whole work. We cannot help noticing that Croce with his special brand of liberalism is at the very centre of the "Storia" and the whole of the nineteenth century is turned about that pivot and explained on the basis of that special philosophy, while all the various vicissitudes of that century are made to revolve around the author's special religion—"the religion of liberty."

Like the good hegelian that he is, Croce can well repeat with the master that the whole of universal history is nothing else but the development of humanity in its progress toward freedom, and the nineteenth century, according to Croce, is supposed to be the noble consummation of that ideal, for "man was now no longer weighed down by history nor did he regard himself as an avenging force taking up arms against her to repel the past as the evil remembrance of a sin; but instead, he contemplated himself in the history of the world as its true and indefatigable author just as he did of his own intimate life. History, therefore, no longer appeared shorn of spirituality or abandoned to blind forces or sustained and rectified in its course by alien forces; instead, it was the manifestation and the action of the spirit, and since the spirit is free, it is the manifestation of liberty." And now "the hero who spoke dir-

ectly to the heart was the poet-soldier, the intellectual who would fight and die for his ideas: a hero who was by no means a product of the imagination nor of educational paradigms, but a figure of flesh and blood, who appeared on the fields of battle and on the barricades in every part of Europe. The 'missionaries' were now accompanied by the 'crusaders' of liberty."

IN fact all the philosophy and religion of modern times, according to Croce, is reflected and centred in the idea of liberalism, and it is just this tendency that gives so much importance to the historical development of the nineteenth century. The fusion in the period of the Restoration of speculative thought and of practical politics constitutes a certain historical development in the very men of the time. For instance, there were in this period certain gentle reminders from the past: the "Glorious Revolution" of 1688, so popular at this time that one of the most representative men of the period, Guizot, undertook to write its history; the skeptical anticlericalism and republicanism of the eighteenth century; the aristocratic individualism of the age of the great Encyclopaedia; the equalitarian humanitarianism of Rousseau; and the social and political interests and aspirations of 1789;—all these residues went in to make up the revolutionary and liberal tradition which was to outlive the great Revolution and Napoleon, and which, when coming in contact with the reactionary tendencies of the Restoration were to explode in the July Days of 1830 into what has often been termed by some as the last act of the drama of '89 and the final triumph of the bourgeoisie.

At that time too there was also the influx, especially in France, and later in Italy, of the idealistic philosophy and the historiography of

- (1). Benedetto Croce: *Storia d'Europa nel secolo decimonono*; Bari, Giuseppe Laterza, 1932, pp. 366.
- (2). Benedetto Croce: *Storia d'Italia dal 1871 al 1915*; Bari, Giuseppe Laterza, 1927; trans. R. G. Collinwood, New York, Oxford Press, 1929.



Germany as represented by Kant, Fichte, and Schelling, and by Johann von Müller, Niebuhr, and Savigny, and especially the great influence exercised by Hegel on such representative men as Constant, Cousin, Guinet, Michelet, and later on Renan and Taine. It was under such influence that German thought, which was the heir of the Reformation and of Humanism, and which went back even to Rome and Greece and from Greece to the Indo-europeans and to the remote Orient in order to arrive, with a broader view, at a knowledge of the modern world, gave a rather solid foundation to the speculative and historical edifice of liberty."

THE new guide and direction given to historical studies, and thus to the impetus of liberty everywhere, after they had become somewhat sterile under the Napoleonic despotism, is due especially to the influence exercised by German thought. It was under that inspiration that Augustin Thierry published his "History of the Norman Conquest of England" and later his famous "Lettres sur l'Histoire de France," while about the same time his younger brother Amédée was writing his "Histoire des Gaulois;" that Thiers and Mignet produced their histories of the Revolution, and Guizot his lectures on the origins of representative government and on the civilization of Europe and of France, as well as his "History of the English Revolution"; that Quinet translated Herder's "Philosophie der Geschichte," and Michelet translated Vico's "Scienza Nuova," and composed his essays on the philosophy of history; and Cousin, Villemain, and Sainte-Beuve were producing their efforts in philosophic and literary history. In Italy too, where Sismondi's "Italian Republics" had been very widely read and keen attention had been paid to the warning contained in the conclusion, Manzoni and Troya were searching deeply in the history of the Lombards for the origins of the Italian people. In England, Hallam and Grote were undertaking their reconstructions of English and Greek history, and Macaulay was contributing his first essays to the Edinburgh Review. History became the science of the early decades of the nineteenth century just

as Newtonian physics had been the science of the first half of the eighteenth century, because "only he who hopes and works for the future ever looks back rather cau-



Benedetto Croce

tious and zealous at the edifice he is constructing, aware of his own responsibility, and only the fatherland for whose welfare we strive with the anxiety of desire, is the true object of our reverence, and, therefore, we seek in its history its peculiar individualism and its historical life."

THIS revival is to be noticed also in that warm human breath of liberty which ran through all the "romantic" literature of the time, from Walter Scott to Victor Hugo and from Silvio Pellico to Berchet and Manzoni, and which is symbolized so well at this time in the personality of Byron, "fiery declaimer and jovial talker, satirical and ironical polemic, at times inspired with rare sparks of poetry, but always frenzied and biting against every sort of tyranny: hater of English conservatism, of priests, soldiers, and wars, in so far as they were not wars for freedom or soldiers who were not of the type of Leonidas and Washington."

That furious impetus for liberty can also be seen in the descriptions

of byronic corsairs and adventurers which infest the literature of that period—"men guilty of sins and crimes, but men who for a century furnished the protagonists and the heroes to dramas, novels, and poems: bandits of the 'Robin Hood' type, murderers for the sake of virtue, women who cry out at the top of their voices the rights of passion and who break every marital tie, courtesans who are purified in the fire of true love and who know how to die for love, buffoons and jesters who all of a sudden discover all the intimacy of their tragedy, genial and disolute fellows, and so on."

WITH this came also a revaluation of the whole religious sentiment. There was a reaction against the rationalistic skepticism of the eighteenth century and the gross materialism of the French Revolution. There was a universal horror at the bloodshed and wretchedness of the Napoleonic wars. It was the period of the Holy Alliance—when the precepts of the Christian religion were to guide even the action of monarchs. Men turned to religion for consolation for the great delusion. The neo-Guelphism and the new ultramontaniam regarded Rome over the Alps with revived zeal and fervor and the Church that had once abolished the Jesuits received them back into its bosom with all the other forms of the Restoration, but ecclesiastical feudalism, the privileges of the clergy, divine right, were all things of the past, especially now that monarchs themselves were subject to the "will of the people." The simplicity of the faith of such men as Chateaubriand, Pellico, and Manzoni was certainly not the same faith of the Jesuits. Christianity was seen by these men as a flame of hope, relit in the midst of a struggle, which was to guide the civil regeneration of peoples. A purification toward the simplicity of the religion and the faith of the Apostles was demanded,—an effort to humanize religion, and an attempt was even made on the part of a zealous Catholic priest to ally the Church with liberalism and democracy. But while "Les Paroles d'un Croyant" enjoyed wide popularity, Lamennais himself was to be rebuked and censured by the head of his Church—a Church which, with Metternich, considered



liberalism and democracy to be the work of the devil.

**B**UT the consolation sought and denied in religion is found, after the thirties, in another source. The conditions created by the industrial revolution and by the factory system bring forth certain specific demands. The social question now comes to the fore and the gospel of socialism, utopian and somewhat nebular at first, holds forth. For instance, the interest taken on the part of certain religious individuals at this time in regards to the social question forces, for the first time, a certain approach (which such a man as Cavour had judged inevitable) of ultramontanist to socialism, as reflected, for example, in such men as Ozanam and Buchez; while at this same time, Charles Kingsley was introducing in the Anglican Church the term "Christian Socialism." It was the time when the intellectual thinking itself was reflecting the social problem. It was the time when George Sand was passing from the passionate outpourings of unhappy liaisons to "Compagnons du Tour de France," to "Consuelo," and to "Le Meunier d'Angibault;" when Balzac was projecting his elaborate "Comédie humaine;" when Eugene Sue poured out his "Mystères de Paris;" when Dickens was going from "Oliver Twist" to "Hard Times," and the youthful and sentimental Disraeli was putting side by side the struggle of the "two nations" in "Sybil;" when Mrs. Gaskell was narrating the strike of Manchester weavers in "Mary Barton," and Harriet Beecher Stowe was presenting the evils of slave life to an applauding world in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and when poets like Thomas Hood and Elizabeth Barrett were singing humanitarian hymns and Carlyle was issuing his pamphlets. It was just about this time that Auguste Comte coined the new word "sociology," that Quételet published his "Physique sociale," and when even a Bonaparte was moved to write a dissertation which he called "Extinction du paupérisme." It was the time when communistic colonies were projected, the time of Cabet's "Icarie" and of our own Brook Farm, and when Robert Owen seriously experimented at New Lanark. It was the time, too, of the Chartist movement and the beginning of the systematic legislation for the protection of the workman as well as for civil reform.

In a word, it was the social movement of a people which is to culminate in the proclamation of the "Communist Manifesto" in 1847 with its cry: "Workers of the World Unite!" which was later given more serious and more scientific statement in "Das Kapital." It is in this historical development of the years after 1830 that Croce sees were finally laid "the real capital bases of political action which are still alive in our day."

**B**UT there is still another current that is interwoven in the development of the nineteenth century which gradually gains more and more momentum until after 1848 it breaks forth in all its strength—the nationalistic revolutions, especially of Italy and of Germany. We should be rather grateful to Croce for having dedicated some very inspired pages to the Risorgimento and for having presented it with all its noble humanity, aspirations, and ideals of freedom. For instance, the contrast between the unification of Italy and the unification of Germany is drawn totally in favor of the Italian, and this impartial point of view is especially valuable when we remember that it comes from a man who has enjoyed so many happy intellectual relationships in the latter country. "If the Italian Risorgimento had been a masterpiece of the European liberal spirit," he writes, "the unification of Germany was the masterpiece of political artifice combined with military virtue: two masterpieces almost as different one from the other as a beautiful poem and a powerful machine. To the bismarckian creation as the expression and the embodiment of power there need have been no justification—not even the juridical fiction of plebiscites, symbolical of a liberal view-point, but powerless, even as symbols, where the undertaking had been achieved, and was intended to be continued essentially under the authority of princes and especially of the prince of princes—the King of Prussia, now German Emperor."

**B**UT the fact that Croce calls the period between 1870 and 1914 "l'Èta' Liberale" is somewhat disconcerting at first glance. Was the unification of Germany accomplished by the liberal program hoped for in '48 or was it brought about by the force of a military regime and as the supreme achievement of a minister who scorned

and abhorred the ways of liberalism? Hadn't the nations given up the utopias of "Young Europe," and even of the "Holy Alliance" as idle dreams, and were they not arming, during this period, to their very teeth one against the other, while the so-called liberal and democratic nations were seeking alliances with despotic and autocratic powers? Weren't political parties based upon certain economic tendencies and on the subjection of certain so-called "barbaric" peoples? Political bismarckism and industrial plutocracy were the rule of the day and force was exalted, while socialism itself could develop only within these conditions. It was the time of "the survival of the fittest" and of "the class struggle" theories, and the world struggle. Culture in its own turn had become positivistic and naturalistic, the reflection of the whole materialism of the epoch; and social prestige now passed from the people with ideas and ideals to the business man, to the plutocrat, to the proletariat. "Where was the great philosophy and the historiography of Europe after 1870?" Croce cries out. And we need only to glance at the literature of the years just before and after the war—how sensual, pessimistic, full of the sentiments of violence, to see how "impoverished, agitated, sad, cut off by high tariff walls; the lively international society which gathered in the various capitals is dispersed, each people is occupied with its peculiar ailment and by the fear of the worse, and therefore distracted from the things of the spirit; extinguished, or nearly extinguished, is the common life of thought and speculation of art, and of civilization" in this whole period.

**Y**ET, with all this we find that "the religion of liberalism" prevails as an undercurrent even in these sad times—as the principle which sustains the whole history of the period just outlined, and Croce observes very well indeed when he says that "the impossibility to cancel or substitute in the minds of the people the concept of liberty as an ideal and guiding principle receives curious confirmation when we think that even the first Napoleon was wont to say at St. Hélène that he intended to bring to fruition in France and in the whole of Europe the complete reign of liberty; that the third Napoleon designed this as the keystone of the

(Continued on Page 171)



# An Immigrant Father

By Anthony M. Turano

"THE Americans are great tea drinkers," said my father, the groceryman of Little Italy.

If I could have anticipated the vernacular of today in the year 1905, when I joined him in America at the age of twelve, I should have answered, without stopping to challenge the statement: "Well, so is my old man."

His knowledge of America was then limited to five years of residence in the Italian colony of Pueblo, Col., where he had found small opportunity to study the habits of the natives. He was so typically Italian, and had been so little influenced by the speech and customs of his adopted country, that tea-drinking was his only American gesture, his solitary mark of Americanization.

None the less, he had found an important place in the social scheme of his immediate environment. We lived in the industrial section known as Bessemer, completely surrounded by Italian laborers, except for a few families of Negroes and Mexicans, scattered about by way of racial contrast. The great steel plant nearby announced its presence with the deafening noises of its blast furnaces, the puffs and clangs of its many locomotives, and the clouds of rust-colored smoke that obscured the sun.

In contrast to his glomy surroundings was the cheerful personality of my father. Utterly oblivious to everything except his work, he sang or whistled all day long.

His age was somewhere between forty-five and fifty. But his healthy, ruddy complexion, his clear brown eyes, and his vivacious manner gave him a much younger appearance. He was smooth shaven except for a well-kept black moustache with a streak of grey on one side of it. He was short of stature, but stockily built and strong. I had a

childish admiration for both his tireless industry and his jovial disposition. With incredible endurance he worked continuously from

---

Every so often the Italians in this country are reminded of the tragedies that have taken place among them through workings of the immigration laws in the past. Division of families was one of the most common of these tragedies. The following excerpts from an article published in the October 1932 issue of "The American Mercury" (from which special permission has been obtained) constitute a case history of the most poignant kind, yet typical withal of thousands of others.

Mr. Turano, a practicing lawyer in Reno, Nevada, wrote an article for "Atlantica" in its May 1931 issue. He has contributed before to the "Mercury," as well as the "Debunker" and other periodicals, and is the author of "Marriage and Divorce" (Little Blue Book No. 1461).

---

seven in the morning until ten or eleven in the evening. Having no help other than the little I gave him, he did everything that was to be done in his various capacities of owner, manager, butcher, delivery boy, grocery clerk, cook and housekeeper. He wielded a meat saw, scrubbed floors, waited on customers, unpacked boxes, cooked meals and quarreled with teamsters.

WITH an English vocabulary that did not exceed fifty mutilated words, he managed to transact all his business with the Anglo-Americans. When his stock of merchandise ran short he would telephone to the wholesalers, giving his order in a jargon spoken by no one else in the world. With one foot on the floor, and the other on a sack of potatoes, he hid his mouth in the transmitter of the wallphone, and labored ambitiously. Shouting at the top of his voice, he sought to make up in sheer volume for the

imperfections of his pronunciation.

"Alo! Alo! Me, Martino Turano," he announced. After repeating his name several times, he stated his needs: "Senti me wan hindi quart biff (send me one hind quarter of beef), tenne ponti linki sossiggi (ten pounds of link sausage), to hemme (two hams), fiffity ponti liffi lardo (fifty pounds of leaf lard)," and so forth. After many repetitions he brought his conversation to a close with "gooddi byee."

It was indeed surprising that he was ever understood. But his dealers, as the time passed, learned to grasp his extraordinary English, and it was seldom that they made a mistake in his orders. If it happened that a new clerk answered the phone, and my father failed to make him understand, he closed patiently with a different phrase: "Arriti, me come messelfa."

"Some of these clerks are turnips," he said in Italian. "They can't even understand their own language."

In a few minutes he would harness his lazy bay pony to a squeaky little wagon, and make a visit to the wholesalers. Very soon he was back again, ready for his customers.

\* \* \*

But there was another topic to which he also often returned. The central fact of his life was one of those tragedies of immigration that are seldom known to native Americans. He belonged to an old land-owning family of Southern Italy that had been ruined by the political turmoil of 1860 and 1870. Unable to endure poverty where his people had seen better days, he emigrated to America, intending to send for his wife and children as soon as he could. After five or six years he attempted to carry out his plan. But the immigration laws would not permit the landing of my young brother, who had been



crippled by infantile paralysis. My mother refused to leave the boy on account of his dependency, but consented that her two older children, my older brother and myself, should join our father to take advantage of the New World's opportunities. The result was a divided family, half in Italy and half in America, with small hope of its ever being reunited.

For sometime after my arrival in Colorado I felt uncomfortable and diffident toward him. At the time of his emigration I was barely six years old, and my faint child-image of him had been completely erased by the five years that had passed until I joined him in America. In order to win me over to him he played, romped and joked with me as if he were a child like myself. Frequently he paused in his work, to take me on his lap and listen to my stories of the old home in Italy. Childish as they must have been, he prompted me to repeat them time after time. They brought him closer to my mother and the crippled boy.

\* \* \*

FOR the Anglo-Americans my father had unbounded esteem. To explain their greatness he had his own theory.

"The Americans," he would often say, "are a great people for the simple reason that they are a conglomeration of the best European races. With her immense natural resources America is destined to do great things in the world."

Then he would point out, in enraptured tones, the many evidences of material progress in the New World, and the courage of the Americans in embarking upon their stupendous undertakings. His frequent regret was that he had immigrated too late in life, when he was too old to master the new language.

"You children are to consider yourselves blessed," he often assured us, "because America is the Promised Land of young men."

Once he asked me to define the word *pioneer*, which he had found in an Italian newspaper. Very often after that he took pride in calling himself a pioneer.

"The immigrant has a life of hardships," he said. "Your school-books may not say so, but these laborers around us are pioneers in the true sense. I am a sort of pioneer myself. My task is to clear

a place in the wilderness so that my two children can grow up into useful Americans, without the handicaps of inarticulate strangers."

"But we must never forget the land of our birth, where our mother still lived.

"Italy," he said, "has been properly named the Garden of Europe, for her ancient culture and historical greatness. Throughout the ages she has produced a profusion of ornamental flowers. But the scarcity of common provender has been driving her children to America."

The New World would be hospitable to us, he thought, because of its debt to our great countrymen, Colombo and Vespucci. But we must understand that America did not mean Little Italy, with its slaving futility and its low level of endeavor. We must leave this behind us also, master the new language, and get lost in the greater Anglo-American world.

HOWEVER, his American admirations were not so universal that he was incapable of taking a few healthy exceptions to individual natives. Being a foreigner, he had endured his share of intolerance from certain classes of them. Yet he had never developed the vaguest feeling of inferiority. Since his American acquaintances were limited to the teamsters and salesmen from the wholesale houses, he knew that he was their superior. It was true that his academic education had not been much, but he had done a certain amount of reading, and he kept himself well informed through the Italian-language press.

"These native fellows treat an immigrant as if he belonged to an inferior race," he sometimes complained. "Yet I wish I could tell them, in their own language, that the civilization of our people is about two thousand years older than America." His racial dignity was largely regional. When he spoke of Italy he was referring to his birthplace, the hilltops of the Calabrian Apennines, where, as Norman Douglas observes, the pure stock of the pre-Roman Bruttians is still preserved.

In the course of his personal orientation to the New World, he had been forced to evolve a categorical system of American excellence, which was just as original as the English he spoke. His classification was at once aesthetic, cultural and zygomatic. To him, the

Americans were divided into two great classes: the *mangia-gomma* (man-ja-gom-ma, literally gum-eaters), who were numerically the stronger party, and the *persone colte* or *persone gentili* (persons of culture and refinement), who were the masters and superiors of the first tribe.

\* \* \*

MY father lost no time in becoming a naturalized American. He was certain that his new status would accomplish the great purpose of his life. A generous nation like America could not refuse one of her citizens the right to have his wife and child with him. He sent in his newly acquired papers with another application. He took up the matter with the immigration authorities through an Italian policeman and other "persons of prominence," using also the influence of his wholesale dealers.

When his request was denied for the second time, he was angry at the *stupidagine*, the stupidity of the decision. He was constantly arguing his case to his customers in the store. It was true that America needed able-bodied men to build her railroads and mill her steel, and that she had no use for cripples and dependents. But his case was different. How could America forget common humanity in her bidding for the labor power of foreigners? Was he not an American citizen and a valuable economic unit in the industrial scheme of the community where he lived? Was he not able to support his family? Certainly the law could not be intended for such cases as ours. Look at the terrible tragedy of it! He loved America, and wanted to live here. Was the great country of hope and freedom going to compel one of her good citizens to go abroad in order to live with his wife and child? It was absurd, inhuman!

Yet it was this irrational solution that he was compelled to make a few years later, when he at last lost all hope of a united family in America. Reluctantly, he sold the little grocery store, packed his belongings, and prepared to return permanently to his native country.

His Italian customers came, individually and by families, to say *addio* and wish him a safe voyage. Some of them brought him little presents. The older ones exchanged kisses with him, in Italian fashion, on both cheeks, and their children kissed his hand according



to custom. For the teamsters and salesmen, the only Americans he had known, he had laboriously made up two or three sentences in his peculiar English.

"Gooddi byee," he said, shaking hands. "Me go old coundree. Me lika stay in America, ma me gotta wifa and keed me no see longa time."

HE had loved his daily life in the grocery store, where he had labored for nearly twenty years; and it was not easy for him to renounce his American citizenship. But his deepest wound was in parting from his two older boys. In obedience to the paternal wish, my brother and I had taken our places in the American scene. In planning our careers and in directing our education, he had foreseen the probability that he must leave us. However much his heart prompted him to the contrary, he had clung to his idea of America as a land of young men, and had consistently urged us toward his mysterious class of cultivated Americans. In the absorbing process of Americanization our consciousness of Italy had become nothing more than a vague childhood memory. We were both in our early twenties, and the passing years were even dimming the sad image of the dark little Calabrian mother we had left behind.

Thus the pitiful outcome of the central plan of his life was a redistribution of his family, a division more hopeless than the first. For in addition to the geographical distance that would separate him from his sons, there would be their fur-

ther growth into a new civilization that would make them strangers to the traditions of his native land.

On the day of his departure, in the smoky little kitchen in the rear of the store, he gave us his final admonitions. The family ties of Calabria have the primitive strength of the patriarchal clan. His grief in parting from us was keen and bitter. Yet he was determined to remain true to his stoical attitude. He explained his decision in terms almost purely intellectual, as if he were apologizing for leaving.

"We are making the only reasonable solution," he said. "I helped you as much as I could when you needed me, but now that you are able to do without me I am leaving you as hostages to the New World. *Naturalmente*, I would have been happier in America, seeing my two boys move about as confidently as native Americans. But it is my duty to go back. In trying to be a good father I could not help being a wayward husband. Your mother has been waiting for me all these years and is entitled to the last part of my life."

HE continued at great length with bits of advice about the dangers of life, and the necessity of personal dignity and good morals. We must strive honestly among the Americans, work diligently and command their respect. Yet we must preserve our surname in its original spelling, and bring honor to it by our deeds. Our American-born children must know the origin of their parents. Maybe some day we would tell them that their grandfather had been a pio-

neer who had returned to Italy with his American papers in his pocket.

"I know you belong to America," he said. "But your mother can't see you as you are, and will never understand why I must return alone." For a moment, his voice became hoarse. He arose and poured himself a glass of wine, and regained his composure by taking refuge in his sardonic humor.

"*Ebbene*," he said with a laugh. "I have always maintained that the Eternal Father is a great comedian. He now ordains that I shall live in the exile of my native country. But after all, there is no arguing with destiny. These are things that happen only to the living. The dead have a little the better of us."

At the railway station, while we waited for his train, he gave every outward appearance of his habitual jolly humor. With one arm affectionately around my waist, and the other on my brother's shoulder, he made a little joke about fathers and sons of different nationalities.

"You Americans," he said, "have the best railroads, but we Italians are the best musicians."

He was still simulating amusement at his own jest when he boarded the train and stood waving at us from the rear platform. As it dimmed into a dot on the horizon the two "Americans" forgot the pruderies of the Italian. But their effeminate tears, the weak attributes of religious old women, were a pitifully inadequate tribute to the defeated immigrant, the jovial tea-drinking *Americano*, who had done his work and retired without grumbling.

## THE CITIZENSHIP VALUE OF ITALIAN

(Continued from Page 153)

transmit it and contribute it to those among whom they have chosen to live in America.

The spread of the Italian language and culture among American children of Italian parentage and among other groups will undoubtedly promote a better mutual understanding between American citizens of American ancestry and American citizens of Italian ancestry and help to remove the general suspicion natural between natives of different races. It will help to do away with much of the spirit of arrogance, of national self-suf-

ficiency and of the attitude of unfriendliness resulting therefrom.

If great American authors such as Longfellow, Lowell, Norton and many other distinguished ones became keen students of Italian, and promoted and encouraged the spread of that language and literature in the United States, how much more important and necessary it is for the sons of Italian parents to follow the footsteps of these great men and re-attach themselves spiritually to that race, two thousand years old but always young,

which has given the world an unbroken chain of immortal men, like Cicero, Sallust, Virgil, Dante, Petrarca, Da Vinci, Michelangelo, Raffaello, Columbus, Galileo, Volta, Croce, Marconi?

Let us give the American youth of Italian extraction that spiritual patrimony of their race that most of them would otherwise miss, and in turn they will bring to the civilization of this country not a weak and empty soul but the visible signs of a conscientious personality of which America will be proud.



# The "Little Italy" of 1850

By *Francesco Moncada*

THE section of New York inhabited by the poorer Italians in 1850 was that of the "Five Points," formed by the intersection of what is now Worth, Park and Baxter Streets, just about a stone's throw from Broadway. Junius Henry Browne, an honest but somewhat horrified American, describes it as a monstrosity of international notoriety. Yet the section was not one exclusively Italian: it was inhabited also by Spaniards, Turks, Negroes, and a few Germans, Frenchmen, Britons and Irishmen. The latter composed (according to Browne) the gangs of nocturnal thieves that we hear about today. The Italians were simply the most numerous racial group. And since to most people faults seem more interesting than virtues, the American newspapers of the time preferred to play up the criminality of some "Mafiosi" and "Camorristi" of Porta Capuana, rather than to extol the merits of the sober, honest and even cultured Italians, who, while they suffered over the misfortunes of their distant home-land, were working assiduously for the greatness of the nation in which they had found hospitality.

The newspaper forms public opinion. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the good Junius Henry Browne, having passed by there a few times with his eyes veiled by so many sanguinary images and with his heart pounding with deliberated fear, should picture as a bloody encounter even the cries of some women upon beholding a mouse, and as an assassin a man serenely opening his knife to manicure his finger-nails. Of course it would not do to conceal a truth: that in the Five Points colony there were not lacking some turbulent elements. Nev-

ertheless, exaggerations and generalizations we have had, and too many of them.

IN the majority were the good Italian workers, who, maltreated by the arrogant Irish and finding no protection in the authorities, sometimes sought refuge with those sad characters who had been expelled by the petty tyrants of Italy, often willingly. Antagonism and prejudice against the Italians arose especially from the fact that the Italians were obliged, as the Negroes and the Portuguese are often obliged today, to offer their manual labor at a low wage. Unintentionally they thus put themselves in competition with the Irish, who were already powerful in New York because, having come to the country earlier and already knowing the language, they had organized themselves and occupied official positions.

This rivalry was not the only cause of dissension. The Irishman was, and is, an eminently "political animal," or, one might better say, a politician. Therefore, those who did not vote his way simply had, to his way of looking at it, no reason at all for living. The Italian, absent at that time even from the movement for political unity in his native country, who had come to America to make his fortune and then return to his homeland, kept aloof, like the Chinese, from the polls. The "Societa' di San Calorio" or that of "San Gennaro," to which he belonged, was the only thing that gave him some comfort. And then, too, he felt he could not familiarize himself with "savages" who ate their spaghetti overdone and without cheese, and put sugar instead of oil in their salads, and did not indulge in bacchanals on Sundays!

The Italian of that period was not becoming Americanized.

Another cause was the politico-religious question between the Pope and the Italian patriots. The Irish, Catholic to the point of bigotry, saw in every Italian a bitter enemy of the Pope and of the Catholic Church, and this increased the ill-feeling.

From time to time a note of peace and friendship came from those who constituted the American intellectual aristocracy. But for the most part, it was the song of a bird lost in a whistling wind.

AMONG the lower classes the struggle was bitter and difficult. Among the upper classes, meanwhile, the elite of the Italian colony was penetrating peacefully into the cultural salons of the metropolis, among which there stood out those of Henry Brevoort at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 9th Street, of Dr. John W. Francis at 1 Bond Street, of John Jacob Astor in Long Island, and at which there gathered for discussions such men of letters as Trelawney, Henry Tuckerman, Washington Irving, Bancroft, Prescott, James Fenimore Cooper, Mrs. Piozzi; such poets as William Cullen Bryant, editor of the "New York Evening Post" at the time, Poe, Halleck (pupil of Lorenzo da Ponte), Philip Hone, Henry Inman, Julia W. Howe, Mrs. E. F. Ellet, Mary Sedgwick; such artists as Weir and Allston; such dramatists as Macready; such musicians as Conti; and such statesmen as Webster, Clay, Van Buren, Irving and Paulding. As Brevoort, oppressed at the time by business reverses, wrote to Washington Irving in December of 1842:

"I am surrounded by a family of intelligence and love, such as falls



to the lot of few men, and for which I am heartily grateful to God."(2)

Italian culture had been represented in those salons by Lorenzo da Ponte, loyal friend and librettist of Mozart and the first professor of the Italian language and literature at Columbia University; and by Piero Maroncelli up to 1846; and this culture was promoted and spread by Bryant, Halleck, Mrs. Ellet, Mary Sedgwick and Henry T. Tuckerman.

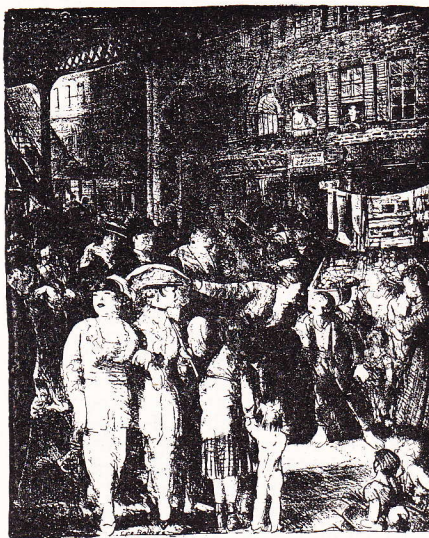
Edgar Allan Poe had written a portrait of Piero Maroncelli, and he included the martyr of Spilberg among the literati of America for his translation into English of "Le Mie Prigioni" by Silvio Pellico, done in collaboration with Prof. Andrew Norton of Harvard, and for his own poems, some of which were translated into English by Mrs. Ellet and others by Halleck.

**M**RS. Ellet also translated some of the tragedies of Maffei, of Niccolini, the "Caio Gracco" of Monti, the "Conte di Carmagnola" of Manzoni, the "Sepolcri" of Foscolo, some scenes from the "Saul" of Alfieri, some poetry by Fulvio Testi and Ippolito Pindemonte, an epigram by Saverio Bettinelli, and she wrote a tragedy of a Venetian character: "Teresa Contarini," influenced by the work of the same name by Niccolini. Henry T. Tuckerman, furthermore, was a cavalier in the cause of Italian independence.

Translations and critical reviews of an artistic-literary nature, which were frequently real invectives against foreign tyranny in Italy (3) and defenses of the Italian name in America appeared in the "Knickerbocker Monthly Review," (which, because of having attracted the best men of letters and poets of the time, formed a literary school of its own), the "North American Review," the "Metropolitan Magazine," the "United States Magazine and Democratic Review," the "New Mirror" and the "Quarterly Review." And translations in Italian of poems and articles written in English, were, in turn, published in the first and at the time the only Italian newspaper in New York: "L'Eco d'Italia," a weekly first, then a bi-weekly, and later a daily, founded in 1849 and directed by an ardent Roman, Secchi de Casali, a political exile and

a contributor to several American magazines.

In 1850, besides Secchi de Casali, there were, in New York, as the greatest exponents of the Italian name and culture, Felice Foresti (who had succeeded Lorenzo da Ponte in the chair of Italian language and literature at Columbia University); Luigi Chitti, a proscribed Neapolitan, twice condemn-



In the East Side

—From a lithograph by George Bellows

ed to death for wilful defiance, man of letters, scientist and economist, who had had as friends Cavour, Cobden and Sir Robert Peel and who had been a professor in the University of Madrid and Brussels, a bank president, Secretary of Finance in Naples in 1821, and had been decorated by Spain and other nations; Professor Vincenzo Botta, formerly a deputy in the Subalpine Parliament; Professor Luciani and the Attorney Gaiani, both formerly members of the Roman Assembly. No less cultured and active were General Giuseppe Avezzana, condemned to death at Turin for his part in the revolution of 1821, and Minister of War in the glorious Roman Republic; Quirico Filopanti, formerly secretary of the Triumvirate of the Roman Republic; Cav. Lucca Palmieri, Consul of the two Sicilies; Ferdinando Massa, condemned to death at Naples in 1821 as a "Carbonaro"; Giovanni Albinola, a former political prisoner at Gradisca; Sebastiano Dacorsi, Vice-Consul of the two Sicilies; Giuseppe Attinelli, condemned to death by the Bourbon Government for his part in the rebellion in Sicily in 1821; Count Alessandro Bargnani, a political

exile because of the movement in Sicily in 1848, and Argenti, Gonsalvi and Moschetti.

To this elect group of scholars and patriots there were added the painter Montelilla, the celebrated clown De Bagnis, for whom Rossini had written several roles, the Bolognese violinist Michele Rapetti, at that time the "ne plus ultra" of orchestra conductors, Dr. Masnata of Genoa, the two celebrated musicians Arditì and Bottesini, and many others.

Attorney Luigi Tinelli, condemned to death by Austria on September 29, 1835 and afterward exiled, who had then become prominent in New York business circles by the publication of a valuable book on the silk industry and by his organization of an admirable factory, had, in 1841, been appointed United States Consul at Oporto, in Portugal, where he remained eleven years and where he was present at the death of the exiled King, Carlo Alberto.

Count Confalonieri and Peter Borsieri were re-patriated, the latter in September, 1837, and the former in 1840. There still existed the first "Società Italiana di Unione Fratellanza e Beneficenza," founded on January 20, 1839 by Piero Maroncelli, Felice Foresti, Cav. Palmieri and Attorney Tinelli with the purpose, in the words of Maroncelli, "of helping all our countrymen who, through accident and misfortune, have been reduced to poverty." In the constitution of the Society, composed of four chapters and thirty-seven articles, there was mention also of subsidies in food, lodging, pharmaceutical supplies, medical assistance, money grants and an elementary Italian school, in which there later taught Maroncelli, Foresti, Tinelli and Count Bargnani.

**M**ORE and more, too, did the "Guardia Italiana" distinguish itself. It was organized by the Marchese Ode A. Sant'Angelo de Attellis, a Neapolitan, formerly a general in Napoleon's army, afterward in that of Murat, and then, also as a general, in the Spanish Army from 1821 to 1822, condemned to death as a "Carbonaro," once by the French Council of War in Milan and twice by the investigating tribunals of Naples.

The "Guardia Italiana" was composed of sixty members, armed

(Continued on Page 176)



# Poem of Prudence

A Short Story

By Massimo Bontempelli

AT BUDAPEST once I found a taxicab driver who spoke Latin. Naturally I tried to use him all the time: for no matter how poor my knowledge of Latin, it is at any rate easier for me than the Hungarian.

This favored driver of mine had also other singular qualities. He was reserved to the point of timidity. He could not swear in any language; therefore he never became angry at other drivers of public or private vehicles: in controversial matters he would stop and try to reason the question quietly with them according to the rules of logic. For, together with an extreme caution, he had a perfect knowledge of all regulations concerning traffic, and an exemplary scrupulousness in the observance of them.

When I was in a hurry (and in general when one takes a taxi one is in a hurry) those qualities of his sometimes turned out to be inconvenient. At every corner the good Ferencz (that was his name) would slow down and blow his horn; and if he heard another horn being blown elsewhere, he would stop altogether, nor was there any way of making him go ahead until the other had passed: he maintained that it was thus prescribed by the traffic regulations. Sometimes I would have preferred the danger of a possible collision, but where could I find another driver who could tell me in Latin the complicated meaning of the taxicab meter?

◆◆◆

One bright day I was going back to Italy: Ferencz came to the hotel to take me to the station. Fortunately I had sent my bags ahead. I was to leave by the South Station and we were proceeding, if I am not mistaken, along Krizstina Korut. We had gone about halfway to the station when, nearing the corner which

that street makes with, I think, Miko utzca, my Ferencz, as usual, slowed down and blew his horn. Then he slowed down still more,

---

The author of the short story herein translated into English, Massimo Bontempelli, is one of the best-known modern Italian writers of a popular nature. Originally a teacher who edited classics in the manner of professors, his short stories met with such success that he gave up teaching to enter journalism, after which he devoted himself to writing fiction. Born in Como in 1878, he is now a member of the Italian Academy and one of his peculiarities is that he has rejected all his early works, and does not allow any of them to be reprinted. Of his novels, probably his most popular is "Il figlio di due madri," while "La donna dei miei sogni," from which the following story is translated, is one of his best volumes of short stories, illustrating his humorous vein.

---

and finally stopped altogether. I looked out, and I heard in fact someone else, another automobile, blowing a horn from the direction of Miko utzca. I resigned myself to waiting for the other machine, still invisible, to decide to pass. It did not pass. Ferencz blew his horn. And the other, still invisible, blew his horn in reply. Certainly the other fellow also must have been a maniac for rules, for he also was standing still. Ferencz's horn gave out a lower and somewhat cracked sound, while that of the invisible one a higher and resounding note.

After a couple of minutes, in order not to lose my train, I lost my patience, got off, banged the door, and, swearing in Italian, I hurried to the station through a cross street.

While I was running in this manner, there reached me regularly, and at every step of mine a little weaker, the two voices of the auto horns replying to each

other: the cracked one of Ferencz, and the more acute one of the stranger.

In the train I found a good seat.

◆◆◆

I WAS settling myself for the ride, and the train was about to move, when the door opened tumultuously and I saw coming in a big valise, followed by a tall and florid man who greeted me with joyful surprise:

"Oh, are you leaving too?"

"You too, Munkacsy?"

"I'm going to Rome."

"So am I!"

Munkacsy closed the door, and the train started. He was a likable, jovial Magyar merchant, whom two or three times I had met in some of the rustic restaurants that flourish in the more obscure sections of Buda.

"It's really a miracle," he said, as the train was emerging from the shadow of the station, "really a miracle that I'm here. I almost missed this train, because of an idiot of a cab driver who, at a certain moment, balked and would not go any more: I had to make the last part of the trip on foot."

"Oh," I said, in a sudden flash, you were coming along Miko utzca!"

"Yes," he replied, surprised.

"And the driver," I continued, "stopped at the corner of Krizstina Korut."

"How do you know that?"

I burst out laughing, and for a few minutes I could not reply. My friend waited a moment, then he also began laughing. When I stopped, he stopped too, and said:

"I laughed to keep you company, but now tell me why we're laughing."

I recounted my (that is, our) adventure: then we began all over again, and he, with his laugh, made the windows of the



coach shake. Then he rose, took a bottle out of his valise, and proclaimed:

"We must drink to the health of our two ultra-scrupulous drivers. Here is some 'Sangue di Toro' that I bought this morning at the 'Pizzicagnolo politicante' restaurant."

"Eliem Magiarorszag!" I exclaimed.

"Viva l'Italia!" replied the Hungarian.

The train was running straight along, in the melancholy plain full of the mists of the Danube and the dusk.

"To think," I observed, "that we are almost at Kelenföld, and our chauffeurs are probably still blowing their horns at each other at the corner of Krizstina Korut!"

And it seemed to me, as I looked out the window, that across the gray space there came to us, alternating and weak, running behind the train like echoes, the low voice of Ferencz's horn and the shrill note of that of Munkacsy's driver.



THE trip from Budapest to Rome brought us—Munkacsy and me—from the stage of courteous acquaintance to that of proven friendship. At Budapest we used the formal "lej" in addressing each other, at Postumia it was the more relaxed "voi," and at Bologna it was the familiar "tu." We were allies in the struggle of the traveler who has a good seat against those who have none. We surmounted together, at the customs-houses of Kotoriba and Rakek, the obstacles that Slovene diffidence imposes on travelers passing through. These things bring people closer together than many years of habits. Together, after two nights and a day of intimacy, we reached Rome, our common goal. A few minutes before arriving, in the morning, in the Eternal City, I suddenly made a sign for him to be quiet, and put my ear near the window. Then, reassured, I told him:

"I don't hear our chauffeurs' horns any more. I guess by now they've made up their minds, and returned to their respective homes."

"I'm not so sure," replied Munkacsy, "Well, here's the Cupola."



In Rome, the good Magyar insisted that we see each other soon and often, and he acquainted me with all his affairs: in fact he invited me to take part with him in a certain commercial undertaking, the nature of which need not be revealed here. Suffice it to say that it succeeded very happily, and soon the money began to roll in. Then it was that I became a millionaire. Just about a year after our gay return to Rome, our net incomes were in the neighborhood of two million. When Munkacsy came to bring me my million, I told him:

"Thanks, old man."

Then I added:

"We must celebrate this success by drinking a bottle together."

"Where?"

"I suggest the 'Pizzicagnolo politicante,' where we'll find that Sangue di Toro' of our first meeting a year ago."

"Excellent idea. When does the next train leave for Budapest?"

"At eight."

It was six o'clock; two hours later we left for Budapest, and forty hours after, we got off at the South Station, which is the nearest to the "Pizzicagnolo politicante." Since there were no vehicles (perhaps a strike was on) we set out on foot for the celebrated restaurant.



WE were walking, silent but absorbed in fervid and fraternal thoughts, when suddenly something made me slow down my steps: a memory, it seemed to me, a vague and unexpected

memory, like those that are frequent with people who return to a place after a long absence, and together with the memory the desire to define it. For this reason I slowed down, and immediately after that stopped, for already it was not a memory any longer. I raised my hand to impose silence on Munkacsy, and together we listened intently. It was that sound, yes, that cracked sound of an automobile horn, the sound of Ferencz, and after an instant the other, more acute: and the first again, and then again the other. Now, without saying a word, we had resumed our pace, more hurriedly, toward those spectral sounds, which at every step of ours were clearer and stronger. We came out on Krizstina Korut, and there was the automobile, itself, Ferencz's automobile, and at the wheel Ferencz, Ferencz himself, a little older, but unmistakably himself. His left hand was on the wheel, and with his right he was sounding his horn.

We ran around the corner, and there was the other one, the one I had never seen, and he was replying.

"My driver!" said Munkacsy.

As though by a tacit understanding we quietly withdrew, almost hiding ourselves, and secretly we made off. Followed by the two sounds, which became weaker, we made our way, through the intricacies of Buda, till we reached the celebrated restaurant.

There Laczi XXXVI, king of the Tzigani, was playing. The "Sangue di Toro" was excellent. The morning after we went to take the train elsewhere, at another station. After some months Munkacsy went away from Rome and I have never heard anything more of him. And I have never again returned to Budapest: so I do not know if Ferencz and his colleague are still at that corner blowing their horns, and answering them, and waiting, each one, for the other to pass first.



# Two for Five

*By Giuseppe Gautela*

**T**HE elevated road of the Culver line runs from Park Row in Manhattan to Coney Island. The Kings Highway station in Brooklyn is known to the children of the neighborhood as the "two-for-five" station. At the Avenue S entrance to the station a cumbersome barrel-like turnstile with iron teeth, which looks like an instrument of torture, during slow hours takes the place of the agent. It admits the passenger into the station after he, having dropped a nickel in the slot, hears a report like that of a toy gun. It is the signal to push the iron teeth which slowly give way and then with a thud come to a sudden stop. The first time the experience is not so pleasant. As you get caught between the iron teeth there comes a feeling to yell for help, which gives way to a sigh of relief as soon as you, a bit bewildered, find yourself inside the station.

During the bathing season children prefer to use the Avenue S station to go down to the Island. It is but a ride of ten minutes. The preference is explained by the fact that two slender persons can fit between the bars of the turnstile, thereby saving a nickel. One morning, two fat girls tried the trick. It would have been all right had they not missed step. Half way the turnstile stopped. They tried hard to push their way out. The turnstile stuck fast; they got scared and began to cry for help.

It was a terrible punishment for a nickel. While they cried, their friends outside laughed. Finally after an hour of work, they were released by the wrecking crew.

**T**HE crowded subway has driven many passengers to use the Culver elevated line.

In the early morning hours a sign with the inscription "Agent

on duty" is hung at the foot of the stairway of the station on Avenue S. This means that passengers do not have to go hunting for nickels in order to use the turnstile. Something of old Brooklyn hangs on this station. You are transported fifty years back as you see hanging on wooden bars smoky, oil burning signal lamps used by train crews. After the thunder and noise of the subway the sight has a soothing effect on your nerves. You breathe free air as you look over the top of the houses. And if you are an early riser you may enjoy seeing the sun coming up from the east like a huge orange colored lantern. The trains of the Culver line are made up of wooden cars. Only the first and last cars are reinforced with band-like steel plates along the bottom. How the splinters would fly in a crash you can only imagine. As the train pulls out, stops short, or rounds curves, you have the sensation of being pulled and wheeled about in an old, dry-as-dust chair, such are the squeaks and cracklings. The motormen and the crews are mostly Irish, with a sprinkling of Italians. They are well mannered; they go about their work with a sense of leisure, and are kind enough to hold the gate open if you happen to be late and run to catch the train. In the morning a shuttle train runs from Coney Island to Kings Highway. Here we assist at the maneuver of hitching the rest of the cars to it. A starter with spats on and a watch-fob dangling from his waist stands with feet apart watching the men down between the cars. The shuttle train slowly advances, there is a push, the clutch snaps, the train shakes from end to end, after which all is still. "Okay, okay" cry out the men who climb up from the track, and the gates

are thrown open. Some cars have side seats; these do not please certain passengers. They walk two, three cars until they come to a car which has front seats. Some prefer a seat next to the window, where they can rest their elbows on the window sill and when tired of reading, go to sleep, for the journey is forty-five minutes to Park Row.

The passengers look, act and talk differently than the usual subway crowd. They seem to know the train guards, and if they miss a train they know at what time the next train will start. It seems miles and miles from New York; not Brooklyn, but a remote village on one of the roads that brings in commuters from Jersey. Yet, four blocks away is the subway where people will knock you down (no exaggeration) and trample you underfoot for a seat, be you man or woman, young or old. In no place more than the subway is the law of the survival of the fittest applied. So the antiquated and slow elevated road affords a way of escape, of liberation, after the inferno of the subway.

## II.

**A**T FIRST you are a little disturbed by the daylight. The type on the newspaper comes to you nearer and clearer, and the gloom of the tunnel comes to your with distinct horror. You read and yet your attention is not on the newspaper. Finally you begin to look outside the window as the train starts. This road goes through the Gravesend section, one of the oldest sections of Brooklyn, and the race track bearing its name was cut up into lots and sold only a few years ago. Some old houses, quaint, roman-





The Philosophers

*From the painting by Michele Falanga*

tic, with shutters and architectural frills surrounded by large tracts of land and old, melancholic trees tell you of other days when the air was freer and the tranquillity of the location not disturbed by the up-the-dum-the-dum of the elevated train. Alongside of them the depressing, uniform modern brick and stucco houses give you a chill, and as the train runs on you feel better.

At Twenty-Second Avenue a Jewish cemetery comes into view. Right through it, the street runs like a boulevard, and on the right of the station there is the athletic field of the Erasmus Hall High School. Rows of tombstones circle the field track. The dead run with the living. The cemetery, from the train, seems crowded. The tombstones stand close together and they remind one of some dead Ghetto. The tombstones are mostly black, the real sign of mourning unto death. At Thirty-sixth street there is Calvary cemetery. It is full of tall trees, and from far away looks like a beautiful park. The train comes right close to it; here the tombstones are gray and white, death is not so grim here. In contrast to the Jewish cemetery it seems a light thing. There the air is heavy with something traditional, deep with wisdom. Here marble angels seem about to flutter and soar towards a more idealistic hemisphere. Hills unoccupied by the dead yet are covered with beautiful green grass, and while death seems to sleep

under those white tombstones, the eye rests on the green grass and washes itself into a small lake surrounded by plaintive trees. To the left of the road there is the tremendous activity of the Bush Terminal. The box-like buildings have nothing ornamental but the windows, all bright with electric light. Wireless antennae stretch their wires from roof to roof, and as the train slowly pulls out, through the side streets you get a view of the bay and the boats anchored in mid-stream. On rainy mornings there is smoke everywhere. It hangs on the air like lead. Nothing more dismal can be imagined than the old, rusty, brick tenement houses of Brooklyn. Here the train makes a spurt of speed down to Atlantic Avenue; most of the passengers go to sleep.

### III.

The station at Atlantic and Fourth Avenue is in the center of downtown Brooklyn. Subways and elevated roads meet here and such is the rush that people seem caught by a flying wheel, with elevator-like stops discharging passengers up and down levels. Here is where Brooklyn is also trying to catch up to New York. Several towers rise with menacing altitudes which seem to take off a bit of that sleepy atmosphere of the whole city. But as the train swings into Adams Street, only a couple of blocks away, one's heart sinks. Dante's line comes to the

mind: "Abandon all hope ye who enter here." In this fair, rich glorious land, there cannot be more miserable, dilapidated, dismal wooden frame houses inhabited by human beings as are here by poor negroes. The noise of the train does not disturb the quiet, easy-going, ambling life of this section. In the early hours of the morning men lean and chat on wooden stoops of the houses in Fleet Street. There is an enviably careless air about everything. The houses seem not to care who looks at them and also the people. Time has scraped away the paint from the walls, and the boards have a color which is not gray, nor white or black, but a composition of dirt and all the elements that go to make the color of a decayed house. The people move in and out silently, with a divine indifference to their surroundings.

A group of men in front of a house argue with spiritless, weak gestures; all virility seems to have left them. Not so a healthy, fiery negress who looks at them with contempt from beneath a stairway. The train has stopped at the corner of a short block where life appears stagnant. A strong-looking negro in overalls and patent leather shoes is talking and smiling to a clean looking negress dressed in blue gingham. After a while they separate and guardingly walk away. In a house just facing the train, a window is propped up with a square hand mirror. It has a white painted frame with dirty finger spots. A strange fascination holds my attention, and in spite of myself I look inside. A table covered with a frayed oil-cloth and a chair without back are the only objects I see. The walls were painted dark green, the large boards of the floor are of an indefinable color. In the next frame house a little black hand raises a shade and withdraws it quickly. The train slowly goes along until it reaches the rusty red old brick building of a church. The windows are shut tight and are covered with dust; so is the door. Religion seems to have been buried. The place seems abandoned by God and men.

**F**ROM the quiet and healthy surroundings of the suburbs to a decayed section of the city is the startling contrast of a half hour ride on the elevated road. Coming out of the subway and



caught in the hurry and push of the morning rush you have no time to realize any change.

And if you are accustomed to the roar and rumble of the subway you will be surprised and astonished that the clang of the elevated should disturb you. You will realize how all the putrefaction of city life will be wafted up to you by the sweeper down the street, and also how the stale odors of refuse put out in cans blend in one peculiar smell as if coming out of a chemical laboratory. At certain corners as the train slowly rounds a curve the smell of fresh coffee from a restaurant steals up and into the car. It is surprising to see how at such an early hour so many people should be up and eating breakfast. The number of women equals the number of men. At the entrance to the bridge and the last stop in Brooklyn more than half of the passengers get out. What a few years ago used to be the chief means of transportation to New York has ceased to be. Five cents extra and ten minutes more to Times Square are the main reasons. The educational campaign of the I.R.T. convinces few people to take to the elevated roads. The New Yorker is so accustomed to riding in the subway that to him it is like being in a football game. The habit has become a part of his daily struggle. He would miss it. To him the tremendous speed of the subway express is the chief characteristic of his age. The road is so uncanny in its preciseness that when there is a rare delay he stops to wonder what can be the matter. The wonder really is how the thing really roars on without stop, how there is never a minute of quiet and of what fibre are the American people made of. So it is clear in a way that he should look at the elevated road with its quaint chalet-like stations with indifference. Manners, self-respect and promiscuous contact of the most

indecent description are of no account. What is wanted, it seems, is noise, foul air and speed.

**B**ROOKLYN Bridge still is the most beautiful bridge. Compared with modern methods of lighting, the entrance to it is gloomy and sad, but it has a tradition that you cannot overlook, a dignity that is compelling in its amphitheatre-like entrance, and as the train stops and you see its many comfortable exits you instinctively take your time and leisurely walk out. It is due now for a rebirth, for along South Street they are building apartment hotels which will command a view of the East River, the bay, Staten Island, South Brooklyn and the ocean, and when at night all the tall buildings downtown are lighted, the people living there will have a feeling of being in some enchanted land of their dreams. The skyscraper, after all, quite unexpectedly has brought a perspective that is artistically original, and out of its light and shadow a new poetry that sings the restless and eager spirit of modern life.

The bridge sways on its mighty cables. The East River swiftly runs underneath. Its gray-blue water carries patches of oil, and lighters with freight cars seem to drift down stream with their tugboat hitched between them. The smell of coal gas from a steamer is blown in by a strong breeze from the bay and Governor's Island looks as if it is about to be carried down the bay by the strong tide.

The wind has blown the heavy gray clouds away, and thousands of windows of down-town New York skyscrapers reflect the bright sunlight like so many reflectors. The streets along the water-front are already alive with people and trucks and pushcarts full of fruits and vegetables, but the bridge looks old, tired, asleep. The train enters the New York

end dimly lighted by arc lights, and switching from one track to another, comes to a stop like a toy being pushed by an unseen hand. The dust-covered old clock hanging from the ceiling of the station marks a quarter to eight. The passengers trickle out, going through both ends of the cars, which have folding gates that open on the inside. Orderly, leisurely, the crowd goes down through the many exits of the old bridge, with nothing of the mad rush of the subway. The light filters through the glassed dome and side walls of the station, but the whole interior remains gloomy and cold. Many ticket booths have been closed; it is evident that the bridge has lost its old importance of the days when life flowed in huge waves through it. Before going out I cast a last look around and I cannot help a deep feeling of sadness on the fate and decay of things in general.

Many passengers give their paper to a man at the foot of the stairway, who spreads them out and resells them. His face and hands are grimy; it is not the dirt of a day, but of weeks and months. His light gray eyes have a sinister look. His tweed cap is pulled on the right side; he looks like a man who lacks the strength to regain a foothold on life.

City Hall Park is charming in the early morning hours. It lies inviolate with its lovely, quiet old buildings, despite the sordid structures that surround it. There are people who are constant visitors, who must see a former life move through its paths, and who must chase memories of revolutionary days as they feed flocks of pigeons on its grass plots.

On the south-west side of the park the Woolworth building gleams in the sunlight like a Gothic cathedral. It is beautiful, but strange for its note of mysticism which it lends to American business life.



# Marionettes on Broadway

*Vittorio Podrecca's "Teatro dei Piccoli"*  
*Reaches New York*

THE more than thirty million spectators of thirty foreign countries who have witnessed Vittorio Podrecca's Teatro dei Piccoli will be, comparatively, increased by the time the Italian puppet show leaves this country, for it has registered a decided hit. It has been and is still being patronized by appreciative audiences who find the interpretations given by the marionettes much to marvel at.

When the Hurok Musical Bureau imported the troupe for its performances at the Lyric Theatre in New York it was done so with notices of many triumphs abroad. Here, marionette shows had been thought of as attractions for children mainly, because they are more unsophisticated than their elders and enjoy them more. With the Teatro this was not so, for from the time Podrecca gave his second performance in the cellar of the Palazzo Odescalchi in Rome away back in 1916, his audiences were found to number children in the minority. The first performance had been crowded with children, but after that the presence of children at the Teatro has been a rarity. Once an adult has seen the puppets he arrives at the superior adult conclusion that the entertainment is far too sophisticated for the younger people.

Within a short time after that opening performance, and before Podrecca and his puppets had made themselves at home in Rome, requests came from all sections of Europe, and so began that long journey to thirty countries with the thirty-first in the process of being visited. But, always after filling requests, the Teatro returned to its headquarters in Rome, and always the staff was elaborated as was the repertory, so that now some 800 puppets are ready to offer fifty different numbers which require a considerable number of manipulators and singers, beside the orchestra in the pit.

When Podrecca organized his theatre, his idea was not to have his puppets merely imitate human beings through comedy and grotesquerie but to have them to do the things that the human beings could not do. Certain fantastic works of the theatre were rarely performed because of the limitations of the human movement. However, with the marionettes this was not so, for they go beyond the talents of the normal human actor. That he has succeeded is attested to by Brooks Atkinson, drama critic of the "New York Times," who in reviewing the show says in part, "After this the human race had better look to its laurels."

THE works that humans found difficult to interpret were the labors of another Venetian like Podrecca — Carlo Gozzi. He had lived in the eighteenth century and had written plays with miracles, witches, dragons, spirits, and

ghosts. The light operas of Rossini, and a group of fairy tales which for decades had been restricted to book form were others that Podrecca found he could use in his theatre. These, with parodies of Chevalier, Mistinguette, Josephine Baker, and concert pianists for the seekers of more modern interpretations, round out the repertory of the troupe.

Podrecca has succeeded not only in creating a theatre where works impossible of performance by human actors might have a hearing, but he can also be said to have established a marionette theatre as a major entertainment in the dramatic world, with composers writing music directly for it; scene designers conceiving scenes in terms of marionette movement and marionette stories, and scenarists arranging revue sketches as an intrinsic feature of the theatre's programs.

—M. A. Melchiorre



Backstage with the "Teatro dei Piccoli" at the Lyric

—From the N. Y. Herald-Tribune



# Harvest Time in Merano

*Where Italian Color and Tyrolese Yodel Blend*

*By Alice Seelye Rossi*

THE vintage season, usually jolly and picturesque everywhere, has a charm quite its own in Merano, due to the Alpine setting and the local coloring of the harvest festivals.

Situated in that portion of Southern Tyrol known as the Alto Adige Province, which was annexed to Italy at the end of the recent war, Merano is rightly called "the Pearl of the Alps and the Gateway to the Dolomites" that region of rose-hued peaks and luminous mysterious splendor of indescribable beauty.

In its present ethnographic situation Merano is neither entirely Italian nor wholly Tyrolese, but an interesting combination of both; of two distinct elements, a people of Latin race and another of Saxon descent, which are trying to amalgamate.

Although the money and stamps in use are beyond a doubt Italian, the *Carabinieri*, Italy's characteristic gendarmes, walk by twos in the parks and thorough-

fares and the red, white and green banner waves against its azure sky, yet at every turn you encounter picturesque Tyrolese costumes, your ear catches guttural German diphthongs and the sight of foaming beer *schoppes*, of mammoth size, is an unmistakable evidence of local Hapsburg coloring.

The "Tyroler" seems to have become more reconciled and friendly with the Fascists since he has benefited by the improvements and advantages under the present Regime and one, really, does not get the impression of any feeling of enmity.

At all seasons of the year Merano is beautiful, but never more so than at harvest time, when clusters of luscious grapes, attaining a marvelous development, hang thick in the vineyards and the orchards are heavily laden with mammoth pears and apples, almost breaking down under their loads of fruit. Then the natural beauty of the landscape is en-

hanced by the ruddy and russet tints of foliage, and the wooded hills amidst which nestle quaint little hamlets, old medieval castles and picturesque towers recalling the long and interesting history of the counts of Tyrol, are a mass of gold and red splendor, an apotheosis of color!

GRAPE juice is a favorite drink during the vintage season and we indulged daily in several glasses of it, obtaining it in the different shops, oft-times the grapes being put into a small wine press before our eyes, so we had no doubt as to the genuine nature of the beverage.

Many take the grape-cure for the treatment of diseases, their topic of conversation centering on the number of glasses or the quantity of grapes they manage in the course of the day.

Others, as well, who indulge in copious eatings of them merely because of their excellent flavor, constantly vie with each other in eating the largest amount and enjoy boasting of their greed.

Good, luscious, Merano grapes! Often satiated to utmost capacity, I thought I could not look at them for days, yet the very next morning I feasted on them again with unabated relish!

Most colorful are the picturesque festivals that take place in Merano during the harvest time, when the country folk appear in their gala costumes, wearing dresses and aprons, heirlooms of beauty, of most gorgeous silks and laces. The peculiar form of headwear of the women is indeed striking. Some of them wear little black hats, flat as pancakes, with two pieces of long black ribbon in the back, reaching to the ground, while others have them in the Maud Mueller style, large as flower baskets, or quite mannish with cocked feathers.

Taking walks in the outskirts



Three Tyrolean Graces at a harvest festival





One of Merano's picturesque old castles

of the town, we witnessed interesting peasant scenes during the vintage, when the farm-houses we passed resounded with shouts of laughter, with music and merry-making. On one particular occasion, when we lingered by an open gateway, to gaze upon the picturesque setting within, we were invited to join the festive gathering. It was a feast to Bacchus. In the spacious area in front of the farm-house, under wide spreading chestnut trees, two wagons drawn by white oxen had come in loaded with wine barrels, all decorated with wreaths of foliage. Around them the merry harvesters were raising brimming glasses, young and old alike joining in mirth and song to give praises to Bacchus, thus welcoming the newly-made wine.

**A**MONG them were the guardians of the vineyards, wearing peculiar head-gear of feathers and fox-tails, with long rods in their hands and wide leather belts, looking altogether quite import-

ant, if not a little fierce. I was told that when they mount guard over their vineyards they are stern and relentless even with casual trespassers.

We were asked to sit at the banquet which was prepared in the open, on neatly laid tables. It consisted of several courses, very palatable concoctions, but quite Tyrolean. One of them was called *strudel* or something similar, I remember, and vaguely reminded us of apple-pie.

My knowledge of German was too scanty to gather much from the loquacious replies they gave my various questionings and their Italian was rather vague and inadequate, but intuition took me far into the realms of understanding and we became friends in no time.

Wine, both old and new, flowed sparkling into the tumblers, which were raised with laughter to many amusing toasts, and when the meal was nearly over the merriment merged into dances, such quaint pretty ones, and altogether

different from those one sees in jazz music halls. The *Schuhplatte*, typically Tyrolean, was performed several times and always to the keen enjoyment of the onlookers, for the ardent glances and coy smiles that the dancers bestowed on their partners while pirouetting around each other were in themselves most entertaining.

We were insistently asked to join in the dancing and the young American girl who was with us readily complied. I can still see her hopping along, more out of step than in step, by the side of those husky, sun-burnt Tyroleans, whose cocked hats, on a slant, and broad grinning countenances were indeed worthy of a snapshot!

A sojourn in Merano proves most delightful to those who seek recreation along the lines of amusement and gaiety, as well as to those who love the restfulness of beautiful surroundings.

There is a golf course, a skating rink and a Casino where excellent concerts are given. Both in Spring and Autumn there are tennis tournaments, foot-ball matches and horse-races.

We saw a very interesting peasants' pony race, ridden by peasants in their picturesque costumes on frisky mountain ponies, by means of which we learned that the Tyroleans are excellent cowboys as well as expert rock-climbers.

As a center for excursions, we found Merano unequalled. Interesting aerial cable-routes took us in a few minutes to the exhilarating atmosphere of plateaux about a mile high, with beautiful views of the Merano valley and surroundings, while on excellent roads we motored through the Dolomites to Cortina, d'Ampezzo and Misurina, amidst magnificent forests, wild gorges, fertile valleys and flowery meadows.



# Two and Two Make Four

A Short Short Story

By Gerlando Mangione

A MIDDLE-AGED psychologist and a young novelist were sipping *strega* on a hotel balcony overlooking one of Northern Italy's charming lakes. The subtle warmth of the liqueur together with the peacefulness of the scenery made conversation a delightful luxury, and they talked almost as easily as they imbibed their drinks.

"Yes, sir," the older man was saying, "I maintain that if you give me the introductory details to any situation you have experienced or written about, I, as a psychoanalyst, will be able to tell you the exact events that followed."

They had met only that morning, but like many Americans who find themselves in a new country, the two men soon became good friends. At first there was the usual exchange of conventional gossip; now they had reached the stage where they freely conversed on subjects that actually interested them. At the present moment they were discussing "human motives," a topic on which the two, by virtue of their respective occupations, felt quite authoritative.

"I doubt that very much," replied the novelist to this boast. "Life is far too complicated for anyone to claim that extraordinary ability. Of course, if you mean fortune-telling and that sort of thing..."

"Nonsense! You don't need to be a fortune teller. With a few fundamental rules in mind Life becomes as simple as adding two and two and making four." Noticing that the author still shook his head doubtfully, he added, "Suppose we make a small wager on that. You tell me the simple, introductory details of any situation whatsoever. I will deduce from them the correct consequences that took place, or else admit defeat."

There was no hesitation on the

part of the young man. "You're on!", he exclaimed.

THE waiter was summoned, the stakes were entrusted in his care. After ordering more *strega*, the novelist began to relate the introduction to his "situation":

"About ten years ago, a boy of twenty who loved the outdoors was indulging in that popular American sport—hitch-hiking. He had no particular destination in mind. His only thought was to get out of the blazing sun, into an automobile that would take him to a camp or a hotel where he could spend the night. After many unsuccessful attempts he finally succeeded in stopping a large black sedan with no other passengers but the driver.

"Like many other motorists he had ridden with, this one proved very talkative, so that the two had no difficulty in making conversation.

"You know, lad, the reason I picked you up was because you look so honest and straightforward to me."

"Thank you," was the boy's reply.

"I should never have picked you up if you didn't look like a real gentleman."

"The boy was suspicious of people who flattered themselves on their ability to distinguish 'real gentlemen' from others, but being too polite to say what he thought, he merely answered 'thank you' again. He would have preferred watching the scenery undisturbed by the driver's chatter, but there was no stopping him now.

"It's so easy to get into trouble by picking up the wrong sort of hitch-hikers," he persisted.

"Yes," said the boy, obviously annoyed by this time.

"The driver seemed very anxious to impress the boy: 'Only the other day a friend of mine was held up

by a hitch-hiker at the point of a gun, his car was driven into a ditch, and—would you believe it?—his money was taken away from him! But of course, nothing like that ever happens if you're careful about picking up the right kind. You can usually tell a good honest face, you know.'"

## II

AT this very point the author stopped his story, filled his glass, and with a note of triumph in his voice said, "There you are, Mr. Psychoanalyst. I think I've given you sufficient details on which to show off your supernatural powers. Now tell me, if you can, what happened next." He leaned back in his chair with a cynical smile.

The psychoanalyst's only retort was a wide grin. "From what I can make out of your character," he began, "I should say that he was rather honest, very sensitive, and a real romanticist. Putting all these qualities together with the fact that the driver was so bent on convincing the boy that he had an honest face, I rather suspect that the man's talk must have inspired the boy with the devilish idea of showing him up and teaching him that appearances can be deceiving."

The author was watching him intently; his body leaned forward. From the expression on his face, the psychoanalyst might have easily deduced that he had at least hit upon part of the correct solution.

"Psychologically speaking, the act can be explained with a few simple illustrations. You, yourself, I am sure have at some time or other wanted to scream in church, or laugh at a funeral. It is a common experience of most human beings. They restrain themselves only because of fear for public opinion. But this boy of ours was alone with the man, miles away



from public opinion. Ethical conventions couldn't stop him very much, for, as I have said, he was a romanticist. Then too, he must have had a fountain pen or pencil on his person which he could easily fake as a gun. My conclusion, logically enough, is that he held the man up."

The novelist was staring at him with amazement. He sat listening as though his very life depended on hearing the next word said.

The psychoanalyst continued: "Now there is no doubt in my mind that the boy held up a man who was a professional highway robber, a fellow who would pick up lonely

hitch-hikers, drive them to a deserted spot, and then rob them of their possessions. When he stuffed the boy with his talk on honesty, he had an "ulterior motive" in mind. No one would talk on a single topic very long unless it was for a definite purpose. His "ulterior motive" was to throw the boy off his guard, and take him unawares. But, as I have pointed out, the boy beat him at his own game by holding him up first.

"Surprised at finding the tables turned this way, but suspecting the boy's 'gun' to be a fountain pen, he grappled with the boy. Being the stronger of the two, he soon

got the best of the situation, and held up the boy, as was his original intention.

"At that time, his victim must have confessed the reason for his behavior. The highwayman, who was probably not devoid of a good sense of humor, was tickled by the situation. He made friends with the lad, returned his money, and dropped him off at Beagle's Inn."

At the mention of "Beagle's Inn." the author muttered, "Good God, you must have known the crook!"

"Yes, indeed," replied the psychoanalyst, finishing his *'strega'* "I was the crook. Don't you remember my picking you up?"

## THE RELIGION OF LIBERALISM

(Continued from page 156)

edifice he was constructing; and that Bismarck himself, fallen from power, in an important speech to the students of the University of Jena in 1892, protested his entire mistrust in absolutism and recommended the strengthening of the efficacy of public opinion and of parliament. To cite a much fresher example, when during the last war we wished to warm the hearts of the afflicted people, there was no better means than to hold before their eyes the idea that they were inaugurating the era of liberty everywhere even amidst their reluctant enemies, and the idea of the alliance of peoples and of the league of nations for the pacific and free development of civilization throughout the earth; and even if the lips from which these words were uttered proved often to be lying, the fact still remains that the ideal of liberty was the only one which could be defended,—the only one which could safely be evoked to good advantage."

It is this plea that Croce repeats in the rather moving epilogue to his "Storia" because "it is the only

ideal which has the solidity possessed at one time by Catholicism, and the flexibility which that institution could never achieve. It is the only ideal which always goes out to meet the future, but which does not intend to contain it in any particular or contingent form. It is the only ideal which can resist criticism and which represents the pivot about which human society revolves in its frequent crises and continuous oscillations in the re-establishment of the equilibrium. When, therefore, we are asked whether liberty can touch that which is called the future, we need only to answer that liberty has more: it has eternity. And even to-day, notwithstanding the coldness, the contempt, and the scorn with which liberty is treated, it nevertheless is engrafted in our institutions, in our customs, in our spiritual ways, where it goes on working most beneficently."

This tradition lives on in a few isolated noble minds scattered here and there throughout the world, "reduced almost to an aristocracy—a small *respublica literaria*," who still have faith and reverence in

it, "and who follow it with ever increasing love and devotion than in times when there was no one to offend it . . . Nor does liberty merely live on in these men nor does it merely exist and persist in the structures of many of our major states or in our institutions and in our customs, but its virtues operate within those very things—it opens a passage, in greater or lesser degree, between the sharpest of difficulties—an attitude which we can well see manifest in the sentiment and thought urged upon us to-day in regards to a respite or reduction in armaments, in regards to a peace and an alliance of European states, in regards to the re-establishment of harmony, understanding, and good-will among the various peoples, which is to save in the world and for the good of the world, if not their respective economic and political supremacy, at least, their secular supremacy as creators and promoters of civilization—their acquired attitudes in this great unceasing development."

Of these few who still worship in "the religion of liberalism" is Benedetto Croce himself.

### SONGS FROM THE SICILIAN

I

Clarida, with a haughty grace,  
In scornful humor sets her face,  
And looks as she were born alone,  
To give, in love, and take from none.

Though I adore, to that degree,  
Clarida, I would die for thee.  
If you're too proud to ease my pain,  
I am too proud for your disdain.

II

I know her false, I know her base,  
I know that gold alone can move her;  
I know she jilts me to my face,  
And yet, ye gods! I know I love her.

I see, too plain, and yet am blind,  
Would think her true, while she, for-  
sooth,  
To me, and to my rival, kind,  
Courts him, courts me, and jilts us both.

(Translated in "The Portfolio," March 1812. From "An Italian Anthology" by Florence Trail).



# Atlantica's Observatory

## EXCEPTION

IN a recent number of "La Voce del Popolo" of Detroit, Edoardo Marolla takes issue with the enthusiasm which has greeted the election of a young Italo-American woman to the Pennsylvania Legislature. He does not feel that this signifies a step forward for the Italians in this country. Instead, Mr. Marolla sees it as a halt in the progression.

According to him, the Italian woman has always been known as a kindly mother and ideal wife, and she should not try to emulate the American woman by going into politics. On the contrary, she should follow the example set by her mother.

Personally we do not agree with Mr. Marolla. The woman, whether Italian or American, should play a part in politics. Perhaps not in an executive position, but certainly as a unit of a representative group such as a state legislature. Three or four women in such a group can do much towards the introducing of bills, and their passage into laws, the light of which, perhaps, the male contingent had not seen.

A woman who has "kept house," paid gas and electric bills monthly realizes more than the man the fairness or the unfairness of legislation towards adjustment of rates upward or down. It may be that when there is talk of a new state hospital or home for women, or an investigation of conditions in such institutions, she, as a member of the legislature, can take the lead. Or, when the legislature turns towards regulation of wayward children, she, as a mother, can do more than the hardened, gruff, ward politician.

In the same issue of "La Voce Del Popolo" Mr. Marolla comments on the doings of the Order Sons of Italy in which they award prizes to students distinguished in the study of Italian, and then organize junior lodges in which only English is spoken. According to Mr. Marolla, the Order Sons of

Italy was organized primarily to keep together the Italians of this country, and the perpetuation of the Italian language in America. With the abandonment of Italian in the junior lodges, the writer feels that the order is drawing away from its primary purpose.

\$130,000,000

APPROXIMATELY \$130,000,000 is soon to be spent by the Italian government for public works in an effort to lessen the number of unemployed. The government expects this investment to keep an army of 300,000 men working throughout the next five months, by which time half of the program will have been completed.

The work to be undertaken will include bridges, roads, public edifices, aqueducts, and electrification of railways. It has been divided into two sections; one is general and expected to afford work primarily during the winter, and the other is devoted entirely to railroad electrification and will extend necessarily over a longer period. Fifty million dollars obtained in a recent internal loan furnished the government with money to initiate the construction projects.

In proportional comparison with some countries Italy's army of unemployed is not large, and this project which is now under way will cut the number by almost one-third of the total, and will do much towards enabling the people to pass the rigors of the winter. By the time the first half of it is nearing completion, work on farm-lands will have started and this will draw many more from the unemployed ranks.

Another important project being undertaken by the government is the agricultural development program which will enable more than 100,000 persons to live in reclaimed miles of swampland in the middle of which Littoria, a city of Fascist creation, will arise, two hours journey outside Rome. The "city" of Littoria is now a huge field, platted with a plow in emulation of Romulus' methods of digging the boundaries of Rome, yet by 1935 there will be schools, homes, theatres, markets, public offices and even an airport, in the coming city of Littoria, which, unlike most cities, has been planned in detail before construction.

## SHRINKAGE

THE figures of the income tax returns of 1932, recently made public, tell the story of the depression in realistic fashion. These statistics show conditions have affected the pocketbooks of the American people to the tune of 23% from the total income of the year previous, and we must remember that that year was not a banner one either.

The 23% decrease represents \$3,989,401,578. The average net income for all returns for 1931 was \$4,245,83, while that for 1930 was \$5,100.10. The "super-millionaires," products of our boom days, were hit hard. In 1929 there were 513 individuals in this group, with each showing incomes of \$1,000,000 and over. Two years later, this record number has shrunk to a mere 75. All along the line



Another Chapter

— From the Rochester Chronicle







# The Art World

By Maurice J. Valency

## BACK TO BOUGUEREAU

IN the foreword to the catalogue of Bouguereau's paintings at the John Levy Galleries, Jean Charlot, who is an excellent painter, writes:

*"... His ideal... appeal(s)... to the younger generation of artists, tired of the too individual and often obscure language of the masters of modern art. Tired too of the strange distrust of nature as it is, that characterizes the best of our living artists..."*

This distrust of nature 'as it is' may be strange, but art, science, and religion are symptoms of this malady. If feeling and reason have evolved from primordial slime, if man has divested himself of his gills, concealed his tail, and raised his eyes to the sky, yet no one will pretend that this bit of evolutionary masquerade has succeeded in adjusting him to his questionable environment. Like dogs baying at the moon, incessantly we express our Welt-schmerz and our discontent. The high gods have no need of paintings; secure in knowledge, they need no science; themselves immortal and perfect, they would hardly understand religion. But crawling between encircling horizons, hermetically sealed under a solid dome of sky, man oddly lives in the vague consciousness of great forces which seem to connive at his existence. Hemmed about with all the patter and trickery of cosmic magic, each day, as things appear and vanish, increasingly aware of new doubt and fresh deceit, and soon prone to suspect the validity of all inference, he may resign himself to illusion, muttering vividly, "Vanity and vanity of vanities." He may madly spin hare-brained schemes of bootless philosophy. He may seek escape through activity. But whether it be called art, science, or religion, work or simply physical procreation, his activity will ceaselessly demonstrate his insistent and profound distrust of nature.

We shall go back to Bouguereau, but not for very long I hope, for amid much that is formidable, we do share with the ineffable gods a sense of proportion. Cabanel, Baudry, Galland, Poussin—they can teach us something, but Bouguereau will teach us rather what not to do. Carefully painting fairy tales of flesh in delicate layers of onion skin, he became at last aware of great voices shouting about nature and art outside his studio windows. In 1905, the last year of his life, when he was eighty, somehow he painted a portrait and called it "Meditation." It is very different from whatever else he did. For this once, abandoning the Renaissance, he painted loosely in vibrant color, with green and purple shadows, with a soft and reflective brush, the bust and head of a girl that would not have won the Prix de Rome. Impressionism came suddenly and late upon the old craftsman. That year too, in the spring, a burglar broke into his house in Paris. He had a heart attack, left for La Rochelle, and died in August.

## A READING ROOM

THE BENTON murals are to be found at the top of the Whitney Museum. There is a narrow steep flight of steps leading up to a little closet suitable for brooms and dustpans, and then you turn sharply to the right, and there is the reading room with the Benton murals.

Much has been said about Benton, and some have written that he is the greatest mural painter of our time. There is no doubt that Benton can paint both grave and gay, though in the main, his aim seems to be satirical. On these walls he has painted Ballyhoo with a large brush and briefly traced its history back to a large bloodless Indian with a tomahawk. But I think the nicest thing he has done in the reading room is a little fat

cherub with exaggerated buttocks flying out of an antenna, blowing a crooner's horn. You will have trouble finding this cherub, but then everything that is worthwhile is difficult.

It is not a large room, but every part of it has been decorated with color bound to the dry plaster with white of egg, and here and there Mr. Benton has thriftily used the yolks also. The four walls—would there were more—the ceiling, even the moulding spaces have been treated in a manner wonderful and rare; perhaps there will be treatment also for the would-be reader if he comes out quickly, for this is a reading room whence he who runs may read. It is true the room is somewhat small, and the paintings somewhat insistent as murals go, but time will remedy this. The principal pictures are four in number. In one is emphasized the large pale Indian with tomahawk. He is about to hit something with it. In the background and the middle distance are other Indians. Facing this vivid scene from the past is a large fresco depicting the evils of modern city life. The radio and the cabaret, the burlesque show and the unemployed, sin at home and in the cinema, the racketeer, the punk, and the still, all these and more are tastefully arranged between and around the shaded windows against which the light of God lightly beats its photons. It is very sad and tawdry, we feel, vanity of vanities, a de Mille super-hyper special, and we clutch a chair and stare vacantly at the rug until we have come to.

For Mr. Benton has apparently caught glimpses of the tabloid newspapers and he rebels against this sensational age. His murals read us a kind of sermon in paint which would be edifying if sermons were edifying, and apparently the artist is of the opinion that all you have to do to make a synthesis is to throw a lot of things together. This is not true.



No synthesis is possible without analysis. Synthesis requires thought, and careful observation of many phenomena, and the abstraction of universals, and many other things; and in art all this must be made beautiful and coherent and simple. If painters are to be like that about civilization, we shall insist upon a certain philosophic serenity, transcending the insouciance of the comic strip. We may not accept the platitudes of philosophy as the wonders of art. A heap of old furniture in an auction room is not a fair microcosm, even if you toss on it a pair of old trousers and half a sandwich.

And overhead, Frankie's gun goes rooty-toot-toot, and the rubber-tired hearses (quite tired by now) roll out of the double barrels in bad Gothic print, while high over everything, the Eagle flies high in Mobile, so that you look down quickly and rub your eyes and wish it didn't. And to one side is a revival meeting with God discreetly concealed behind the parson's elbow, while a conventionally caricatured Negro walks away with large hands clasped and bliss in his heart. The Tennessee mountaineers are in it too, on the other side of the room, resplendent in blue and egg-yellow and a kind of eggy red. As I said, no part of the room has been left undecorated save the floor. The four round tables are supported by glass cylinders which may some day spontaneously overflow with illicit beer. There are plenty of chairs, and there are some bookcases painted a hospital white, and containing some magazines, for this was to have been a reading room. The library includes among other works "Popular History of British Seaweeds," Schellen's "Spectrum Analysis," Goldsmith's "Animated Nature" Volume I—which is not recommended for astute readers—and "The Ladies' Wreath," 1849-50.

#### VALENTINE GALLERY

AT the Valentine Gallery may be seen a dozen paintings selected from the work of some

of the most successful artists of the contemporary French school.

There are two abstracts of Braque, certainly not of his best. There is a fine Dufy, some Picassos, a Modigliani, and an excellent Derain landscape, but to my mind the "Tasse de Café" of Matisse so far surpasses the rest of the pictures as absolutely to concentrate attention to the ob-



"Le Corsage Bleu"—Pablo Picasso  
Valentine Gallery

scure corner of the room where it is hung.

The lady in this painting obviously is not in the mood for coffee; she looks away from her demi-tasse with disarming absent-mindedness, her expression is wistfully, even painfully contemplative, though somewhat marred by the loss of an eye. She has lost an eye somewhere and this worries her. The standing figure with the tray is not sympathetic, and we may conjecture that she sourly expects to be fired as soon as her mistress gets around to it. We expect she talks back a good deal and is of a shrewish temper, and perhaps if the monoptic lady does not drink her coffee her servant will smash her over the head with the tray. We hope she doesn't, for this would spoil a magnificent composition.

The picture is beautifully and simply composed of geometrical

forms only remotely realistic. The fat curve of the tabouret, with the delightful arrangement it includes, is repeated in the curve of the lady's rump and reflected in the swing of the tray, while the carafe and jug on the tabouret and the tumbler in the tray make a single structural unit. The background is unbroken by the figured wallpaper of the typical Matisse interior—it is flat and luminous and upon it is imposed the elliptical design which binds together simply and with strength the two figures, the dark and the light, into a single and exquisite whole. In simplicity, grace, and ease, the absence of unnecessary detail, in complete freedom and utter reserve, this canvas invites comparison with the very best that has been done by the Japanese print masters.

This much we may say with certainty and add that the painting is very beautiful. And we must add that the faces are fascinating in their ugliness, that the color is certainly a little disgusting. It is very beautiful because it is somewhat ugly, and this is only an ingenious paradox, for beauty and ugliness are not really opposites. No one will insist that beauty has anything to do with conventional design. It is easiest because it requires least application to render beauty through symmetry and harmonious proportion, but both art and music long ago discovered the use of discord. Only the most stubborn ear will fail to be bored with a long succession of triads. We need strength as well as sweetness, if more than a superficial layer of our being is to be explored. The music of the spheres cannot be merely sweet. In painting too we soon tire of what is uniformly agreeable—it lacks truth, we know it for a cheap subterfuge and falsification of nature. To besmirch indiscriminately, to uglify everything is a symptom of criminal indigestion; but to prettify conventionally the glorious and terrible universe is to succumb to one of the surest means of perdition devised by an ingenious, overfed and thoroughly foul fiend.



## TOPICS OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 148)

statues which had been removed just before by order of Mr. Rothafel, the Mussolini of American art.

We all have read about the incident. The statues, perhaps a bit too life-like to please the ultra-Puritan Mr. Rothafel, had been placed in the Hall as an artistic decoration. However, it seems that they offended the sensibilities of certain prudish people and so Mr. Rothafel decreed their removal in the name of respectability and decency.

This amusing occurrence brings back to my mind a famous sensational trial which took place in Italy in 1879 and which Giosue Carducci has immortalized in one of his most forceful poems. A man was tried in Rome for the murder of his ladylove's husband. The principals to this crime of passion were all well-known and respected members of the so-called best Roman society—a fact which brought to Court hundreds of ladies of the Roman aristocracy, dressed in beautiful gowns, morbidly gloating over the lurid and obscene details of the sinful love between the unfaithful wife and her assassin lover. I suppose, in this respect at least, the world hasn't progressed very much since 1879, particularly in our American Courts.

Carducci, fired to indignation, addressed some powerful lines to these respectable ladies who offered such a disgusting spectacle of depraved instincts and who, if a hunk of marble should perchance happen to expose a little something, would rush to protect in inky fury and verbose fulminations. But at this

point I think it is best to give Carducci's own words:

*"Poi, se un puttin di marmo av-  
vien che mostri*

*Qualcosellina al sole*

*Protestereste con furor d'inchio-  
stri,*

*Con fulmin di parole."*

Let Mr. Rothafel and his Puritan tribe ponder over Carducci's stigmatizing verse.

### THE ALIEN: ETERNAL TARGET OF PREJUDICE

EVERY day fresh proof is furnished that there exists in this country a deep-rooted prejudice against alien elements in our midst. We have exposed it in these columns on more than one occasion. There can be no doubt about it.

Dr. Greeff, Commissioner of Hospitals of the City of New York, last month supplied further and stronger evidence of the existence of this spirit of hatred against the alien element when he dismissed summarily all the nurses, orderlies and helpers in the City's 27 hospitals who were not American citizens.

In an effort to ward off the general criticism which his action brought about, Dr. Greeff explained that the dismissal was "a natural procedure that would be followed under similar conditions in any other country." This statement is both silly and unfair. In the first place, it seeks to justify an act morally indefensible by dragging a red herring across the trail; and, secondly, it bespeaks a blanket indictment of other countries.

What other civilized country would countenance Dr. Greeff's drastic and inhuman order? He, very cautiously, does not say.

I suppose it is useless to complain. Someone has said that the most futile thing in the world is to reason prejudice out of a man's

mind: reason didn't put it there and reason can't take it out.

The pity of it is that in a free and democratic country like ours we still permit the poor alien, who has done and still is doing so much for America, to be the daily target of intolerable and unreasonable prejudice.

### WORDS, WORDS, WORDS

MR. WILFRED F. FUNK, noted poet and publisher, has conceived the idea of compiling a list of the ten loveliest words in the English language, explaining that he has been guided in his choice of the words by their euphony and beauty of meaning.

He certainly started something, for the idea has spread like wild fire. Indeed, if this new and fascinating game can replace the brainless cross-word puzzle craze, Mr. Funk may well be considered a public benefactor.

The task is difficult, of course. It is all a matter of taste and associations. A word may mean nothing to us and it may mean much: a great deal depends on our spiritual collaboration, based on internal experiences. Is not Hamlet's answer to Polonius a subtle statement of this thought?

From the numerous lists submitted by many well-known writers and educators I have taken the liberty of choosing the ten which have struck me as being the most "lovely":

Tremulous	Murmuring
Nevermore	Beauty
Penumbra	Melody
Serenity	Twilight
Glamorous	Forever

I herewith pass them on to my readers, with a feeling that they can do much better.

## THE "LITTLE ITALY" OF 1850

(Continued from Page 161)

with rifles and bearing the same livery as that of the soldiers of General Beauharnais, Viceroy of Italy under the Napoleonic regime: green tunic, red sleeve-cuffs, and a double row of white buttons. Its captain was Giuseppe Avezzana. With its own tricolor, it was the best company in its regiment.

Finally, Carlo Delvecchio and Bartolomeo Ceragioli, the latter

the first president and the former first treasurer of the "Società Italiana di Unione, Fratellanza e Beneficenza," were the so-called "capi-popolo," that is, they were go-betweens between the workers and the intellectual class, two practical and popular orators, whom De Meis would not hesitate to describe as "sovereigns" of the Italian colony in New York.

The fact, then, that in some lower circles the material interests of certain social classes unleashed open conflicts and odious struggles to the harm of the Italian name, was determined not so much by the faults of the Italian element, as much as by economic and moral conditions in which the heterogeneous populations of different races found themselves.



# The New Books

ANITA GARIBALDI. By G. Emilio Curatulo; Milan, Treves-Treccani-Tumminelli; 1932. 20 lire.

The works of Giacomo Emilio Curatulo occupy a very conspicuous place among the numerous publications on the Italian Risorgimento. The author has made a special study of the "Garibaldian legend," and his long hours spent rummaging and searching through libraries, archives, and private collections has not only enabled him merely to produce new documents, but these documents have tended to change hitherto accepted opinions on certain phases of the Italian Risorgimento.

In celebration, this year, of the final apotheosis of the transference of the remains of the wife of Garibaldi to Rome to rest immortalized besides those of the "Hero" on Janiculum, by order of the head of the Italian Government, Curatulo has produced the first real biography of Anita, the maiden of the Brazilian wilds who became the heroine of the Italian cause. The real figure of Anita had been somewhat shaded in the veil of fancy or of legend and was more or less judged by partisan or reactionary eyes. On the basis of a great number of important manuscripts and documents, most of them hitherto unpublished, Curatulo recreates, as it were, the true character and significance of this woman. But with all the documents cited and involved the book should not appeal only to the student or the specialist, and certainly the elaborate historical apparatus should not scare away the general reader. The story of Anita written by Curatulo reads like a novel. This, of course, is not Curatulo's fault. The material for a novel was in the varied and adventurous life of Anita.

In the midst of the roving life of Garibaldi in South America, fighting in those swamps and forests for the cause of freedom, one day in 1839, pacing up and down a small vessel sailing along the shore, he began to feel the loneliness of his life. About this time he had already written:

*"I had never dreamt of marriage, and had always regarded myself as unsuited to being a husband, considering that I had too independent a character, and was moreover irresistibly drawn to a life of adventure. To me, a wife and children seemed an impossibility for a man who had consecrated his life to a principle, the success of which—however complete it might be—could never leave him the quietude necessary for being the father of a family. Fate had decided otherwise. The loss of Luigi (Carniglia), Edoardo (Mutru), and others of my countrymen, left me utterly isolated; I felt quite alone in the world.... I needed a human heart to*

*love me, one that I could keep always near me. I felt that unless I found one immediately, life would become intolerable... By chance I cast my eyes towards the house of the Barra, a tolerably high hill on the south side of the entrance to the lagoon, where a few simple and picturesque dwellings were visible. Outside one of these, by means of the telescope I usually carried with me when on deck, I espied a young woman, and forthwith gave orders for the boat to be got out, as I wished to go ashore."*

The girl was Anita Riveira de Silva, eighteen, "dark features and hair, virile carriage and determined face," whose father had promised her in marriage to a suitor whom she could not love. The meeting was enthralling:

*"We both remained enraptured and silent, gazing on one another like two people who meet not for the first time, and seek in each other's faces something which makes it easier to recall the forgotten past. At last I greeted her by saying 'Tu devi esser mia,'—'You shall be mine.' I could speak but little Portuguese, and uttered the bold words in Italian. Yet my insolence was magnetic. I had formed a tie, pronounced a decree, which death alone could annul."*

From that moment Anita followed faithfully the star of her Hero; and from 1839 to the valiant defence of the Roman Republic and the retreat to the marshes of the Po—for ten years—she was the happy companion of her loved one, content to share with him not only the pride and joy of victory, but more, the hardships of the long marches and the anguish of defeat. The ten years in which the lovers passed from the wilds of Brazil to the Eternal City are retraced very effectively by Curatulo and we are made to feel the grief of the General that day in the squalid room of the "fattoria" Guiccioli, when

*"There at the mouth of the Eridan, on the day when, hoping to dispute with death, I pressed her pulse convulsively to count its last beats, when I took to myself her fleeing breath and drew in with my lips her trembling sighs. Alas, I was kissing the lips of death! Alas, I was embracing a corpse!... And I wept the tears of despair."*

From the wilds of Brazil to Janiculum, here, writes the author, "are all the elements of an epopee and of a romance of chivalry: heroic and patient sieges, field battles, face to face skirmishes, single-handed duels, thirst, hunger, weariness, fever, delirium, the charge of horses after the manner of Horace Vernet, oceanic tempests after

the manner of Salvator Rosa; after all this is the wonderful idyll which blossomed forth on the banks of Laguna."

Francesco Grilli

THE STAGE IS SET. By Lee Simonson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$5.

Mr. Simonson's book is a modern counterpart of those old volumes which promised on their title pages to tell, let us say "of the antiquities and monuments of So and so setshire, with reflections on the present state of agriculture in the kingdom, to which are added some animadversions on the late marvelous occurrences which astounded all Christian men, and various and sundry tales and adventures which will amuse and instruct the reader his family and which is to be had of John Smith...." The only difference is that we have lost the habit of such initial explication; in place of the old custom we have substituted one which is more in keeping with what we have taught about the psychology of advertising. Hence Mr. Simonson's cryptic "The Stage Is Set," which surely is an alluring title, beckoning to a reader tired already perhaps from too much indulgence in books that explain whither civilization is wending and why, the menace (or promise) of Soviet Russia, the atom and the universe around us. It is just possible that he may be disappointed by what he finds behind the drapery of the present title where he may read, if he will, of many things—of Greek philosophy and Einsteinian space, of New York real estate values and the state of the arts, of how to direct a play, of what a fool Gordon Craig is and how this can be understood psycho-analytically, and also of the history of stage setting from the Greek theatre to our own times. This last is excellent and in two matters: the investiture of a typical medieval mystery, and the importance of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen in the development of modern stage technique. Mr. Simonson has, I believe, made available in popular form material which is difficult to come upon otherwise. It must be added that the book contains a first rate bibliography and an excellent choice of illustrations ranging in subject matter from pictures of the medieval stage to photographs of some of the striking stage sets of today.

The style is too overblown: Mr. Simonson apparently wrote with the idea that he would give us a book and a devilish fat book too. The result is a tropical luxuriance of sentence growth; the laboring reader is glad to refresh himself at the Orinoco of the illustrations.

I am convinced that two centuries from now they will raise monuments in honor of the one really great man



our present age produced—he who, dying, looked into the eye of the Almighty and said: "I have never written a book, no, nor newspaper article neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so." As for us, let us eat, drink, and read books, for tomorrow there will be more books.

David Driscoll

SONETTI, by G. G. Belli. Formiggini, Rome, 2 Vols., 272 pp. and 313 pp., \$1.50 per set.

The variety of literature offered by the various Italian dialects is perhaps unequalled. To properly appreciate these sonnets one must bear in mind that *romanesco*, unique among Italian dialects, is the speech only of the commoners. Thus, though Goldeni and Di Giacomo were able to express bourgeois sentiments in Venetian and Neapolitan, and Bojardo was able to compose delicate and almost aristocratic lyrics in Lombard, *romanesco* has always been the vehicle for themes intimately connected with the life of the people.

Belli is the poet of papal Rome. In his sonnets he has left a monument to the Roman *popolino* of the thirties and forties—to its customs, usages, prejudices, superstitions. Every type among the citizens, from the lower middle class down, has his part—the storekeeper, the servant, the priest, the *comari*, etc. Many of the sonnets are satirical comments on some amusing situation, from the mouth of some witty commoner. The satire is as biting, as robust, as vigorous as is to be found anywhere in 19th century Italian literature. And the clergy, as usual, come in for a good share of it.

Typical of Belli's wit and excellence of form is the sonnet entitled *Li Beati*:

Nun è che nun ce sieno beati  
Degni e stradegni de fà un passo  
avanti:  
Er paradiso sbrùllica de frati

Che mòreno de voja d'esse santi.

Nun è ch'er Papa se li sia scordati,  
Come se scorda de li nostri pianti:  
Chè anzi, doppo avèlli processati,  
Vorria cannonizzalli tutt'i quanti.

La ragione che ancora li tiè addietro  
Ne la gloria celeste e la gran spesa  
De la funzione che ce vò a San  
Pietro.

Eccolo er gran motivo, poverini:  
La miseria. E li Santi de la Chiesa  
Nun se pònno creà senza quattrini.

The compiler, Giorgio Vigolo, has done some excellent work in arranging the sonnets chronologically in two volumes and in annotating the difficult passages.

Anthony M. Gisolfi

HEROIC DAYS AND OTHER  
POEMS. By James C. F. Gengo. 110  
pages. Eastern Printing Co., Brook-  
lyn, N. Y.

This volume of verse by an assistant professor in English in St. John's College in Brooklyn certainly contains widely varied themes: religion, love, nature, current events, Italy, literature, art. Scores of verse forms are also used, some of the subjects are translations from the French, Italian and Spanish, a few are actually in Italian, and for good measure, the book includes a section of prose and poetry to the memory of the Right Reverend Joseph McNamee.

The author in his foreword gives a clue to the nature of the contents thus: "In the poems here offered, I have tried to point out some of the worthwhile things I have observed in actual men and women. . . . The contemplation of a noble life, of an extraordinary event, the revelation of humble worth in hidden lives—all these are the things responsible for their writing." Certainly the verses are not lacking in sincerity and a strong faith in the inherent goodness of men.

A preface by Walter V. Gavigan, also of St. John's College, links the author with the traditionalists of the late 18th and early 19th centuries, and says in conclusion: "It may be a little volume, but there are those who cannot help but love it."

THE ART OF THE FOIL, by Luigi Barbasetti. 275 pages. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Inc. \$5.00,

"The Art of The Foil" really contains two books within its covers, for not only does Luigi Barbasetti expound his theories on the art of the foil, but he also includes a short history of fencing as the second part. The author has competed in many tournaments throughout Europe, has taught at the Italian Fencing Masters' School in Rome and the Austro-Hungarian Central Fencing School at Vienna, and he was a private instructor in Paris.

The "fleuret" (French foil) is ignored almost completely, as the author sees it only as a recreation and he denies its efficiency as training for serious combat. The heavier and more businesslike *spada* (Italian foil) therefore is the weapon which Signor Barbasetti implies in "The Art of The Foil." It differs from the French weapon chiefly in the form of the hilt. The *spada* has the characteristic Italian crossbar and arches.

For the flogger of the foil, whether it be the Italian *spada* or the French *epee*, this book will be well worth his time. It is a practical guide and explains the general theory of the usage of the foil. The text is well illustrated with many line-cuts and half-tones.

The short history of fencing takes in the past four hundred years; starting out when its original aim was the duel and the subsequent sporting tendency which gradually developed with the passing of decades, until it is now recognized mainly as a sport and offered throughout our schools and colleges as a means of physical development.

M. A. M.

## UMBRIAN LANDSCAPE

(Suggested by a phrase used in a lecture  
by Professor Alfonso de Salvo:  
"L'Umbria che fa pensare a Dio").

These hills were shapen by angelic  
hands,  
Dreamed of in heaven first, laid down  
with love  
Along the Umbrian plains, unrolled  
with praise.  
The sky bends low to bless their per-  
fectness.  
—Who looks on Umbria remembers  
God.  
The rivers smile into unsullied skies  
As rivers ran before they mirrored  
sin.  
The flowers are flowers let fall from  
Paradise,  
Not risen from the beggared earthly  
sod.  
So fed St. Francis on the Umbrian  
hills,  
And drew unto his soul the dream of  
God,

From the suave slopes and everlasting  
sky,  
And bore the splendor to unlovelier  
lands.  
Then Perugino, breathing the clear  
air,  
Gave all the beauty to his blessed  
brush  
From every flower and every flower-  
like face,  
And every glint of heaven along the  
hills.  
Out of the Umbrian hills the 'laudi'  
rose  
From throats athrob with ecstasy of  
praise.  
Who comes to scoff remains at last  
to pray.  
Even Carducci bows his skeptic head.  
—Who looks on Umbria remembers  
God.

JULIA C. ALTROCCHI



# The Italians in the United States

## THE PRESS

A contest which seeks the ten most beautiful words in the Italian language has been inaugurated by the "Corriere D'America" of New York. The contest will run throughout the month of January with three prizes to be awarded to the winner. First prize will consist of \$25, second prize \$15, and third \$10.

The committee that will pass judgment on the entries is composed of: Gr. Uff. Generoso Pope; Prof. Alfonso Arbib-Costa of City College; Prof. Giuseppe Prezzolini of Columbia University; Prof. Vittorio Ceroni of Hunter College; Dr. Leonard Covello of New York University; Dr. Rina Ciancaglini of Washington Irving High School; Miss Anita Angelina Seveso of New Utrecht High School; Prof. Antonio Calitri of P. S. 45; Daniele Nicatri of Roosevelt High School; Dr. Peter Sammartino of Washington Evening High School; Prof. Alessandro Ausili of Fordham University.

In an editorial appearing in a recent issue of the "Italian Echo" of Providence, R. I., Alexander Bevilacqua decries the lack of co-operation among Italian societies. He believes the tendency is against centralization as individual clubs and societies spring up, each proclaiming absolute independence and autonomy. Mr. Bevilacqua illustrates with the Italian Relief Committee of Rhode Island, which, to him, has practically ceased to function because of the indifference of organized bodies which are supposed to be interested in public welfare.

The editorial goes on to say, "The Relief Committee is one of the very few such undertakings which has not ended up in some sort of scandal. Every cent intrusted to its care was administered honestly and efficiently and its Board of Directors made a commendable record of unselfish service. Without any ballyhoo, money was distributed to needy families all last winter until the fund was exhausted. Appeals to the fifty or more organizations which were represented on the Executive Committee were made in vain. Today the organization, on paper, is still strong and representative. But it is difficult to explain the lack of enthusiasm. It is a sad state of affairs. Clubs will initiate basket funds and all kinds of charity drives, but they will not take part in a really community proposition which means fair and equitable distribution of the things that so many people need in these times of stress. It is a strain of stubborn pride and individualism that has always made of our community a house divided."

Rumors which have been flying thick and fast these past months with regard to a new Italian daily newspaper in New York City again have been augmented. This time word is out that there will be published an-

other daily in this city and that it will be in English, endeavoring to reach the mass of Italo-Americans who are not so well acquainted with the Italian language. The publisher, according to the rumor, will be Gr. Uff. Generoso Pope.



Leading athlete of the year

(See "Sports")

"La Tribuna Italiana," weekly newspaper published in Dallas, Tex., has, with its January 1st issue, entered in its twentieth year. The occasion was marked with a special anniversary number.

## RELIGION

Rev. Ernest D'Aquila, pastor of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Church of Newark, N. J., has been elevated recently to the rank of Monsignor.

Father D'Aquila is well known for his devotion to the betterment of the Italians in the Ironbound section. He was born in Avinchiaturro, Province of Campobasso. He studied theology at Boiano and was ordained at San Severo. Father D'Aquila then taught at the French College, and later he was a professor of music and French at the theological seminary in Boiano.

In 1893 Father D'Aquila became affiliated with the Newark Diocese and in 1894 he was made pastor of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Church.

On December 13 was celebrated the fiftieth year of Rev. P. Giulio Moscati, pastor of the Madonna del Carmine Church of Jersey City, N. J. Many friends and admirers gathered in the auditorium of the church where they were entertained by Cav. Edoardo Migliaccio, better known as "Farfariello."

The chairman of the committee in charge of the celebration was Atty. Francesco Verga.

Rev. Valentino Panizzoli, pastor of the Battista del Salvatore Church of Detroit, Mich., now conducts religious services both in English and Italian every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock over radio station WJBK. Father Panizzoli is assisted by the chorus of his church.

Election of officers was held last month by the Italian Catholic Union of New Jersey. William Ricigliano was re-elected president for the eleventh consecutive time. Others elected were: Joseph Cocozza, vice-president; Samuel R. Verniero, financial secretary; Joseph Chirico, recording secretary; Michale Capetta, treasurer; Salvatore Rosania, inner guard; Nicholas Vitiello, trustee for three years; Michael La Rossa, trustee for two years; Joseph Soriano, trustee for one year; Michael A. Castellano, legal advisor; Msgr. Joseph Perotti, spiritual director.

The fourteenth anniversary of the Italian Catholic Women's Association was recently celebrated by the group in the auditorium of the San Francisco School in Cambridge, Mass., during which time the inauguration of a junior section took place.

Officers of the junior group are: Mary A. Di Guglielmo, president; Elvira Fabrizio, vice-president; Phyllis Di Lallo, secretary; Mary Vassella, treasurer. The members of the newly formed section were received by the president of the Association, Annie Ciampi, and by the director of the affair, Jennie De Vito.

Last month a benefit dinner and dance was given on board the liner "Roma" by the Committee of the Sacred Hearts Church of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mons. Alfonso Arcese, in behalf of the committee, welcomed the many notables present, among whom were Comm. Antonio Grossardi, Italian Consul for New York City, accompanied by Mrs. Adelaide Grossardi and Miss Adriana Grossardi; Henry Hesterberg, President of Brooklyn Borough; Alderman Frank Cunningham; Hon. Sylvester Sabbatino; Judge Michele Ditore.

Rev. Giuseppe Congedo was recently named a Chevalier of the Order of the Crown of Italy.

## SPORTS

The highest sports honor that can be won by any athlete in this country has been awarded to that colorful Italo-American golf champion—Gene Sarazen. At the close of each year the Associated Press conducts a nation-wide poll among sports editors and writers as to their choice of the outstanding athlete of the year.



Gene Sarazen's twin triumphs in the American and British Open Championships, with a record display of shotmaking skill under pressure, withstood the rivalry of outstanding performances in every field of action including the Olympic Games. Sarazen received one-fifth of the total votes cast to place him way ahead of his rivals, some of whom were Ellsworth Vines, Eddie Tolan, Jimmy Foxx, Jim Bausch, Bill Carr and Babe Ruth.

Tony Canzoneri, popular lightweight champion of the world, was awarded tenth place in the poll.

Sarazen not only won the major golf championships of the year but he also set records in both events. His winning score of 283 to win the British Open cracked the record of the 60-year-old championship by two strokes. Sarazen played thirteen strokes under par for the 72-hole journey. To win the American Open the Italo-American performed what sports writers called a "miracle." Needing a 68 on his final round in order to tie Phil Perkins and Bobby Cruickshank who had finished before him, he turned in a 66—the most remarkable finish in the history of golf.

**Following** is a list of Italo-American athletes who won or retained championships in 1932.

Joe Falcaro — bowling — World's match game championship; Midget Wolgast — boxing — flyweight champion; Tony Canzoneri — boxing — lightweight champion; Lou Salica — amateur boxing — 112 pound champion; Fred Caserio — amateur boxing — 160 pound champion; Pete D'Alessandro — intercollegiate boxing — 112 pound champion; Tony Accetta — casting — 3/8-ounce accuracy bait and wet fly accuracy championships; Hugo Castello — scholastic fencing — foils championship; Gene Sarazen — golf — United States open and British open championships; Tony Manero — golf — Westchester open championship; Joseph Merola — golf — Metropolitan public links champion; Emmett Toppino — track — 60-yard dash; Michael Pecora — track — one-mile walk; Joe Fiorito — weight lifting — 118 pound championship; Anthony Terlazzo — weight lifting — 132 pound championship; Joseph Sappora — national wrestling tourney — 123 pound champion Louis Conti — national wrestling tourney — 118 pound champion.

Italians who won title in the Olympic Games are Attilio Pazes, cycling; Gustavo Marzi, fencing; Giancarlo Carnaggia-Medici, fencing; Romeo Neri, gymnastics; Savino Guglielmetti, gymnastics; Luigi Beccali, track.

At the close of the gridiron season various Italian newspapers select all-Italian football teams. The "Gazetta del Massachussets" of Boston has awarded places on the mythical eleven to the following: Tosi, Boston College, and Caito of Brown, ends; Grenda, Columbia, and Cicoletta, Manhattan, guards; Schiralli, Notre Dame, and Ferraro, Columbia, tackles; Del Isola, Fordham, center; Buonanno, Brown, Ronzani, Marquette, Viviano, Cornell, and Brovelli, St. Mary's, backs.

Joseph E. Buonanno, of Providence, R. I., has been elected captain of the Brown University football team of 1933. Buonanno, for the past two years, was a regular in the Brown backfield.

Michael Fasco has been elected captain of the 1933 eleven at St. Lawrence College.

The Duke of Spoleto, cousin of the King of Italy and president of the Italian Motorboating Federation, may compete in the Harmsworth speedboat races this year if the Italian government authorizes the use of its Schneider Cup airplane motors in a speedboat.

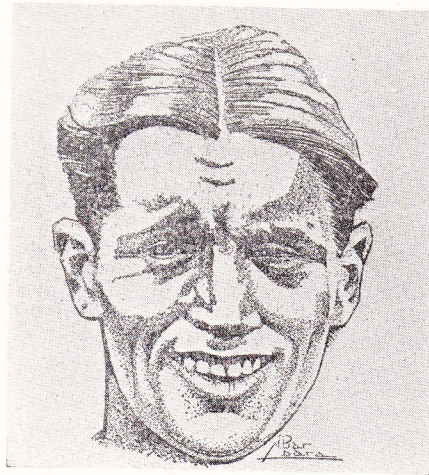
Attorney Joseph A. Scolponetti, of Boston, was recently elected president of the Advisory Board of Athletics at Boston College.

In the only trade in which an Italo-American baseball player figured during the winter trades, Gus Mancuso, utility catcher with the St. Louis Cardinals, next April will wear the uniform of the New York Giants. It is expected that he will be the regular catcher with his new team.

#### BUSINESS, PROFESSIONAL AND OCCUPATIONAL

The Bronx Italian Medical Fraternity held its annual dinner-dance last month in the Roof Garden of the Hotel Astor in New York.

The guests of honor were: Gr. Uff. Generoso Pope; Hon. J. Lanzetta; Italo Carlo Falbo; Hon. Alberto Vitale; Paul Rao; Dr. Filippo Cassola.



Luigi Beccali

(See "Sports")

President of the Association of Italian Physicians in America; Dr. Arcangelo Liva, President of the Association of Italian Physicians in Newark; Judge De Luca; Daniel Scocozza; Cav. S. M. Pino; P. Alfieri; Hon. Caponigri; Dr. G. Previtalli.

The committee in charge of the affair was composed of Drs. Toterò, Alivich, Costabile, Cassano, Petix, Volino, and Petti.

While the Bronx Italian Medical Fraternity is one of the youngest such groups in the city it already numbers over two hundred members. The officers are: Dr. A. J. Giordano, presi-

dent; Dr. Louis J. Cassano and Dr. Arnold A. Costabile, vice-presidents; Dr. P. W. Casson, treasurer; Dr. G. H. Petti and Dr. L. A. Volino, secretaries.

For the second time within a comparatively short period of time the United States last month was accorded the privilege of witnessing the modern trend in Italian shipbuilding when the "Conte di Savoia" majestically anchored in the Hudson River. Like its predecessor, the "Rex," the "Conte di Savoia" created a furore among the natives of this country and the thousands of Italo-Americans, with the result that long lines of the curious waited many hours in order to witness the latest in transatlantic luxury.

The "Conte di Savoia" with its gyro-stabilizers marks the second important experiment that modern Italian shipbuilders have undertaken. Not many years back the "Augustus" was launched as the largest motor-ship afloat. The spirit of initiative was again in the front when the stabilizers were placed in the "Conte di Savoia" to make it the world's first and only passenger ship afloat with this plant. Those who crossed on this liner were enthusiastic over the manner in which the ship rode the roughest seas.

While the liner was anchored here it was the scene of many dinners and socials. The Italian Welfare League of this city gave a benefit supper and dance during which a varied program was presented to the many notables present. Mrs. Antonio Grossardi and Miss Adriana Grossardi, wife and daughter of the Italian Consul, served on the committee. Honorary patrons were Mrs. Philip di Giorgio, Mrs. John Gerli, Donna Christiana Torania, Donna Marina Toriana, Miss Nina Perera, Miss Bettina Martinelli, Miss Gigiotta Bertelle, and Miss Maria De Vescovi. Other committees were headed by Count and Countess Cipico, and Mrs. Emanuel Aufero.

Bankers and business men were the guests of Dr. Romolo Angelone, commercial attache at the Italian Embassy in Washington, at a luncheon on board the "Conte Di Savoia," in honor of General G. Inganni, director general of the Italian Merchant Marine, and Admiral G. Vannutelli of the Italian Navy. Among the guests were Consul General Antonio Grossardi; Col. M. Serrati; Captain Antonio Lena; J. E. Crane, deputy general of the Federal Reserve Bank in New York; W. W. Hoffman, vice-president of the National City Bank; Dr. B. Anderson, of the Chase National Bank; William Richmond Jr., of the Guaranty Trust Company; Edgar Chapplear, of the Bankers Trust Company; Frank Wright, of Lee, Higginson & Co.; Comm. A. Portfolio, president of the Bank of Sicily Trust Co.; Joseph Gerli, president of E. Gerli & Co.; Siro Fusi, president of the Banca Commerciale Italiana Trust Co.; Homer Loomis; W. H. Whyte; Gr. Uff. Generoso Pope; Commodore Sacerdote; Dr. Beniamino De Ritis.

The Italian Chamber of Commerce entertained more than 400 guests at a luncheon on board the "Conte Di Savoia." Italian admirals and members of the Italian nobility and European and American newspapermen, all of whom made the crossing, as well as



civic officials and representatives of business, patriotic and civic societies, were among the guests. Among those present were: Cav. Uff. Ercole H. Locatelli, president of the chamber; Consul General Antonio Grossardi; Vice-consul Cav. Dr. Antonio Logguso; General G. Ingianni; Admiral G. Vannutelli; Col. Guido Barbanti Tomasi Amatori; Hon. Cipriano Oppo; Hon. Franco Ciarlantini; Comm. C. Sacerdote; Capt. Antonio Lena; Royal Commissioner Dr. Comm. Demetrio Bombelli-Baldelli; Dr. Frederick B. Robinson; Comm. Giuseppe Cosulich; Comm. Angelo Ruspini, and Col. Dr. Comm. Meriggio Serrati.

Last month, under the auspices of the Columbus Hospitals and of the Italian Historical Society of New York. Prof. Federico Bocchetti, Secretary General of the National Italian Fascist Federation in the fight against tuberculosis, spoke on the warfare the Italian government is waging against the deadly disease. The conference was held at Columbus Hospital. Present at the conference were Dr. Filippo Cassola, head of the Medical Board of Columbus Hospital; Professors A. Miller and Lambert of Columbia University; Dr. Caryllos of Cornell University; Comm. William Seaman Bainbridge; Consul General Antonio Grossardi.

Prof. Federico Bocchetti, who is professor of hygiene at the University of Rome, and director of the largest Italian military sanitarium, located at Anzio, came to this country in response to an invitation from the Rockefeller Foundation, for the purpose of expressing the Italian scientific point of view in the field of medicine. During his stay in the United States he spoke at the Union League Club of New York, at a dinner in his honor given by Commander William Seaman Bainbridge.

Under the chairmanship of Judge Eugene V. Alessandrini, Philadelphia's Circolo Italiano also feted and paid homage to Prof. Bocchetti.

The American Institute of Electrical Engineers has recently conferred the Edison Medal for 1932 to Bancroft Gherardi of New York, vice-president and head engineer of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, for his contribution to "the mechanical development of the telephone and of electrical communication."

The Italian Chamber of Commerce of Chicago last month celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary with a dinner at the Hotel Belden-Stratford. Various speakers pointed out the strides forward taken by the Chamber during its existence. Among the guests of honor were Consul General Castruccio; Vice-Consul Cav. Dell'Agnol; Attorney Giorgio Spatuzza; Engineer Butera; Attorney Brizzolaro; Gr. Uff. Antonio Lagorio.

Dr. Antonio Favazzo of Providence was recently appointed to the faculty of Tufts Medical School.

Ernest Fronzuto was elected chief of the West Paterson, N. J., fire department last month.

Dr. Arcangelo Liva of New Jersey was honored last month by being made a member of the American College of Surgeons at its convention in St. Louis. Dr. Liva is a member of the Examining Medical Council of New Jersey, and was president of the Council during 1930.

The second annual Communion Breakfast of the Gens Romana Society of St. John's College, Borough Hall Division, was held recently at the



Joseph A. Singarella

(See "Business, Professional and Occupational")

Hotel Bossert in Brooklyn. Among the guests of honor were Rev. Fr. Edward J. Walsh, Dr. George Matson, Professors Dixon, McDermott, Lynch, Turner, Mrs. Robinson and Prof. Luigi Sorrieri, and the moderator—Prof. James Gengo.

The committee included Harry Burso, Mary Restivo, Joseph Contiguglia, and Emil Astarita.

Joseph A. Singarella, Boston contractor, has received official notification from Italy that the King has awarded him the decoration of Knight of the Royal Crown of Italy.

August 3rd has been set aside by the officials of the World's Fair to be held in Chicago as "Italian Day."

Before a group of veterans Prof. R. Santini, representative of the Italian Line, spoke on "Italy on the Seas." Consul General Comm. Manzini was also present at the conference, which was held in San Francisco last month.

Joseph Di Giorgio, president of the Di Giorgio Fruit Corporation, has been elected chairman of a new unit recently formed when the Connolly Auction Company, which had been part of the Di Giorgio Corporation, merged with the Independent Fruit Corporation.

The Di Giorgio Corporation is the second largest company in the growing, packing, and transportation of fruit in the world.

#### PUBLIC LIFE

Andrew A. Casassa crowned twenty-five years of public life by setting a precedent in the city of Revere, Mass.,

where he was recently elected to the mayoralty for the third time. Mayor Casassa had been defeated for the Republican nomination, but he ran as an independent and was re-elected after a hectic campaign.

Early in January His Excellency Augusto Rosso, newly appointed Italian Ambassador to the United States, will embark for this country to take up his duties at Washington.

The Italian Historical Society recently gave a dinner at the Hotel St. Moritz in honor of the Consul General Antonio Grossardi and his family. Those who addressed the large gathering were Dr. Giuseppe Previtali, Harold Lord Varney, Prof. Bruno Roselli, Gr. Uff. Generoso Pope, Judge J. Freschi, Judge S. Cotillo, Dr. Mortari, Dr. Bainbridge, and Commissioner Edward Corsi.

A movement to support Joseph A. Tomasello for mayor of Boston at the next city elections was given impetus last month when representatives of 22 civic and political organizations of Boston gathered at the American House and adopted a plan of action if Mr. Tomasello announces his candidacy. Aniello Imperato was in charge of the affair. Among the speakers were Attorney William Damiano, John Kemrick, Frank J. Macchia, William Burns, and Nicholas Mestieri.

Ermanno Armao, the new Italian Consul General of New England, early last month paid a call upon Mayor Curley of Boston. The new consul was presented with one of Mayor Curley's famous blackthorn sticks.

Early this month T. M. Palumbo will take up his new duties as Assistant District Attorney of Dallas, Texas.

Michele De Ciantis of West Warwick, Mass., has been appointed Assistant Attorney General of Boston.

Consul General Pio Margotti of Philadelphia was honored recently by the Circolo Dante Alighieri at a dinner. The guests of honor were Comm. Vincenzo Giordano, Atty. Bartilucci, District Attorney Kelly, Atty. Joseph De Vito, Judge E. Alessandrini, Vice-consul Salati, and Senator Trayner.

Dr. P. Spinelli, Vice-consul of Newark, N. J., was the guest of honor at a banquet given by the Italian Community Center of Jersey City last month. The committee in charge was composed of John Barbera, Rosario Aita, Saverio Lorello, Romualdo Onorato, and Leonardo Ippolito.

Anthony L. Vena, of Jersey City, was recently made a Cavaliere Ufficiale by His Majesty the King of Italy.

Commissioner of Immigration Edward Corsi was honored with a dinner last month by the Administrative Council of the Italian Welfare League. Consul General Antonio Grossardi and Mrs. Grossardi were invited guests of honor at the dinner, which was held at Zucca's in New York City.



**Judge** Joseph Catanzaro has recently taken up his new duties on the bench of the St. Louis Court of Criminal Correction Div. No. 2.

**Consul** General Count Rogeri di Villanova of Ottawa was the guest of honor at a banquet recently held at the Hotel Windsor of that city. Luigi Belmonte acted as toastmaster.

**Attorney** Anthony Saeli has been named to succeed Dr. J. F. Valone on the Jamestown, N. Y., Board of Public Welfare.

**The Societa' Tripoli Marinai Italiani** of Providence last month gathered at a banquet in honor of D. Thomas Testa, recently elected to the State Legislature of Rhode Island. The newly elected Secretary of State, Louis W. Cappelli, addressed the gathering. In charge of the committee was Ralph Simonelli.

**Inhabitants** of Wheeling, West Virginia, were visited recently by Consul Cav. Doctor Mario Carosi of Baltimore. After a trip around the city a luncheon was served at the residence of Isidoro Perilli, Corresponding Consul of Wheeling, with the following in attendance: Cav. Iannarelli; Dr. Farri; T. Germano; Attorney P. Gamilletti; Vita Procopio; T. Gentile; Dr. T. Belgrade; A. Costanza; L. Costanzo; A. Lancione; A. Gallucci; T. Panico; E. Massa; D. Schrippio.

**Two** Italo-Americans have been picked to serve on a Republican 1933 Mayoralty committee. These men are Nicholas Pinto, candidate for Representative-at-large in the last campaign, and Atty. Thomas De Bellis. The former will serve on the Brooklyn committee while the latter serves on the Bronx group.

It is the hope of the Republican leaders to co-operate with independent groups to produce a winning fusion ticket next year.

## SOCIETIES

**The** Supreme Council of the Order Sons of Italy met in session at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York last month. Condolences to the families of the deceased Cav. Vincenzo De Marco, Grand Venerable of Maryland; Comm. Ciro Daurino, Grand Venerable of Ohio, and General Emilio Guglielmotti, who was an honorary member and representative of the order for two years in Rome, were sent.

Comm. Di Silvestro, Supreme Venerable, spoke to the council on the position of the Order in this critical time and of the commendable work being done by its many members who have come to the forefront in many lines of endeavor. He then went on to point out the many advantages accruing to the members of the Order. Comm. Di Silvestro also took notice of the work being done towards aligning Junior Orders. The Council enthusiastically authorized a monument to Washington to be done by the sculptor Romano Romanelli, plans of which Mussolini has already approved. The monument which was to have been erected in Rome in 1932 is expected to be unveiled early this year.

A telegram to Mussolini was voted by the Council in which the Italian Premier was informed of the plans as to the monument, and the gratification of the Italians in the United States on the debt stand taken by Italy, which the Council feels will make for better harmony between the two countries.

Those who attended the session were Gr. Uff. Giovanni Di Silvestro, Supreme Venerable; Comm. Saverio Romano, Ass't. Supreme Venerable; Cav. Uff. Stefano Miele, ex-Supreme Venerable; Ubaldo Guidi; Umberto Billi; Cav. Salvatore Parisi; Cav. Ungaro-Mancusi; Cav. Uff. Francesco Ciambelli; Francesco Zammataro; Atty. James Todaro; Mrs. Louise Porreca; Count Carlo Merenda; Luigi Lerzi; and A. Nucciarone.

Among the Grand Venerables who attended were: Judge Eugene Alessandrini, Pennsylvania; Francesco Paleria, New Jersey; Michelangelo Russo, Conn.; Augusto Marsella, Rhode Island; Raimondo Boccia, Ohio; and Nicola Ferlazzo, West Virginia.

**Joseph** Imburgio has recently been elected Supreme President of the Italo-American National Union of Chicago. Mr. Imburgio is also president of Lodge "Da Bormida" No. 9 and village trustee of Melrose Park, Ill. The I. A. N. U. is well-known throughout the Middle West for its activities in behalf of Italo-Americans. Soon it will undertake a legal reserve plan which is expected to make the I. A. N. U. the outstanding fraternal insurance society in the United States.



**Carmela Zuchero**

(See "Education and Culture")

**More** than 1200 people from various parts of Boston attended the Bridge-Whist-Scopa party given last month at the Copley Plaza for the benefit of the Home for Italian Children.

The Home is expected to realize about \$1,200, according to the treasurer of the Home, Miss Luisa De Ferrari, who was also chairman of the general committee.

**Frank** Fasanello was elected president of the Unico Club of Bridgeport, Conn., last month at a meeting of the organization at the Stratfield Hotel.

Membership is made up mainly of professional and business men.

Others elected were Atty. Ernesto Capozzi, first vice-president; Joseph Lucarelli, second vice-president; Atty. Otto La Macchia, corresponding secretary; Umberto Santorelli, financial secretary; Michele Del Vecchio, treasurer; Angelo Antignani, Joseph Capossela, Paul D'Elia, Michele Montreys, and Louis Pirozzoli, trustees.

**The** founder of the Order Sons of Italy, Doctor Vincenzo Sellaro, died last month at Columbus Hospital, the result of a heart attack. When he first made known his intention to organize a society other than the local societies composed of residents of towns in Italy, Doctor Sellaro was ridiculed and greeted with skepticism on all sides. However, his prodigious efforts and untiring activity finally were recognized, with the result that today the Order Sons of Italy presents a formidable group.

**The** daughter of the war-time premier of Italy, Carla Orlando, recently spoke before the National Civic Federation of Boston. She pointed out that the modern Italian woman enjoys a much easier life than the American woman because she lets her men take care of her, while in America women work. She also commented on the two varieties of tourist to Europe. "One is the man or woman who covers museums in large parties conducted by guides. The other is the person who just sits around hotel lobbies. Neither really gets to know the country because neither meets the people, sees the life and beauty of the country. Only when one meets and knows the people, receives hospitality and exchange of thought does one form an idea of the country visited which will prove of benefit."

**The** Welfare Society of Newark, N. J. last month gave a benefit banquet at the Elks Club of that city. Among those who attended were Senator and Mrs. Joseph G. Wolber, Gr. Uff. Generoso Pope, Judge Anthony Minisi, Vice-Consul Piero Spinelli, Hon. Meyer E. Ellenstein, Monsignor Joseph M. Perotti, City Commissioner John Howe, Hon. Jules Tepper, and Commissioner William.

**The** Italian Political League of Detroit, Mich., honored Governor William A. Comstock with a banquet at the Statler Hotel last month. Frank Bagnasco is president of the League and John Priziola vice-president.

**A** dinner-dance card party was recently given by the Italian Big Sisters, philanthropic organization well-known for its work throughout New York City. Many notables attended the party, which was held at the Fordham Tea Gardens.

The officers are Rose F. D'Andrea, executive member; Mildred Barba, president; Anna Labolita and Elizabeth Naclerio, vice-presidents; Anna J. McDonald, executive secretary; Josephine Fava, corresponding secretary; Mildred Di Pino, financial secretary; Ida Di Tomassi, treasurer.

**The** annual benefit dance of the Italian Women's Club of Boston was given recently at the Hotel Kenmore.



Mrs. Felix Forte headed the committee, whose brilliant efforts made the affair a success. Others who assisted on the committee were Mrs. Francis Galassi and Mrs. Margherita Musolino.

The Italian-American Civic League of Boston held its annual election of officers recently with the following results: Domenico Meo Jr., president; Leo Squattrito, vice-president; Arthur Galasso, secretary; Nicola Mestrini, treasurer; Leo Selvaggio, attendant. The executive council is composed of Domenic Meo Jr., Cosimo Lorina, S. Tucker, N. Mestrini, and A. Galasso.

The Order Sons of Italy of Illinois entertained an impressive gathering at a dance held at the Morrison Hotel in Chicago last month. Many prominent theatrical and radio stars entertained with operatic and popular numbers.

Among those present were Consul General Cav. Uff. Giuseppe Castruccio; Royal Commissioner Antonio Ferme; Consul Orazio Tocco; Cav. Maglione of the Bank of Naples; Cav. Bragno, President of the Chamber of Commerce; Attorney de Stefano; Judge Bonelli; Cav. Soravia; Dr. Adrogna; Cav. Uff. Rossi; and Messrs. Catalano, Meola and Bellavia.

Those who served on various committees were: Giorgio Spaturza, G. Serafini, Pietro Maggiore, Eliseo Dinardi, Dottor Salvatore Vella, Sam Casano, Giovanni Salemmio, Oreste Beragna, B. Cuttone, Dr. Francesco La Piana, Cav. Nunzio, Mrs. Carolina Manetti, Filippo Bartolotta, Giuseppe Zuffante, Pietro Maggiore, Enrico Manzari, Gioacchino Pisani, Nick V. De Florio, Nick Nitti, Gaetano Scelta, Vito Copertino, Peter Porzio, Jerry Zito, Alma Bartolotta, Josephine Bartolotta, Elvira Bongiorno, Adeline De Bellis, Anna Di Andrea, Filomena De Bellis, Filomena Dinardi, Amelia Elfe, Angelina Giacalone, Frances Giacalone, Constance Marchetti, Josephine Marchetti, Emma Monaco, Frances Parisi, Iole Pisani, Cynthia Poletti, Anita Serafini, Luisa Scarsella, and Concettina Spadaro.

At the annual election of officers of the Italian Legion Auxiliary of Boston, held last month, Mrs. Joseph A. Tomasello was re-elected president. Others elected were Miss Frida Smith and Miss Amelia De Ferrari, vice-presidents; Miss Louise Carangelo, recording secretary; Mrs. Mary Scigliano, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Marie Verde, treasurer; Mrs. Fortunato La Porta, auditor; Mrs. Eva Alari, chaplain; Mrs. Ali Ungaretti, sergeant-at-arms; Mrs. Sophie Meyers, parliamentarian; Mrs. Ernest Perabo, historian.

Prof. Franco Bruno Averardi of Wellesley College spoke recently before the Italian Historical Society of Massachusetts. The topic chosen by Professor Averardi was "Goethe and Rome." The meeting also served as a reception to the new Italian Consul General of Boston, Comm. Ermanno Armao.

The officers of the Society are Cav. Prof. J. D. M. Ford of Harvard, president; Comm. Judge Frank Leveroni, vice-president; Milton E. Lord, vice-

president; Albert P. Robuschi, treasurer; Prof. Joseph H. Sasserno, secretary.

#### EDUCATION AND CULTURE

A limited number of fellowships for study at the universities in Italy are offered to American college and university graduates, through the American-Italian Student Exchange of the Institute of International Education.



Walter Littlefield

(See "Fino Arts")

A candidate applying must (1) Be a citizen of the United States or of one of its possessions, (2) Be a college graduate or a senior who will have met this requirement at the time of entering upon the fellowship, (3) Be of good moral character and intellectual ability, and of suitable personal qualities, (4) Be in good health, (5) Possess ability to do independent study and research, (5) Have a practicable knowledge of the Italian language with the ability to speak the language and to understand lectures delivered in Italian.

The fellowships are open both to men and women. Applications must be filled at the office of the institute by February 1, 1933.

Outstanding among Italian leaders in school affairs is Carmela Zuchero, president of the Circolo Italiano of Washington Irving Evening High School. After sustaining a brilliant scholastic record in the school and subsequent election to the honorary academic society "Arista", she was recently chosen to head the Italian club of the school. The activity of the organization under her leadership attests to her ability. The club has sponsored two lectures, each one attended by over two hundred students. The first one was given by Dr. Peter Sammartino, the faculty advisor, on "Impressions of Italy." The second was given by Mr. Joseph Lundari on "Mazzini." A third lecture and concert was attended by over 800 students. At this function Miss Anita Candela spoke on "Italian Music" and Prof. G. Lombardi rendered a program of operatic music. The society also

attended a tea and lecture on board the SS. "Augustus". An opera party attracted over a hundred members to the San Carlo's presentation of "Il Trovatore." A concert and Tea Dance at the Casa Italiana was attended not only by many from the school itself but by many students from Metropolitan colleges and faculty members from various schools. Something new was initiated when a special ten o'clock moving picture presentation of "La Vecchia Signora" was held for the club. The members attended the movie after evening school. A large group also attended a showing of the marionettes of the "Teatro dei Piccoli." Another concert and Dance will be held on March 4. Both Miss Zuchero and John Campione, the secretary of the Circolo, were awarded Honor Certificates by the Scholastic Council of the School.

M. D. Randazzo spoke on "The Lack of a Political Consciousness in Italy in the 18th Century," before the Casa Italiana Discussion Group last month.

Andrew J. Torrielli, senior at Harvard, was notified recently of his election to Phi Beta Kappa. Mr. Torrielli who is not yet 20, was one of 32 seniors at Harvard to be so honored.

Last month the Italian Permanent Book Exhibition offered a tea in honor of the Hon. Franco Ciarlantini and a group of Italian journalists who arrived on board the "Conte Di Savoia." Among those present were Prof. Mario Labroca, Raffaele Calzini, Adolfo Coppede and G. A. Borgese.

The salient points of Italian culture were pointed out last month to a large group that gathered in the auditorium of the Manual Training High School of Brooklyn, N. Y. The high lights of Italian culture were demonstrated by motion pictures, music and song, and through the medium of the dance.

The committee was composed of Miss Laura Cottone, Italia Grande, Mrs. C. Mantia White, Maria Frugone, Catherine Van Brunt, Filippa Vultaggio, S. Pisacane and Eleonora Malinverni.

Eugenio Spina recently addressed Il Circolo Italiano of West New York, composed of students of the Memorial High School. Mr. Spina's topic was "The Modern Italy."

Vincent Villano, of New Haven, Conn., was recently awarded one of the Lucius Hotchkiss scholarships. Villano is a member of the 1934 class at Yale. Francis Schiaroli, senior at Yale, was awarded one of the LaSalle H. White scholarships. Schiaroli is a resident of Naugatuck, Conn.

A reception in honor of Consul General Antonio Grossardi and his family was given recently by the Casa Italiana of Columbia University. Prof. Mario Cosenza, Dean of Brooklyn College; Prof. Giuseppe Prezzolini, director of the Casa, and Judge John J. Freschi addressed the gathering.

The Italian Book Lovers Association gave a recital and dance on board the liner "Roma" last month. Among those who attended were Consul Gen-



eral Antonio Grossardi, James J. Lanzetta, Dr. Frederick Robinson, Professors Gerig, Clark and Gross, Judge Nicholas Albano, Salvatore La Corte, Hon. Ovidio V. Bianchi, Anthony E. Casale, William Di Lorenzo, James E. Ferrara, Thomas Shebell, and Dr. Antonio D'Auria.

Among the winners of prizes awarded by the Chamber of Commerce of New York State for essays on New York were Marie Guerrero, Eva De Matteo, Catherine Fleri, Evelyn Berrozzi, Santa Polizzi, Mary D'Urso, Elaine Gulla, Beatrice Imbro, Maria Vuolo, Yvonne Pardo, Giuseppina Viscardi, William Serra, Nicholas Pellettieri, Joseph Reno, Augusto Ginocchia and Carmelo Ajello.

#### FINE ARTS

Under the auspices of the Ladies Auxiliary of Columbus Hospital, the performance of "Aida" on the night of Jan. 14 was taken over to augment their funds for the care of the ill and needy.

Those who were active in the sale of boxes and seats for the performance were Judge and Mrs. Louis Valente, Count Facchetti-Guiglia, Judge John J. Freschi, Mrs. and Mrs. Carlo Savini, Mrs. and Mrs. Angelo Ruspini, Mrs. Antonio Pisani, Miss Nina Maresi, Mrs. Gaston Carlucci, Mrs. George Milani, Mrs. John M. Lore, Miss Josephine Personeni, Siro Fusi, Emanuele Gerli, Dr. Alberto Bonaschi, and Gr. Uff. Generoso Pope.

Lucrezia Bori and Giovanni Martinelli, Metropolitan operatic stars, were the featured singers at a Christmas Eve festival at Ellis Island. The N. B. C. co-operated with the Reichs Rundfunk Gesellschaft of Berlin in transmitting the festival to European listeners.

The American premiere last month of one of Italy's most popular current comedies ushered in the fourth season of the Teatro d'Arte under the direction of Comm. Giuseppe Sterni. The comedy presented was "Everybody's Home."

Three brothers, Angelo, Biagio, and Salvatore Pinto, of Philadelphia, were recently awarded scholarships by the

Barnes Foundation for one year to paint in Europe and Africa. This is the second time the Pinto brothers have won Barnes scholarships.

Antonio Scotti, veteran baritone with the Metropolitan Opera Company, has announced his retirement. This, his last season, marks his thirty-fourth with the Metropolitan as the "beloved villain."

Mr. Scotti's public will miss him. They will miss him for what he is as man and artist, but more for what he represents. There is no question among critics that his formal resignation from the Metropolitan is one of the last signals of an age of great singers and great interpretations.

At the recent elections held by the Leonardo Da Vinci Art Club of the school of the same name, James Crisafulli was elected president, Vincenzo Campanella vice-president, Antonio Scarfi secretary, and Gertrude Goodrich treasurer.

A new course has been added to the curriculum of the school. It is titled "Alertness Course," consisting of 90 hours, thirty of which are spent in the classrooms, and the remaining in visits to museums, lectures, etc.

Among the artist-photographers who have sent in entries to the Biennial International Exposition of Art Photography which opened at Rome last month are Severo Antonelli of Philadelphia, Messina of New York, Valerio of Chicago, and Delardi of Philadelphia.

Mme. Maryla Lednicka, whose bronze sculpture of the Princess of Piedmont which occupies a prominent place on board the "Conte di Savoia," is in this country for a short visit. The Polish sculptress has been appointed to execute a bust of the Pope upon her return to Italy.

Mme. Gina Pinnera was enthusiastically received at a song recital held at Carnegie Hall last month. The soprano included in her program songs in Italian, French, German, Spanish, and English.

A song recital was recently given at the Jean Campon studio in which Howard Steffner, Virginia Campon,

Geraldine Wentworth, Marion MacIntyre, and Jean Campon took part.

Poems of Luisa L. Pannullo of Passaic, N. J., have been published in the "Modern American Poetry."

Miss Antonia Brico holds the distinction of being the first woman to wield the baton in a Metropolitan Opera House Concert, after she conducted the Musicians' Symphony Orchestra early this month.

This was not the first time Miss Brico has conducted large groups, as she already had scored triumphs with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and similar organizations in Poland and Latvia.

Walter Littlefield of New York was recently presented with the insignia and brevet of Commendatore della Corona d'Italia, awarded by King Victor Emanuel III, through the Consul General, Antonio Grossardi. Mr. Littlefield was so honored for a sonnet titled "Fascisti" which first appeared in "The New York Times" on May 4, 1921, one year before the famous March on Rome. The sonnet was translated into Italian by Premier Mussolini, and has since been widely published throughout Italy. At the bottom of this page will be found both the original and Mussolini's translation of the sonnet.

Comm. Littlefield was born in Boston in the year 1867. He graduated from Harvard in 1892, and while still an undergraduate he taught French and history at the Chauncey Hall School. In 1892 he joined the staff of the "Norwich Bulletin"; then followed periods with "The New York World" and "The New York Tribune" and finally he joined the staff of "The New York Times" in 1897, with which paper he has remained since. In 1893 Comm. Littlefield married Luigina Amelia Pagani of Borgomanero, Italy.

During his long career as critic and writer Mr. Littlefield has written many papers, among them being his observations on the Dreyfus case and on the "Camorra" of Naples. Among other books he has written is "With Byron in Love," and he has collaborated with Luigi Forgiioni on "The Men of Silence."

### VIVA IL FASCISMO

By WALTER LITTLEFIELD

From cloud-hid battlefront on Alpine height  
To where the azure sea in sunshine sleeps—  
Tirreno's kiss the Adriatic greets—  
We'd won with pain, with wound, with life, by right  
Our long-lost land. Insatiate the slight  
Of friends; insatiate the fiend who seeks  
To blast our laurels while the field still reeks  
And turn the chaos to eternal night.

Enough of this! The she-wolf's whelps awake.  
The fasces that the Roman lictors bore,  
The legion's eagles—symbols now we take  
For love of land, for justice, and the law.  
Our faith, our zeal—all sacrifice we stake,  
Which renders death sublime and fate secure.

Translation by BENITO MUSSOLINI

Dal fronte di guerra nascosto fra nubi sui vertici alpini  
sin là dove dorme nel sole il mare ceruleo—  
e del Tirreno il bacio saluta l'Adriatico—  
noi riguadagnammo a diritto, con il dolore, la ferita, la vita,  
la nostra patria lungamente smarrita. E pur insaziato rimane  
degli amici il disdegno; insaziato il nemico che tenta  
incenerirci gli allori dal campo di battaglia tuttora fumante  
e volgere il caos in notte eternale.

Non più! Ecco i cuccioli della lupa, ecco ora destati.  
A noi i fasce che il romano littore recava,  
le simboliche aquile delle legioni ora noi riprendiamo,  
per l'amor della patria, per la giustizia e pel dritto.  
La fede e il fervore—qual si sia il sacrificio per posta mettiamo,  
ne diviene la morte sublime e certissimo il fato.



# ATLANTICA

in Italiano

## LE RICERCHE SCIENTIFICHE IN ITALIA

Del Senatore Guglielmo Marconi

**D**EVO anzitutto mettere in evidenza i due nuovi compiti che una recente legge affidò al nostro Istituto. Al nostro Consiglio fu dato l'incarico, pieno di responsabilità, di esprimere il parere su tutte le proposte di regolamenti da sottoporsi all'approvazione del Consiglio dei Ministri, quando la materia oggetto di tali regolamenti abbia carattere tecnico e scientifica.

Compito d'altissima importanza, questo, perchè non pochi dei maggiori problemi dell'economia nazionale sono legati a tali regolamenti.

Altro compito è quello del controllo sui prodotti nazionali, che gli industriali hanno facoltà di richiedere per ottenere una garanzia autorevole, che attesti la bontà dei loro prodotti. Tale garanzia è certo il mezzo più efficace per la valorizzazione dei buoni prodotti italiani, sia all'interno che all'estero.

Vi parlerò ora brevemente dell'opera svolta finora. Anzitutto vi ricorderò, e voi perdonerete l'arida esposizione, perchè, pur nella sua aridità, è per voi tutta piena di significato, le principali ricerche finora svolte ed i risultati ottenuti.

Si sono potute suggerire le norme già approvate con legge, per l'utilizzazione dell'alcool come carburante; è stato suggerito un procedimento nuovo per l'estrazione delle essenze di limone, il quale ha rialzato la qualità del prodotto italiano, venendo così efficacemente in aiuto della sofferente industria agrumaria; sono avviate a prossime conclusioni ricerche sui prodotti della nostra industria conserviera, allo scopo di definirne esattamente le qualità per valorizzarli nel commercio mondiale; sono in corso ricerche sulle proprietà delle acque minerali, ancora non ben conosciute ed è in corso di stampa un primo fascicolo dell'inventario riguardante la zona del Lazio; sono in corso di stampa, incoinci dell'inventario dei combustibili nazionali ormai già completato; per il carbonio carburante si giunse a proposte concrete, perchè nel nostro Paese possa diffondersi il sistema dell'autostrazione a carburante solido, sia nel campo industriale dei trasporti che in quello agricolo.

**P**ER i fertilizzanti formò oggetto d'indagine la produzione degli azoti sintetici e dei concimi fosfatici e complessi ad alto titolo, come pure la concimazione minerale dei terreni in clima caldo arido e ad elevato contenuto in sali solubili. Il Consiglio tiene presente tutta l'importanza che tali ricerche hanno per l'intensificazione della produzione agraria delle nostre regioni centro-meridionali.

Nel campo dell'ingegneria mi è gradito constatare che le ricerche furono quasi sempre condotte in collegamento con le amministrazioni dello Stato e con gli enti pubblici e privati più particolarmente interessati. Per i problemi tecnici della strada è stato compiuto un completo ciclo di studi sulle emulsioni bituminose e sulle pavimentazioni cementizie, giungendo a conclusioni, già pubblicate, circa le norme d'accettazione dei materiali e l'esecuzione dei lavori; nei riguardi dello studio dei ponti metallici, oltre a notevoli perfezionamenti nell'attrezzatura sperimentale da usarsi nelle ricerche, si ottennero risultati assai significativi e del tutto nuovi circa il comportamento delle strutture alle diverse condizioni di carico; sono in corso le prove su due nuovi tipi di motori marini, realizzati uno per sostituire nei "mas" i motori a benzina fino ad ora adoperati, ed uno adatto invece alla grande propulsione.

L'importante problema della determinazione degli sforzi esercitati dalle onde di tempesta sulle opere di difesa dei porti è stato pure affrontato, e, quale primo passo, si stanno realizzando a Napoli e a Catania, come già a Genova, degli impianti di registrazione degli sforzi stessi. Sono in corso e prossime al raggiungimento di risultati concreti, ricerche sulla statica delle grandi dighe di ritenuta, sulle vibrazioni, sul coefficiente di forma dei proiettili.

Particolare considerazione è stata rivolta all'esame di una proposta di invenzione di un motore a reazione, destinata a realizzare i voli ad altissime velocità ed ad altissima quota. Un disgraziato incidente ha troncato però la giovane vita dell'inventore, l'ingegner

Giorgio Cicogna, ufficiale della Regia Marina, in P. A., che all'affascinante studio aveva dedicato il suo altissimo ingegno e il suo limitato patrimonio. Alla sua memoria vada il nostra reverente saluto.

**R**ICORDO anche con compiacimento che i nostri tecnici partecipano attivamente alla soluzione di problemi riguardanti l'economia nazionale, tra i quali voglio accennare all'indagine che si va compiendo sulla situazione dell'industria siderurgica italiana.

Le ricerche del Consiglio nel campo della medicina sono state rivolte anzitutto ad argomenti di largo interesse igienico per le popolazioni urbane, rurali, litoranee e mienrarie e particolarmente sulla "tifoide": sulla febbre ondulante, sull'anchilostomiasi, sulle malattie dei zolfatari e sul reumatismo.

Si tratta di malattie, che hanno tuttora punti controversi o lacune per quella completa conoscenza che è indispensabile per un'organica azione contro di esse. Dagli studi sin qui fatti, nel breve tempo, dal loro inizio, sono scaturite, tra l'altro, precisazioni sulla parte che spetterebbe alle anebe, quali "abitat" per la maturazione del "virus eberthiano" (Casagrande), sulla diffusione della tifoide a mezzo delle mosche, sulla epidemiologia della tifoide tra le popolazioni litoranee (Pulcher e Gabbano), sulla capacità del pulviscolo dello zolfo nel determinare una pneumosclerosi nei minatori zolfatari (Ferrantini), sulla biologia del micrococco neltense e del "bacillus abortus" (Cerruti), sull'etiologia della febbre ondulante (Gabb).

Parimenti si ebbe l'enuciamento di nuove vedute sulla biologia e sulla diffusione dell'onchilostoma (Penso), sull'influenza delle irradiazioni ultraviolette sull'organismo umano (Spolverini) e la creazione di un promettente movimento nazionale per lo studio del reumatismo, costituente un grave problema igienico ed assistenziale (Devoto).

Ricordo pure le indagini sull'"ultra-virus tubercolare" (Ninni), sugli elementi ultramicroscopici del "virus malarico" (Deblasi e sua scuola) e le ricerche in corso sulle cellule micoplastiche (Alessandri) e sul ricambio materiale nelle infezioni (Zoja).

Nel campo dei problemi dell'alimentazione è stato ampiamente studiato il valore nutritivo dei vegetali, dei latticini freschi, dei formaggi in varie regioni d'Italia e di alcune polveri di latte e del latte conservato in scatola, con risultati di grande interesse dal punto di vista pratico per ciò che si riferisce in maniera speciale alla nutrizione dei bambini. Sono in corso le indagini sul valore nutritivo dei cereali africani.

**I**MPORTANTI ricerche furono compiute e sono in via di attuazione per lo studio della radiazione penetrante assillante, problema della fisica moderna, e risultati assai interessanti furono già pubblicati nella "Ricerca Scientifica."

Ricordo anche, come d'accordo con i Ministri dell'Aeronautica e della Marina si stia ora predisponendo una esplorazione contemporanea dell'alta atmosfera e del mare profondo, per lo studio non solo della radiazione penetrante, ma anche di un gruppo di problemi geofisici che avrà certo una notevole importanza scientifica.



Nel campo della geodesia e della geofisica furono effettuate importanti campagne gravimetriche, tra cui principali quelle compiute nel 1931 nei mari italiani dal R. Sommergibile "Victor Pisani" e quelle nel Carso; fu istituito un impianto di tendoli orizzontali nelle grotte di Postumia, per lo studio delle maree della crosta terrestre.

Il Consiglio, oltre a svolgere un programma di ricerche, ha anche organizzato alcuni servizi, che mancavano in Italia, mentre possono essere di notevole utilità pratica per il nostro Paese. Il Centro nazionale di notizie tecniche, come voi sapete, ha lo scopo di raccogliere ed elaborare informazioni di ogni genere sul progresso, ora così rapido nei vari campi della scienza e delle sue applicazioni, e di fornire tali notizie alle amministrazioni dello Stato, agli industriali ed anche ai privati che ne hanno bisogno.

Il Centro dispone ormai di una biblioteca di consultazione tecnica molto bene attrezzata, di un gruppo di oltre mille riviste scientifiche e tecniche straniere, ha un archivio di oltre due milioni di schede classificate, sia relative a pubblicazioni, sia relative a brevetti. Circa quattrocento accademie ed istituti stranieri scambiano con le nostre le loro pubblicazioni.

Altro servizio è quello della bibliografia scientifica e tecnica italiana. La pubblicazione entra ormai nel suo sesto anno di vita. Con la collaborazione attiva e diligente di tutti i nostri comitati, essa ha assunto un'importanza fondamentale per la documentazione dell'attività scientifica e tecnica del nostro Paese. Essa è citata all'estero come un modello del genere ed approvazioni autorevoli sono venute a confortare l'opera nostra.

Legata all'organizzazione della bibliografia italiana è la biblioteca delle Riviste italiane (1800 circa) che è tenuta accuratamente in ordine e che è l'unica veramente completa esistente.

Anche l'Istituto Centrale di calcoli tecnici, che ha iniziato il suo funzionamento con il 1 novembre, sarà in grado di rendere notevoli servizi alle amministrazioni dello Stato, agli industriali ed ai privati studiosi.

**N**UMEROSE sono già le pubblicazioni curate dal Consiglio, fra cui la nostra rivista "La ricerca scientifica," che entra nel quarto anno di vita. D'accordo con l'Associazione elettrotecnica italiana e con l'Associazione italiani di fisica, viene anche pubblicata una rivista, "L'alta Frequenza," che si occupa in particolare della telefonia a grande distanza, delle radio-comunicazioni e di tutti i problemi tecnici e scientifica connessi.

Devo ricordare che alcune delle più importanti società scientifiche italiane hanno coordinato la loro opera a quella del Consiglio delle ricerche: cito la Società italiana per il progresso delle Scienze, l'Associazione elettrotecnica italiana, il Comitato elettrotecnico italiano ed altre ancora.

Anche l'opera che il Consiglio sta svolgendo per raccogliere i cimeli e i documenti atti a dimostrare il magnifico contributo dato dall'Italia al progresso della civiltà, merita di essere segnalata. La collezione, che consisterà di oltre mille cimeli scelti tra i più importanti, è destinata, dopo di

aver figurato all'esposizione di Chicago, a rimanere al museo americano delle scienze di quella città.

Dal rapido esame del lavoro finora compiuto risultano alcuni elementi di fatto che ci permettono di formulare il programma da svolgere gradatamente nell'avvenire, non solo, ma di precisare ancora meglio le direttive della nostra azione. Anzitutto la necessità di occuparsi a fondo del problema delle materie prime.

Si tratta del problema forse maggiore della nostra economia nazionale, allo studio del quale sono stati chiamati a partecipare i nostri tecnici migliori. Purtroppo, da un complesso di elementi, risulta che il problema gravissimo delle materie prime non è stato abbastanza approfondito in Italia. Molto fu fatto, ma slegato e senza coordinamento. Molte idee che si ritengono esatte sono invece assai incerte, mentre in questo campo spesso è meglio ignorare che credere di sapere. In queste ricerche l'aiuto dell'Istituto centrale di statistica, che speriamo non ci mancherà, sarà per noi prezioso e ingegnerà razionalmente l'opera dei nostri tecnici.

Problemi per noi gravi sono quelli dei laboratori di ricerca e della sede. Il problema dei laboratori è un problema fondamentale, perchè troppe sono ancora le ricerche che in Italia non si possono eseguire per mancanza di mezzi sperimentali adatti.

Anche il problema della sede era grave per noi. Dico era perchè, Du- che, proprio ieri lo avete risolto. E' per noi un nuovo motivo di profonda gratitudine.

Noi abbiamo ora i nostri servizi distribuiti in varie parti della città.

**L**A loro riunione in un'unica sede presenterà un tale risparmio di energia e di spesa, che il rendimento del nostro Istituto ne sarà di certo notevolmente accresciuto. Ma Roma non fu fatta in un giorno.

Noi dobbiamo cercare di utilizzare sempre più a vantaggio del nostro Paese la grande forza di cui il Consiglio dispone, la possibilità cioè di ricorrere rapidamente, per lo studio di un dato problema, a tecnici che hanno effettivamente la competenza e le attitudini per risolverlo.

Come vi è un Consiglio di Stato per i problemi giuridici ed amministrativi, il nostro può essere il Consiglio Tecnico del Governo, in grado di affrontare i problemi scientifici e tecnici non soltanto da un punto di vista unilaterale, come purtroppo spesso avviene nelle commissioni specializzate, ma utilizzando tutti gli elementi che concorrono nel concretare le più opportune soluzioni.

E non soltanto nell'esprimere pareri, ma anche nel dare allo Stato notizie ed informazioni, l'opera del Consiglio può essere utile e riposante. La storia ci insegna che spesso durante le guerre, siano esse militari, siano esse economiche, i popoli attraversano ore difficili. Specie in tali momenti l'opera di un'organizzazione in grado di dare rapidamente pareri e notizie preparate di lunga mano, può essere preziosa. E' un vecchio adagio che essere informati molte volte vuol dire essere armati.

Il preparare uno stato maggiore della ricerca scientifica è veramente opera meritoria come è opera meritoria dare al nostro Paese i mezzi per quelle ricerche che non possiamo ancora eseguire, ma che possiamo arrivare forse rapidamente a risultati inaspettati, aprendo nuovi orizzonti per dare lavoro e benessere al nostro Popolo, che nel suo fecondo travaglio merita i migliori destini.

Io spero, pur attraverso questa rapida sintesi, di essere riuscito a dare un'idea dell'opera compiuta dal nostro Istituto e del fervore con cui tutti noi abbiamo collaborato, lieti di offrire con assoluta devozione l'opera nostra alla Patria ed al Regime che ne governa le sorti.

## LA "PICCOLA ITALIA" DEL 1850

di Francesco Moncada

**A** NEW YORK, nel 1850, il quartiere abitato dagli italiani poveri era quello dei "Cinque Punti" (The Five Points), ch'era formato dalla intersezione di Worth, Park e Baxter Streets ad un tiro di schioppo da Broadway.

Junius Henry Browne, che è un americano onesto ma spaventato, ce lo descrive come un mostro di fama internazionale (1). Ma il quartiere non era esclusivamente italiano; vi abitavano pure spagnuoli, turchi, negri, pochi tedeschi e francesi, inglesi e irlandesi. Questi ultimi formavano (è Browne che parla) la banda dei ladri notturni. Gli italiani erano semplicemente i più numerosi. E siccome alle masse le deformità sembrano più interessanti delle bellezze, i giornali americano del tempo preferivano mettere in evidenza la criminalità di qual-

che "mafioso," o di qualche "camorrista" di Porta Capuana, anzichè esaltare i meriti degli italiani sobri, onesti ed anche colti, che mentre soffrivano per le sfortune della loro patria lontana, lavoravano per la grandezza della nazione in cui avevano trovato ospitalità.

Il giornale forma la pubblica opinione. Non è quindi da meravigliarsi, se il buon Junius Henry Browne, essendo passato qualche volta di lì con gli occhi velati da tante immagini truci e col cuore tremante di paura deliberata, abbia scambiato per zuffa cruenta anche l'urtarsi di alcune donne nell'inseguimento di un scorcio, e per assassinio un uomo che serenamente apriva il coltello per pulirsi le unghie. Naturalmente non conviene celare una verità: che cioè nella colonia dei "Cinque Punti" non mancavano elementi torbi-



di; però esagerazioni e generalizzazioni ve ne sono state troppe.

Vi erano in maggioranza i nostri bravi lavoratori, che maltrattati dagli irlandesi altezzosi e non trovando protezione nelle autorità tutorie, andavano delle volte a rifugiarsi presso quei tristi figuri, espatriati spesso a bella posta dai tirannelli d'Italia. L'antagonismo e la lotta tremenda (che oggi è resistenza passiva) contro gli italiani sorvegliavano anzitutto dal fatto che i nostri elementi erano costretti, come fanno ora i negri e i portoghesi, ad offrire le loro braccia ad un salario basso. Senza volerlo, essi venivano così a porsi in un terreno di concorrenza con gli irlandesi, i quali a New York erano già potenti, perchè, immigrati prima e padroni della lingua, avevano avuto il tempo e la possibilità di organizzarsi e occupare posti di comando.

La concorrenza non era la sola causa di dissidio. L'irlandese era ed è un "animale" eminentemente "politico," e sarebbe meglio dire "politican-te." E perciò chi non votava per lui non aveva ragione di esistere. L'Italiano, assente allora perfino dal movimento per l'unità politica della sua patria e venuto in America a fare fortuna e tornare subito ai suoi monti, si teneva, come il cinese, lontano dalle urne. La "Società di San Calorio" o quella di "San Gennaro," a cui apparteneva, era la sola cosa che gli dava conforto. E poi sentiva di non potere familiarizzare con dei "selvaggi," che mangiavano i maccheroni stracotti e senza formaggio, e mettevano zucchero, invece di olio nell'insalata e non facevano baccano la domenica.

L'italiano non si americanizzava.

Un'altra causa era la questione politico-religiosa tra il Papa e i nostri patrioti. Gli irlandesi, cattolici fino alla più fanatica bigotteria, vedevano in ogni italiano un accerrimo nemico del Papa e della Chiesa cattolica.

Di tanto in tanto una nota di pace e di amore veniva da coloro che formavano l'aristocrazia intellettuale americana. Ma era un canto di uccello, mentre fischiava il vento.

In basso la battaglia si faceva aspra e difficile, in alto intanto la "elite" della nostra colonia penetrava pacificamente nei salotti culturali della metropoli, tra cui primeggiavano quelli di Henry Brevoort all'angolo di 9th Street and 5th Avenue, del Dr. John W. Francis a Bond Street No. 1, di John Jacob Astor in Long Island, ed in cui si riunivano a discutere letterati come Trelawney, Henry Tuckerman, Washington Irving, Bancroft, Prescott, Cooper, Mrs. Piozzi; poeti come Bryant, direttore dell'"Evening Post," Poe, Halleck, scolaro di Lorenzo da Ponte, Philip Howe, Henry Inman, Giulia W. Howe, Mrs. E. F. Ellet, Mary Sedgewick; artisti come Weir e Allston; drammaturghi come Macready; musicisti come Conti; uomini politici come Webster, Clay, Van Buren, Irving, Paulding.

Il Brevoort, vecchioso, un po' dissestato negli affari, nel dicembre del 1842, così scriveva a Washington Irving: "I am surrounded by a family of intelligence and love such as falls to lot of few men, and for which I am heartily grateful to God." (1)

La cultura italiana era stata rappresentata in quei salotti da Lorenzo da

Ponte, fedele amico e librettista di Mozart e primo professore di lingua e letteratura italiana alla Columbia University, da Piero Maroncelli fino al 1846 e veniva difesa e divulgata da Bryant, Halleck, Mrs. Ellet, (Mary Sedgewick ed Henry Theodore Tuckerman.

EDGAR POE aveva scritto un ritratto di Piero Maroncelli e incluso il martire dello Spillberg tra i "letterati" d'America e per la traduzione in inglese delle "Mie Prigioni" di Silvio Pellico, fatta in collaborazione col Prof. Andrew Norton della Harvard University di Cambridge, e per le sue poesie, messe in forma inglese alcune da Mrs. Ellet altre da Halleck.

La poetessa Ellet traduceva pure alcune tragedie del Maffei, del Niccolini, il "Caio Gracco" del Monti, il "Conte di Carmagnola" del Manzoni, i "Sepolcri" del Foscolo, alcune scene del "Saul" dell'Alfieri, alcune poesie di Fulvio Testi e di Ippolito Pindemonte, un epigramma di Saverio Bettinelli, e scriveva una tragedia di argomento veneziano: "Teresa Contarini" con richiami al lavoro omonimo del Niccolini.

Henry Theodore Tuckerman era poi il cavaliere della causa dell'indipendenza italiana.

Traduzioni e articoli di critica artistico-letteraria che spesso erano vere e proprie invettive contro la tirannide straniera in Italia (1), difese del nome italiano in America apparivano nella rivista mensile "Knickerbocker," che per avere accolto i migliori letterati e poeti del tempo formava scuola, nella "North American Review," nella "Metropolitan Magazine," nella "United States Magazine and Democratic Review," nel "New Mirror," e nella "Quarterly Review." E traduzioni in italiano di poesie e articoli scritti in inglese a loro volta venivano pubbli-

cate nel primo ed allora unico giornale italiano di New York: "L'Eco d'Italia," settimanale prima, semi-settimanale dopo e poi quotidiano, fondato nel 1849 e diretto da un ardente romagnolo, Secchi de Casali, esule politico e collaboratore d'ingegno in diverse riviste americane.

Nel 1850, oltre a Secchi de Casali, erano rimasti, come maggiori esponenti della nostra cultura e del nome italiano, Felice Foresti, succeduto a Lorenzo da Ponte nella cattedra di lingua e letteratura italiana alla Columbia University; Luigi Chitti, prosaico napoletano, due volte condannato a morte in contumacia, letterato, scienziato, economista che aveva avuto ad amici Cavour, Cobden e Sir Robert Peel ed era stato professore nella Università di Madrid e di Bruxelles, Presidente della Banca di Gand, Primo Segretario delle Finanze in Napoli nel 1821, e decorato dalla Spagna e da altre nazioni per meriti insigni; il Prof. Vincenzo Botta, ex-deputato al Parlamento Subalpino; il Prof. Luciani e l'Avvocato Gaiani, entrambi ex-membri dell'Assemblea Romana. Non meno colti e attivi erano il Gen. Giuseppe Avezzana, condannato a morte a Torino per la rivoluzione del 1821 e Ministro della Guerra della gloriosa Repubblica Romana; Quirico Filopanti (Giuseppe Barili), ex-Segretario del Triumvirato della Repubblica Romana, il Cav. Luca Palmieri, Console delle Due Sicilie; Ferdinando Massa, condannato a morte a Napoli nel 1821 come carbonaro; Giovanni Albinola, ex-prigioniero politico a Gradisca; Sebastiano Dacorsi, Vice-Console delle Due Sicilie; Giuseppe Attinelli, condannato a morte dal Governo Borbonico per la sommossa in Sicilia del 1821; il conte Alessandro Bargnani, Emanuele Sartorio, esule politico per i moti in Sicilia del 1848, e Argenti, Gonsalvi, Moschetti.

## Spedizioni per l'Italia

### Speciali Facilitazioni

Per le spedizioni di

**MOBILIO ED ALTRI COLLI  
APPARTENENTI A PERSONE CHE  
RIMPATRIANO IN ITALIA**

Rivolgetevi personalmente o scrivete

**COLUMBO COMPANY, Inc.**

5 STATE STREET «, NEW YORK

Phones: Bowling Green 9 - 6275 - 6276 - 6277

Please mention ATLANTICA in communicating with advertisers



**A** QUESTA schiera eletta di studiosi e di patrioti si univano il pittore Montelilla, il celebre buffo De Bagnis, per cui Rossini aveva scritto parecchie parti, il bolognese violinista Michele Rapetti, allora il "ne plus ultra" dei direttori d'orchestra, il Dr. Masnata di Genova, i due celebri musicisti Arditi e Bottesini e parecchi commercianti.

L'Avv. Luigi Tinelli, condannato a morte dall'Austria il 29 settembre del 1835 e poi esiliato, affermatosi negli ambienti industriali di New York con la pubblicazione di un pregevole volume sull'industria della seta e la formazione di una meravigliosa fattoria, nel 1841 era già stato nominato Console degli Stati Uniti ad Oporto nel Portogallo, dove rimase undici anni ed ebbe agio di visitare e di assistere fino alla morte il Re Carlo Alberto esule. Il conte Confalonieri e Pietro Borsieri erano rimpatriati l'uno nel settembre del 1837 e l'altro nel 1840. Esisteva ancora la prima "Società Italiana di Unione, Fratellanza e Beneficenza," fondata il 20 gennaio 1839 da Piero Maroncelli, Felice Foresti, il Cav. Palmieri e l'Avv. Luigi Tinelli con lo scopo "di porgere soccorso — sono parole di Maroncelli — a tutti i nostri connazionali che per casualità ed infortunio fossero ridotti all'indigenza."

Nello Statuto della Società, composto di 4 capitoli e 37 articoli, si parlava anche di sussidi di cibi, alloggio, farmacia, di assistenza medica, soccorsi in denaro e di una scuola elementare italiana, in cui poi furono maestri lo stesso Maroncelli, Foresti, Tinelli e il conte Bargnani.

E si distingueva sempre più la "Guardia Italiana," organizzata dal marchese Ode A. Sant'Angelo de Attellis, napoletano, già Generale nell'esercito napoleonico, quindi in quello di Gioacchino Murat e in ultimo comandante con lo stesso grado nel 1821-1822 nell'armata spagnola, condannato a morte come carbonaro, una volta dal Consiglio di Guerra Francese in Milano e due volte dai Tribunali Inquisitori di Napoli.

**L**A "Guardia Italiana" era composta di sessanta membri, armati di fucili e portanti la divisa come quella dei soldati del Generale Beauharnais, viceré d'Italia sotto l'impero di Napoleone e cioè: tunica verde, paramani rossi e doppia bottoniera bianca. Ne era capitano Giuseppe Avezzana; aveva il vessillo tricolore ed era la migliore compagnia del 252.º Reggimento della 62.ª Brigata, 31.ª Divisione della Milizia Nazionale dello Stato di New York.

Due della colonia, divisa e suddivisa in gruppi e sotto-gruppi, era Felice Foresti, poichè nulla si faceva nell'interesse dei connazionali e per la causa italiana, senza ch'egli ne dirigesse le mosse.

Infine Carlo Delvecchio e Bartolomeo Ceragioli, l'uno primo presidente e l'altro primo tesoriere della "Società Italiana di Unione, Fratellanza e Beneficenza," erano i cosiddetti "capi-popolo" e cioè gli anelli di congiunzione tra i lavoratori e la classe intellettuale; due pratici oratori di piazza, che il De Meis non avrebbe esitato a qualificare come "sovrani" della colonia italiana di New York.

L'arrivo di Garibaldi, avvenuto il 30 Luglio 1850, parve riempire una lacuna col suscitare nuovi entusiasmi e maggiori consensi in mezzo alle classi elette di tutta l'America.

Dopo quanto abbiamo velocemente accennato, è facile capire che mai sono mancate in questo paese correnti di simpatia per la nostra civiltà millenaria e benevoli apprezzamenti della nostra storia e della nostra cultura.

Il fatto poi che in alcune sfere basse gli interessi materiali di certe classi sociali hanno scatenato conflitti e aperto lotte odiose a danno del nome italiano è stato determinato non tanto da colpe commesse dai nostri elementi, quanto da condizioni economiche e morali in cui si sono trovate popolazioni eterogenee di stirpe diversa.

La storia che non fa salti, ma che cammina sempre avanti, sembra offrire ora posizioni pacifiche e stabilire contatti più stretti a vantaggio degli immigrati italiani; mentre in alto tendono ad allargarsi vieppiù i vecchi scambi sentimentali e culturali, che fanno dell'America e dell'Italia due giovani nazioni amiche.

(1) *The Great Metropolis; a Mirror of New York.* by Junius Henry Browne, p. 272.

(2) *Lettere di Brevoort a Washington Irving.* Introduction, p. XIX.

(3) *Vedi recensione di Henry Russell alla traduzione delle "Mie Prigioni" di Silvio Pellico.* "The North American Review," January, 1837.

## POEMA DELLA PRUDENZA

Novella

di Massimo Bontempelli

**A** BUDAPEST ho trovato uno chauffeur di piazza che parlava latino. Naturalmente cercavo di servirmi sempre di lui: per quanto imperfettamente io sappia il latino, mi riesce comunque più facile che l'ungherese.

Quel mio chauffeur prediletto aveva anche altre qualità singolari. Era riservato fino alla timidezza. Non sapeva bestemmiare in nessuna lingua: perciò non si adirava mai contro altri guidatori di pubblici o privati veicoli; ma nei casi controversi si fermava e tentava discutere pacatamente con essi la questione a fine di logica e di regolamenti. Perché a un'estrema prudenza accompagnava una conoscenza perfetta di tutti i regolamenti intorno alla circolazione, e uno scrupolo esemplare nell'osservarli.

Quando avevo fretta (e in generale quando uno prende il taxi ha fretta) quelle sue qualità mi riuscivano talvolta incommode. A ogni angolo il buon Ferencz (tale era il suo nome) rallentava, e strombettava; e se udiva similmente strombettare dall'altra parte, fermava addirittura, nè c'era modo più di farlo andare avanti fin che colui non fosse passato: sosteneva ch'era prescritto così dai regolamenti. Qualche volta avrei preferito il pericolo di una collisione, ma dove trovare un altro chauffeur di piazza che sappia dirmi in latino il complicato importo del tassametro?

◆ ◆ ◆

Un bel giorno me ne tornai in Italia: venne Ferencz a prendermi all'albergo per andare alla stazione. Per fortuna avevo mandato avanti le valigie. Dovevo partire dalla Stazione del Sud; procedevamo, se non erro, per Krizstina Korut. Ed eravamo ormai vicini alla mèta, ma appressandoci all'incrocio che quella via fa, mi pare, con Mikò utzca, il mio Ferencz al solito rallenta, e suona la trombetta. Poi rallenta ancora, e si ferma. Mi affaccio, e sento che infatti qualcun altro, un'altra automobile, strombetta

dalla parte di Mikò utzca. Mi rassegnai ad aspettare che l'altra macchina, ancora invisibile, si risolvesse lei a passare. Non passava. Ferencz strombettava. E l'altro, sempre invisibile, controstrombettava. Certo era anche quello un maniaco della regola, stava anche lui fermo. La tromba di Ferencz dava un suono più basso e un po' fesso, quello dell'invisibile una nota più alta e squillante.

Dopo un paio di minuti, per non perdere il treno perdetti la pazienza, scesi, sbattei lo sportello, e bestemmiando in italiano, rapidamente per un vicolo traverso m'affrettai alla stazione.

Mentre così correvo, regolarmente mi raggiungevano, a ogni mio passo più fioche, le due voci delle trombette che si rispondevano: quella fessa di Ferencz, quella acuta dell'ignoto.

In treno trovai un buon posto.

◆ ◆ ◆

**M**I vi stavo accomodando, e il treno stava per muoversi, quando lo sportello s'apre tumultuosamente e vedo salire una grossa valigia, seguita da un alto e florido uomo che mi saluta con gioiosa meraviglia:

— Oh parte anche lei?

— E anche lei, Munkácsy?

— Vado a Roma.

— Anch'io!

Munkácsy richiuse, il treno partì. Era un simpatico, gioviale commerciante magiaro, col quale due o tre volte m'ero incontrato in certe rubeste trattorie che fioriscono su per le solitarie salite di Buda.

— E' un vero miracolo — disse, mentre il treno usciva dall'ombra della stazione — un vero miracolo ch'io sia qui. E' mancato poco che non perdessi il treno, per colpa di un idiota di chauffeur, che a un bel momento s'è impuntato e non ha più voluto venire avanti: ho dovuto fare l'ultimo pezzo di strada a piedi.

— Oh — dissi, in una subita illuminazione — lei veniva per Mikò utzca!



— Si — rispose meravigliato.  
— E il suo chauffeur — continuai — s'è fermato all'angolo di Krizstina Korut.

— Come lo sa?

Scoppiai a ridere; per qualche minuto non potei rispondere. Aspettò un momento, poi si mise a ridere anche lui. Quando mi fermai, similmente si fermò, e disse:

— Ho riso per farle compagnia, ma ora mi spieghi perchè ridevamo.

Gli raccontai la mia anzi la nostra avventura: Allora ricominciammo, e lui con le sue risa faceva tremare i vetri del carrozzone. Poi si alzò, tirò fuori dalla valigia una bottiglia, e proclamò:

— Voglio che beviamo alla salute dei nostri due scrupolosissimi chauffeurs. Questo è "Sangue di Toro," l'ho comperato stamattina alla trattoria del "Pizzicagnolo politicante." —  
— Eliem Magiararszag! — esclamai io.

— Viva l'Italia! — rispose l'unghe-  
rese.

Il treno correva diritto, nella malinconica pianura piena dei vapori del Danubio e del vespero.

— Pensare — osserva — che noi siamo quasi a Kalenfeld, e i nostri chauffeurs probabilmente stanno ancora strombettando sull'angolo di Krizstina Korut!

E mi parve, affacciandomi al finestrino, che traverso il grigio dello spazio arrivassero alterne e fioche fino a noi, correndo come lave di suoni dietro il treno, la voce bassa della trombetta di Ferencz e la nota acuta dello chauffeur di Munkácsy.

◆ ◆ ◆

Il viaggio da Budapest a Roma ci portò — me e Munkácsy — dal grado della conoscenza cortese a quello della più provata amicizia. A Budapest ci davamo del lei, a Postumia del voi, a Bologna del tu. Fummo alleati nella lotta del viaggiatore che ha un buon posto contro quelli che non ne hanno alcuno. Superammo insieme, alle dogane di Kotoriba e di Rakek, le aspre prove che la diffidenza slovena impone ai viaggiatori di transito. Queste cose affratellano più che molti anni di consuetudine. Insieme, dopo due notti e un giorno d'intimità, raggiungevamo Roma, mèta comune. Pochi minuti mancavano al nostro arrivo mattutino nell'Urbe, quando a un tratto gli feci cenno di tacere, e tesi l'orecchio verso il finestrino. Poi rassicurato gli dissi:

— Non sento più le trombette dei nostri chauffeurs. Penso che a quest'ora essi abbiano preso una risoluzione, e se ne siano tornati ognuno a casa sua.

— Non è certo — rispose Munkácsy.  
— Ecco la Cupola.

◆ ◆ ◆

**A** ROMA il buon magiaro volle che ci ritrovassimo subito, e mi mise al corrente di tutti i suoi affari: anzi m'invitò a prender parte con lui a una certa impresa commerciale; della qua-

le non occorre qui rivelare la natura, basti sapere che riuscì felicissima, e cominciammo subito a guadagnare a perdifiato. Fu allora che diventai milionario. Appunto un anno circa dopo quel nostro allegro ritorno a Roma, i nostri utili netti raggiungevano i due milioni. Quando Munkácsy venne a portarmi il mio milione, gli dissi:

— Grazie, caro.

Poi aggiunsi:

— Bisogna che celebriamo questo successo, andando a bere insieme una bottiglia.

— Dove?

— Io proporrei di andare al "Pizzicagnolo politicante," ove troveremo di quel Sangue del Toro del nostro primo incontro, di un anno fa.

— Ottima idea. Quando parte un treno per Budapest?

— Alle otto.

Erano le sei, due ore più tardi partivamo per Budapest, quaranta ore dopo smontavamo alla Stazione del Sud, che è la più vicina al "Pizzicagnolo politicante". Poichè non c'erano veicoli (forse era giorno di sciopero) ci avviammo a piedi verso la celebre trattoria.

◆ ◆ ◆

Camminavamo, taciti ma immersi in fervidi e fraterni pensieri, quando a un tratto qualcosa mi fece rallentare il passo: un ricordo, mi parve: ricordo impreciso e improvviso, quali sono frequenti a chi ritorna in un luogo dopo molto tempo di assenza; e insieme un desiderio di precisarlo: per questo rallentai, e subito di poi mi fermai; e già non era un ricordo; alzai la mano per imporre silenzio a Munkácsy; e uniti tendemmo l'orecchio. Oh era quel suono, sì, suono fesso di tomba d'automobile, il suono di Ferencz, e dopo un istante l'altro più acuto: e il primo di nuovo, e di nuovo l'altro. Ora senza dir niente avevamo ripreso l'andare, in fretta, tesi verso quei suoni spettrali, che a ogni nostro passo erano più chiari e forti. E sboccammo in Krizstina Korut: ecco l'automobile, lui, l'automobile di Ferencz, e al volante lui, lui Ferencz: un poco invecchiato, ma lui: sul volante teneva la sinistra e con la destra sonava la trombetta.

Corremmo oltre l'angolo, e là c'era l'altro, quello ch'io non avevo mai visto, e rispondeva.

— Il mio — disse Munkácsy.

Come per una tacita intesa ci scostammo, quasi nascondendoci, e di nascosto scantonammo; inseguiti dai due suoni, che si rifacevano fiochi, ci inoltrammo, per gli intrichi di Buda, via fino alla trattoria celebre.

Vi sonava Laczi XXXVI, re degli Tzigani. Il Sangue di Toro era eccellente. La mattina dopo siamo andati a prendere il treno da un'altra parte, a un'altra stazione. Dopo qualche mese Munkácsy se n'andò da Roma e non ho più saputo nulla di lui. E non sono più tornato a Budapest: perciò ignoro se Ferencz e il suo collega stiano ancora a quell'angolo a sonare, e risponderci, e ognuno aspettare che passi prima quell'altro.

Sapete voi che

l'EFFERVESCENTE

**ITALINA**

è il perfetto effervescente che dà immediato sollievo dai disturbi di stomaco?

Sapete voi che

è buono per VOI e per TUTTA LA FAMIGLIA?

Sapete voi che è da anni usato in Ospedali, Monasteri, Clubs, ecc.?

Sapete che ha ottenuto le Più Grandi Onorificenze alle maggiori esposizioni in Italia, Francia, Inghilterra e Belgio?

Sapete voi che

se andate soggetto ad Indigestione, Costipazione, Stitichezza, Continuata Acidità, Gas, Sonno-lenza, Continui Dolori di Testa, ecc., l'uso dell'Effervescente

**ITALINA**

vi dà meravigliosi risultati?

**GRATIS**—Mandateci il vostro nome ed indirizzo ben chiaro e riceverete una bottiglia di ITALINA GRATIS.

FLORET PRODUCTS CO.

338 Canal St. Dept A  
New York, N. Y.





# STANDARD ITALIAN BOOKS

In this section we publish every month a list of the most important and most interesting books published in Italy. ATLANTICA offers these books at a saving on the regular list price and in addition there is another discount of 15 per cent.

Accompany your order with check or money order and address to ATLANTICA BOOK SERVICE, 33 West 70th Street, New York City.

## Art & Music

Ricci, E. — "Mille Santi nell'Arte", 1 volume, 8vo., 734 pages, 700 illustrations, Milano — Hoepli ....\$4.80

*This beautiful volume recently published seems to fill a demand long felt for a work of this kind among religious people as well as lovers of art. It is unique in its field. It contains a beautiful biography of 1000 saints, for most of whom the author supplies a reproduction taken from well known works of art. One cannot be too appreciative in view of the splendid results which the author has achieved, after so many years of patient labor.*

## Classics

Dante — "La Vita Nuova" (seguita da una scelta delle altre opere minori — per cura di Natalino Sapegno) — Firenze, Vallecchi ....\$1.00

*The comment on this new edition of "La Vita Nuova" is not only philological but philosophical. Some of the most obscure allusions, especially in "Le Rime" are interpreted according to the latest philological and philosophical developments in the study of Dante.*

Russo, L. — "Antologia Machiavelliana" (Il Principe, pagine dei Discorsi e delle Istorie) con introduzione e note — 1 volume, 16mo, 270 pgs. — Firenze, Le Monnier .....\$1.00

*Prof. Russo has included in this handy volume "Il Principe" in its complete text, and selected parts of "I Discorsi and Storie Fiorentine". The volume is extensively annotated, and can be easily classified as one of the best school texts of this classic in Italian Literature. In the introduction of more than 25 pages, the compiler shows why the problems Machiavelli deals with are ever present, and more so in these trying days of political turmoil.*

## Religion and Philosophy

"La Sacra Bibbia" — 1 volume, 12mo., 1630 pages, India paper, full leather

Firenze — Libreria Editrice Fiorentina .....\$5.00

*This edition of the Catholic Bible is the first ever published in a small handy volume. The previous editions have all been large 4o. Whether it was because, as some have insinuated, the Church did not care to have it circulated among the poorer class, or whether it was because publishers would not venture into the publication, we do not know. The fact remains that the Catholic Church has authorized this new translation, and a in a handsome edition. This translation has been conducted by the Compagnia di San Paolo under the general editorship of Rev. Dr. Giovanni Castoldi.*

## Fiction

"Aneddotica" — a collection of anecdotes about people and things published in handsome 16mo of about 250 pages each, Roma — Formiggini ..... each \$ .90

1. Testoni — Aneddoti bolognesi
2. Radiciotti — Aneddoti Rossiniani
3. Provenzani — La Caserma
4. " — Esculapio
5. " — Il focolare domestico
6. Sacchetti — Aneddoti ferravilliani
7. Salucci — Gandolm
8. Trebbi — Aneddoti teatrali
9. Provenzani — Il vile metallo
10. Curatulo — Aneddoti Garibaldini
11. Ferrigini — Uomo allegro (Yorick)
12. Palmarocchi — F. Galiani e il suo secolo
13. " — Voltare
14. Vinassa — Aneddoti universitari
15. Pulviscolo (Aneddoti Trilussiani)
16. Sandro — Nuovi Aneddoti teatrali
17. Manetti — Aneddoti Carducciani
18. Petrai — Roma sparita (figure e figurine)

Falqui e Vittorini — "Scrittori Nuovi", 1 volume, 664 pages, Lanciano — Carabba .....\$1.80

*In this volume the compilers have covered the best of contemporary Italian poets and novelists. A larger space is given to the younger authors, of whom 74 are herewith represented with selections from books which, in many cases, are already out of print. This volume is publishing house has issued the volume*

*recommended to those who are interested in post war developments in Italian literature.*

## Drama and Poetry

Capasso, A. — "Il Passo del Cigno ed altri poemi" con una prefazione di G. Ungaretti, 12mo, 142 pages, limited edition, Torino — Buratti \$1.00

*Capasso is one of the youngest of Italian poets. Although he has written one or two books of criticism, especially on French modern literature, this "Passo del Cigno" is his first book of poetry. His aim seems to be to combine a modern poetic sensibility with the traditional form of Italian lyrics, particularly that of the pre-Dantesque period. Awarded, in conjunction with De Michelis, the Italia Letteraria Prize, 1932.*

Levi, E. — "Fiorita di Canti tradizionali del popolo italiano" scelti nei vari dialetti e annotati con 50 melodie popolari tradizionali, 1 volume, 385 pages, board .....\$2.00

*The folklore of Italy expressed in the poetry and songs of its people is collected by the author in this valuable volume. From the provinces of Lombardy and Piedmont, the author goes all the way through Italy down to Sicily and Sardinia, gathering the words and music of the people's songs. The musical lines reproduced are left in their original form, not tampered with and not harmonized. The phrases in dialect which may present difficulty have been translated into modern Italian by the author.*

## Political and World Problems

Schanzer, C. — "Il Mondo fra la Pace e la Guerra" (Il problema bellico nel pensiero umano — Insegnamento della Guerra Mondiale e previsioni circa una guerra futura — L'organizzazione della pace dopo la guerra mondiale — Il problema bellico nell'avvenire) — Milano, Treves-Trecani-Tumminelli ..... \$3.00

*The Italian philosopher and sociologist, who was for a time Minister of Finance,*



Special offer to  
Readers of "ATLANTICA" . . . . .

THE NEW 1933

# STROMBERG CARLSON

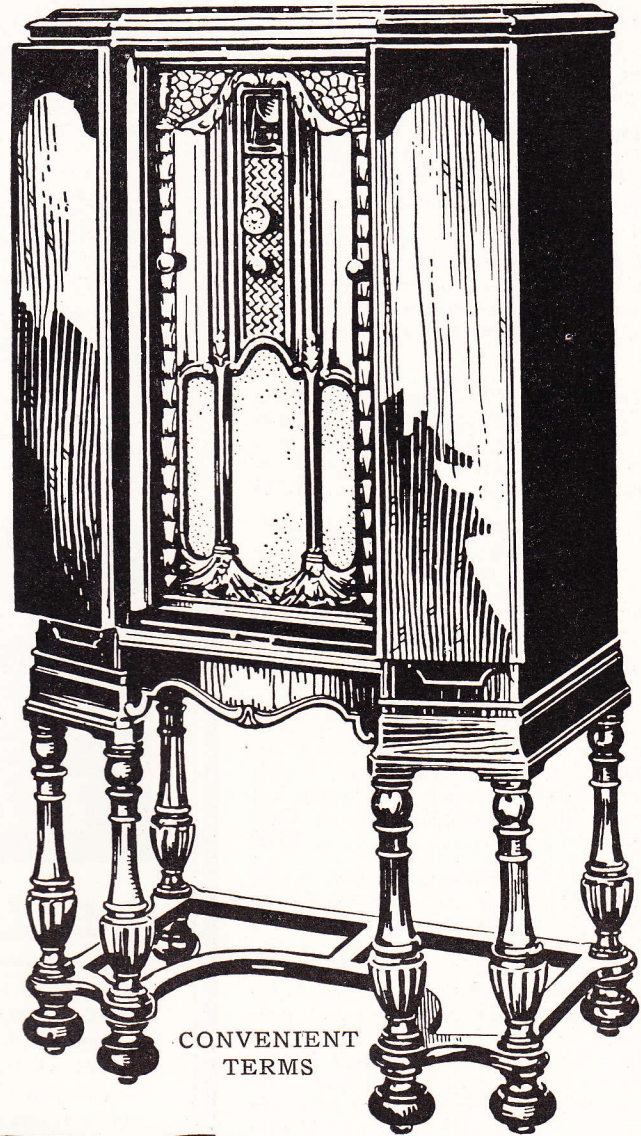
In radio there is "Nothing finer than a Stromberg-Carlson." Great power, unusual selectivity, pure tone. Cabinetry of rare distinction. Davega-City Radio offers you these at a far lower price than you would ordinarily pay.

- Superheterodyne
- 10-Tube Chassis
- Meter Tuning
- Dynamic Speaker
- Solid Walnut Cabinet

Regular Price . . . \$310.00

Trade-in Allowance 100.00

Special \$ **210**  
Complete with  
Tubes



CONVENIENT  
TERMS

38 Convenient Stores	
<b>MANHATTAN</b>	<b>BROOKLYN</b>
450 Cortlandt St.	417 Fulton St.
850 Broadway	(Borough Hall)
128 West 34th St.	924 Flatbush Ave.
1111 East 42nd St.	1304 Kings Highway
1592 West 42nd St.	2085 86th St.
1448 East 86th St.	1703 Pitkin Ave.
1599 Broadway	<b>LONG ISLAND</b>
1225 West 125th St.	163-24 Jamaica Ave.
1293 St. Nicholas Ave.	278 Steinway Av., Astoria
<b>BRONX</b>	43 Main St., Flushing
1001 Southern Blvd.	<b>NEWARK</b>
31 E. Fordham Rd.	60 Park Place
See Phone Book for Other Addresses	
ALL STORES OPEN EVENINGS	

# DAVEGA CITY RADIO

"WORLD'S LARGEST RADIO DEALERS"

**5% Discount**

Present this advertisement at your nearest Davega-City Radio Store and receive a 5% discount off the price quoted above.

"ATLANTICA" MAGAZINE

Please mention ATLANTICA in communicating with advertisers



sets down in this volume the Fascist point of view on the present day situation and the possibility of a new war in the near future.

### History and Biography

Alberti, A. — "Verdi Intimo", 1 volume, 8vo, 350 pages with 16 full page illustrations, Milano — Mondadori .....\$3.00

*Correspondence which Verdi had with one of his closest friends in which he reveals his keen musical mind, not only about his own work, but the music of his contemporaries. Within these pages the musical activities of Europe for a period of about 25 years from 1861-1886 are passed in review and commented upon by Verdi in caustic letters to his friend Arrivabene.*

Fulop-Miller, R. — "Il Segreto della Potenza dei Gesuiti", 1 volume, 8vo, 484 pages, with 116 illustrations, cloth, Milano — Mondadori ....\$4.00

*A translation of the famous book of Fulop-Miller. The Italian critics in unison with critics of other nations have acclaimed this volume one of the best ever written on the history of the Jesuits.*

Locatelli, A. — "L'Affare Dreyfus" (la più grande infamia del secolo scorso) 1 volume, 8vo, 550 pages profusely illustrated, Milano — Corbaccio .....\$2.25

*Locatelli has written in a most readable style the story of the famous Dreyfus case. He has made use of all the available documents which have been recently published, not least of all the papers left by Esterhazy, the real culprit, just before he died in England a few years ago.*

Ossendowski, F. A. — "Lenin" — Traduzione dall'originale polacco e introduzione di L. Kociemski, 1 volume, 8vo, 675 pages with many full page illustrations, Milano — Corbaccio .....\$3.00

*Of all the volumes written about Lenin, the present one seems to be the most objective. Ossendowski by his very nature was most qualified to write a life of Lenin. The author of this book is a Slav himself, although not a Russian. He has lived outside of Russia yet near enough to have been in a position to follow the political development in that country from a very close range. This book which comprises the life of Lenin from infancy to death gives a vivid portrait of the great leader of Communism.*

### Miscellaneous

Brunacci, A. — Dizionario Generale di Cultura, 2 vols. 16mo, over 2000 pgs., cloth. Torino — S. E. I. ....\$5.00

*Here we have one of the smallest of encyclopedias complete in every subject and in every detail. 1747 illustrations and 40 maps are included in these 2 volumes. Every question pertaining to history, science, literature, religion, philosophy, etc. finds its short but complete answer*

*within these pages. This compact cyclopedia seems to be the answer to our modern civilization which compels us to live in small apartments not big enough to house a large encyclopedia, and which also forces us to move from place to place.*

Appelius, M. — Libri di Viaggi.

*The descriptive travel books of Appelius which are listed below have been considered in Italy the natural continuation of the work begun by Barzini. Young Appelius has traveled like a real international hobo very extensively through China, India, and Africa. He has stopped and lived among the people collecting first-hand information about odd customs and queer modes of living, jotting down his impressions in a vivid and colorful style. Here follow five of his best books:*

"La Sfinge Nera" — dal Marocco al Madagascar, 411 pages .....\$1.80

"Asia Gialla" 490 pages, 60 illustrations .....\$3.00

"India" 500 pages, 30 illustrations 2.70

"Cina", 350 pages, 30 illustrations .. 2.25

"Nel paese degli Uomini Nudi" Africa Centrale, 440 pages ..... 3.00

## G. DAVINO'S GROTTA AZZURRA ANNEX

56 SPRING STREET  
New York

Italian  
Cuisine  
For  
Discriminating  
Diners

Chicken and Lobster Dinners  
Italian Style  
a Specialty

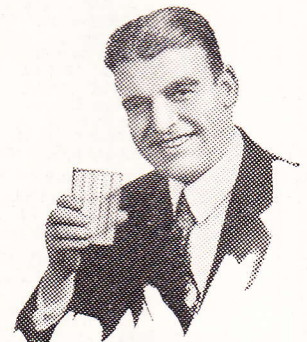
Phone: Canal 6-9806

## Here's My Drink instead of Milk of Magnesia

**M**ILK of Magnesia is fine for my acid condition, but I just cannot take it—it tastes so earthy. But I found the pleasant way to get all the good effects of Milk of Magnesia by taking BRIOSCHI (*pronounced Bree-Osky*).

Brioschi is a healthy, effervescent drink that tastes just like a good old-fashioned lemon soda. It sets acid stomach right in a jiffy. It's quick-acting on all cases of sour stomach, headaches and constipation induced by excess acidity. Brioschi has become my morning cocktail. It keeps me fit all day.

Brioschi is the finest "pick-me-up" there is. For over-indulgence in either food or alcoholic beverages Brioschi gives quick, welcome relief.



75¢ for a can of 16 good, healthful drinks. At all stores the world over since 1880.

Try a liberal sample can; sent for 5¢ to cover postage and packing.

G. CERIBELLI & CO.  
121 Varick Street, N.Y.C.

# BRIOSCHI

(Pronounced  
Bree-Osky)



SOCIETA' IN ACCOMANDITA

# GIUSEPPE CITTERIO

RHO MILANESE (MILANO)



IL  
SALAME  
DI  
ESPORTAZIONE  
MONDIALE



IN  
VENDITA  
OVUNQUE

*Agenti esclusivi per gli Stati Uniti:*

**EUGENE J. PETROSEMOLO, Inc.**

465-467 West Broadway - New York, N. Y.



THE  
**BANCA COMMERCIALE ITALIANA**

in the  
**UNITED STATES**

**NEW YORK CITY**

**BANCA COMMERCIALE ITALIANA AGENCY**

62-64 William Street, New York City

**BANCA COMMERCIALE ITALIANA TRUST CO.**

Central Office, 62-64 William Street

339 Sixth Ave. at 4th St.

212 Columbia St., B'klyn

114 Mulberry St.

50th and Vernon Aves., L. I. City

116th Street at Second Avenue

**BOSTON**

**BANCA COMMERCIALE ITALIANA  
TRUST CO.**

209 Washington Street

**PHILADELPHIA**

**BANCA COMMERCIALE ITALIANA  
TRUST CO.**

1416-18 So. Penn Sq. — 1301 So. Broad St.

*A L L B A N K I N G O P E R A T I O N S*

**THREE ★ STAR  
★ CANDLES ★**

*In attractive boxes of 12  
Each light burns 10 hours*

*Smokeless, odorless,  
handy, and sanitary*

**Used everywhere also for night light,  
nursery, sick room and religious purposes**

Tune in on our "Eco d'Italia" radio program:  
Every Wed. and Sat. from 4:30 to 4:45 over WPCH

**NATIONAL CANDLE CO.**

40 DEVOE STREET, BROOKLYN, NY. .

ST agg 2-4054