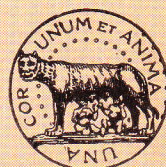


ATLANTICA

THE ITALIAN MONTHLY REVIEW



MARCH
1931

The Myth of Italian Crime
Italian Names in the History
of the Niagara Frontier

The First Italian
Military Victory

The Women of Italy Today
The "Wall Street" of Old Rome
The Loves of Giacomo Leopardi
Italian Life in New York in 1881
Sicily, Land of Poetry,
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by Edward Corsi

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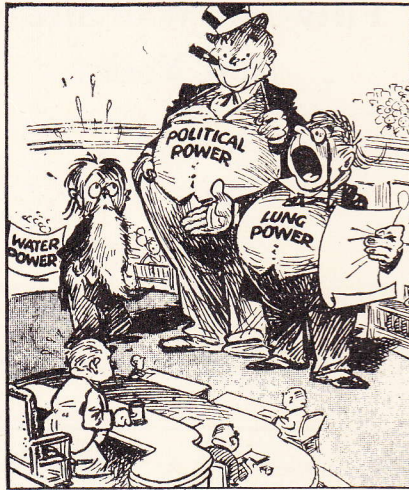
ONE of the outstanding feats of aviation of the past year was fittingly recognized when the International Aviators' League, meeting recently in Paris, awarded its annual trophy to the Italian aviator Francesco Lombardi, commander of the squadron of three Italian Fiat-motored planes which had previously flown 28,000 kilometers completely around Africa. The other pilots were Rasini and Mazzotti. The flight was of a most difficult and dangerous kind, for often their course lay over deserts and wild and unexplored forests, where a single mischance would have meant almost certain death.

At the same meeting, too, the League presented an inscribed tablet to Commander Maddalena, one of Italy's outstanding airmen, and his mechanic Cecconi, holders of both the world's endurance and distance records over a closed course.

THE article "Italian Life in New York in 1881," contained in this issue, will be read with interest not only because of the picture it presents of life among the Italians fifty years ago in a city in which they now number more than a million, but also because of the characteristic attitude taken by Americans toward the Italians of that day. Few Italians had as yet achieved conspicuous success in those days, for, as Miss Adams pointed out, "capital is the first necessity of the individual." The Italian of today, however, can look back with pride along the road that has led him to where he is today, with leaders in practically every field of American endeavor, and with a constantly increasing group prestige.

Many of the customs described in the article will be apparent to some of our readers in the lives of some Italians today. And another generalization made by the author still holds good in many instances today. We refer to the passage: "In the second generation many Italians easily pass for Americans, and prefer to do so, since a most unjust and unwarranted prejudice

against Italians exists in many quarters, and interferes with their success in their trades and callings." Happily, this prejudice is gradually diminishing, and it may not be too much to hope for that in time it will have disappeared altogether.



Power Problems in Congress
—From the Louisville Courier-Journal

THE part played by Italy (more particularly the Italian cavalry) in the World War has been set forth once again, this time by Captain Ernest N. Harmon, Commandant at Norwich University, Vermont, "the Military College of New England." Writing in the Norwich University Record recently, Capt. Harmon says:

"In the operations which eliminated Austria from the war, the Cavalry Corps of Italy played the leading role of the most brilliantly conceived and executed battle of the entire World War or of any war.

"While many have heard the name Vittorio Veneto, few realize its significance. It was in this battle that the entire Italian Army of 900,000, in a little more than a week, from October 24 to November 3, 1918, destroyed or captured the whole of the Austrian Army of 1,200,000 opposing it and forced Austria to surrender. In this great battle four divisions of Italian Cavalry were pushed through a gap in the line made by the Infantry and

Artillery and by their mobility and fighting reached strategic points in the rear of the Austrian Army on its main lines of communication, thus forcing its surrender.

"With the elimination of the Allies of Germany, forces numbering scarcely less than two and one-half millions were withdrawn from the War. In this great accomplishment the Cavalry played an important role in cooperation with the other arms."

WITH all the discussion now prevalent over the Veterans' bonus loan bill, recently passed over President Hoover's veto, it is particularly timely to call attention to the fact that the first American citizen killed in the World War was Boatswain's Mate J. E. Iapolucci, U. S. N., of Washington, D. C. A special bill has been presented in Congress which directs the payment of \$5000 in War Risk Insurance benefits to his mother, Mrs. Annie M. Iapolucci. The official records list Iapolucci's death as having taken place on April 1, 1917, when he was last seen in a life boat. The present legislation recognizes that he may have lived the seven days for which he had rations, thereby coming within the effective date of the War Risk Insurance, which was set at April 6th, 1917, the day when the United States declared war on Germany.

ITALIAN papers in this country were quick to praise the agreement recently reached between Italy and France with respect to their naval programs. Coming out of a retirement occasioned by illness, Luigi Barzini, editor of the *Corriere D'America*, in one of his characteristic editorials, also pointed out that, pending the publication of the exact figures, it would seem that the new accord strongly resembles the Franco-Italian naval holiday proposed by Italy last May.

"At that time," says Mr. Barzini, the Fascist Government proposed to Paris the suspension, on the part of both countries, of all naval con-

OBSERVATORY

struction, pending a solution of the points in disagreement. France agreed only to the suspension of her program of new ships for six months.

"Last January, at the end of the six months, France reclaimed her liberty of action, and announced a construction program of 42,000 tons for 1931."

Whereupon he discusses possible reasons for France's willingness to come to an agreement with Italy, and he closes on a note of optimism for "an equitable adjustment of the Mediterranean situation and a lasting and prosperous peace."

ONE of the most conspicuous successes in the way of introducing Italian culture in this country has been the Italian Book Exhibition in San Francisco, opened on Nov. 15th, 1929, in the presence of the Mayor, Cav. Alberto Mellini Ponce De Leon, Acting Italian Consul General at San Francisco, Mr. Franco Ciarlantini, delegate of the Royal Italian Government, Mr. Armando Pedrini, Grand Officer of the Crown of Italy, and many other officials and representatives of Italian and American societies. University school, cultural and patriotic organizations have taken advantage of the Exhibition to assemble on sundry occasions to speak of Italy amid books and things Italian. Thousands of interested visitors have visited the Exhibition Hall, adorned with precious Italian tapestries and antiques, to view and admire books of modest as well as luxurious editions published by sixty Italian publishing houses.

Outstanding in significance, however, is the fact that, one year after the opening of the Exhibition, more than 26,000 Italian books from that Exhibition were to be found in various cities of California, both large and small. These books have been distributed among libraries, schools, in American and in Italian homes, and they have done much to promote the cultural relations between Italy and America, as well as to foster in America the tongue,

the thought and the art of Italy, "mother and culture."

THE New Hudson River Bridge, as yet unnamed, has been the centre of controversy for some time, some people desiring to name it this, and some desiring to name it that. The most logical choice of a name



The Compromise
—From the Chicago Daily News

for it would seem to be that of its discoverer. Yet few have given Giovanni Verrazzano, the real discoverer of the Hudson River, the attention and consideration he deserves. The answer usually given to the suggestion that the bridge be named after Verrazzano is that his claims to having discovered the Hudson River are vague.

When the *New York Times*, in answer to a letter from a reader advocating Verrazzano as a name for the bridge, said something to that effect, Italo Falbo, editor of *Il Progresso Italo-Americano*, immediately came to Verrazzano's defense with an editorial in which he cited all the evidence at hand to prove that Verrazzano did actually discover the Hudson River before Henry Hudson.

"Nevertheless," he concludes, "with or without the Verrazzano Bridge, the glory of the great Tuscan navigator remains unchanged.

No doubt, old or new, can efface the proven truth of his memorable expedition to New York."

The Bridge, in all probability, will not be named after Verrazzano. But it is well that the Italians of New York and New Jersey should be cognizant of the many and valid reasons why it should so be named.

THE Italy America Society *Bulletin*, published monthly by that praiseworthy organization, recently published an exhaustive and thoroughly scholarly article on "Christina Rossetti: For the first centenary of her birth, December 1930," by Professor Franco Bruno-Averardi. At the end of the article, Prof. Bruno-Averardi says:

"On the first centenary of Christina Rossetti's birth, Italy and the two great English-speaking nations, England and America, may well unite in a profound feeling of admiration and love for this great Italian woman, an English poetess. When Christina visited Italy, in 1865, she wrote to a friend: 'The people of Italy are a noble people and its very cattle are of high-born aspect. I am proud of my Italian blood.'"

MRS. Gina Lombroso Ferrero, daughter of the famous Italian criminologist Cesare Lombroso, and wife of Guglielmo Ferrero, one of the greatest living historians, expressed surprise during her recent visit here at the fact that American women are accepting without resistance the new and "tragic" position which machinery is forcing them to take by transferring them from the home to the business world.

"That women should bend their heads to the necessity of the times and resign themselves to working during the machine age, I can understand. But that they should rejoice over this 'emancipation,' which robs them of all they ever held dear, seems stupid to me."

Coming from a great sociologist, this opinion gives American women food for thought.

Books In Brief

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS—Ten Years of Co-operation. Foreword by Sir Eric Drummond. XI—467 pages. Secretariat of the League of Nations, 1930. \$3.50.

THIS book, as the title implies, gives an account of the work done by the League of Nations during the first ten years of its existence. It is not, as Sir Eric Drummond, the Secretary-General of the League, states in the foreword, a history, but "a statement of facts. It seeks neither to discern the causes of events nor to estimate their effects. . . . It is not even the raw material of history."

Of course, the book is a one-sided affair, since it shows only the "facts" as seen by officials of the League of Nations and by its supporters. Take, for example, the Corfu incident. According to this book, the Greek Government laid the matter simultaneously before the Council and before the Conference of Ambassadors. The fact is, however, that the Conference of Ambassadors, on August 31, 1923, sent a note to the Greek Government demanding that it make an inquiry at once and notifying it that the Conference would determine the reparations due to Italy. The note from Greece to the Council of the League of Nations was transmitted on the morning of September 1st, or the day after the Conference of Ambassadors had taken the matter in hand. As Signor Salandra declared at that time, the League of Nations had no competence in that problem. "The Council" we read in this book "nevertheless endeavoured (italics ours) to act as mediator and conciliator, both by making direct representations to the parties and through the Conference of Ambassadors." How far the League succeeded in its endeavours, we can see from reading the note received by the Council from the Conference on Sept. 9. The Conference of Ambassadors, "noting the desire expressed by the Council to be kept informed of the deliberations of the Conference . . . paying homage to the lofty spirit of justice . . . animated by the same sentiments of justice . . . having studied with the greatest care the opinions expressed by various members of the Council in the course of this sitting, thanks the Council for having supplied it with important elements for appreciation, and has the honour to communicate to it the

terms of the following note addressed today to the Greek Government." As to the recommendations of the Council, practically only one was adopted (the inclusion of members of the Allied powers in the apologies to be received by Greece) the other (the deposit of 50 million lire in a Swiss bank) corresponding to the spirit of the Italian demand. All the other recommendations of the League were ignored by the Conference of Ambassadors.

Other instances, in which facts are presented so as to enhance the prestige of the League of Nations, could be mentioned.

A good piece of propaganda for naive students is the reference to that part of the Balfour report which states that "The members of the Secretariat, once appointed, are no longer in the service of their own country, but become for the time being exclusively officials of the League. Their duties are not national but international."

This book contains a brief bibliography of books and documents favorable to the League, but it omits some of those which attempt to minimize the efforts of the League, such as Coppola's "La Pace Coatta" or Frances Kellor's two splendid volumes on "Security Against War."

Nevertheless, this book should be considered as a useful addition to the literature on the subject for the historian and the scholar, but not for the inexperienced student of international relations.

List of chapters: "The peaceful settlement of disputes—The organization of peace and disarmament—International justice—Codification of international law—Financial and economic cooperation—International transit and communications—Health—Social and humanitarian activities—Intellectual co-operation—The Mandates System—Protection of minorities—The Saar territory and the Free City of Danzig—The financial administration of the League—The League and public opinion—Annexes.

THE PRESS TODAY, by Oswald Garrison Villard. 96 pages. New York: The Nation. 75c.

LAST year Mr. Villard, editor of the liberal weekly of opinion, the *Nation*, wrote a series of articles on various newspaper mat-

ters which received wide attention and comment. Those essays are here gathered together and reprinted. In spite of the fact that they are written from a definite point of view, the so-called "liberal" standpoint, the essays, pungent and thought-provoking, constitute a challenge to the American press of today and that of tomorrow.

The book may be divided roughly into two parts. The first treats of the two news-gathering associations, the Associated Press and the United Press, and the chain daily, together with its implications of a standardized press. The second section takes up individual cases, outstanding among which is the article "What's Wrong with the *World*?" With the *World* now a memory only, it is interesting to see what an experienced newspaper man, an editor and a liberal thinker, thought of a liberal newspaper before it died.

And apparently Mr. Villard saw the very reason for the *World's* decline and fall. "Primarily it is, I suspect, the will of Joseph Pulitzer which is largely at fault. It has laid down conditions and made dispositions which on the one hand have harassed the managers and on the other have lulled them into a too easy security." Perhaps Mr. Villard is a little hard on the editors of the *World*. He seems to think that, though it was "the bravest, the most outspoken, the most liberal New York daily, and the most thoroughly devoted to democratic and American ideals," it seemed to be resting just a little too much on its past laurels, and needed a vigorous awakening. Probably the mold left by Joseph Pulitzer could fit only Joseph Pulitzer himself: to all others, it was bound to pinch here and be too loose there.

The best sections of the booklet are those dealing with the Associated Press and the United Press, both individually and in comparison with each other. The chief fault Mr. Villard finds with the former is that, "no more than a river can the stream of news rise higher than its source," and, since the usual run of Associated Press news is supplied by member papers, with the particular bias or prejudice they are bound to have due to geographical location, etc., A. P. service is actually the service of small individual papers throughout the country.

(Continued on page 132)

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The Italian Monthly Review

Founded in 1923

CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1931

THE MYTH OF ITALIAN CRIME	Giovanni Schiavo	103
ITALIAN NAMES IN THE HISTORY OF THE NIAGARA FRONTIER	Ferdinando Magnani	107
THE FIRST ITALIAN MILITARY VICTORY	Umberto Gozzano	109
THE WOMEN OF ITALY TODAY	Angelina Mona	111
TWO POEMS	Franco Lalli	112
THE "WALL STREET" OF OLD ROME	John A. White	113
LUIGI LUCIONI, Artist	Dominick Lamonica	116
THE LOVES OF GIACOMO LEOPARDI, Part One	Rosario Ingargiola	118
SICILY, LAND OF POETRY, MYTHOLOGY, BEAUTY		120
ITALIAN LIFE IN NEW YORK IN 1881	Charlotte Adams	123
THE ENEMY, a short story	Fausto M. Martini	127
RECENT ITALIAN LITERATURE	Giuseppe Prezzolini	130
MUSIC AND DRAMA		134
THE ITALIANS IN THE UNITED STATES		136
A MINIATURE ANTHOLOGY OF ITALIAN LITERATURE (In Italian)		143
ATLANTICA'S OBSERVATORY		98
BOOKS IN BRIEF		100
TOPICS OF THE MONTH	Edward Corsi	102

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Topics of the Month

BY EDWARD CORSI

THIRD RATE "REALISM"

THE distinguished ladies and gentlemen who are endeavoring to prevent the extension in this State of the theatre censorship law have our sympathy. But if their plea that stage and screen can take care of themselves and remove their own rubbish is to be taken seriously, it behooves them to stop certain productions which are not only offensive but socially dangerous.

We refer to such pictures as "Little Caesar" and such plays as "On the Spot." Italians have a just complaint against this type of third rate "realism" which depicts underworld life in terms of Italian characters. It would seem from these productions that persons of Italian blood have a monopoly of crime in this country. But the mere implication is a libel. Not only does it offend the sensibilities of a law-abiding element of our population, but it adds to that prejudice which is already too serious an obstacle to our social peace.

Capone and his ilk notwithstanding, Italians en masse are an orderly people, with a record even better than that of most other racial groups in the country, not excluding that particular group in control of our movie industry. Crime is a general condition in America, deplored by Italians as by all other citizens of the land, and the theatre cannot be true to itself, or worthy of its responsibility, if it fails to photograph this condition as it is. To single out the Italians, or any other

minority, and for the mere purpose of gain expose it to the prejudice and hatred of public opinion, as "Little Caesar" and "On the Spot" do, is nothing short of a criminal abuse, which ought to be stopped.

GOOD NEWS FROM ROME

FROM Rome comes the news that Mr. Henderson and Signor Grandi have agreed upon the terms of a naval accord which Italy will present to France in settlement for the time being of the naval differences between the two countries.

The terms of the accord have not been made public, but it would seem that Italy has postponed her claim to naval parity and agreed to a holiday in naval construction until 1936. This, if accepted by France, will convert the London Treaty into a Five Power affair and give the movement for naval disarmament an impetus it has not had heretofore.



Making It A World-Wide Depression

—From the N. Y. Herald-Tribune

Italy, in the words of Signor Grandi, has made "great sacrifices" in the interest of harmony and in doing so has demonstrated a gain to the world that she earnestly desires peace. The accord prevents a race in armaments destructive both to the economy and the peace of Europe. It lessens the existing friction between France and Italy.

To friends of both countries the news is highly gratifying. There is no reason at all why the two Latin countries, now all-powerful on the Continent, should not work together, why they should not pool their brains and influence to insure peace to a world seriously concerned with the possibilities of another war. Italy has met France half way. Now it is up to France to prove her own good faith. Her acceptance of the accord should be the first step in the direction of genuine Franco-Italian understanding.

OIL IN ITALY

EVEN more important than the accord with France, to Italy herself, is the news that oil has been found in certain Italian provinces close to the industrial areas. Those who know Italy's basic problem—the lack of raw materials to sustain the life of a constantly increasing population—will appreciate what this means. Oil, coal, iron, steel, etc., are these days the sine qua non of growth and progress, and no nation, brilliant as it may be, even as brilliant as Italy, can speed over the road of empire without these elements of wealth.

The miracle of Italy is that in an industrial age it has risen and kept to the status of a great power without the mate-

(Continued on page 133)

The Myth of Italian Crime

by Giovanni Schiavo

DEGENERACY is hereditary and predisposes to crime. The prevalence and increase of crime shows that degeneracy is widespread and on the increase. The mixing of the old American stock with inferior strains from Southern and Eastern Europe is a cause of this degeneracy and its resulting crime. To abolish crime we must eliminate degeneracy. Racial improvement furnishes the only route by which crime may be eliminated. As long as a nucleus of strong racial character is present, there is hope of winning the war on crime." *From a review by H. R. Hunt of A. Orebaugh's book "Crime, Degeneracy and Immigration" which appeared in the Journal of Heredity for October, 1930.*

"Aside from crimes committed by negroes, two thirds of the crimes in the United States are committed by persons born in Europe or by their immediate descendants." (*Judge M. Kavanaugh, "The Criminal and His Allies," page 124.*)

The two passages quoted above summarize fairly well the arguments used to support the widespread belief that most crimes in the United States are committed by foreigners.

* * * * *

In my pamphlet "What Crime Statistics Show About the Italians" published by the Italian Historical Society, I think I have demonstrated how

unfounded are the assertions that the foreign-born commit a larger share of crimes than the native born. The publicity which surrounds the assassina-

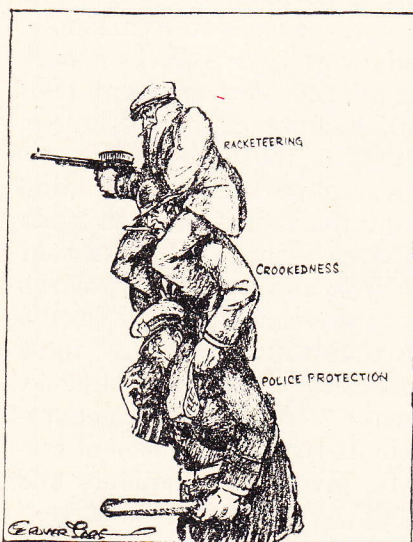
gent Americans who are not swayed by prejudices or by the yellow journals. But it is not so with the well-rooted belief that the children of the foreign born are responsible for our present crime-waves.

The assertions that the native whites of foreign parentage commit more crimes, relatively speaking, than the native whites of native parentage, may or may not be true, but, for the time being, they cannot be substantiated, as there are no official statistics to prove one side or the other of the problem. The only penal institutions which give the racial origins of convicts are those in Massachusetts, Illinois and Wisconsin, but all of them show that the natives of native parentage have a higher crime ratio than the natives of foreign parentage.

Once more, we must attribute to the glamorous publicity in newspapers the notoriety which second-generation Americans have acquired in this country.

THE fact that crime is not the product of heredity or racial traditions, may be easily explained by studying international crime statistics.

All countries, to be sure, have their share of crimes. Of course, some have more, some have less, but that, to a large extent, is a question of police efficiency and judicial administration. In Italy, for example, during Mussolini's regime, the



At the Bottom of it.
—From the Louisville Courier-Journal

tion of Italians alone is responsible for the myth of Italian crime—a publicity which will appear logical to any student of American life who is acquainted with the American craving for the spectacular and the notorious.

Yet murder and assault represent only an insignificant fraction of the total criminal activities that take place every year.

THE fact that the foreign-born have a smaller number of convicts in penal institutions, on the basis of population expectation, seems to be gaining ground among intelli-

number of homicides decreased from 6,278 in 1922 to 2915 in 1927. Nordic countries do not maintain jails and penitentiaries to add to the architecture of their countries! Even in the United States, all the sections of the country inhabited by Nordic peoples have also a large quota of crime.

CRIME has always existed in this country ever since the first immigration began. Crime has always been a dominant problem in America not only since Southern and South Eastern Europeans began to come in, but also when the immigration was purely Anglo-Saxon, or German or Irish. The only difference between present and past criminal waves has been one of method. Jesse James, the Younger brothers, and other criminals of their day used to specialize in holding-up trains and coaches. The modern gangster specializes in rackets and uses the machine gun. But the result is the same: the taking of human life and the destruction of property.

We are not even sure that the ratio, per total population, of homicides or destruction of property has increased since the fifties. Indeed, according to the 1928 report of the Sub-Commission on penal institutions of the Crime Commission of New York State, crimes against property decreased from 73 per cent in 1856-58 to 47 per cent in 1926-27 and homicides increased from 5 per cent to 6 per cent. But the earlier figures for homicides did not include first degree murder. The only increase that has taken place since 1856, with the exception of the war-years, has been in robbery, which has increased from 4 per cent in 1856-58 to 25 per cent in 1926-27.

Many scientific investigations could be mentioned to

prove that crime is not the product of heredity but of environmental conditions. In a brief article such as this one, a few will suffice:

In an article in *Century*, Winter, 1930, William Healy, the famous American criminologist, stated that a careful study of the records of children's courts show 70% normal mentality. Placing the children in good environment resulted in 82% success when the heredity was good, 81% where one or both parents were mentally defective or otherwise abnormal, 80% where one or both parents were alcoholic and even 70% success where the parents were criminal. (*Social Science Abstracts*, Dec. 1930, No. 16909).

An important contribution along the same lines was made by Dr. Clifford R. Shaw of Chicago and a staff of research men, who embodied the results of their investigations in a book entitled "Delinquency areas: A study of the geographic distribution of school truants, juvenile delinquents and adult offenders in Chicago." That study revealed that the rates of delinquency, throughout a long period of years, tend to vary inversely in proportion to the distance from the areas of deterioration and that they reflect the community backgrounds. It also revealed that the same rate of crime prevailed in old districts of the city notwithstanding the changes in the make-up of the population. In other words the districts inhabited by the immigrants and their children have contributed more or less the same quota of delinquency whether they have been inhabited by Irish, or German, or Scandinavian, or Southern European immigrants.

NEVERTHELESS, the fact remains that in most large cities in the country, the

children of the immigrants contribute a larger number to the arraignments before juvenile courts than do the children of the native born. In New York City, for example, out of 8024 delinquent children arraigned during 1929, 2415, or about 30% of the total, were of Italian parentage. That high ratio for the Italians perhaps could be duplicated in many other cities in America. In Chicago, Italians contribute about three times their population expectation.

A JUVENILE delinquent, however, is not a criminal. In the English language the word "delinquent" is applied also to debtors who have neglected to pay their bills or to people who have failed to perform their obligations. Of the children arraigned before the New York Children's Court, 50% were found to be non-delinquent. Figures for juvenile delinquency, moreover, are not likely to reveal a more or less accurate proportion of actual delinquencies by children of both the native born and the foreign born. The child of the immigrant is more likely to appear before a children's court than the sons and daughters of the native born, not only because of environmental conditions but also because a well-to-do American is better able to prevent the arraignment of his child than would be an immigrant laborer, alien to American customs and traditions, and often willing to entrust his incorrigible child to a reforming institution.

Nevertheless the fact remains that the delinquent boy of today will be the hardened criminal of tomorrow. It has been estimated that crime careers begin early; 75% at 16 years or under, 27% at 14 years or under.

* * *

WHAT causes juvenile delinquency?

We may say at the outset that the wayward boy may owe the beginnings of his career of crime to cultural conflict, lack of paternal or social control, association with unruly boys, desire to imitate the gangsters in his district, lack of recreational facilities, lack of respect for and fear of the law, residence in areas of deterioration where he comes in contact with the lowest strata of human society, and similar factors.

In a study of 1000 juvenile delinquents in Omaha, Dr. Thomas Earl Sullenger, professor of Sociology at the University of Omaha, found that 90.4 per cent of the 1000 homes studied were located more than one half mile from the nearest municipal playground.

In "A study of delinquency in a district of Kings County" made in 1927 by the New York Crime Commission, we read:

"In commercial districts there is a great movement of population. This may suggest a reason for the disproportionate amount of delinquency there. In a commercial district, also, community interests are focused upon business and not upon children's needs.... Children, therefore, have opportunities to do things that the very size of the hurrying crowds surrounding them hides, and they are not stopped because there is no residential group to protest to the authorities..... Dock frontage seems also to predispose toward delinquency..... The child finds more enjoyment in the life of the street than in the safe and certain amusements of the recreation center."

A vivid description of the influence of the environment upon adolescents is given by Jane Addams, in her book

"The Second Twenty Years at Hull House." Miss Addams has had unusual opportunities in her forty years at what is perhaps the most famous social settlement in the country, to study local conditions as affecting the immigrant. Hull House is situated in what used to be for many years past the heart of Chicago's Little Italy.

"THERE is no doubt," says Miss Addams, "that a spirit of adventure na-



Separate the Siamese Twins.
—From the Chicago Daily News

tural to boys in adolescence has been tremendously aroused by the bootlegging and hi-jacking situation. It is as if this adventurous spirit were transferred from the wild west into the city streets..... City boys in bootlegging neighborhoods have many opportunities to participate and even to collect hush money, or at least to help by guarding secrets as to location of bootlegging outfits. They are quite often used as outposts, and are expected to give an alarm if a policeman or a hi-jacker appears to 'be wise' as to the location of the hidden activity. If word is given that the police are on the trail, everything is set in readiness for protecting the plant. Success depends upon who shoots first, for

shooting is inevitable and a matter of self-protection on both sides. (Page 245-246).

AND again: "Slowly through the years one is forced to recognize that the increase of crime is connected with the general state of political corruption throughout the community as a whole, for 'no social institution can escape from the community which gives it birth and which either promotes or retards its operation.' I think there is no doubt that the older boys in our neighborhood who are openly 'bold and bad' are almost secure in the conviction that if one of them should get caught he will not be severely dealt with, that local politicians to whom he and his family are attached will take care of him; and the surprising thing is—that they usually do take care of him. In addition to the sense of safety which comes from the consciousness of political pull, is a willingness to get out of trouble in any way that is possible, because the whole thing is a legal game and acquittal for any reason is a victory. The lawyers who defend Chicago boys love to give them the impression that their clients can always get out of difficulties, that acquittal is merely a question of the cleverness of the lawyer. What startles me many times about these boys is their amazing lack of moral feeling. They seem to have no habit of considering their acts in relation to any standards, but are controlled absolutely by the spirit of bravado.

"They begin at tires and go on to automobiles. Many of them are getting away with it, but when a young man is exceptionally successful, the rest shrewdly suspect that there is police connivance somewhere. This suspicion is quite often correct, although

the facts are difficult to expose." (Pages 313-315).

AND, "The leader of a gang of boys gains his prestige largely through his power of obtaining favors for his followers. He discovers the alley in which they may play a game of craps undisturbed because the policeman is willing not to see them; he later finds the gambling and drinking places which are protected by obscure yet powerful influences. It is but a step further when his followers are voters and he an office-holder, to extend the same kind of protection to all the faithful from the operations of any law which may prove to be inconvenient to them. He merely continues on a larger scale to utilize those old human motives—personal affection, desire for favors, fear of ridicule, and loyalty to comrades." (Pages 366-367).

THE most important factor, however, seems to be the conflict that has existed and exists still today between the immigrant father and his American boy. Let us take, for instance, the case of the Italians.

It is not an exaggeration to say that in many cases an Italian father does not fully understand his boy and vice-versa. In many cases, also, if the boy of Italian parentage is not entirely ashamed of his racial origin, he at least considers American civilization by far superior to that of his parents. The writer recalls a high-school boy who asked him if there were automobiles in Italy and a girl who was ashamed to eat spaghetti because they are an Italian dish.

The boy of Italian parentage knows nothing of Italian civilization. Educated at a school where one-hundred per cent Americanism is preached into him every day, ignorant of the

language of his parents and of their traditions, he has become neither an American nor an Italian. In Italian one would call him "un pesce fuor di acqua." (A fish out of water).

As a consequence the Italian boy thinks that he "knows better" than his parents, and hence his disobedience of paternal orders and disregard of all advices that his father might impart him. Hence coming home late, school truancy, petty thefts to satisfy personal desires, absence from the family circle, etc. If a father, on the other hand, tries to correct the situation by beating the boy, very likely the boy will threaten to appeal to the police.

Many have been the cases of Italian fathers who have been admonished by American judges not to inflict any corporal punishment.

Such a state of things cannot fail to bring about apathy on the part of the Italian father regarding the personal conduct of his children. The situation, of course, could be remedied through some social agency but the average Italian who still lives in the poor districts of the city is not aware of the various means of which he could avail himself.

Thus the boy, left to himself, gets into boys' gangs, commits petty crimes, and develops an exaggerated spirit of adventure.

Such conflict of cultures, on the other hand, should not be considered, as some people seem to be inclined to do, as the most important factor in juvenile delinquency. In Italy, where fathers still keep tab on their children, they also have their share of juvenile delinquency. But it cannot be denied that if Italian fathers could obtain the obedience of their children, juvenile delinquency among Italian boys, a grave problem, would be

lower than it is at present.

THE remedy?

The writer is not a social reformer, but he cannot help suggesting that there should be more cooperation between Italian parents and American institutions. It would not hurt the cause of Americanism a bit, if school teachers in this country would also praise foreign countries, and especially if they would advise their pupils to obey their parents, even if the latter's traditions are alien to American principles.

The chief obligation, however, devolves upon the Italians. When the Italian first came to America he possessed a large amount of self-reliance, but today that seems to have given place to a dependence on governmental institutions.

One often hears Italians say that Capone is not an Italian, but an American gangster as he is the product of the American environment. One often hears that these boys of Italian parentage who are responsible for a good number of crimes, are not Italians, but Americans, and that it should be up to American authorities and social agencies to remedy the situation.

All that may be true, but the fact remains that if the Italians in America desire at all to break up the myth of Italian crime, they should take the situation in their own hands, by taking a more active interest in the social welfare agencies in their communities and by assisting the wayward and neglected children of their race.

Italo-Americans should display their spirit of association not by creating numberless societies of questionable value, but by merging their activities into organizations that would keep them apace of present social conditions and not cause them to lag behind the times.



Father Francis J. Bressani
—From a woodcut by Onorio Ruotolo

Italian Names in the History of the Niagara Frontier

by Ferdinando Magnani

FRANCIS J. BRESSANI

THE first Italian visiting the neighborhood country of the Niagara was the Jesuit Father Francis Joseph Bressani. He was born in Rome on May 6, 1612, and became a Jesuit on August 15, 1626. Arriving in America in 1642, he ministered for a time to the French at Quebec and in the following year to the Algonquins at Three Rivers. In April, 1644, he set out with an escort of Christian Indians for the Huron mission, but on the way they were captured by the Iroquois and carried to one of the villages of the latter, where he was cruelly tortured at intervals for over two months. Finally he was ransomed by the Dutch at Fort Orange (Albany), and sent to France, where he arrived the following November.

The next year he returned to

Canada and after a short stay at Three Rivers joined the Huron Mission, where he labored until its destruction by the Iroquois four years later. In the summer of 1648, he went to Quebec for additional missionaries, returning to his field of labor with a reinforcement of five brethren. In the following year he went with the fugitive Hurons to St. Joseph (Christian) Island, but their situation there was so perilous that Bressani was sent by his superior to Quebec to ask for succor, a vain quest, however, since the authorities there could spare none of their slender force of soldiers. The danger of the road preventing his return to his flock, he was obliged to remain at Quebec, where at various times he officiated in the church. Bressani in November 2, 1650, returned to Europe on account partly of the limited resources of the mis-

sion, partly of his own precarious health. Having regained sufficient strength in his own country, Italy, he spent many years as a missionary and preacher in the principal cities and died at Florence, September 9, 1672.

THE first French explorer and trader arrived at Nova Scotia in 1611, nearly a decade before the landing in America of the Pilgrims. The trader nearly always preceded the priest but never was he a writer. Father Bressani soon after his return to Italy published a brief account of certain missions of the Jesuit Fathers in New France, dedicated to the most eminent and reverend Cardinal de Lugo, and published at Macerata by the heirs of Agostino Grisei, 1653, thirty years previous to the publication of the famous work of Father Hennepin in which is the

first description of the Falls of Niagara. Bressani, in the second chapter of his work, gives a description of the country of the Hurons in which he states that "beyond that same neutral nation, in a direction nearly south, there is a lake 600 miles in circumference, called Herie, formed by the fresh-water sea, which discharges into it,—and thence, by means of a very high cataract, into a third lake, still greater and more beautiful; it is called Ontario, or Beautiful Lake, but we were wont to call it the lake of St. Louis. The former of these two lakes was at one time inhabited toward the South by certain people, whom we call the Cat Nation."

* * * * *

PAUL BUSTI

IT IS really unexplainable how Buffalo and the local historical society which possesses abundant and authentic material as to the merits of the sagacious general agent of the Holland Land Co., Busti, have waited up to this day, to pay him due honor.

Even Paul F. Evans, of Yale University, author of the "History of the Holland Land Co.," agrees that Busti's share in the early history of western New York has not received adequate recognition. Paul Busti was born in Milan, Italy, on the 17th of October, 1749, and after receiving his education in his native country entered the counting house of his uncle in Amsterdam, Holland, where he afterward established himself in business, married Elizabeth May, daughter of an English captain, and acquired a high reputation for business talent, industry and integrity. About to retire from commercial life and connected with one who

was interested in the Holland Company Purchase, he was induced to accept the general agency at Philadelphia, and most faithfully and satisfactorily did he perform his duties for a period of twenty-four



Paul Busti
—From an engraving by St. Memin

years up to the date of his death, July 23, 1824. The Bustis came to Philadelphia, which was then the capital of the United States, toward the end of the eighteenth century, with minds well cultivated and of good social position, welcomed as an addition to its best society, their portraits being among those so beautifully engraved by St. Memin. Mrs. Busti died in 1822, two years previous to the death of her husband, leaving no children.

PAUL BUSTI, as stated, was general agent and sole director from 1799 to 1824 of all the operations of the Holland Land Co., which possessed over three million acres of land in New York State and one and one-half million acres in Penn-

sylvania. This company was composed of Hollanders, who, when the struggle for liberty and American Independence was yet doubtful, loaned several millions of dollars to this country and after the establishment of the government purchased a wilderness to restore it to civilization. Joseph Ellicott, called the Romulus of Buffalo by local historians, was on November 1, 1800 appointed Resident Agent for the Holland Land Co.'s western tract of land by the General Agent, the Italian, Paul Busti. It was Busti himself, who, on July 9, 1802, gave to Ellicott the following specific and explicit order of founding Buffalo: "I take upon me to request you to lay out a plan for the town at the mouth of the Buffalo Creek." The injustice of giving all the credit to the local Agent Ellicott and denying it to the General Agent Busti is a real conspiracy against the historical truth. In fact Ellicott deserves only credit for carrying out the expressed wishes of his employer and the most talked of personal interest of Ellicott can be explained by the fact that he received for his services five per cent. of all sales of land.

ANY unprejudiced citizen of the so-called Queen City of the Lakes (Buffalo) will admit that Busti was entitled to be honored by the city he helped to build. My contention is based on the right of historical truth and the love of this country of my adoption, which many compatriots of Columbus, unjustly forgotten, helped to discover, to explore, to colonize, and in later years and today contribute their valuable share in making it the most progressive country of the world.

The First Italian Military Victory

by Umberto Gozzano

IN the salon of the great palace in Moscow, the Emperor, surrounded by all his marshals, was giving his final orders for the beginning of the retreat. Through the windows they could see the smouldering and ruined walls of the houses in Moscow, half destroyed by the great fires started by the Russians in order to drive out Napoleon. And Napoleon, now, was in retreat, conquered to a greater extent by the terrible winter than by the troops of Kutuzof and the Czar. For the first time the armies of Napoleon had not known victory, and the Emperor, more nervous than usual, paced up and down the great hall, inhaling snuff and giving orders to Marshal Ney, who was seated at the table, writing.

"In the vanguard there will be the Italian troops; Davout's corps will follow, then the Imperial Guard with you, Ney, and with me, in the rear, I will have Marshal Mortier. The Italian troops will march on Kaluga."

"One word, Sire...."

"What is it, Ney?"

"How can we possibly send the Italians in the vanguard? They are all raw recruits, and besides, who ever saw Italians fight?"

"The Italian soldier has no equal, if well directed; the Italians are good fighters, and they are as brave as the French and more tenacious and temperate, I have noticed. It is the first time they have been united as a single body, and it

is true that they are all recruits, but I am sure of them...." And, taking an energetic pinch of snuff once again, Napoleon resumed his pacing in the great hall, and the giving of orders.

THE little army corps of 15,000 men, commanded by Eugene Beauharnais and General Pino, made good time over the dismal Russian plains, which a premature winter rendered still more desolate. It was October, and yet a first heavy snowfall had already occurred, lowering the temperature considerably. The troops, nevertheless, marched along in good spirits; the Uhlans galloped in loose formation in the vanguard, followed by the infantry in order, battalion by battalion, singing gaily. Many of the soldiers amused themselves watching the little vapor clouds formed by their breaths at every respiration. They had just reached a little valley entirely hemmed in by high mountains and not far from the town of Malo Jaroslavetz, when one of the Uhlans, galloping in with frantic haste, brought the news that the heights were held by the Russians. Prince Eugene was startled, and for a time he hoped the information was not true, but a later and supplementary message confirmed the first, adding that the heights were strongly held by three fourths of Kutuzof's army, in other words, 50,000 men. The defeat of the imperial corps'

vanguard meant the complete rout of Napoleon, an irreparable disaster. They had to resist, to resist with 15,000 men enclosed in a little valley, against 50,000 men commanding the heights. This they had to do, to save Napoleon and the imperial Eagles. And the Italians, those recruits who had never fought before, those Venetians, Ligurians, Piedmontese and Milanese who formed the nucleus of the first army ever to carry the name of Italy, prepared themselves for the trial. With their ranks closed, they assumed the defensive, but after General Pino had spoken, the soldiers, with a cry that had nothing of the human in it, hurled themselves against the town, captured and occupied it, barricading themselves in the houses, prepared for anything.

IN phalanxes thick as clouds, the Russians came down on them from every side, from everywhere, battalion following battalion in constantly increasing waves. In vain did the artillery open up great gaps in their ranks, in vain did the grenades burst among them, sowing death, in vain did the Uhlans hurl themselves to the charge; the enemy's ranks were continually renewed. The city is now a brazier, a heap of ashes, and the Italians, grouped together behind a natural barrier which protects them somewhat, fight and repel the enemy wherever they can.

“Don't fire, soldiers!” shouts Colonel Peraldi to his men, “the weapon of the Italians is the bayonet! Bayonets, my brave Italians, bayonets!” And the white weapon gleams; the onrush of the Russians is opposed by the equally sweeping rush of the Imperial Guardsmen. In spite of their superior numbers, the soldiers of the Czar waver, the Imperial Guard pursues, the Uhlans pursue; and now the Russians turn about, a strange panic seems to possess them, and they flee back to the heights followed by Napoleon's soldiers. New reserves hasten to the aid of the Russians, yet even against these do the Guardsmen charge.

FOR hours and hours does this epic battle last. Kutuzof begins to doubt that he has only a few troops against his men and he becomes cautious. The Italians seem to multiply themselves and be like demons; no one would believe that these men—blackened by powder, red with blood and with torn uniforms—are the recruits, the soldiers of a nation now giving battle for the first time, and who, moreover, are not even fighting for their own country.

AT night the ruins of Malo Jaroslavetz are still in the hands of Napoleon's men when Marshal Ney's corps, together



Incident in Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow

with the old Imperial Guard, arrives on the scene. The Russian army retires in utter disorder and the battle is won: an 18-hour battle won by 15,000 men over 50,000, won by recruits closed in by mountains in a little valley, over veteran soldiers, the flower of the Russian army.

October 24, 1812: Malo Jaroslavetz! Italians should always remember this date and name. It is the date and the name of an Italian victory, of the first Italian victory before Italy, as Italy, ever was. Before that wars had been won by the Romans, then by the Genovese, the Venetians, the Milanese, the Florentines, by all the Italians, but in the name of their respective and individ-

ual cities. Now, and only now, through the work of another Italian, Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of the French, these Italians for the first time fought with the name of Italy on their tongues and won.

The Emperor praised the victory of the Imperial Italian Guard in few but highly significant words:

“**T**HIS battle stands as the greatest eulogy possible for the Sixth Army Corps. The enemy used two-thirds of their army, but in vain, to dislodge us from our positions. The Imperial Italian Guard, once it conquered its position, held it.”

Few words; these, but they have all the greatness of an epic poem.

The Women of Italy Today

by Angelina Mona

IF these superficial notes on what constitutes feminism in Italy succeed in arousing in some of my feminine readers and even in a few of my readers of the opposite sex, a sweet feeling of homesickness for our adored Italy, I will have been indeed happy to have written these superficial observations regarding a serious feminine movement, purely patriotic, nobly Italian, and endowed with good sense and perfect Latin balance.

The Italian woman is made for the home, where she rules; she is born for maternity, and she is a prolific and magnificent mother.

She shuns all the exaggerations of feminism that resulted in the tragic-comedy of the "suffragette"; she abhors those hybrid forms of emancipation which transform her morally and which give her, physically, a certain something of boyish masculinity.

She is a housewife in the sweetest and most significant sense of the word; and for that reason she has been, and is, alert and industrious in the work of the State.

When, during the sunny days of a far-off, historic May, there rang out the cry of war through the streets of Italy, and the nation's youth ran impetuously to the heroic call, the Italian woman felt the sublime and tragic greatness of the hour, and she also rose to the occasion, sending to the front, which is to say to death and glory, sons, husbands, brothers and lovers, thereby offering the mother-

land her dear and loved ones.

And then she offered herself! She took the place of the absent ones and did all their work during these long, terrible years. She even knew how to die smiling. She was inexorable with the cowards, in those days of fear, and she thanked the good Lord for having given her the gift of her offering for the day of Victory!

CAME then the gray days after the war. A wave of collective folly, that savored of the steppes and of barbarism, seemed to be sweeping everything before it. Through the streets of Italy, at that time, there still rang out the cry of war, and someone raised high the impassioned cry of a return to order in the hour of danger. There replied an audacious handful, little vanguard groups with minds made up for the sacrifice—there replied the Italian woman.

Thus she became Fascist and the renegades saw her acting as a defence for the insulted and maltreated war veterans, working strenuously in the days of the interminable strikes, enveloping herself in the tricolor in order to tear it away from the matricidal stake, or perish with it in the attempt. She mingled with the Fascist groups during the years from 1919 to 1922, and she took part in the March on Rome.

With the advent of Fascism to the Government, its members set themselves definitely toward their natural mission of social-patriotic propaganda

and beneficial and fraternal aid among the misguided and needy masses. The nation still sees, and will always see, the Fascist woman as a woman of many-sided activities, nursing in the hospitals, teaching in the schools, and giving her help in the industrial establishments; present wherever pain needs alleviating, present wherever any rancor needs to be calmed. The courageous ones, a mere handful during the early days of '20 and '21, who sang, through the streets of Italy, the eternal song of youth in defiance of individual and collective cowardice, are now legion, industrious and efficacious, because they are regularly enrolled in the Party as a substantial part of the social life of the State.

They have remained incomparable mothers, exemplary wives, perfect daughters and sisters, without any desire for political conquests, and with special and jealous care, they take care of the Italian youth associations.

THEY desire to establish before the eyes of history only the merit of contributing, through their work of beauty and kindness, to the formation of the new generation of super-Italians, capable of retracing, with the decisive pace of rulers, their way through the world, following in the footsteps of their imperial Roman ancestors.

Solely for the realization, within a short time, of this dream, have they, disciplined

and enthusiastic, established throughout Italy a fine network of social service work expressly to insure the tutelage of the mother and the physical and moral health of the child.

Maternity houses, consulting clinics, temporary and permanent health centres, open-air schools for children, courses in home nursing, classes in domestic economy for housewives, heliotherapeutic centres, gymnasia — all these are rising throughout the land, directed and guided by the Italian women, who, moreover, are always present wherever there is need of offering bread, work, subsidy, books, smiles, good words and stimulus for the bringing about of a conscientious Italianity.

Nothing is forgotten by these women, nothing is overlooked in the striving for the realization of the Fascist idea, which is the full utilization of the energies of the race.

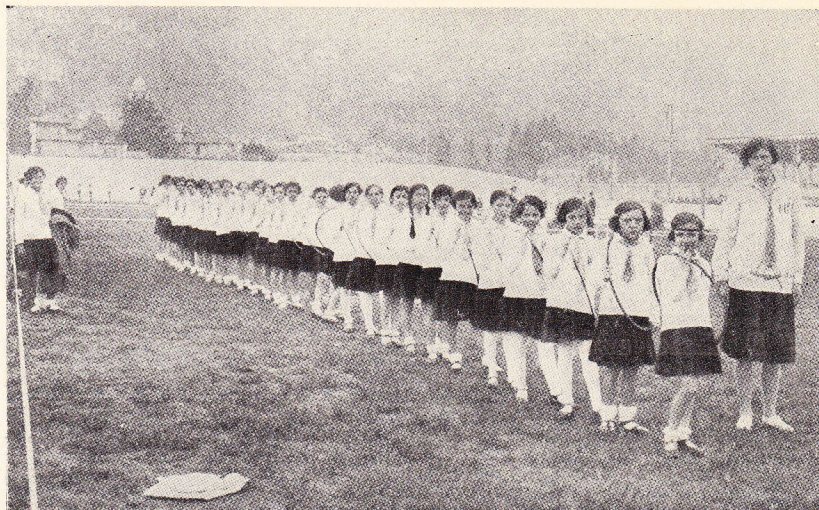
They are fulfilling this mission, selected and accepted of

their own free will, with calm nobility of purpose, with a lofty sentiment of civic and national duty, and over and above any feeling of party.

They are religious without being bigots, and on the altars of their faith as believers and Catholics, they adore their Motherland above all else in the world: their tri-colored flag, eternal and incorruptible symbol, for which they are will-

ing to offer even their lives.

Thus, in the revivifying of the motherland, the women of Italy, worthy indeed of Roman ancestors and of the great *Risorgimento*, contribute the sweet poetry of their hearts of mothers, of wives, of sisters and of sweethearts, to the educating of children to the sublime virtue of duty, and, if need be, sacrifice, for the greater glory and welfare of Italy.



Young Italians ready for their games and gymnastics

TWO POEMS

by Franco Lalli

VANITY

How ridiculous men are
with many dreams of greatness and of
conquest
in the midst of their poor possessions
made of pride and of stone.
Even this little humpbacked spider,
who has spun his threads of foam
between a picture and a door,
must certainly believe he has established
a net of communications
between two Continents.

LET HER PASS

A tall veiled woman
with pensive eyes
wanders thoughtfully
through the cemeteries
of the earth.

Let her pass.

She is Glory looking
for the names of her sons
on the white faces
of tombstones.

The "Wall Street" of Old Rome

by John A. White

A STOCK exchange is nothing new, for when the "Street of Janus" in Rome was laid bare it was found to have been the site of the bourse and the exchange of the old city. And the question is, did they in those days have the ways of lending and borrowing, the spirit of thrift, of saving, and of investing in securities as we have?

This business center of classic Rome and the existence of a row of banking premises on the north or sunny side of the Forum, where brokers and money-lenders received their clients, has been known since the 4th century B. C. The offices were called *Tabarnae Argentariae*. On the day of the triumph of Lucius Papirius, dictator, B. C. 308, gilt shields of the conquered Samnites were lent to bankers for the decoration of their shop-fronts.

The shops were destroyed in the great fire of 210 B. C., and when they were reconstructed, five years later, they exchanged their names from *Argentariae* into that of *Novae* (the new shops). When Lucius Paulus built on the same side of the Forum his famous court-house, the bankers' shops were amalgamated in the new structure, on the side facing the square, from the area of which they were separated by the "Street of Janus."

Money dealers congregated in this street to transact their affairs just as cattle or grain dealers of modern Rome meet for the same purpose in the Piazza Colonna. And as these

last seek shelter from the inclemency of weather under the portico built by Gregory XVI, on the west side of the piazza, so the *argentarii* of classic days used to repair to the colonnade of the Aemilian court-house whenever rain, wind, frost or heat made the meeting in the open disagreeable or unendurable.

For these reasons, Janus, in the sense of the street (and especially its middle section), called the *Janus Medius*, appears in the writings of Cicero and Horace as the Wall street of the metropolis, where fortunes were made and lost with equal facility.

Cicero refers his clients, who seek for an increase of fortune, to the worthies sitting at the Middle Janus. Horace also writes of the lessons to be learned in this place concerning the value of money; and Damasippus, in one of Horace's satires, mourns his fortune lost in the same neighborhood.

WE may picture these shrewd old harpies sitting at their desks, upon which piles of foreign and colonial coins were set up under the protection of a wire netting, in roomy but ill-lighted and chilly offices. These offices opened on a portico supporting a piazza which was used as a stand whence the processions or games or shows celebrated in the area below could be viewed. The shops were distinguished by a number, marked on the corresponding

pillar of the portico. Catullus mentions the ninth, counting from the corner by Castor's Temple.

THE front wall was used occasionally for the exhibition of pictures representing the latest events of war. One of the battle-pieces was painted on the occasion of the triumph of Caius Marius over the Cimbrians.

Among the barbarians, making their last stand on the battle-field there was one whose ugly and repulsive face was always taken as a term of comparison by the lawyers arguing their cases in the Forum whenever they wanted to ridicule their opponents.

No one can enter these newly re-discovered offices; we cannot tread their marble floors worn by the feet of the bulls and bears of classic times, without feeling a strong sense of actuality, especially as that pavement, as well as that of the basilica of which the offices formed part, has been found covered with loose coins.

This abnormal dispersion of money all over the place was either contemporary with, or soon followed by, a raging fire; many coins, therefore, have been melted and welded together into a shapeless mass of metal. These masses, as well as single coins, have also been cemented against the marble slabs of the pavement, which appears all marked with spots of verdigris.

Many thousand specimens of this currency (of the end of the

4th century) have been put aside in the latest excavations, and many hundred are still to be seen cemented to the flooring, but great as their number may be, they represent only a small fraction of what the earliest excavators were able to carry off when they first looted the Basilica Aemilia in 1531.

AN eye-witness of this event, Bartolomeo Marliano, mentions a great mass of copper coins gathered on that occasion.

The existence of bankers at Rome can be proved as early as 309 B. C. although silver was not coined in Roman mints before 268 B. C.; but their name can easily be explained if we consider them as simple changers of foreign silver into Roman bronze currency, or vice versa.

Later on the money-changing business was handed over to an inferior class of agents, while pure banking operations, such as the opening of current accounts, the receiving of deposits and the making of loans, were reserved to the *argentarii*. They also drew bills of exchange payable by their correspondents abroad, and delivered letters of credit, an operation which made it imperative for the banker to be acquainted with the current value of the same coin in different countries and at different times.

Judging by the great and various facilities offered to Roman citizens for the safe-keeping and for the safe investment of the sums of money which constituted the surplus of this yearly balance, and the savings of their life, we must come to the conclusion that the spirit of thrift and the economizing of money must have been prevalent in those days.

Although we have no evidence as to the existence of regular saving-banks, we know that money could be put at in-

terest or laid by for future emergencies in three ways: by trusting it to bankers, by trusting it to priests, and by depositing it in safes guaranteed by the state.

As regards the first case, if the money was deposited by the owner as a depositum, that is, to save himself the trouble or danger of keeping it and making payments at home, then the banker paid no interest, but simply honored the checks of the client as long as there was a balance in his favor; but when the money was deposited as a *creditum*, that is, at interest for a specified time, the banker was allowed to use and invest it to the best of his judgment.

There were less risks, perhaps, to be incurred in ancient times in these dealings than there are now, because the bankers were considered public functionaries, and placed under the supervision of the prefect of the city, for which purpose they were obliged to keep their accounts in books called *codices* or *tabulae* or *rationes*, open to public inspection. The only danger incurred when dealing with them was that, in case of failure, the law enacted that the claims of the *depositarii* should be satisfied before those of creditors who had money at interest in the bank.

THE interest of money was, as a rule, much higher in those days than under the law today. A high rate of interest is characteristic of the infancy of industry and trade, especially in the agricultural countries, the natural tendency of small cultivators being to sink into debt and to mortgage future crops for the sake of immediate subsistence.

Hence in early Rome the rate of interest was originally unlimited; and the grievance of the debtors—liable to personal

slavery by the law—fill a large space in the struggles between the patricians and the plebeians.

THE first restriction upon usury was imposed by the law of the twelve tables, which established one ounce in the pound as the normal rate of interest, namely the twelfth part of the principal, or eight and one-third per cent, annually. All believe that the legal year for money-lending transactions was not twelve but of ten months in those days. In that case the interest, sanctioned by law of the twelve tables, would really amount to ten per cent, instead of eight and one-third.

It is evident that toward the end of the republic creditors had become more cautious in lending money, and more exacting as to the payment of interest due upon it, which amounted then to twelve per cent. This very high rate of one as in the hundred per month was known among the clients of the "Janus" as the *centesimae usurae*, because a sum equal to the whole principal would thus be paid back in a hundred months.

Under the early empire we find used the now familiar expression "a modest five per cent," while higher rates of interest were considered to savor of "sweating." At the time of Trajan we find money invested on mortgage at the wonderfully small rate of two and one-half per cent.

Savings, as we have said, could be deposited not only with bankers but with priests, who used the innermost sanctuary of their temples for a safe. Herodianus, describing the great fire of A. D., 191, by which the Forum and the Temple of Peace were reduced to a heap of ruins, mentions the loss of an untold amount of private property, in money, in jewels and in securities, which

had been confided to the care of the local clergy.

A VERY fine collection of silver plate, including richly decorated cups, saucers, vases, statuettes, etc., was discovered in 1830 under the remains of the temple of Mercury at Bernay, in the Department de l'Eure, France. The collection is now preserved in the National Library at Paris.

The Roman institution, however, which comes nearest to our modern repositories, or safe-deposit vaults, is that of the horrea or storage houses, of which there were two kinds, the horrea frumentaria, in which a plentiful supply of corn was kept at the expense of the state to be distributed among the lower classes, or sold at a moderate price in seasons of scarcity or of famine; and the horrea-repositories in which the citizens were allowed to deposit such goods or such valuables as they could find no safe place for in their own homes.

These establishments covered an immense area in the plains of Monte Testaccio, between the Aventine and the Tiber, and it was precisely in this district that the official advertisement for leasing a repository, belonging to the Emperor Hadrian, was discovered in 1885. It was a remarkable document—and begins with the words: "To be let from today, and hereafter annually, beginning December 13th, these warehouses, together with the granaries, wine-cellars, strong boxes, and repositories." The watching of the place by a body of special officers is included in the lease. Then follow several stipulations as to the length of lease, payment of rent, prohibition of subletting, obligations of giving to the keeper in chief an assignment of the goods stored, and so forth, worded in a straightforward, honest, busi-

ness like language, that would give credit to many modern parallel institutions.

Putting together all these facts and considerations, we gain the certainty that the spirit of thrift, economy, frugality was widespread among the Romans, wealthy as well as of moderate means, patricians as well as toilers in the field and street.

The only section of this class of toilers, however, which has left for us a certain amount of information about the laying by of earnings is that of the jockeys or racers of the circus, of whom there were four squadrons in Rome—the whites, the greens, the reds and the blues.

Juvenal, the satirist, assures us that one of these low, vulgar fellows could make in a short season one hundredfold the income of a celebrated lawyer.

THE great Diocles, the prince of Roman jockeys, left to his son a fortune of one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This is manifestly a remarkable case of thrift in a man belonging to a caste which had greediness, and prodigality for its characteristics.

One of the great impediments against the spreading of the spirit of thrift must be found in the disgraceful institutions of ancient Rome, by which the lower half of the population of the city was fed for purely political reasons at the expense of the state. The celebrated grain laws, originated at the time of Tiberius Gracchus, were amplified and perfected in subsequent times by Claudius, Pompey, Sulpicius Galba and various emperors to such an extent that sixty-nine millions of hectoliters had to be imported every year from Egypt, and double that figure from Sicily, Numidia, Sardinia

and the lower valley of the Danube.

In 312 A. D., there were in Rome alone two hundred and ninety public granaries. Now when a population feels that—no matter how much money is thrown away and sunk in debauchery—the daily allowance of bread is at all events insured, and not only the bread but also a good share in public entertainments, why should they trouble themselves about the future, and take provision against contingencies from which, really they had nothing to fear?

The old fable of the ant and the cricket had no meaning whatever to the mind of a Roman plebeian!

We also learn that trade-unions were in great numbers in ancient Rome. They encouraged the spirit of thrift, but no trace has been found of a fund set apart to help members in case of need, of sickness, of disablement of the body, and to insure them a pension when they could work or cooperate no more.

Considering all things, the spirit of thrift and saving was fairly well developed individually in ancient times among the upper and middle classes; in a much less degree among the plebians, fed and amused as they were at the expense of the state.

THEIR only anxiety in life was to secure a proper entombment and to avoid the much-dreaded puticuli or common pits of the Esquiline; and for this purpose alone they joined together in guilds and companies and contributed to the social chest. No institution which can bear resemblance to our saving-banks can be found in ancient times; there was no public spirit of economy, just as there was no public spirit of charity.



"Anachronisms" by Luigi Lucioni
(Collection of Prof. Philip McMahon)

Luigi Lucioni, Artist

by Dominick Lamonica

ART is a struggle. When a painter is young and unknown, the struggle is difficult enough, although it is almost wholly a material struggle. But it is after the artist has "arrived," and attracted criticism as well as praise, that another and greater struggle ensues—that of the spirit rebelling against the contrasting dicta of others, who would impose their suggestions and individuality upon the young painter. This latter struggle may well last the full length of the artist's career, or it may not, depending upon how much attention he pays to criticisms of his work, and their source. Eventually, however, the artist learns the absurdly simple maxim that "You can't please everybody at once," and from then on he is himself, and glad of it.

So thinks Luigi Lucioni, painter, who at 30 has discovered that rule for himself and is the happier for it. His landscapes, still-lives, and portraits are characterized by a forceful, finished and realistic simplic-

ity, a firm, impeccable line that almost approaches literal photography, and a rich textural quality in their coloring that softens and rounds out the whole. These qualities, of course, can be both berated or praised, depending on the point of view and personal taste. But for the most part, Lucioni's work has been encouraged, and in a definite manner.

LUIGI LUCIONI was born at Malnate, near Milan, and he came to this country with his parents at the age of ten. He began going to evening art classes at Cooper Union when he was but 16, and after four years of it, left to enter the National Academy of Design. He studied at that institution for five years, winning, at the end of his second year, a scholarship that enabled him to study during the summer months at the Louis Comfort Tiffany Foundation at Oyster Bay, Long Island.

In 1925, having had enough training at the National Acad-

emy, he left for a two months' trip to Italy for purposes of travel and study. Again, in April 1929, he left for Italy, this time for painting purposes exclusively, returning to the United States in October of that same year. He has stayed in this country ever since, living with his people in Union City, N. J., and coming every morning to his studio, which commands a beautiful view of Washington Square.

Luigi Lucioni has had his share of honors and awards. Besides his four one-man exhibitions at the Ferargil Galleries, the latest of which took place last month, he has exhibited in many other expositions throughout the country. At the Ferargil Galleries he will exhibit again next year. The Gold Medal of Honor of the Allied Artists of America was awarded him in 1929 for the most distinguished painting at their 16th annual exhibition. The painting was "Still Life," consisting of a red-lacquered chair with a brown overcoat thrown over it and a quaint

whitewashed fireplace behind it. As a result of his stay at the Tiffany Foundation, he received the Tiffany Foundation Medal in 1928, the first to be awarded by that organization. This he received for the excellence of the pictures he exhibited at the Society's annual exhibit at the Anderson Galleries.

AT THE Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, too, is his work to be seen, and he is represented in the Atlanta Art Museum, as well as the Fogg Museum of Art at Harvard University. At his last exhibition at the Ferargil Galleries, one of his paintings was purchased for the eminent statesman, Elihu Root.

In a discussion of art of the present day, Lucioni will admit that much of the attention given to France today is deserved, but that too much of it is expended in that direction at the expense of other countries, Italy, for example, with her Felice Casorati, Donghi, Oppi and others. Italy's handicap, of course, is that she is weighed down by the terrific burden of trying to live up to her great art periods of the past. America, on the other hand, with no art tradition comparable to those in Europe, can proceed, free and unhampered, toward developing an art of her own. It is not too much to believe, thinks Mr. Lucioni, that she will be the artistic centre of the future, because of the boundless force and vitality, and the fresh freedom at her command.

"Art schools? I expected that question. They're all the same, more or less. So long as you know nothing about art, and want to learn the use of the tools to be used, they are all right. As soon as they have taught you that, however, they are of no further use to you. They cannot teach you art, for that you must have in you, but they can develop that 'some-

thing' you may have in you, so that you may be able to express it. Once an artist has learned the use of his tools at an art school, though, continuing there is a mistake."

"I DON'T think I can truthfully say what my artistic ambition really is. The ques-



"My Sister Alice," another example of Lucioni's art

tion, even if I did know, would be difficult to answer in words. You must remember that an artist never achieves what he really wants to. The painting which people admire never completely satisfies the artist, for he alone knows that he aimed at a much higher goal which he has failed of achievement, but which, in so doing, has come high enough to please others. A shining example of this is Michelangelo, who never realized fully the titanic conceptions of his great mind."

Here the insistent bubbling of the coffee-pot in a corner of his studio interrupted the conversation. As he concentrated on his task, I had an opportunity to observe his blonde, youthful features, which gave the impression that life was before him, and that he was happy in that knowledge. His pleasant, eager voice also supported that observation.

THE grand piano in the room gave rise to another question. "Yes, I play it, but badly. Music is my hobby. In fact, I know more musicians than I do artists, and I go to operas and concerts frequently. And I sing, too, but it's like my piano playing."

Observing my gaze turned to the unfinished portrait of a boy, he informed me it was the son of Giovanni Martinelli, the Metropolitan Opera singer, and a close friend. "You know," he continued, "I cannot tell which of my paintings I like best. In the first place, an artist is not the best judge of his own work; and then he has a tendency to like the last of his works best. That's the case with me, anyway; perhaps I like the painting of the picture more than the picture itself."

Luigi Lucioni tries consciously to create form and space; his interest in color, though great, is secondary to this. It is natural, therefore, that he would prefer the Florentine school of the Renaissance to the Venetian. There are four Italian artists whom he admires: Giotto, for his dramatic force and composition; Botticelli, for his exquisite line; Mantegna, for the architectural feeling of sculpture in all his paintings; and Piero della Francesca of the Umbrian school, for his monumental decorations.

Like the practitioner of any art, Luigi Lucioni paints as often as he can, and whenever he can. He has no set routine, though he admits he does most of his work in the summer, when light conditions are more favorable. It takes him considerable time to complete a painting, for his outstanding quality is a desire to make each one as finished a product as he can, a harking back to the ideals of the old masters.

The Loves of Giacomo Leopardi

by Rosario Ingarciola

I
TO those familiar with Leopardi's unhappy life the title of this study will seem sadly ironic. "Loves" of Leopardi! How can one conceive Leopardi in the role of a heartbreaker, a gay Lothario, or a nineteenth century Casanova flitting from one amorous adventure to another in the true fashion of a gallant *cicisbeo*? Such a picture of Giacomo Leopardi would certainly be unreal and absurd. He was anything but an ardent wooer or a happy lover.

One thing, however, is certain: that love occupied no small part of his life. Love—love of woman, love of men, love of family—that is what he always cried for, but always missed; and that is the way he died, the most unhappy of men.

Love, then—or rather the absence of love—filled his entire life and permeated all his works. Indeed, one may safely say that the moving power behind his philosophy of pessimism was precisely this remarkable acuteness of feeling, this irresistible desire to love, this unappeased need to be loved.

Stripped of all its philosophical implications and reduced to its bare human terms, Leopardi's life was undoubtedly one of the most empty that a man can be cursed to live in this earthly pilgrimage of ours. Think of it! He never knew a mother's sweet tenderness and solicitude or a father's sympathetic concern; he had no

wife, no sweetheart, no children, no friends: his life, the full 39 years of it, a real and boundless desert, a vast, unending loneliness, both within and all around him, with untold physical suffering brought about by illness as a too frequent interlude: vacuity, despair, tedium.

In a letter to his brother, Carlo, written from Rome in 1822, occurs this distressing passage: "In truth I have no one. I have lost even myself. But, for Heaven's sake, you must love me. I need love, love, love: fire, enthusiasm, life." Again, in 1828, he writes: "What I need is not the esteem of men, nor even glory, or things of that sort: what I need is love."

THIS faculty to feel deeply and to love intensely was most accentuated in him. It embraced not only the restricted circle of his friends or his dear ones, but it extended to the world at large. Curiously enough, it included even mankind, in spite of his misanthropic protestations. In fact, in one of his best poems, *La Ginestra*, written shortly before his death, he urges all men to live in unity and by "true love," to form "a social barrier" against the evils of Nature, the common Enemy, and seek protection from the "alternated dangers and miseries of the common warfare," in a spirit of brotherly co-operation.

A study of Leopardi's loves

should really consist of a chronological enumeration of the women who moved his heart. Love, as applied to Leopardi, has a peculiarly limited meaning. It is not to be taken in the usual, human significance: a passion with a more or less corresponding response. In Leopardi's case, to be in love, simply meant that his heart was moved—the woman's never.

IN MOST cases the woman was not even aware that she was the object of the poet's passion. His love, generally speaking, was unilateral. At all events, in no instance did his love strike a sympathetic chord. Such was the tragedy of his life.

If Leopardi's pessimism was the result of personal disillusionment—and there is no doubt that it was—it is not difficult to find an explanation. He was endowed with a most penetrating mind and a most sensitive soul. He saw and felt with such acumen and such depth as is rarely given to a man of even unusual powers. Yet ill health, the adversities of fate and the iniquities of men condemned him to a life of utter desolation and appalling torture, spiritual as well as physical.

One must be a saint, under these conditions, always to see the sunny side of life and chirp silly songs of optimism. Smile, yes, and your ills are forgotten; but the smile is bound to turn into a frown: for, in the

last analysis, a life devoid of love is a sad inheritance indeed.

* * * * *

LEOPARDI'S first love occurred when he was a little over nineteen years of age. He has recorded it in one of his early poems entitled *First Love*.

Somewhere in his works he relates that in his youth his most burning desire was to "converse, as everyone does, with pretty women"—a desire which, because of his forced solitude and the peculiar social conditions of Recanati, a small and bigoted town, very seldom materialized. In those days—and perhaps ever afterwards—a woman's lone smile, bestowed upon him on very rare occasions, seemed a "very strange thing, marvelously sweet and flattering."

While he was in this state of mind, love came to him for the first time one evening in the month of December, in the year 1817, when his cousin Geltrude Cassi, a beautiful woman of twenty-six, arrived at Recanati with her husband, a man more than 50 years of age, "fat and peaceful," as Leopardi describes him.

How the presence of the beautiful woman whom he saw for the first time must have thrilled him! Now he could satisfy his old desire—to talk, to converse, to dream, perhaps.

She was a guest of the Leopardis for only three days. The first night he exchanged just a few words with her. The next day he met with no better luck; at evening his brothers played cards with her, much to his chagrin, and he had to be content playing chess with someone else. The following evening the enchantress asked Giacomo to show her certain moves

in the game of chess and thus they played together. He spoke to her and she smiled to him. That night he learned that the next morning, very early, she was leaving Recanati and he felt sure that he would never see her again.

Giacomo's reactions to such news are vividly portrayed in this passage: "I didn't fall asleep that night until very late. When I did I felt as if



Giacomo Leopardi
—From his death-mask

possessed by fever. I dreamed all night: cards, chess, my cousin. I awoke long before dawn—nor did I again fall asleep—and immediately the same visions of my dreams began—or rather continued—to harass me. I heard the stamping of the horses, the creaking of the coach, the voices of the people going to and fro, and there I lay in my bed, straining my ears to hear her footsteps and to catch for the last time the sound of her voice: and I heard it! Still, her departure did not grieve me greatly, for I knew that if she had remained that day I would have felt much more miserable."

THIS experience had a notable effect upon Leopardi. That first feminine apparition

in his life quickened his heart and brought forth an admixture of varied feelings: disquietude, discontent, melancholy, sweetness, desire of he knew not what. For some time the memory of her was ever present before him. Long after she had gone he could not suffer to look at any other woman: "it seemed to me that the sight of other women," he confesses, "would contaminate the purity of the living image which stirred in my mind."

He shunned all company, came to despise those things which he formerly liked, lost his appetite, forsook his studies and gave up even the desire to become a great man—always a prepossessing desire with him.

TO THIS noble, almost ethereal, idealization of love Leopardi adhered to the last. Love meant to him something highly spiritual, not of the earth, an absolutely divine passion capable of inspiring the sweetest feelings and the greatest deeds. He never—except perhaps once—regarded it as a sensuous manifestation or a physiological fact. He had of love the same conception as Dante, Petrarch, Keats: love, unaccompanied by beauty and virtue, was to him no love at all. Indeed, he held that the very essence of love was beauty and virtue.

While he was under the spell of his passion for Geltrude Cassi he wrote to a friend: "I have for a long time deemed myself incapable of committing an unworthy act, but of late I have felt more so; in fact, I have come to realize that I am much better than I thought I was, and all because of certain feelings which my heart has recently experienced."

(To be concluded)



Taormina—Panorama

(Photographs for this article by courtesy Italy-America Society Service)

Sicily

Land of Poetry, Mythology, Beauty

IF you are not acquainted with it, dear reader, you do not know one of the lands where the sun's smile shines the most brilliantly, and where the eternal youthfulness of the world sings the most majestic of hymns. More than merely a land, from its mountain peaks and its winding shores it appears to us like "the resplendent island of fantasy in the midst of the seas," like the island "far from the hard ways of mortal toil," like the "island of beauties, island of heroes, island of poets."

Sicily, happy land! Is she not the beloved daughter of the

sun, the dewy gem of the sea, the undisputed kingdom of the Spring, the far-away cradle of dreams, the sweet and secret refuge of love?

All poets have sung her praises, all souls thirsting for beauty have dreamt of her, all roving souls have made her the goal of their pilgrimages, all peoples have fought for her dominion, all merchants have traded with her, all civilizations have met within her, all arts have flourished there. The people who, more than any other in the world, love beauty, have surrounded her with poetry and fascination. The

most pleasing and fanciful myths, flowered by this people's ardent imagination, had their birth in Sicily.

FROM these green shores the irresistible song of the Sirens enticed the restless soul of the wandering Ulysses, and the amorous sighs of Glaucus went out to the wild beauty of Scylla. From these mossy caverns Aeolus unleashed throughout the world the fury of the winds, and from within the smoky interior of Aetna there resounded the clanging forge of Vulcan. Here, on the dewy shores of Lake Pergusa,

was young Persephone playing with her chaste companions, when the insane desire of Pluto caused her to be carried off to the infernal regions of Hades. In these sunny valleys the nymph Arethusa sought refuge from the foolish pursuit of the ardent Alpheus. And from the foaming billows of this sea of cobalt, one sunny day in Spring, there sprang forth the rosy Aphrodite, who, from the summit of dark Erice, inhabited by doves, invited sailors to her mysterious cult.

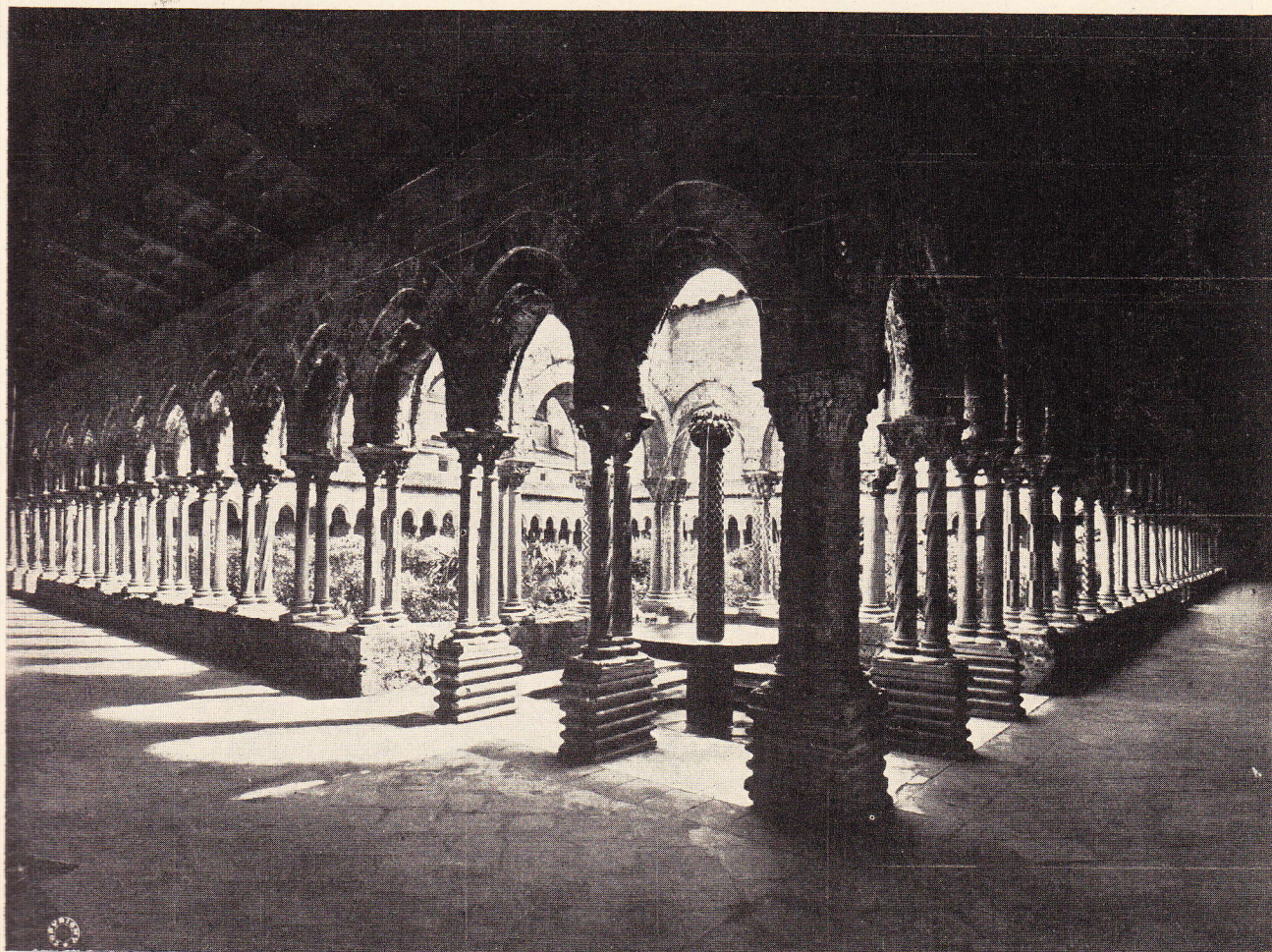
In this land, melodious and thoughtful, the idyll of Theocritus captured the music of the pipes of Pan, and the mind of Empedocles faced the great problems of existence, beating at the bronze doors of the mysterious.

GREEK civilization, having passed through the filter

of Italian genialty and warmth, left deep imprints and immortal memories on the Island, which, though politically autonomous, became a Greek colony, closely linked with the mother country by artistic and religious traditions, as well as by ethnical ties. Enna, Agrigento, and Syracuse, with their famous palaces, their immense temples outlining their majestic and vividly-colored forms against the sapphire skies, their flourishing commerce which extended out on the high seas as far as the distant Orient, were worthy indeed of seeing their names borne on the wings of Pindaric odes. And it was through Sicily that the light of Hellas shone on the simple and barbaric strength of Rome.

This lighthouse of civilization, set by God in the heart of the Mediterranean, continued

to shine during medieval darkness, when a band of men, energetic and pleasant, exuberant in their strength, filled with faith, lovers of beauty and well-being, the Normans, came down from the north and stopped on the shores of Sicily, and made of it a center of power, art and culture. Marvelous cities arose, great temples, magnificent palaces and splendid villas, and from all corners of the civilized world there came the learned of every race and every tongue, and artisans in every art; and amid the tumult of arms and the clash of rivalries, Italian poetry, which was soon to resound in the intimate harmonies of the "*dolce stil nuovo*," then attempted its first timid flights. And in the Renaissance, when the culture of Greece in Italy was almost lost, it was the only land to preserve the Greek tradition



Monreale—The Cloister of the Benedictines



Palermo—Panorama from the Royal Palace

and actively to cultivate it.

CONSCIOUS of its own strength, proud of its traditions, jealous of its ethnical singularity, Sicily, through all successive dominations, kept itself faithful to its one ideal of liberty and independence, governing itself with its own constitution, one of the oldest in Europe, and refusing even to speak any other language but its own illustrious dialect. Thus it was that Sicily, though appertaining geographically to Italy, remained cut off from the peninsula in its ethnical, social, political and cultural aspects. And it was in 1860, when the Red Shirts of Garibaldi landed on its shores to shout the rallying-cry of liberty, that Sicily, feeling the deep ties that linked her to her common mother vibrate within her generous heart, gave to the

great cause the ardor of her noble blood, and began the epic of our *Risorgimento*, thus putting herself into the current of national life.

Nevertheless Sicily, among the variegated but united Italian regions, preserves her distinct ethnical characteristics. Her folklore tenaciously resists the leveling tendencies of modern civilization, so monotonous and uniform. It remains one of the few countries in which it is still possible to come across the traces of ancient customs and civilizations, to take part in great religious festivals, in pompous civil ceremonies, in the polychrome sparkle of bizarre decorations, strange trophies and colorful dress. Probably no other people in the world have as conspicuous a sense and passion for color as the Sicilians, which they pour out abundantly, sometimes it is

true, in a crude and violent manner, without gradations or blends; a passion inborn in these men's blood by their intoxicating sun, which in its blinding splendor seems almost to cancel the fantastic variety of shapes and bring it, at one bound, into the fixed charm of a strange and illusionary air.

It is enough to set foot on the red clay of this island of great amphitheatres, of violent contrasts in line and color, of bold perspectives; it is enough to gaze upon this almost tropical countryside, resplendent in its perennial sunshine, azure skies and green fields, with its luxurious vegetation of palms, pines, olives, almonds, oranges, lemons, agaves and Indian figs, spotted by the gay coquetry of heavily perfumed flowers, to feel the sensation of being in an almost magical atmosphere, which astonishes as well as bewitches.

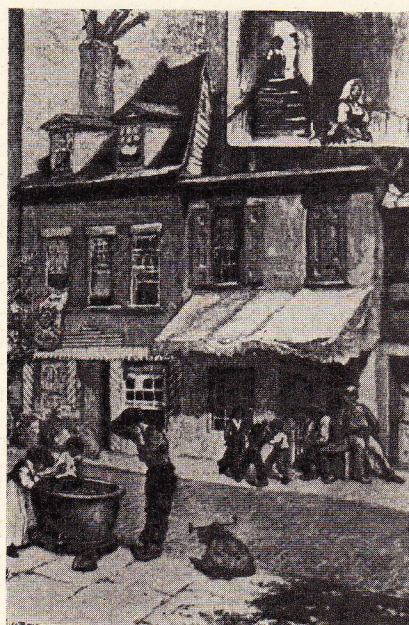
Italian Life in New York in 1881

by Charlotte Adams

What was Italian life like in New York City fifty years ago? A comparison of the Italians of those days with those of today should prove of absorbing interest to all Italian-Americans of the present day, as demonstrating the cultural, social and economic progress achieved by them in the last fifty years in this country. Believing that such a comparison would be more interesting if left to the individual reader, ATLANTICA herein reproduces an article, together with illustrations, originally published in Harper's New Monthly Magazine" for April, 1881, which describes sympathetically the life of the early Italian immigrants. At that time, when the great wave of Italian immigration to this country was just about beginning, there were over twenty thousand Italians scattered among the population of New York," which had in 1880 a total population of 1,911,698. Roughly, then, there was one Italian for every 95; today the proportion, one out of every seven, is much higher. Materially and culturally, too, as well as numerically, it cannot be doubted that the Italians have progressed proportionately.

THE fact that Italian immigration is constantly on the increase in New York makes it expedient to consider both the condition and status of these future citizens of the republic. The higher walks of American life, in art, science, commerce, literature, and society, have, as is well known, long included many talented and charming Italians; but an article under the above title must necessarily deal with the subject in its lower and more recent aspect. During the year 1879 seven thousand two hundred Italian immigrants were landed at this port, one-third of which number remained in the city, and there are now over twenty thousand Italians scattered among the population of New York. The more recently arrived herd together in colonies, such as those in Baxter and Mott streets, in Eleventh Street, in Yorkville, and in Hoboken. Many of the most important industries of the city are in the hands of Italians as employers and employed, such as the manufacture of macaroni, of objects of art, confectionery, artificial flowers; and Italian workmen may be found everywhere mingled with those of other nationalities. It is no uncommon thing to see at noon some swarthy Italian, engaged on a building in process of erection, resting and dining from his tin kettle, while his brown-skinned wife sits by his side, brave in her gold earrings and beads, with a red flower in her hair, all of which at home were kept for feast days. But here in America increased wages make every day a feast day in the matter of food and raiment; and why, indeed, should

not the architectural principle of beauty supplementing necessity be applied even to the daily round of hod-carrying? Teresa from the Ligurian mountains is certainly a



Old Houses in the Italian Quarter

more picturesque object than Bridget from Cork, and quite as worthy of incorporation in our new civilization. She is a better wife and mother, and under equal circumstances far outstrips the latter in that improvement of her condition evoked by the activity of the New World. Her children attend the public schools, and develop very early an amount of energy and initiative which, added to the quick intuition of Italian blood, makes them valuable factors in the population.

That the Italians are an idle and thriftless people is a superstition which time will remove from the American mind. A little kindly guidance and teaching can mould them into almost any form. But capital is the first necessity of the individual. Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that the poor untried souls that wander from their village or mountain homes, with no advice but that of the parish priest, no knowledge of the country to which they are going but the vague though dazzling remembrance that somebody's uncle or brother once went to Buenos Ayres and returned with a fortune, no pecuniary resource but that which results from the sale of their little farms or the wife's heritage of gold beads, and no intellectual capital but the primitive methods of farming handed down by their ancestors, should drift into listless and hopeless poverty? Their emigration is frequently in the hands of shrewd compatriots, who manage to land them on our shores in a robbed and plundered condition.

On the other hand, the thrifty *bourgeois* who brings with him the knowledge of a trade, and some little capital to aid him in getting a footing, very soon begins to prosper, and lay by money with which to return and dazzle the eyes of his poorer neighbors, demoralizing his native town by filling its inhabitants with yearnings toward the *El Dorado* of "Nuova York." Such a man, confectioner, hairdresser, or grocer, purchases a villa, sets up his carriage, and to all appearance purposes spending his life in ele-

gant leisure; but the greed of money-getting which he has brought back from the New World surges restlessly within him, and he breaks up his establishment, and returns to New York to live behind his shop in some damp, unwholesome den, that he may add a few more dollars to his store, and too often his avarice is rewarded by the contraction of a disease which presently gives his hard-earned American dollars into the hands of his relatives in Italy. There is an element of chance in the success of Italians which makes emigration with them a matter of more risk than with other nationalities of more prudence and foresight. The idyllic life of an Italian hill-side or of a dreaming mediæval town is but poor preparation for the hand-to-hand struggle for bread of an overcrowded city. Hence the papers of the peninsula teem with protests and warnings from the pens of intelligent Italians in America against the thoughtless abandonment of home and country on the uncertain prospect of success across the ocean.

THE fruit trade is in the hands of Italians in all its branches, from the Broadway shop with its inclined plane of glowing color, to the stand at a street corner. Among the last the well-to-do fruit-merchant has a substantial wooden booth, which he locks up in dull times, removing his stock. In winter he also roasts chestnuts and peanuts, and in summer dispenses slices of water-melon and *aqua cedrata* to the *gamins* of the New York thoroughfares, just as he once did to the small *lazzaroni* of Naples or the fisherboys of Venice. With the poorer members of the guild the little table which holds the stock in trade is the family hearth-stone, about which the children play all day, the women gossip over their lace pillows, and the men lounge in the lazy, happy ways of the peninsula. At night the flaring lamps make the dusky faces and the masses of fruit glow in a way that adds much to the picturesqueness of our streets. These fruit-merchants are from all parts of Italy, and always converse cheerfully with any one who can speak their language, with the exception of an occasional sulky youth who declines to tell where he came from, thereby inviting the suspicion that he has fled to escape the conscription. That they suffer much during our long cold winters is not to be doubted, but the patience of their characters and the deprivations to which they have always been accustomed make them philosophic and

stolid. As soon as they begin to prosper, the fatalism of poverty gives place to the elastic independence of success, and their faces soon lose their characteristic mournfulness. I have seen young Italian peasants walking about the city, evidently just landed, and clad in their Sunday best—Giovanni in his broad hat, dark blue jacket, and leggings, and Lisa with her massive braids and gay shawl, open-eyed and wide-mouthed in the face of the wonderful civilization they are to belong to in the future. The elevated railroad especially seems to offer them much food for speculation—a kind of type of the head-long recklessness of Nuova York, so unlike the sleepy old ways of the market-town which has hitherto bounded their vision.

There are two Italian newspapers in New York—*L' Eco d' Italia* and *Il Repubblicano*. There are also three societies for mutual assistance—the “Fratellanza Italiana,” the “Ticinense,” and the “Bersaglieri.” When a member of the Fratellanza dies, his wife receives a hundred dollars; when a wife dies, the husband receives fifty dollars; and a physician is provided for sick members of the society. It gives a ball every winter and a picnic in summer, which are made the occasion of patriotic demonstrations that serve to keep alive the love of Italy in the hearts of her expatriated children. Many of the heroes of '48 are to be found leading quiet, humble lives in New York. Many a one who was with Garibaldi and the Thousand in Sicily, or entered freed Venice with Victor Emanuel, now earns bread for wife and child in modest by-ways of life here in the great city. Now and then one of the king's soldiers, after serving all through the wars, drops down in his shop or work-room, and is buried by his former comrades, awaiting their turn to rejoin King Galantuomo.

THERE is something pathetically noble in this quiet heroism of work-day life after the glory and action of the past. I met the other day in a flower factory, stamping patterns for artificial flowers, an old Carbonaro who had left his country twenty-two years before—one of the old conspirators against the Austrians who followed in the footsteps of Silvio Pellico and the Ruffinis. He was gray-haired and gray-bearded, but his eyes flashed with the fire of youth when we talked of Italy, and grew humid and bright when he told me of his con-

stant longing for his country, and his feeling that he should never see it again. It was a suggestive picture, this fine old Italian head, framed by the scarlet and yellow of the flowers about him, while the sunlight and the brilliant American air streamed over it from the open window, and two young Italians, dark-eyed and stalwart, paused in their work and came near to listen. It was the Italy of Europe twenty years back brought face to face with the Italy of America today. In another room, pretty, low-browed Italian girls were at work making leaves—girls from Genoa, Pavia, and other cities of the north, who replied shyly when addressed in their native tongue. Italians are especially fitted for this department of industry; indeed, their quick instinct for beauty shows itself in every form of delicate handiwork.

IN the second generation many Italians easily pass for Americans, and prefer to do so, since a most unjust and unwarranted prejudice against Italians exists in many quarters, and interferes with their success in their trades and callings. It is much to be regretted that the sins of a few turbulent and quarrelsome Neapolitans and Calabrians should be visited upon the heads of their quiet, gentle, and hard-working compatriots. All Italians are proud and high-spirited, but yield easily to kindness, and are only defiant and revengeful when ill-treated.

There are two Italian Protestant churches in the city, various Sunday schools, mission and industrial schools, into which the Italian element enters largely, established and carried on by Protestant Americans, chiefly under the auspices of the Children's Aid Society. The most noteworthy of these, as being attended exclusively by Italians, adults and children, is the one in Leonard Street.

Some four hundred boys and girls are under instruction in the afternoon and night schools, most of them being engaged in home or industrial occupations during the day. The building is large and airy, containing school-rooms, bath-rooms, a reading-room, and printing offices, where work is furnished to Italians at the usual wages, and those seeking instruction are taught. There is a class of twenty-four girls who are taught plain sewing and ornamental needlework, including lace-making. I visited this class, and found a number of little girls employed with lace cushions, and the manufacture

of simple artificial flowers. With these last they were allowed to trim the new straw hats that had just been given them. They were plump, cleanly little creatures, much better off in the matter of food and raiment than their contemporaries of the peninsula. The lace class has been in existence but a short time, and the specimens are still somewhat coarse and irregular, but there is no reason why it should not become as important a branch of industry among the Italian women of America as among those of Europe. The only wonder is that instruction in a calling which exists by inheritance in Italy should be needed here, as these girls are mostly from the villages of Liguria, of which Genoa is the sea-port, and might fairly be supposed to know something of the craft which has made Rapallo and Santa Margherita famous. Shirts for outside orders are also made in the school, and the girls receive the same wages for their labor as are offered by the shops. The attendants upon the school are mostly Ligurians, and repudiate indignantly all kinship with the Neapolitans or Calabrians, whom they refuse to recognize as Italians, thereby showing how little the sectional sentiment of Italy has been affected by the union of its parts under one ruler.

UNDER the guidance of a lady connected with the school I explored Baxter and contiguous streets, nominally in search of dilatory pupils. Here and there a small girl would be discovered sitting on the curbstone or in a doorway, playing jackstones, with her hair in tight crimps, preparatory to participation in some church ceremony. An Italian feminine creature of whatever age, or in whatever clime, stakes her hopes of heaven on the dressing of her hair. Her excuse for remaining away from school was that she had to "mind the stand," or tend the baby, while her mother was occupied elsewhere, and her countenance fell when she was reminded that she could have brought the baby to school. It was noticeable that all these children, who had left Italy early or were born here, had clear red and white complexions, the result of the American climate. We passed through courts and alleys where swarthy Neapolitans were carting bales of rags, and up dark stairs where women and children were sorting them. Some of their homes were low, dark rooms, neglected and squalid; others were clean and pic-

turesque, with bright patchwork counterpanes on the beds, rows of gay plates on shelves against the walls, mantels and shelves fringed with colored paper, red and blue prints of the saints against the white plaster, and a big nosegay of lilacs on the dresser among the earthen pots. Dogs and children were tumbling together on the thresholds just as they do in the cool corridors of Italian towns. On



An Italian Feast-Day in New York in 1881

the first floor of one of the houses I found an establishment for the repairing of hand-organs, where a youth was hammering at the barrel of one, and a swarthy black-bearded man, to whom it belonged, was lounging on a bench near by. Against the smoke-blackened wall an armful of lilacs stood in a corner, filling the room with sweetness, and leading naturally to the thought that with the spring and the flowers the organ-grinder prepares for a trip into the country, playing his way from one watering-place to another, accompanied perhaps by his family, or at least a child or two. In answer to an inquiry concerning monkeys, we were directed to a large double house opposite, said to be inhabited entirely by Neapolitans, who were swarming about the windows in all their brown shapeliness. In the hallway, above the rickety outer stairs, lounged several men with red shirts and unkempt heads

and faces. One of them was the proprietor of the monkey establishment, and his *farouche* manner disappeared with our first words of interest in his pets. He led us into the little room adjoining, where some six or eight half-grown monkeys were peering through the bars of their cages, evidently pleading to be let out. The most creditably schooled monkey was released first, handed his cap, made to doff and don it, and shake hands, orders being issued both in Italian and English. Some of the others—small brown things with bright eyes, and "not yet quite trained," said the Neapolitan—were allowed a moment's respite from captivity, at which they screamed with joy, and made for the dish of soaked bread, dipping their paws into it with great greediness, while the *padrone* laughed indulgently. A properly trained organ-monkey is worth from twenty to thirty dollars.

IN the great house known to Baxter Street as the "Bee-hive," we found the handsome *padrona* whose husband rents organs and sells clocks, which latter articles appear to be essentials to Italian housekeeping, in default of the many bells of the old country. The *padrona* was at first by no means eager to give information, as she supposed, in good broad American (she was born in New York), that it "would be put in the papers, like it was before." It would appear that the advantages of communication with the outer world are not appreciated by the inhabitants of Baxter Street. The *padrona* finally informed me that the rent of an organ was four dollars a month, and that they had hard work getting it out of the people who hired them, "for they always told you they had been sick, or times were bad, or their children had been sick; and when the Italians came over they expected you to give them a room with a carpet and a clock, else they said you had no kindness." I saw in the cluster of eight houses that form the "Bee-hive" various humble homes, from the neat and graceful poverty adorned with bright colors, and sweet with the bunch of lilacs brought from the morning's marketing (the favorite flower of the neighborhood), to the dens of one room, in which three or four families live, and take boarders and lodgers into the bargain. They told me that the building contained a thousand souls, and that cases of malarial fever were frequent. It is true that the odors of Baxter Street

are unhealthy and unpleasant, arguing defective drainage; but those of Venice are equally so, and exist for the prince no less than the beggar. As for overcrowding, no one who, for example, has spent a summer in Genoa, and has seen the stream of pallid, languid humanity pour out of the tall old houses of the Carignano district, can find food for sensationalism in the manner of life common to Baxter Street. It must be remembered that the standard of prosperity in America is not that of Italy, and that a man is not necessarily destitute nor a pauper because he prefers organ-grinding or rag-picking to shoemaking or hod-carrying, and likes macaroni cooked in oil better than bakers' bread and tough meat.

I FAIL to find that Italians here retain their national habits of enjoyment or their love of feast-day finery. True, I have seen *contadine* in gold beads and ear-rings sitting on their door-steps on Sunday afternoons, and I have watched a large family making merry over a handful of boiled corn, just as they did at home, and I have seen the Genoese matrons dress one another's hair of a Sunday morning in the old fashion. But the indifferentism and stolidity of the country react upon them. There seems to be little of the open-air cooking, the polenta and fish stalls, the soup and macaroni booths, that breed conviviality in the Italian streets. They apparently eat in their own homes, after the New World fashion.

Undoubtedly much of the recklessness with which Italians are charged in New York is the result of the sudden removal of religious influences from their lives. At home there is a church always open and at hand, and the bells constantly remind them of the near resting-place for soul and body. When their homes are noisy and uncomfortable, they can find peace and quiet in the cool dark churches; and when they are on the verge of quarrel or crime, and the hand involuntarily seeks the knife, the twilight angelus or the evening bell for the dead softens the angry heart and silences the quick tongue. Here the only escape from the crowded rooms is in the equally crowded yard, or the door-step, or the rum-shop. The

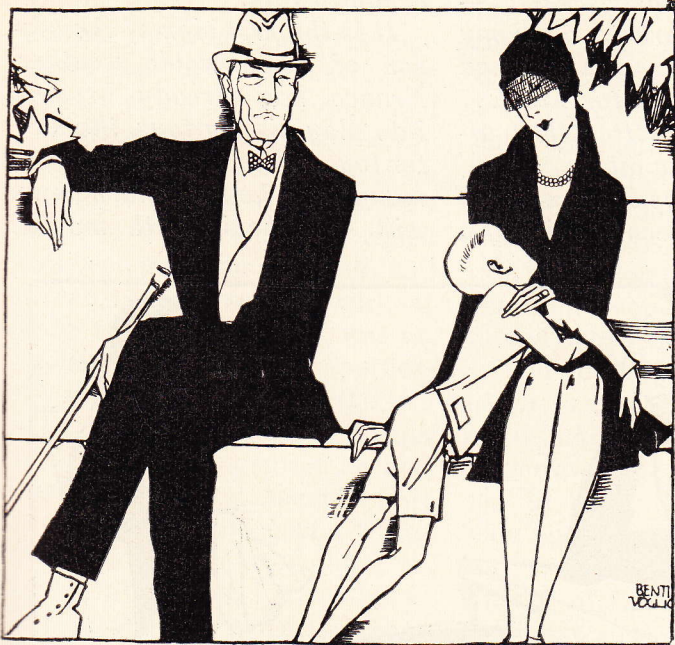
only entirely Italian Catholic church in New York, I believe, is that of San Antonio di Padova, in Sullivan Street, attended by a superior class of Italians, all apparently prosperous and at peace with their surroundings.

In the days of political persecution and struggle in Italy, America was the republican ideal and Utopia toward which the longing eyes of all agitators and revolutionists turned. When self-banished or exiles by government, they were apt to seek their fortunes in America, often concealing their identity and possible rank, and taking their places among the workers of the republic. Among these was Garibaldi, who passed some time here in the suburbs of New York, earning his living like many another honest toiler, and awaiting the right moment to strike the death-blow at tyranny. To study the Italian character in its finer nuances, the analyst should not limit his investigations to the broad generalizations of the Italian quarters, but should persecute his researches in out-of-the-way downtown thoroughfares, where isolated shops with Italian names over their doors stimulate curiosity. In these dingy places, among dusty crimping-pins, pomatum-pots, and ghastly heads of human hair, half-worn clothing, the refuse of pawnbrokers' shops, you may meet characters that would not have been unworthy the attention of Balzac, and would eagerly have been numbered by Champfleury among his "Excentriques." I have one in my mind whose short round person, tall dilapidated hat, profuse jewelry, red face, keen gray eyes, and ready tongue, fully qualify him for the title of the Figaro of Canal Street.

A NOTHER interesting class of Italians is found in the people attached to the opera—the chorus-singers and ballet-dancers, engaged also for spectacular dramas. It is in a measure a migratory population, crossing the ocean in the season, and recrossing when the demand for its labor ceases. Many chorus-singers who remain in New York follow different trades out of the opera season, and sing sometimes in the theatres when incidental music is required. By singers New York is regarded chiefly as a market in

which they can dispose of their talents to greater pecuniary advantage than in Europe, and they endure the peculiar contingencies of American life simply in order to lay by capital with which to enjoy life in Italy. A season in America is always looked forward to as the means of accumulating a fortune, and not for any artistic value. I have heard of more than one Italian who, after a successful engagement in New York, has invited sundry compatriots to a supper at Moretti's, and announced his intention of shaking the dust of America from his shoes for evermore, being satisfied to retire on his gains, or to sing only for love of art and the applause of artists in the dingy opera-houses of Italy. The climate of America with its sudden changes kills the Italian bodies, and the moral atmosphere chills their souls—notably among artists. The "Caffè Moretti" has for years been the *foyer* of operatic artists, and no review of Italian life in New York would be complete without a mention of it. For many years they have dined, and supped, and drunk their native wines in this dingy, smoke-blackened place, forgetting for the nonce that they were in America, and, coming away, have left their portraits behind them, large and small, fresh and new, or old and smoke-dried, hanging side by side on the wall to cheer the hearts of the brother artists who should follow after them to the New World, and find a moment's respite from homesickness over Signor Moretti's Lachryma Christi and macaroni cooked in the good Milanese fashion. In view of the general assimilation of Italians with their American surroundings it is surprising and delightful to find a place that retains so picturesque and Italian a flavor.

Since the abolishment of the *padrone* system one sees few child-musicians, and the wandering minstrels are chiefly half-grown boys and young men, who pass their summers playing on steamboats and at watering-places. It is gratifying to feel that one of the disgraces of modern and enlightened Italy has been wiped from the national record by the strong hand of governmental authority.



“—that elderly gentleman who sits beside you every afternoon at the Villa Borghese . . .”

The Enemy

A Short Story
by
Fausto M. Martini

To Signora Anna Aureli Corinaldi,

Dear Madam:

It may appear strange to you that I am writing you, since, for the last two weeks we have been spending long hours together every day, and since I could have spoken to you at my leisure had it not been for my lack of courage. But at my age, Signora, the most simple of resolutions are difficult to carry out, and for the most part they die still-born in a limbo of their own.

As the name you have immediately looked for at the bottom of this letter is unknown to you, I will tell you that I am that elderly gentleman who sits beside you every afternoon at the Villa Borghese.

If, today, at my accustomed seat, you were no longer to see me providing my usual silent company, and if your little boy no longer had me to play with, my absence would almost certainly pass unobserved; for me, on the other hand, the young woman dressed in mourning who reads or knits quietly, and the child who turns to me daily

with more and more intimacy, have by now become a dear habit: one of those habits which make up the life of him who is no longer young, and who, with the loss of any one of them, feels that one of the ties that still bind him to the world is breaking. . . . And then, what jealous care and prudence, sometimes even humiliating, is exercised in order that none of these ties may be broken!

If, during these many days, I have never spoken to you, it has really been for fear of endangering that underlying trust, that sort of silent relationship which, it seemed to me, had been born between us. And when, yesterday, in nodding to me, a gesture on the part of your little boy and a glance of yours caused to flash through my mind the suspicion that, annoyed by my foolish zeal, you wished to punish me by not returning any longer, I followed you without any shame for my hair, now almost entirely white. I assumed an attitude of indifference — of someone going about his own business—while your little boy turned every

once in a while and smiled at me, and, affecting the most unembarrassed of airs, I asked for your name at the door of the house which I saw you enter. . . .

Soon afterward I began debating with myself over the wording of this letter, which need not be answered. Whether it is answered or not, you will continue to see me at my accustomed seat every afternoon, intent on tracing the initials for mysterious names on the gravel with the end of my stick. . . .

Onorio Tosatti,
Via Merulana 179, Int. 12.

* * * * *

Onorio was sincere when he wrote that he expected no reply to his letter. The days that followed, therefore, were not days of anxiety for him, nor did it ever occur to him to ask the housekeeper, tremblingly, if there were any letters for him. At the age of twenty, perhaps, such trembling is justified; but, in one's fifties, it is better to proceed cautiously even when, giving way to an illusion of surviving youth, one

has dared to set in motion a gust of adventure in the monotonous and stagnant climate of one's existence.

He waited, resigned even to silence; and it was with a sense of astonished wonder that, a few days later, he took from the hands of the housekeeper a city letter, the feminine handwriting on which, hardly had he made it out, confirmed his first suspicion. What woman, indeed, could have written to him, if not the woman with a child, of the long, silent afternoons?

He had no desire to read it immediately under the eyes of the landlady, who was still looking at Signor Onorio with a smile half ironical and half pitiful, but waited a few moments for the solitude of his own room, almost as though the brief pause would be helpful to the state of mind convenient to a man of his age, and to that calm reflection with which he had decided to face the adventure.

And he read:

My dear Signor Onorio:

First of all, please excuse my son and myself for not having come, yesterday or today, to the Villa Borghese. I am afraid that our absence must have caused you doubts and regrets, and I feel sorry.

I received your letter just before my usual time for going out. I must confess that I read nothing in it that I did not already know. Why believe us women to be insensible or dull-witted? We are seldom better aware of what is going on about us than when our hands are busy with some sewing, or our eyes occupied with a child who is playing. And do you think that I would have allowed you so many hours of silent intimacy, if I had not felt in you and in your attitude a reverent sweetness? I was very well aware of the fact that last

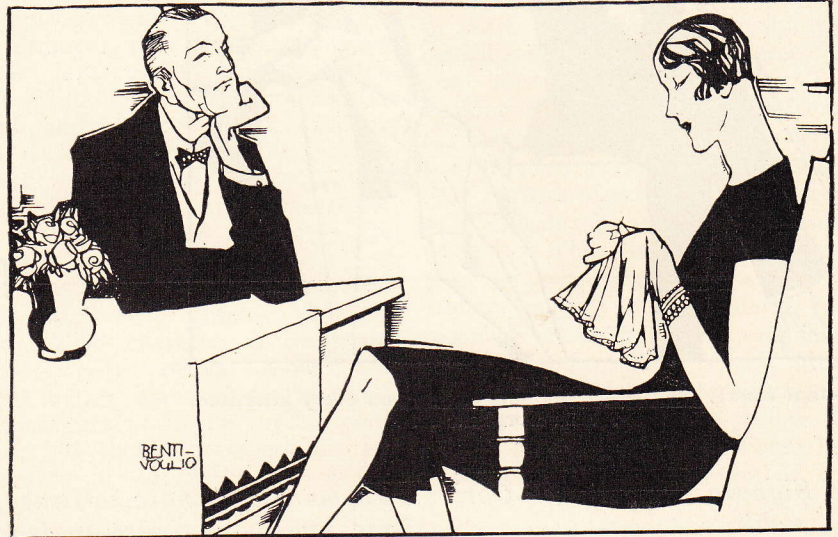
Wednesday — who knows through what chaste scruple? — you did not dare to offer my little boy a toy which you had bought especially for him....

Reading your letter, then, affected me quite a bit.

I don't believe there is much difference between the life of a

getting ready to go out when it began to rain.

It is the first sign of the season of disagreeable weather. Franco has already brought into play his big toys, the winter toys, those that help to pass many long hours; and now he will soon begin with me the



"Signor Onorio's visits were characterized by a silent understanding."

man, single, and well along in years, and that of a young widow and mother: the widowhood of a mother is, in a sense, a precocious old age. There is thus a sort of secret correspondence between my destiny and yours; but since, before you, many men have sat at my bench and, with a foolish and doubtful smile, have extended a hand to pat my baby, is it any wonder that I have become very dubious, and that men's advances have created a wall of solitude about me?

It will not appear strange to you, therefore, that your confession set me to thinking, and that I could not soon summon up the courage to see you and speak to you. That explains my absence of yesterday. If you only knew how surprised and grieved Franco was at not going to the Villa Borghese!

"What will that gentleman do, all alone?" he asked me many times....

And then today we were just

study of his primer.

"Then we won't see that gentleman any more?" he asked me today.

"Well, if we cannot go to the Villa Borghese any more...." I answered absent-mindedly.

And he, quickly:

"The gentleman can come to our house, can't he?"

And he insisted on this point so much that, to humor him (you know how babies are....) I had to answer him:

"Who knows? He could, perhaps... He would find the mother sewing and the child playing as usual...."

Anna Aureli Corinaldi

* * * * *

NOTHING could be more monotonous and drowsy than the long visits of Signor Onorio to the little apartment occupied by the young widow in one of the upper sections of the city, swarming with tenants: visits altogether similar to those at the Roman Villa, char-

acterized also by a silent understanding, from which neither the woman nor the man could ever bring themselves to depart so as to face, once and for all, a reciprocal confession of their own feelings. One would have said that the very habit of that friendship, which had been growing stronger, had already spent itself, as, without their being aware of it, was also the case with the impetuosity of sincerity to which the two letters which Signora Anna and the elderly gentleman had exchanged, owed their being: love letters, almost. And Franco would watch over these silent conventions, but, in busy-ing himself in a more and more nervous and noisy way every day, one might say he almost tried to substitute this for the unlimited human nest of humanity to which he was accustomed, for such, due to the crowding of babies during certain hours of the afternoon, was the Villa playground, where his mother no longer thought of taking him, even on sunny days. It could be seen, moreover, that the boy was becoming more and more tired of resigning himself to this forced seclusion; and certainly his antagonistic answers to the polite questions of his mother's old friend already showed in the boy a sort of silent rancor against him: perhaps because the latter had destroyed, through a domestic habit, that taste of innocent adventure which the afternoon vagabondages had put into the life of the widow and her son, and for which the latter had seemed unconsciously happy.

FINALLY summer returned, and one day—when Franco craved more than usual to go out and Signor Onorio

would have willingly given a few years of his life rather than to give up his corner of the living room, where he was accustomed to stay hour after hour in silence, following the work of Signora Anna, because it really seemed to him that that day they would decide to talk and come to an understanding—open warfare occurred between the two.

“Do you understand? Don't begin to torment me again. I can't take you out today...” Signora Anna had said to her son in an imperious tone, as soon as the accustomed visit had been announced by the ringing of the bell. “We cannot be so discourteous to Signor Onorio as to go out when he comes here...” And Franco, for the time being, had not hinted at any further protests. He had huddled silently in his chair; but when the old gentleman had come in, he remained as he was, pretending to be unaware that his mother's friend, having kissed her hand with smiling reverence, was approaching him eagerly and joyfully. It was his way of protesting and of vindicating himself.

“**W**HAT'S the trouble, Franco? Not even a little hello to your old friend today?”

But Franco withdrew himself more than ever into that obstinate silence of his, bent over on himself, and with his head down as though eating of his own rancor. Nor did a gesture on the part of Signor Onorio, who had sought to stroke the child, fare any better: Franco slipped away from the hands, shrugging his shoulders almost as though trying to shake from his back the loathing of that caress, and ran to

breathe a mouthful of fresh air at the wide-open window, whence could be seen the pines of Villa Borghese... The widow sought to cover up such unseemliness by a long and despairing look, with which she implored Signor Onorio not to give too much weight to a child's caprices, while her hand rested affectionately on the man's knee; but the latter had remained silent and absorbed, with a deep expression of bitterness on his lips and with his gaze fixed on the shoulders of the boy, who stood obstinately at the window, and on the sky beyond, already summer-tinged, far-off and joyful, within the brief square.... Once again he had felt extinguished within his throat the deciding word which it had seemed to him he would speak that very day.

ONCE again, and perhaps for ever, for now he felt that he had against him a small but untamable enemy: the child, who had shown him that he loved him so long as he was the unknown gentleman who spent hour after hour beside his mother on the bench in the public gardens, marking the initials of mysterious names on the ground with the point of his stick, and in that way paid silent tribute to the beauty of his neighbor, but who would inexorably hate him the day when he would dare to close, even be it in a prison of happiness, that woman who, in the eyes of her son, was still young, beautiful and adventurous.

So much younger than himself. And from that day on the visits of Signor Onorio to Signora Anna became more and more infrequent.

Recent Italian Literature

By Giuseppe Prezzolini

A. Gatti: *Ilia ed Alberto*. Romanzo, Milan, Mondadori, lire 16.

"ILIA and Alberto" is the novel, or rather, the poem of conjugal love. However, this alone would not be sufficient to make it a beautiful novel or a beautiful poem.

It is a very curious novel dealing with the survival of a wife in the soul of her husband. As in the case of Laura for Petrarch, so Ilia is more living than ever for Alberto from the day of her death. She is so much so that she succeeds in converting Alberto to Catholicism whereas ten years of married life had not been sufficient. Thru his thought of Ilia Alberto finds God. This is the theme of the novel.

The novelist is no less curious than the subject which he has chosen. Angelo Gatti is not a young man. I am not unveiling a mystery when I say that he is very near sixty years of age. But he has never before written a novel. Neither has he ever written a short story. Unless he has them hidden in his drawer, he has never written any verses. Angelo Gatti has been known as a soldier, and as a writer of military things. It is said that during the war, very near to General Cadorna, he was for a length of time the editor of the War Bulletins.

This volume bears traces of his past. Some of his characters conceal men who were famous during the war. Marshal Casasco is General Cadorna, and Father Giacomo is Father Semeria. Perhaps Don

Regazzoni, General Aristide Commandé, and other characters are simply hidden personages.

However, it is not the War

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

that we feel in these pages; rather, I would say that it is peace. It is not the body but the soul that guides the action of the book.

This is a book of noble inspiration, of vast conception, of many characters, of several worlds, which serve as a background for a curious study of souls. It reveals to us Ilia and Alberto, who have been married for ten years. They are childless; they are deeply in love one with the other. It is not, however, a question of simply a sensual love but of a mutual respect and confidence. They are two exceptional creatures, honest to a fault, fine, exacting to themselves, and charitable toward others.

Ilia is a Believer and Alberto

is not. Still, this difference does not divide them. Alberto loves Ilia but does not understand, sufficiently, the depth of Ilia's love. In order that he may understand it, Ilia must die. The real novel begins with the bodily disappearance of Ilia, which is, in a sense, her spiritual birth. Ilia never exerted such a strong influence over Alberto as she did after her death. She defends him from women who would want to conquer him. She saves him from the thought of suicide. She survives not only in the house, but also in the word of his friends, in the Italian countryside, in the events that she had predicted. After her death her dialogues with Alberto become more living, deeper, more spiritual, with a growing certainty that leads Alberto in the end to the final "Yes," to the "Yes" that leads him once more to the Faith.

A succession of affairs, a series of scenes and of types ranging from the ex-soldier who goes in search of a dignified position to the great American who buys villas and towns for a humanitarian scope, from the cardinal to the business man, from the great aviator to the valet, accompany the main drama with an accent at times tragic, at others comic, then again serious, then troubled and confused. Italian cities, hotels, countrysides and private homes form the background. The story is detailed, and moves rapidly, is not tiresome, and is punctuated here and there with reflections and

maxims rich with humanity, and very fine observations. It descends from the "Promessi Sposi" and "Piccolo mondo antico." There is in the observations of types and in the story of scenes and in the small touches of humour, something of Fogazzaro, but the writer has probably a greater ability than Fogazzaro, and a pen which is more expert in depicting the events of the day, states of mind, the minute characteristic signs of the defects and virtues of human nature.

Sometimes the discussion leads us to high themes, to distant meditations on death, on immortality, on justice, on means and ends. The book reveals to us, I would say, not a new writer, but a new novelist; and it is significant of the times that he should have written, using as his theme the conversion of an unbeliever and describing a marriage which is profoundly spiritual.

Meuccio Ruini: *La Signora di Stael*.
Bari, Laterza, lire 12.

A BOOK of history and of culture, and as pleasing as a good novel. What a type, that of this woman, precocious, genial, volcanic, who had as many lovers as she had ideas, because she could not become enthusiastic over an idea without becoming enamored with the man who represented it; who dared to defy the power of Napoleon, and who made him fear her because of her courage; who made romantic Germany known to all the world; who made of the Italians a famous portrait; who, living

in the midst of a world intelligence, said that she thought "in European!"

Giuseppe Morpurgo: *Beati Misericordes*.
Torino, Lattes, lire 12.

LINA, a village teacher, marries a rich landowner, without love. When, during the War, there is quartered in her villa a handsome, refined officer, Count Enzo, she loves him for some days. There is born to her a son whom Lina tries to pass off as the son of her husband, swearing to the fact on the crucifix. The child grows to manhood and becomes a priest. He confesses his mother on her deathbed and becomes aware of his origin. He absolves his mother and persuades his legal father to pardon her. Finally the young priest goes to search for his true father, who is an atheist, blinded during the War. He finds him. They discuss philosophy and religion. The priest loses his Faith in the last few pages of the story, but, finally, when he hears the Ave Maria, he regains it and helps his father to do the same. Since the novel is entitled "Mercy," we beg the readers to have mercy on the author.

Italo Zingarelli: *Vienna non imperiale*.
Torino, Bocca, lire 15.

IT has always been one of the good traditions of Italian journalism to send abroad correspondents who know how to write with grace and with understanding about the country to which they have been sent. Barring a few exceptions, they

have had, and still have, excellent informants in this field. We have an example in this description of Vienna, which touches on all the aspects of the old capital of the Empire, from the social to the financial, from the literary to the political. It is a book which one reads with pleasure, after which the reader may consider that he has saved himself a trip to Vienna, for he knows more about it than one who has been there.

Almanacco Italiano 1931. Firenze, Bemporad, lire 12.

Almanacco della Donna Italiana 1931.
Firenze, Bemporad, lire 9.

THESE two almanacs, especially the first, are to be found on the desk of every person who is interested in Italy. Reviews, figures, illustrations, lists, information concerning work, business and the business man, the literary man, the housewife, the professional man, make of it a source book for everyone and a reading book for many. To look over its pages is interesting; to use it is most helpful. For its price, it is a miracle; about eight hundred pages, one thousand illustrations for 9 lire—only 50 cents!

Arnold Wood: *High Spots in Sicily, a condensed description of some of the charms which this island offers in scenery and art*. With a foreword by Emanuele Grazi, Royal Italian Consul General at New York.

THE title is as long as the book is short. A few pages, well written, on Sicily, which may be compared to an anthology compiled by a man of taste.

(Continued from page 100)

The exceptions, of course, occur when a story is sufficiently big to warrant sending a reporter to the scene especially for the A. P. Too, Mr. Villard does not like (being a liberal, he hardly would) the dominating influence exerted on that organization by Mr. Ochs of the *New York Times* and Mr. Noyes of the *Washington Star*, which, he says, have led to a too-great regard on the part of the Associated Press for constituted authority and officialdom.

In this, as in some other respects, the United Press is more liberal, and consequently finds more favor with Mr. Villard. The latter organization is not, like the Associated Press, a non-profit cooperative undertaking, but is openly in the business of selling the news it gathers to any newspaper willing to pay for it. Yet it "happens to be the more liberal agency for gathering news, happens to have much more sympathy for the under-dog, happens to be far less sensitive to the great capitalistic press influences which gather around the directors' table of the Associated Press." To a large extent, it must be admitted, this is true.

There are many points made by Mr. Villard that will make the average newspaper reader look more critically at his daily paper, and this certainly is a step forward for which we should be grateful to him. The problems discussed by him are of vital significance to the molding of public opinion, upon the free exercise of which any democracy must be based, and they must soon come to a head and be solved one way or the other.

THE WRITER'S MARKET, edited by Aron M. Mathieu. 271 pages. Cincinnati, Ohio: *The Writer's Digest*. \$3.

FOR the uninitiated, who imagine that a writer sits down and writes a story or an article as he thinks best and then sends it around the magazine circuit, let it be said at the outset that this is not done by experienced writers. The latter, usually specialists in some field, study the magazines and their requirements, and then write something to fit these policies.

Therein lies the value of a book like "The Writer's Market," which lists the various magazine markets in this country for all kinds of written matter. The neophyte may be dismayed at the commercialism of it all; nevertheless it is a fact that

writers study their markets as much as any business man does. Some 2,000 markets are herein listed for practically every conceivable kind of literary effort. It is quite a complete compilation, too, as far as such books go.

CONVERSATION, by Andre Maurois. Translated from the French by Yvonne Dufour. 82 pages. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.

ANDRE MAUROIS, in certain circles, is a name to conjure with. He is one of the leading exponents of "modern" biography, as exemplified in "Ariel, the Life of Shelley," "Byron" and others. In this little book, in his own inimitable French way, he treats, epigrammatically, the subject of conversation "as attack and defense." Sub-divided as it is under such headings as "Sentimental Conversation," "Wit," "Slander," "Conversation as a Game," "Silence" and others, the book can be of interest to all who talk.

The book provokes quotations because of its epigrammatic form. "What we call charm is a mixture of coquetry and naturalness, at once disquieting and reassuring. It brings to one's feelings the same ease that gracefulness does to one's movements." And again, under "Silence": "Often the same secret and dangerous thought crosses the minds of two persons as they talk. Each one knows that the other is dwelling on that thought. Yet they do not speak of it, and the troublesome idea withdraws softly, such as those strains of music which come forward, then recede and die, while the musicians remain unseen. There are spoken silences." And, probably the wisest reflection in the book: "It is difficult to create ideas and easy to create words; hence the success of philosophers."

THE AMERICAN SCENE: An anthology of American Plays, edited by Barrett H. Clark and Kenyon Nicholson. Illustrated by Arvia MacKaye. 694 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$5.

"THE American Scene" is a convenient phrase used considerably these days to signify the vast and complex panorama of American life. The editors of this ambitious effort have also made use of it in naming "a single mosaic that would express and exhibit a sufficient number of groups and persons within those groups, all living their lives against their

proper backgrounds, and affording the reader some notion of what these United States are."

The editors have done a good job. The 34 one-act plays selected for this anthology covers a wide range indeed: from Eugene O'Neill (Bound East for Cardiff) to Booth Tarkington (The Trysting Place), from Michael Gold (Money) to Stark Young (Addio), from Theodore Dreiser (The Girl in the Coffin) to Edna Ferber (The Eldest), with such writers as Rachel Field, Percy MacKaye, Paul Green, and Susan Glaspell in between. The dissimilarity of these representative playwrights is a good index of the dissimilarity of the subject matter of the plays themselves, for each one of the authors is closely associated with a particular section of the country, as well as a technique and a point of view all his or her own.

Aside from its value as a mosaic, it should not be forgotten that 34 one-act plays (694 pages) provide plenty of good reading "for quiet evenings at home."

YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN, by Katherine Brush, 325 pages. New York Grosset & Dunlap. 75c.

THIS is a popular edition of a novel that has had considerable success. It was, in fact, a "best-seller." Then, inevitably, it was adapted for the movies, and again it "went over."

It is the story of Toby McLean sports writer of the *New York Star*, who falls in love informally (as he does most other things) with Ann Vaughn, who reviews movies for the *Chronicle Press*. Against the purposely colorful background of newspaper life portrayed rather skillfully by Miss Brush, these two have their differences, occasioned by another woman, and then Ann goes blind by drinking some liquor that her husband had intended to drink, just after he has left her. Hearing of her blindness, however, he sits down at a typewriter and determinedly hammers out a novel he has always wanted to write, but for which he has never had all the necessary energy. He *must* sell it to pay for an operation on Ann's eyes, and of course he does so, and everything ends quite happily.

(Continued from page 102)

rial wealth upon which the greatness of England, Germany, France and even our own country rests. This we must credit to her people—to the culture, traditions and native ability of that people.

The report of the discovery of oil may be exaggerated. The wish may be father to the thought. But let us hope it is true. Who knows but that out of the ancient land itself, for three thousand years the mother of billions of men, may come the necessities, the present lack of which dictates the whole foreign policy of the Italian Government and constitutes the basic reason for its insistent demand for colonies?

—*—

THE END OF THE "WORLD"

A GREAT newspaper has come to an end with the passing of the New York WORLD, bought by the Scripps Howard chain and merged with the TELEGRAM. It was a great newspaper in spite of its faults, for it had a definite liberal cause and championed it ably in the face of diminishing returns and inevitable death.

We did not always agree with the WORLD and at times its attitude on Italian questions was by no means right. But it had the merit of sincerity, and what is more, it befriended with courage and honesty the often neglected interests of those who may properly be called new Americans. It was an understanding organ.

We hate to see it go.

AMERICA TURNS WINEWARD

VINLAND, or Wineland, is the name that the mythical Ericsson is said to have given this country when he and his Norsemen set eyes upon the luscious wild grapes of New England, a thousand years ago. That name, if retained, might have aptly described present day America, which in spite of prohibition or because of it, is fast becoming a land of wine drinkers.

People in a position to know tell us that wine consumption in the United States has increased from 50,000,000 gallons in the pre-Volstead era to 150,000,000 gallons under the present dry regime. The consumption, to be sure, is increasing. Hard drinking Americans, finding scotch and rye and gin too costly, are turning to wine, and as they do so a gigantic industry comes into being which gives promise of becoming one of the greatest enterprises in the country.

California, for instance, bone dry, has found in this new appetite, or thirst if you will, a new prosperity based on a nationwide distribution of its splendid grapes. Grape concentrates, legal under the law, are shipped to every home with definite instructions, if you care for them, as to how they may be turned into wine. It is whispered that the Farm Board views with sympathy and backs with Federal funds this novel means of agricultural relief. It is also whispered that the Prohibition Department, its hands full dealing with the sources of hard liquor, hopes inwardly that the wineward course of the

nation may progress to the point of easing its superhuman task. And to cap it all, anyone may secure from the Department of Agriculture a very handy pamphlet with expert advice on the making of wine in the home.

That the Italians deserve some credit for this conversion of America's taste from hard liquor to wine goes without saying. Viniculture, introduced in this country by Mazzei in the days of Jefferson, when Americans were rioting over whiskey, has been carried to a point of perfection by the enterprising Italians of California. In all our Italian "colonies," and there are 3,000 such "colonies" in the country, the process of wine making goes on merrily. And by association and imitation Americans are learning this process, much to the relief of their parched throats.

As wine makes headway America turns happily from the traditional intoxicants of a pioneer era to the healthier beverage of a more temperate people. At the present rate wine consumption in this country should keep on increasing by 10,000,000 gallons a year, eventually dealing hard liquor and cirrhosis of the liver that blow which neither the Methodist Church nor the Anti-Saloon League have succeeded in dealing it until now.

America as a wine drinking country will be not only a much more sober America, but the very conversion should free it of the pestiferous nonsense of prohibition, which, however necessary in a land of whiskey, has neither rhyme nor reason in a land of wine.

Music and Drama

Notes in Music

ITALIANS and Italian-Americans who follow with interest the activities of the Metropolitan Opera Company were gratified to learn, last month, that Mr. Vincenzo Bellezza, one of its leading conductors, has been honored by being admitted to the Order of Saints Mauritius and Lazurus, one of the oldest Italian orders of merit, established some 500 years ago. It was originally ecclesiastic in its scope, when it was founded in 1434 by Amadeus VIII of Savoy, but it was restored by King Victor Emanuel of Sardinia in 1816, and in 1868 it was reconstituted by Victor Emanuel II of Italy.

Mr. Bellezza, whose name is now so closely associated with the Metropolitan, joined its select staff of conductors five years ago, having come here from Covent Garden, London, to share in the conducting of Italian operas with Mr. Tullio Serafin. This, however, was not the first time he had conducted in New York, for in 1918 he appeared at a wartime Sunday night opera concert and led "The Star Spangled Banner" and a new composition "Sicilian Suite," by a compatriot of his, Mr. Marinucci. At that time he was the guest of Enrico Caruso, the immortal tenor, who sat in a box during the performance.

The Order of Saints Mauritius and Lazurus is a fitting recognition of what Mr. Bellezza has done to maintain and augment the high standards always associated with the name of the Metropolitan.

IT was last month, too, that Carlo Zecchi, the young Italian pianist of high European reputation, and praised by both Bernardino Molinari and Arturo Toscanini, made his New York debut with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Molinari conducting, in Carnegie Hall. He chose as his selection

Liszt's E Flat Concerto, and, according to one critic, showed himself possessed of "a brilliant and fleet technique, and the virtuoso temperament . . . he proved himself a player of sincerity and spirit,



Mr. Vincenzo Bellezza

a well-equipped musician."

Mr. Zecchi has now resumed a tour of some 35 concerts in the Midwest, where he had already played before coming to New York. Like many others, his musical career began early. At the age of 12 he had already written a martial chorus: "New Italy," dedicated it to the Italian Crown Prince, and conducted it at a concert which the Crown Prince attended. After some conservatory training in Rome, he went to Berlin and studied under Ferruccio Busoni, among others.

AN important experiment in the popularization of grand opera occurred last month when Mr. Fortune Gallo, in association with Audio-Cinema, Inc. presented the first complete grand opera ever re-

corded in sound film. Still running at the Central Park Theatre in New York, Mr. Gallo's venture was an immediate success, and it bids fair to bring grand opera within the reach of the humblest inland resident.

The opera was Ruggiero Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci," the well-known story of Punchinello's broken heart, and it was ably sung in Italian by the Italian cast, consisting of Alba Novella, soprano, as Nedda; Fernando Bertini, tenor, as Canio; Mario Valle, baritone, as Tonio; Giuseppe Interranti, baritone, as Silvio; and Francesco Curci, tenor, as Beppe, supported by the famous San Carlo Opera Company of 150, and a symphony orchestra of 75, conducted by Carlo Peroni.

Mr. Gallo, whose San Carlo Opera Company is well-known throughout the country, has been an enthusiastic collector of stars: the late Pavlova, Duse, Leoncavallo, and a galaxy of singers and musicians. These he has inspired and directed during the 35 years since he first came from Italy as a boy of fifteen. In his present work as President of the broadcasting station WCDA, his passion for discovering new talent is flourishing through a new medium. And now his latest pioneering venture may well overshadow all his others.

IT is unfortunate that not everyone who attends Italian operas at the Metropolitan understands Italian. As the music critic of the *New York World*, Mr. Samuel Chotzinoff, remarked recently: "Only the other day, at a performance of 'The Barber of Seville,' I noted with envy the guffaws of the standees, who found the words of Mr. De Luca's recitative sidesplitting. What a difference it would have made to us unlinguistic Americans had we been able to understand the sallies of the barber, the drunken words of Count Almaviva, or the text of Don Basilio's 'Calumny' aria."

Pirandello on Broadway

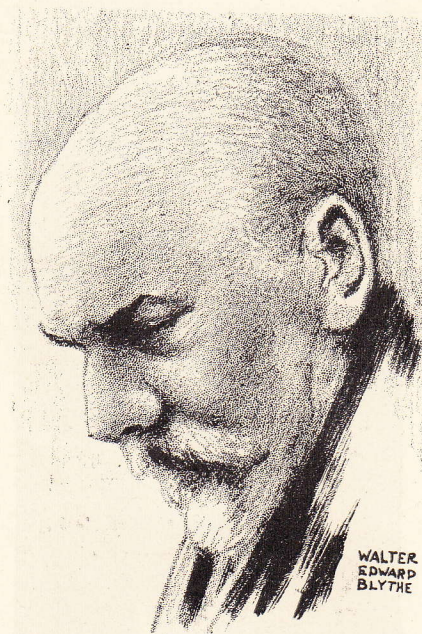
AS YOU DESIRE ME, a play in three acts by Luigi Pirandello. Adapted from the Italian by Dmitri Ostrov. Staged by Marcel Varnel. Settings by Watson Barratt. Presented by Lee Shubert at Maxine Elliott's Theatre.

THIS long-awaited offering from the pen of one of Italy's greatest living dramatists is one of those things which the audience, long after it has left the theatre, still discusses absorbedly, hoping thereby to arrive at some common conclusion regarding the ideas in the mind of the playwright. Floating around in the profound metaphysical depths of personality as these ideas are in the case of "As You Desire Me" ("Come tu mi vuoi" in the original Italian), it is doubtful if any such common conclusion is arrived at.

Pirandello, in this play, as in the majority of his earlier works, rebels against the absolute values given by man to life. To him a human personality is not a single, fixed thing, but a many-sided, fluctuating thing, depending on what you *believe* it to be at any particular moment. He lays stress on the belief that a fictitious reality is stronger than "true" reality, and that the latter consists only of "moulds" holding life itself.

The actual story holding together these Pirandellian ideas is quite simple. During the War, Bruno Pieri's young wife, Lucia, is violated by Austrian soldiers and carried away. Ten years later Boffi, a painter and close friend of Pieri, brings from Berlin a debauched cabaret dancer whom he is positive is Lucia. This woman, the Unknown One according to Pirandello, has been leading a nightmare of a life as the mistress of a lecherous German novelist, Carl Salter, towards whom she is defiantly unfaithful. Seeing the love that is waiting for Lucia at Pieri's villa near Milan, she sets about making herself into that Lucia of ten years gone. According to her conception of Lucia, namely, as to the spirit and not the body (although they are alike as to the latter), she feels she

has succeeded, and that, in the eyes of Bruno Pieri and the rest of the household, she is as they desire her. But one day Carl Salter brings to the villa from a hospital in Vienna a sad, mad woman, whom he points to as the real Mrs. Pieri. This crazed creature has the birthmark of Lucia which the Unknown One has not, and otherwise, materially, she has more evidence.



Luigi Pirandello

Now, dramatically, the Unknown One (magnificently played by Miss Judith Anderson) makes her last stand. At Salter's entrance, no one will believe that his charge is Lucia; all evidence, to them, is in favor of the woman they have known for four months as Lucia. But this gradually changes till finally the Unknown One sees sadly that, doubting her now as the Lucia she had made herself in their eyes, she actually is no longer Lucia to them. Only Boffi clings passionately and doggedly to his firm belief that the Unknown One, and not the hospital case, regardless of all evidence as such, is Lucia. For he *believes*, with a faith that is deeper than a recognition of certain of man's concepts. But to all the others, including Bruno Pieri, she is no

longer Lucia, but a fraud, and sadly she leaves in favor of the other woman.

Whichever of the two women, according to the ordinary way of looking at it, actually is Pieri's wife, is unimportant, if you believe as Pirandello does, that the Unknown One, whether or not she *had* been the Lucia ten years previously, had, during the four-months sojourn at the Villa Pieri, made herself the spirit, the essence and, to the others, the actual personality of Lucia herself. It was only when she saw that evidence could shake this belief that she took her departure. No longer was she as they desired her.

Certainly, say what one will about these ideas of Pirandello, they are intensely absorbing, and the thrill of stepping out into the vast illimitable region of the personality on Pirandello's terms is compensation enough for whatever vagueness is inherent in the structure of the play itself. Without a doubt, Judith Anderson is the "leading lady" of the play in every sense of the term. Always the centre of interest whenever she is on the stage, she dominates the action as the Unknown One and gives vivid life to Pirandello's mystic ideas. Jose Ruben as Boffi, the impetuous painter who maintains a firm belief, above and beyond the evidence of his senses, in the Unknown One as Lucia, also gives a vigorous performance, and Carl Salter, as played by Douglass Dumbrille, is as vile and licentious a beast and villain as anyone could hope to portray.

* * * *

Luigi Pirandello, according to a program note, is said to be coming to New York soon. This visit has been expected for some time, and although he had originally intended coming here for the premiere of "As You Desire Me," several European productions of his works made this impossible. Before he returns to Italy, Pirandello will supervise the direction of "Tonight We Improvise," another of his works to be produced by Lee Shubert this winter. In addition, the playwright states that he purposes playing a role himself in this comedy for two weeks before he leaves. He will also deliver several lectures in New York and nearby cities during his visit.

D. L.

The Italians in the United States

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

ALABAMA

Miss Blanche Maria Tancredi is the first Italian school-teacher in Alabama, occupying that position in the More Public School at Ensley. Miss Tancredi, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Tancredi of Birmingham, is a graduate of Polytechnic Institute of Auburn, Alabama, and was born in the Province of Rome, Italy, coming to the United States at the age of six.

At a recent meeting of the Federation of the Italian Societies of the South, held in Birmingham, the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Carlo Vergone of Gadsden; Vice-President, Francesco Saladino of Bessemer; Secretary-Treasurer, Frank Mazzara of Birmingham.

For the past three years there has been held in Birmingham an exposition of Italian art at the Public Library, started through the efforts of Messrs Elviro Di Laura and Frank Mazzara. The works of many Italian artists of that city have already been exhibited, among them Miss Angelina Varagone, Mrs. Carmela Di Laura, and others.

CALIFORNIA

Cav. Roberto Paganini, Assistant Vice-President of the Bank of America N. T. & S. A. of San Francisco, gave a speech recently at the Italian Hotel of Manteca on financial conditions in the United States.

Dr. Luigi Lista of Yreka has been elected by the County Supervisors as Director of the Yreka County Hospital. Dr. Lista received his M.D. at Washington, D. C., completing his studies in Italy.

A banquet was recently given at the Stockton Hotel at Stockton in honor of G. A. Tassano, on the occasion of his being made a Chevalier of the Crown of Italy. Mr. G. B. Leonardini, president of the Stockton Gardeners' Association, represented his organization at the banquet.

The Hon. Angelo Rossi, the first Italian in this country ever to have been elected Mayor of a city as large as San Francisco, was given a huge testimonial banquet last month by the citizens of North Beach, which is largely inhabited by Italians. Among the speakers were Atty. A. Tramutolo, Gr. Uff. Ettore Patrizi, editor of *L'Italia* of San Francisco, Dr. A. Mellini Ponce de Leon, Acting Italian Consul General for San Francisco, Atty. A. Andriano,

Atty. Julian Pardini, president of the Federation of Italian Societies of San Francisco, and Mr. Victor Sbragia, toastmaster. Many men high in that city's public life were also present, among them Gr. Uff. A. Pedrini, president of the Italian Chamber of Commerce. Mayor Rossi has been president of the Italian Hospital of San Francisco for the past ten years, serv-

operatic debut under Mr. von Schillings at the Staatsoper in Berlin.

COLORADO

Rev. Barsi of Welby, was recently honored with the decoration of Chevalier of the Order of the Crown of Italy for his work amongst the Italians in his community.

Monsignor Joseph Bosetti, Director of Music at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Denver, and Chancellor of the Diocese of Colorado, was honored at a luncheon at the Cosmopolitan Hotel at which time he was presented with the Cross of Official Chevalier of the Order of the Crown of Italy by Chevalier Pietro Gerbore, Royal Italian Consul at Denver.

Joseph P. Constantine, young Denver attorney, was re-elected Grand Vice President of the Inter-Collegiate Law Fraternity of Sigma Delta Kappa at its annual convention held not long ago in Detroit, Michigan. The Sigma Delta Kappa Fraternity was founded at the University of Michigan in 1914 and now has over sixty chapters at leading law schools in the United States.

The Italo-American Literary Society presented Leopoldo Marengo's "Giorgio Gandi" at the Woman's Club Auditorium, Denver, on February 12, 1931. This was the first time that such an undertaking had been attempted by the newly formed society.

Miss Lillian Noce of Denver has been made principal of a new \$250,000 public school in North Denver, one of the largest in the city. Miss Noce for the past twelve years has been Director of the Webster School in that city.

The Pueblo Vegetable Growers' Co-operative Association has re-elected Mr. Pasquale Morrone as its president for the coming year.

The oldest mutual benefit society in Denver, the Monte Carmelo Society was recently made part of the Columbian Federation of that city. The organization of the Italian societies of Denver into one group is being accomplished largely through the work of Mr. Francesco Mancini, editor of *Il Risveglio* of that city.

CONNECTICUT

The Committee for the raising of a Fellowship Fund at Yale, for the pur-



Miss Blanche M. Tancredi
(See "Alabama")

ing without pay. Besides the toastmaster, the members of the Executive Committee in charge of the affair were Messrs. N. Ceraghino, chairman; G. B. Antonini, Dr. F. R. Garfagni, L. Gaviati, Dr. H. C. Huck, W. Raffetto, C. De Benedetti, J. P. Figone, Dr. R. Grosso, J. Mazza, and Miss Mary Vitalini.

Comm. Lodovico Manzini and his wife recently arrived in San Francisco from Italy. Comm. Manzini is to be the new Italian Consul General for that city.

Lisa Roma, head of the opera department of the College of Music of the University of Southern California, has accepted the invitation of Max von Schillings, who was in California recently with the German Grand Opera Company, to sing the leading role in his opera, "Mona Lisa," in Berlin next summer. Miss Roma will leave Los Angeles for Europe at the close of the college year in June. She is American, born in Philadelphia, and made her

pose of exchanging students between Yale and Italian Universities, recently gave a banquet at the Beach Hotel in New Haven. Prof. S. E. Zampiere acted as toastmaster, and among the speakers were Gr. Uff. Dr. William Verdi, and Cav. Pasquale De Cicco, Royal Italian Vice Consul.

Mr. Antonio Verdi of New Haven, president of the Columbus Bank & Trust Co., and of Verdi & Balsamo Co., has been re-appointed for another term of three years as Police Commissioner for New Haven by Mayor Tully of that city.

Representative Pietro Diana of the Connecticut Assembly has been included in two legislative committees, that on Manufactures and that on Constitutional Amendments.

Mayor Tully of New Haven has appointed Prof. Giacinto Marcosano to the city's Music Committee for one year. He also recently appointed Anthony J. Acampora, former Alderman, member of the Recreations Commission.

State Senator Don Cambria of Middletown, who was elected to that body last Fall, has been appointed chairman of three committees: Claims, Federal Relations, and Forfeited Rights; and member of four others: Legislative Expenses, Rules, Constitutional Amendments, and Contingent Expenses.

Italians continue to hold first place in the number of students in the public schools of New Haven. According to recent figures compiled by School Superintendent F. H. Beede, there are 12,121 pupils of Italian descent in that city's public schools. Americans follow in second place with 11,122.

Friends and admirers of Frank Piccolo, Bridgeport's new Health Commissioner, recently tendered him a banquet at the Rainbow Gardens of that city.

Mr. Antonio Tomassetti, president of the Bridgeport Industrial Bank for the past eight years, was recently elected honorary chairman of the board of directors at the annual meeting. The officers elected were: C. Ciccarelli, pres.; Clemente Virelli, vice-pres.; Antonio R. Abriola, treas.; Luigi Manzi, sec.; and Harold Manzi, ass't. sec.

A thoughtful article on "Capital Punishment" by Atty. J. B. Greco recently appeared in *La Verita*, Italian weekly of Waterbury.

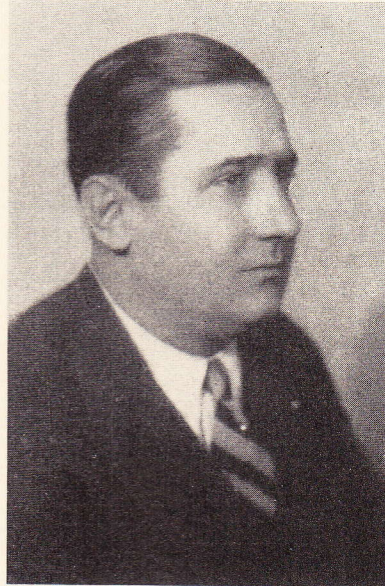
The following recently passed elimination examinations for teaching positions in New Haven's public schools: De Grazia, A. Federici, V. Ferrara, V. Formusa, S. Garofalo, E. Maglione, L. Louise Bianchi, Anna Cofrancesco, Yola Danzillo, Laura De Michele, Carmela Ippolito, Margaret Mauro, Louise Petrelli, Anna Vanacore, and Enea Zoccano.

DELAWARE

A new club, the Dante Alighieri, has been formed in Wilmington, composed almost entirely of professional men of that city. Its officers are as follows:

Antonio Gallo, pres.; Luigi Schiavone, vice-pres.; Giuseppe Errigo, corr. sec.; Giuseppe Morano, fin. sec.

Mr. Domenico Salvatore, well-known merchant of Wilmington, has been elected President of the Colonial Trust Company of that city. Other officers of the company are: P. Del Campo, vice-pres.; Dr. Ch. Leone, treas.; Dr. Grimaldi, sec.; Atty. D. De Luca, counsel. Among its directors are Flaviano Calvarese, G. Trinci, and Domenico and Clarence Di Sabatino.



Mr. Furey Ellis
(See "Pennsylvania")

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

According to the recent census, there are some 14,000 Italians in Washington, the nation's capital, of which 11,000 are residents and 3,000 are considered transient. They constitute the second largest racial group of Washington. Of the residents, 4,330 were born in Italy and 5,840 in the United States.

ILLINOIS

The Mutual Benefit Society "Fratelanza Italiana" of Chicago recently elected the following officers: Gennaro Durelli, honorary president; P. Pasquinelli, pres.; S. Laini, vice-pres.; B. Corona, treas.; C. Magistrelli and A. Barsotti, secs.

The new board of directors of the Italian Chamber of Commerce of Chicago is as follows: Dr. Marco Adrogna, F. Bragno, V. Chiara, S. Copello, E. Cortesi, W. Currotto, U. Davia, J. Marcucci, F. Ottolin, A. P. de Nicolis, J. Rigali, A. Romano, S. Salviño, F. Sasseti, E. Toniatti, and Dr. I. Volini.

Maestro Berardinelli of Chicago recently gave a recital at that city's Auditorium Conservatory of Music. Mr. Berardinelli, a baritone, teaches music and composition at that institution.

The Italian Woman's Club of Chicago, of which Mrs. Joseph Soravia is president, recently gave a banquet in honor of Mrs. Franco Bruno Averardi. Among those present was the Royal

Italian Consul General in Chicago, Dr. Giuseppe Castruccio.

Rev. Cav. Fani, rector of the Church of Our Lady of Pompeii of Chicago, spoke recently before the Association for the furtherance of Italian culture of that city. The Association also held a card-and-bunco party shortly after at the Lake Shore Athletic Club, under the auspices of Mrs. Joseph Soravia, president of the Italian Woman's Club, Mr. and Mrs. Gerard M. Ungaro, of the Committee on Adult Education for Italians, and Messrs. A. Romano, J. Allegretti, E. Cortesi, V. B. Cuttone, Dr. J. Damiani, J. De Grazia, Dr. V. Grisetto, M. Imundo, G. La Manna, Dr. A. S. Lombardo, E. N. Malato, R. E. Motto, C. Minnici, R. Navigato, N. Saletta, J. Soravia and F. Traficanti.

Cav. Oscar Durante, editor of *L'Italia* of Chicago and an active member of the Chicago Board of Education, with the co-operation of Prof. Gennaro Albachiara, of the Department of Italian at Crane College, has succeeded in opening classes in Italian also at Crane Technical High School.

INDIANA

Dr. Giuseppe Castruccio, Royal Italian Consul General at Chicago, was the principal speaker at a banquet given recently in his honor by the Circolo Italiano of the University of Notre Dame, South Bend. Prof. Pasquale Mario Pirchio, instructor of Italian and sponsor of the Circolo, was toastmaster.

IOWA

Mr. Biagio Fontanini of Zook Spur has been elected a member of the School Board of that town. His daughter is already teaching in the schools.

LOUISIANA

Mr. D. Thomas Salsiccia, New Orleans attorney, hopes to make the race for State House of Representatives during 1932. He campaigned for Governor and Senator-Elect Huey P. Long in New Orleans during the latter's successful bid for the United States Senate, and has been prominently identified in connection with Station WWL. He was vice-president, historian, valedictorian and honor student of the graduating class of 1929 of the Loyola University Law School of New Orleans.

Miss Gladys Gelpi of New Orleans was chosen queen of this year's Mardi Gras, the first brunette to hold the title in some time.

The following officers of the Italian Homestead Association of New Orleans have been elected for 1931: Felix P. Vaccaro, pres.; C. D'Antoni, 1st vice-pres.; Cav. Arturo Dell'Orto, 2nd vice-pres.; E. J. Spori, sec.; and Wm. Leftwich, treas.

The Committee for the Italian Educational Fund, which raises money to support the teaching of Italian in the schools, held their annual banquet and masked ball last month in New Orleans. The Committee was composed of Mrs. Paolo Rossi, wife of the Italian

Consul General in New Orleans, honorary chairman; Mrs. J. Menendez, chairman; and Mrs. John Dibert, Mrs. F. Vaccaro, Mrs. C. D'Antoni, Mrs. V. P. Pachi, and Mrs. F. Montelepre.

The "Italian Hall" has elected, as officers for 1931: Filippo Cangelosi, pres.; Giovanni Barcellona, 1st vice-pres.; Simone Maggio, 2nd vice-pres.; Giuseppe Noto, sec.; and Calogero Cangelosi, treas.

A committee of the Unione Italiana of New Orleans has been formed to promote the erection of a Columbus monument in that city. It is composed of Messrs. Lucas J. Schiro, chairman, Guido Rossi, Cav. G. Lo Cicero, Cav. P. Montelepre, G. Montana, S. Wian, Frank Roccaforte, Jr., Frank Dantoni, and S. Saputo, president of the Unione Italiana.

MARYLAND

The Hon. Thomas D'Alessandro, Jr., representative at the State House from Baltimore, has been appointed to the State Corporations Commission.

In Baltimore, the Court Crown of Italy recently elected the following officers: Hon. T. D'Alessandro, Jr., Chief Ranger; F. Licefi, ass't.; P. Di Pete, fin. sec.; F. Jorio, treas.; S. Bagnioni, corr. sec.; and J. Marchioni, lecturer.

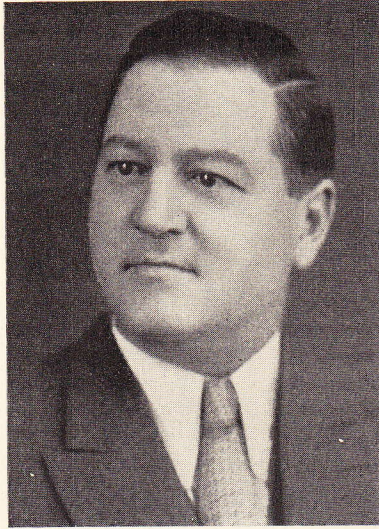
The Intercollegiate Italian Club is holding at the Emerson Hotel this month, a dance the proceeds of which are to go for a Lecture Fund for lectures to be held at Johns Hopkins. The chairman of the committee is Mr. Frank Matassa.

The Royal Italian Consul General at Baltimore, Dr. Logoluso, delivered the second of a series of lectures on March 6th on the subject: "Labor Conditions in Italy under the Mussolini regime," at the Johns Hopkins Engineering Building.

MASSACHUSETTS

Mr. Joseph A. Tomasello, President and Treasurer of the contracting firm of A. G. Tomasello & Son, Inc., is one of the most successful Italian businessmen in Boston. Born in Messina in 1887, he came to this country in 1893, studied mechanical engineering in the schools, and in 1908 became a partner with his father in the latter's contracting firm. The firm has completed many of the largest projects in Boston and vicinity, and Mr. Tomasello has taken part in all committees of Boston and Massachusetts. He is a member of the American Road Builders Association, the Massachusetts Highway Association, of which he has been a Director, and the Boston Society of Civil Engineers. He is a Director of the Home of the New England Road Builders Association, composed of all the leading Road Builders of New England States. He is a Director of the Home of Italian Children, a Director of the First National Bank of Revere and the Banca Commerciale Trust Company of Boston, a member of the Boston Chamber of Commerce and the Italian Chamber of Commerce, and he is

a member of the Board of Appeal of Boston, which is composed of five members who act on violations of building laws and zoning laws of Boston. On this Board he represents the Boston Society of Civil Engineers and the Boston Architectural Society. He is also a member of the Dorchester Board of Trade, and a member of the Massachusetts Truck Association, and many others.



Mr. Joseph A. Tomasello
(See "Massachusetts")

Mr. John Cifrino of Boston, who rose from a penniless immigrant to a millionaire in 35 years, recently purchased 113 stores and 353 markets of the bankrupt firm of E. E. Gray Co., establishing him as one of the biggest merchants in the East. In association with his brother Paul, Mr. Cifrino (who was made a Chevalier of the Crown of Italy last year) is the founder of the world's largest market, the United Markets, Inc., with stores at Upham's Corner, Cambridgeport and Quincy. This was John Cifrino's first business venture, when in 1913 he opened it with Max Cataldo. He has been one of the most active workers and chief supporters of the Home for Italian Children in Jamaica Plain, being vice-president of the board of incorporators. The E. E. Gray Co., together with the United Markets, Inc. will have sales amounting to \$10,000,000 annually.

The Massachusetts Italian Medical Society has elected the following officers for the year 1931: Dr. Peter A. Consales of Somerville, president; Dr. James Siragusa of Orient Heights, vice-president; Dr. Anthony Macaluso of North End, 2nd vice-president; Dr. D. A. Costa of North End, treasurer; and Dr. Carl F. Maraldi of Back Bay, secretary.

Mr. David A. Arata of Boston has been prominently mentioned as State Boxing Commissioner, to fill the vacancy which will occur soon.

More than 1100 attended a banquet in honor of Mayor Andrew A. C. Casassa of Revere held recently in Crescent Gardens Ball Room.

Atty. Louis B. Sensale of Revere, who was in charge of the United States

Federal Census last April in that district, was recently appointed to supervise the work of taking a census of the unemployed in the 22 wards of Boston.

The following have been elected as officers of the Home for Italian Children for the coming year: Mons. R. J. Haberlin, pres.; John Cifrino, vice-pres.; Miss Luisa DeFerrari, treas.; and Judge Felix Forte, sec. Besides the aforementioned the Board of Directors is composed of Messrs. J. A. Tomasello, Rev. Fr. Romano, Rev. Fr. Toma, Rev. Fr. Maschi, A. Albiani, T. Nutile and E. Martini.

For the 28th consecutive year, Mr. Joseph Florino of Boston's West End was recently unanimously elected financial secretary of Court King Humbert, Foresters of America. The Court itself recently celebrated its 30th birthday.

An Italian Choral Society of Boston has been formed, composed of more than 50 young men and women interested in vocal music. It was organized by Atty. Sebastian Smedile of Somerville, and it is under the leadership of Raffaele Martino, its conductor.

The Italian Catholic Women's Association of Cambridge recently celebrated its 12th anniversary and elected new officers, as follows: Mrs. A. Ciampi, pres.; Mrs. G. Centanni, vice-pres.; Mrs. M. O. DeGuglielmo, corr. sec.; Miss C. Risola, fin. sec.; and Mrs. F. Buonomo, treas.

Mr. Sebastian N. Tanguoso of Boston was recently unanimously re-elected, for the third successive year, as president of the Italian-American Improvement Club for 1931. Mr. Tanguoso is active in Boston organizations and activities, and as an attorney is associated with the law offices of Judge Felix Forte.

Atty. Michael A. Fredo, Assistant Grand Venerable of the Order Sons of Italy in Massachusetts, recently made an apt answer to an editorial in the Boston Herald unfavorable to Italy. "The cause of peace and the cause of the United States is not to be served by defaming the head of a friendly nation," he observed among other things. His letter was published by the Boston Herald.

MICHIGAN

The officers of the Italian Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Laurium are: J. Torreano, pres.; J. Bracco, sec.; and J. Vignetto, treas. The company has agents at Iron Mountain, Negz-nee, Iron River and Detroit.

Attorney Andrew De Maggio, well-known in Detroit law circles, announced not long ago his candidacy for Judge of the Common Pleas Court of Detroit (for the short term) at the Primary elections held on March 2nd. More than 20,000 signatures had already been secured by his friends and supporters when he announced his candidacy.

A banquet in honor of Mr. Frank Bagnasco of Detroit was held last month at the Book Cadillac Hotel. Among the speakers were Attorney

Frank Valenti, toastmaster, Attorney Andrew De Maggio, candidate for Judge of the Common Pleas Court, Dr. Frank Rizzo, Prof. Lalli, and others.

At the home of Mr. Clyde Burrough, Secretary of the Fine Arts Institute of Detroit, a reception was recently held in honor of Comm. Edgardo Simone, the famous Italian sculptor, now residing temporarily in Detroit.

In Detroit, a committee has been formed to honor an early Italian pioneer in this country, Pasquale Palmieri. Born in Naples, the latter left his university to enlist himself with Garibaldi's Red Shirts, then he emigrated first to France, then to England (where he received an engineering degree), then to Quebec (where he directed some mining work), then to Buffalo (where he taught languages), and finally to Detroit in 1858, where he became known as a painter, remaining there for 50 years. He died in 1916.

The Martha Washington Club of Detroit held one of its frequent recreation parties and meetings combined recently. Its officers are Mrs. F. A. Praser, pres.; Mrs. L. J. Dumbar, vice-pres.; and Mrs. Antonietta Garegnani, sec.

MISSOURI

The town of Knobview recently had its name changed, being formally christened Rosati, Mo., in honor of Bishop Giuseppe Rosati, the first Bishop to govern over the Catholic diocese of St. Louis. In its July 1930 issue, ATLANTICA contained an article on this little-known but important Italian bishop, by Edoardo Marolla, relating his life and accomplishments.

The Italian Fraternal Building Association of St. Louis has elected the following officers for 1931: Anton Canzoneri, pres.; Dr. H. S. Ghio, 1st vice-pres.; Jos. Genoni, 2nd vice-pres.; Jos. Devoti, treas.; Victor F. Zerega, sec.; and O. G. Pieri, manager of the building. The annual report listed assets of \$107,448.70 and a debt of \$52,000.

NEVADA

Mr. William L. Cassinelli, cashier of the United Nevada Bank of Reno, has been elected president of the Clearing House Association of that city.

The new president of the Western Nevada Poultrymen's Association is Mr. A. Scanovino, of Reno.

The Christopher Columbus Lodge of the Order Sons of Italy has been inaugurated in Nevada. Among its officers are R. Mongolo, P. De Prati, L. Zunino, N. Gardella, G. Griffantini, L. Anelli, B. Ravera and J. Rosasco.

NEW JERSEY

At a recent meeting of the Garden Building & Loan Association of Lawrenceville, Albert Dal Corso of

Trenton was elected a member of the Board of Directors. Mr. Dal Corso is a member of the firm of A. & E. Dal Corso, specializing in tile and mosaic work, and also a member of the Trenton Unico Club, on whose committees he is active. He came to America when a boy and received his training while



Mr. Gaetano S. De Luca
(See "Tennessee")

associated with his late father, who was an expert in the same line.

The only two Italian students of the State Teachers College who will graduate in June are Miss Val Famiano and Ralph W. Petito, both of Trenton. Another student, in a lower grade, is Miss Santina Ferrara, also of Trenton.

Largely through the efforts of Robert V. Janelli, the Trenton Symphony Orchestra gave its first program last month. Among the Italians sponsoring it are Joseph Mainiero, editor and publisher of *La Nuova Capitale*, Italian weekly, Michael Communi, Daniel A. Brenna and Dr. Joseph Pantaleone. Benedict Napoliello is one of the associate conductors, and among the players are Joseph Cellini, Vincent Pesce, Joseph Siciliano, and Robert V. Janelli.

The new officers of the Newark section of the Federation of the Italian World War Veterans in the United States are as follows: Luigi Martucci, pres.; Dr. Francesco Renzulli, vice-pres.; Dr. Angelo Carlucci, asst. pres.; Dr. Annibale Casagrande, treas.; Luigi Caluori, corr. sec.; Salvatore Villani, fin. sec.

Two lodges in Bound Brook of the Order Sons of Italy in America recently tendered a banquet in honor of Cav. Uff. Francesco Palleria, Honorary Grand Venerable, attended by over 400 guests, at the Sons of Italy Auditorium.

Paramount's West Coast Studio has engaged Mr. Robert Bennetti of Irvington under a four-month contract as assistant dance director. Mr. Bennetti is a well-known dance instructor, having done dancing on the RKO Circuit. Before leaving for the Coast, he was

given a banquet at the N.V.A. clubhouse in New York.

Mr. Joseph Marini, former Mayor of Fairview, has been appointed City Counsel, and Frank Olesi, of West New York, N. J., has been appointed Superintendent of Highways.

A banquet was held last month at Columbus Hall in Bayonne in honor of Dr. Maturi of that city. Atty. R. Mazzola acted as toastmaster, and among those present were Mons. Mercolino, Dr. Ornello Simone, Royal Italian Consul General for Newark, and ex-Assemblyman P. V. Mercolino.

NEW YORK CITY

Dr. G. Failla, well-known physicist of New York City, in collaboration with Dr. P. S. Henshaw, both attached to the Memorial Hospital, announced recently, at a joint meeting of the American Physical Society and the Optical Society of America at Columbia University, that a 900,000-volt X-ray tube, to be the largest of its kind in the United States, is being made for the Memorial Hospital, to be used in the treatment of cancer. The tube has been under construction for several years by the General Electric Company and is expected to be in operation for experimental treatment of cancer in April.

At the annual meeting of the Italian Chamber of Commerce of New York City, recently, the following were elected: *Class A Directors*: Cav. Uff. Dante Antolini, Giuseppe Capolini, Domenico D'Angiola, Comm. Giuseppe Gerli, Comm. Dr. A. H. Giannini, Waldemaro Grassi, Cav. Uff. Ercole H. Locatelli, Comm. Lionello Perera, Cav. Uff. Eugenio Petroseolo, Luigi Profumo, Giovanni F. Romeo, Henry W. Schroeder, Cav. Pasquale I. Simonelli, Ercole L. Sozzi, and Cav. Domenico T. Truda. *Class B Directors*: Gennaro Ascione and Domenico Casaburi.

The annual dinner of the Queens County Bar Association was held last month at the Hotel Biltmore, with more than 500 attending. The toastmaster was Mr. Frank A. Bellucci, president of the Association, and among the speakers were Hon. Salvatore Cotillo, Hon. Edward Lazansky, Henry Bogert and Henry Jessup.

The American Ballet Guild's unique production of "PINOCCHIO" will be presented in ballet and pantomime for the first time on April 13th. The music is written by Mabel Wood Hill, and Dr. Leigh will conduct. The stage settings and costumes are designed by Willy Pogany, Gluck Sandor is Pinocchio, the immortal hero of Collodi.

Members of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Columbus Hospital held a card party and tea last month for the purpose of obtaining the necessary funds with which to equip the Maternity Department of the Columbus Hospital, which was opened on Feb. 11th at 227 E. 19th Street. Mrs. Antonio Pisani, president of the Ladies Auxiliary, was assisted by the following committee: Mrs. T. Doran, Mrs. Frank Hadnot,

Miss Mary Skelly, Mrs. Carlo Savini, Miss Mary Martin, Mrs. C. Sivo, Mrs. Louis Hecht, Miss Mary Cafferata, Mrs. John Rolandelli, Mrs. Paul Sarubi, and Mrs. Joseph Ravengo.

Last month the Teatro D'Arte, under the direction of Mr. Giuseppe Sterni, presented "Delitto e Castigo" (Crime and Punishment), a comedy in three acts by Giancapo and Rossato, and, two weeks later, "Sansone" (Samson), an Italian translation of Henry Bernstein's "Samson" in four acts, both at the Little Theatre. Mr. Sterni played the leading roles in both plays.

An exposition of Italian art at De Witt Clinton High School has been organized by Prof. Leonardo Covello, head of the Italian Department, aided by Antonio Petrazzuolo, Rosa Alberti, Ginevra Cappocelli, Annita E. Giacobbe, Sophie M. Serighaus, W. Placido Zingaro and Costanza Cammello, all teachers. This exposition, which is to close March 15th, contains the work of many Italian-American artists of this city, including the best talent at the Leonardo da Vinci Art School.

At the monthly dinner-discussion of the Italian Historical Society held last month at the Hotel Victoria, the topic of discussion was "Crime and the Foreign Born." Congressman Peter Cavichia of Newark was the chairman and the speakers of the evening were Prof. Frederick M. Thrasher of the Department of Sociology of New York University and Mr. Giovanni Schiavo, author of monographs and studies on crime. Attorney Edward Corsi, head worker of Harlem House, also spoke, followed by a general discussion of the subject in which there took part Rev. Father Robotti, Judge Salvatore Cotto, Judge Joseph F. Caponigri, Prof. John Gerig, and others. Others present included Comm. Emanuele Grazi, Royal Italian Consul General in New York, Judge Amedeo Bertini, Anthony Minisi, Comm. Giuseppe Previtali, Ralph Ciluzzi, Cav. G. Vitelli, Dr. M. Del Vecchio, Atty. R. Ingargiola, Atty. F. Macaluso, Flavio Pasella, Capt. Vedovi, Dr. V. Cocuzza, Comm. Mirabella, and many others.

Dr. Carlo Perilli has been appointed one of the seven members of the New York City Hospital Commission. Dr. Perilli was formerly Chairman of the Italian Child Welfare League, Curator of Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, and, from 1914 to 1919, instructor in gynecology at the Post Graduate Hospital. Now, at 45, he is attached to the Broad Street Hospital, and is a member of the American Medical Association, the New York Academy of Medicine, the County Medical Society, and many others. He came to this country at the age of 8, and studied in American schools and colleges.

The Italian Pharmaceutical Association of New York on March 1 held its annual banquet and ball at the St. George Hotel. The committee in charge of arrangements consisted of Joseph Setaro, chairman; A. Carabillo, B. Gagliano, A. S. Carabillo, D. Crachi, N. S. Gesoalde, F. Di Benedetto, Walter Fanaro, V. M. Orefice, J. Personeni, F. Rapecis, J. Scavo, and F. Rinaldi. Judge John J. Freschi acted as toastmaster. The officers of the society are

Louis Realbuto, pres.; John Scavo, hon. pres.; A. S. Carabillo, 1st vice-pres.; F. J. Di Benedetto, 2nd vice-pres.; A. Carabillo, treas.; J. J. Setaro, fin. sec.; Walter Janaro, rec. sec.; and B. Gagliano, corr. sec.

The New York Sinfonietta, Quinto Maganini conducting, gave a concert recently at the Roerich Museum.

The People's Chorus, under the direction of Mr. Camilieri, recently gave its first "intimate singing entertainment" at the Town Hall since last Christmas.

The Italian Welfare League has organized a Sewing Committee, whose work is to be given to the poor. Among its members are Miss Nina Maresi, Mrs. Pasquale Amato, Mrs. E. Aufiero, Mrs. T. Ciaccio, Miss G. De Marinis, Countess Leone Fumasoni-Biondi, Mrs. E. Gerli, Mrs. L. Ingrassia, Miss Estella Maresi, Mrs. Giovanni Martinelli, Mrs. Guido Perera, Mrs. Lionello Perera, Mrs. Generoso Pope, Mr. R. San Venero, and many others.

Miss Alda Astori, pianist, appeared in a recital recently at Steinway Hall.

The Leonardo Da Vinci Art Students' Society, Inc., will hold its third annual Costume and Civic Ball at the Pythian Temple on West 70th St., on Saturday evening, April 4th, 1931. The organization is composed of students of the Leonardo Da Vinci Art School for the advancement of Italian Art and Culture. The director of the school is Attilio Piccirilli, famous Italian sculptor.

The Mulberry Community House has been doing splendid work in the past for the poor and needy in New York's lower East Side. It is headed by Miss Mary A. Frasca, who is also its secretary.

Elda Vittori of the Metropolitan Opera House recently sang at a concert of the National Opera Club of America at the American Women's Association clubhouse.

Nina Gordani, American-born lyric diseuse, appeared recently in a costume recital at the Guild Theatre.

In its series of "Famous Paintings Studied in Our High Schools" the now-defunct *New York World* not long ago included "The Virgin" by Joseph Stella (Italian-American, born 1885). Joseph Stella, born in Southern Italy, came to America at the age of 15, and has worked and exhibited principally in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernesto Fabbri recently returned from their magnificent villa in Florence and went to their Florida summer home. Mr. Fabbri is one of the richest Italians in the United States, and a member of some of the best international societies. His father was a partner in the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co.

The Shakespeare Society of Hunter College recently presented "King Lear," with Joseph V. De Santis in the leading role. Also in the cast were A. L. Pappa, D. Bosco, H. Ajosa, F. J. Verdi, L. J. Saccio, G. Innocenti, A. A. Verdi, F. A. De Santis, P. F. De Sena and others.

A reception was recently held at the Michael Laura Democratic Club in Brooklyn in honor of Attorneys Peter J. Brancato and Giuseppe Ruggiero, upon the occasion of their being named Deputy Attorney Generals for the State of New York. Among those present were Sanitation Commissioner Michael Laura, Dr. V. A. Caso, Joseph Carrizzo, Stephen J. Rotondi, L. Camardella, District Attorney Nicholas Selvaggi, P. Tirone and the two new appointees.

Dr. Carmyn J. Lombardo, vice-president of the Lambda Phi Mu Medical Fraternity, was recently tendered a testimonial banquet by a large group of friends. The banquet committee chairman was Dr. Hannibal De Bellis, who introduced Prof. J. De Girolano of New York University as toastmaster. Among the speakers were Dr. Armando Colantuono, president of the Fraternity, and Dr. Alfred Marra, secretary. Others present included Dr. De Pasquale, Dr. Lamanda, Dr. C. Melore and Dr. Dominick Sposta.

From the Morgagni News-Letter, official publication of the Lambda Phi Mu Medical Fraternity we glean the following information as to new officers for the coming year: New York Graduate Chapter Alpha Alpha: Dr. F. S. H. Adamo, Grand Master; Dr. A. Barranco, Master; Dr. C. Melore, Secretary, Dr. H. Lardaro, Treasurer.

NEW YORK STATE

Mr. Harry O. Argento, Chief Probation Officer, directs the destinies of Rochester's delinquent and neglected children. The only Italian Chief Probation Officer in the United States and Canada, and also the youngest, Mr. Argento has been in charge of the Probation Department for four years. Previously he was connected with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. He has done social work under the direction of Rev. Prof. F. Argento, head of the Foreign Department of Newtonville Technical High School in Boston. Mr. Argento is 37 years old.

One of the three Syracuse lawyers employed as Assistant Attorney Generals for the State of New York is Italian Alfredo F. Spagnola. Attorney Spagnola was formerly associated with the law firm of Furcinito & McKenna. He is a graduate of the University of Syracuse Law School.

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Table d'hote - a la carte

Excellent Italian Cuisine

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New York

Mr. Alfonso Gioia of Rochester has been re-elected member of the Board of Directors of the First National Bank.

State Senator Cosmo A. Cilano of Rochester was appointed chairman, not long ago, of a special commission to examine the crime situation in New York State. Moreover, he is also chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, and a member of the Committees on Finance, Judiciary, Codes and Canals. Under a bill recently introduced in the Legislature by him as Chairman of the State Crime Commission, a miniature "Scotland Yard" would be created in the State Correction Department to war on criminals.

Attorney Frank A. Corti of Batavia has been appointed Special Police Prosecutor, in a campaign to rid that city of speakeasies.

At the annual meeting of the Columbian Republican League, Monroe County Branch, in Rochester, Paul G. Napodano was re-elected president for the seventh consecutive time. Others elected were: Peter Roncone and Patsy Laudisi, vice-presidents; Charles F. Argento, secretary; Jerry Leonardo, treasurer.

The Italian Ladies' Relief Association of Buffalo has been making great efforts in the past few months to alleviate the lot of the poor and needy, by collecting funds and distributing them. The committee in charge of this work consists of Miss Theresa Milani, chairman; Miss Josephine Panaro, Mrs. J. Mancuso, Miss Anna Parisi and Mrs. Vincent Campagna.

Mr. Anthony Perotto of Rochester is the new president of the Lambda Iota Beta Fraternity of that city. He is a prominent student at Franklin High School.

The Italian-American Civic Club of Jamestown last month held its first annual banquet. Attorney Sebastiano Belomo acted as chairman of the committee in charge of the affair, which included Joseph Glace, Joseph Cusimano, and Angelo Acquisto. Among the speakers were James Cusimano, president of the Club, Michele L. Ferrara, Charles Cala, and others.

Attorney Vincent A. Tauriello of Buffalo has been appointed Assistant State Attorney General. He was born in Buffalo in 1893, and, after studying at the public schools and at Hutchinson-Central High School, he was graduated from the University of Buffalo, and admitted to the Bar in 1923. Before being appointed to his present position, Mr. Tauriello was Supervisor for the 27th Buffalo District.

Miss Luisa De Leo recently gave an interesting piano recital before the Etude Club of Schenectady at the Trinity Methodist Church. She played several selections from Beethoven, Chopin and Verdi.

OHIO

Dr. Dominick Lanese of Cleveland, brother-in-law of S. De Macoribus Council and member of the Fire Pension Board, was recently appointed

Physician pro tempore to the Fire Department of that city.

Attorney B. D. Nicola, defeated last Fall for the position of Judge of the Cleveland Common Pleas Court, has been appointed United States Commissioner for that city.

PENNSYLVANIA

One of the most outstanding clubmen and philanthropists in Philadelphia is Furey Ellis. His efforts to further the status of Philadelphia's Italian-Americans have won his unquestionable recognition and favor in the city in which he was reared and educated. He is a Chevalier of the Crown of Italy and president of the Circolo Dante Alighieri, an Italian organization which he founded, as well as former member of the Board of Inspectors of County Prisons, and vice president of the Prison Welfare Association. In addition, he is an active member of 34 other Philadelphia organizations, and among his titles are those of president, vice-president, chairman of the board, secretary and others. He has been especially active in the affairs of the Joseph Vasalla Post, American Legion, of which he is a membership officer. He is secretary and director of the Catholic Young Men's Association, chairman of the house committee of the Philadelphia Elks, a trustee of the Philadelphia Museum and a member of the executive committee of the Villanova College Fund. During the war he served in France in the 304th Ammunition Train, 79th Division, and is now president of the 304th Ammunition Train Association.

Members of the Circolo Italiano of Temple University, Philadelphia, recently held their general meeting and reception. The speaker of the evening was Mr. Philip Bocchini, of L'Opinione, who gave a lecture on Journalism.

A new young women's club has been organized in Philadelphia. L'Aurora is its name and it is composed of young American girls of Italian extraction interested in intellectual pursuits. The new organization, the first of its kind in Philadelphia, is headed by Miss Emma Cangro, president; Miss Theresa F. Buchieri, vice-president; Miss Marie Mazzoli, recording secretary, Misses Flora Cappy and Betty Rinaldo, corresponding secretaries and Miss Josephine Carano, treasurer.

L'Aurora was recently informally inaugurated with an entertainment and dance at the Circolo Dante Alighieri. The entertainment consisted of a chorus of girl members who sang Italian folk songs, and a playlet. The dramatic production entitled "Failure," was written by Miss Theresa F. Buchieri, founder of L'Aurora. This initial undertaking was favorably received by over five hundred guests. The new society will be officially introduced to the public with a dinner dance the latter part of May.

Nino Sparacino, young journalist and artist of Philadelphia, was recently feted by friends with a farewell dinner dance at the Circolo Dante Alighieri. Severo Antonelli, chairman of the dinner dance, made the introductory and

farewell address while Amerigo V. Cortese, attorney, acted as toastmaster. The speakers of the evening included A. Le Brong, M. Le Vine, Dr. Helen M. Angelucci and Frank C. Massey. Mr. Sparacino later sailed for Cuba, where he will spend some months sketching prominent personages and writing about them. Upon his return to the United States he will resume his work, which consists of sketching stage and screen luminaries for various Philadelphia and New York newspapers.

Born and educated a block away from "Al" Smith's home in New York City, Adrian Bonnelly achieved success as an attorney in Philadelphia. In fact, he is one of the foremost counsellors-at-law in the State. He first came into the public limelight when he became associated with the New York Immigration Department. In Philadelphia he practiced law and soon became an uplifting force in political, social and educational circles. In his many years as a lawyer and adviser he has succeeded in bringing about a better understanding between his people and the Americans.

The young attorney Edward Furia of Philadelphia was recently tendered a banquet at the Sylvania Hotel. Cav. Henry De Berardino acted as toastmaster, and the organizing committee was headed by Antonio Casciato, president of Philadelphia's Unione Abruzzese.

Among the Italian artists represented at the 126th annual exposition of painting and sculpture of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, which closes March 15th, are Cesare Ricciardi, Antonio Martino, Umberto Romano and Arturo Noci.

In the present Pennsylvania Legislature at Harrisburg, under the Governorship of Gifford Pinchot, there are six Italians, one State Senator and six Assemblymen. The lone Italian State Senator is Andrew J. Sordoni, of Forty Fort, Luzerne County. The five Assemblymen consist of C. C. A. Baldi, Jr., re-elected last year for the 8th time from the second district of Philadelphia; his brother, Joseph F. M. Baldi, serving his second term from the 14th district of Philadelphia; Joseph Argenterieri, of Philadelphia's first district; M. A. Musmanno, re-elected from a Pittsburgh district in Allegheny County; and Martin Memmolo of Old Forge.

RHODE ISLAND

Proposed legislation which would establish a form of registration of aliens in this country, with the object of making it easier for the authorities to apprehend persons who have entered the United States illegally, was opposed by Alexander Bevilacqua, editor of the *Italian Echo* of Rhode Island, recently in a talk before the Rhode Island League of Women Voters at the International Institute of the Y. W. C. A.

The Alpha Beta Eta club of Brown University held a "get-together" dinner recently at which many members and guests were present. Among the speakers and guests of honor introduced by the toastmaster, Mr. Anthony

Del Sesto, were Col. H. A. Dyer, Felix Ferraris, Luigi Capasso, Alexander Bevilacqua, Daniel Lapolla, Thomas Paolino, Anthony DeNicola, Lucian Carbone, Cav. Romeo Montecchi, Royal Italian Vice Consul for Providence, Edward Capomacchio, Dr. A. Valentino and Prof. Alfonso Di Salvio. The newly elected officers of the Club are U. S. LoLordo, pres.; E. Triangolo, vice-pres.; and G. F.olo, sec-treas.

The Italian community of Silver Lake recently honored Dr. Antonio Fidanza with a reception and banquet in his honor at the Narragansett Hotel.

Mr. Augustine Nerrone of Providence has been named temporary Assistant Inspector in the office of the State Probation Officer for the Sixth District.

A banquet was held recently at the Narragansett Hotel in Providence in honor of Atty. Beniamino Cianciarulo, elected last Fall to the State Assembly. At the head of the organizing committee were Carlo Izzi, Frank Del Sesto, and Natale Cellini.

The Providence Section of the Federation of the Italian World War Veterans in the United States has elected the following as officers for the year 1931: Erminio Migliori, pres.; Francesco Ronchese, sec.; Dante Zainetti, treas.

A banquet was recently given in honor of Nicholas Bertozzi, who is the first Italian ever to have been elected Alderman in the city of Pawtucket. The banquet was given at the Elks Hall in that city under the auspices of the Martha Washington Lodge. The Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Mayor, and many prominent Italians were among those present.

TENNESSEE

Mr. Gaetano Salvatore De Luca, as President of the Nashville Conservatory of Music, is nationally recognized as an outstanding teacher of voice. Many of his pupils include members of the Metropolitan Opera Company and leading European operatic companies, as well as many well-known figures in the concert world. Before coming to America. Mr. De Luca was a successful singer of opera in Italy and a teacher of prominence in Milan. In Naples he studied under Maestro Corrado, Prof. Savino, and Prof. Carelli; in London, under Maestri Baraldi and Piazza. He studied operatic repertoire under Sarmiento, Caruso's coach; and a number of operas with the tenor De Luca.

Chevalier Primo Bartolini, instructor of modern languages at the Nashville Conservatory of Music, is a graduate of Bologna University, Italy, and of St. Charles University, Switzerland. He secured his Bachelor of Arts degree in America, at Conception College, Missouri. He has had wide experience as a teacher, both in school and college, and speaks many modern languages fluently. Since coming to Tennessee Mr. Bartolini has devoted considerable time to literary work, and has established himself as a successful writer, having produced two novels in Italian and two

books of poetry in English. In a poetry contest sponsored by the New York Sun, and open to citizens of the United States and Canada, he was awarded first prize. He was knighted by King Victor Emanuel III, who made him a Chevalier of the Crown of Italy in recognition of his distinguished services.

TEXAS

In anticipation of the 200th anniversary of the birth of George Washington, to be celebrated next year, Dr. Vitale G. Gallina, Royal Italian Vice Consul for Texas, has initiated the organization of a historical committee for the study of the contribution of the Italian race to the development of Texas.

The New Year's Party of the Theta Psi Omega Fraternity, Alpha Chapter, given December 30, at the Rio Rico Country Club in Houston in honor of the student members home for the holidays, was one of the gayest events of the Houston holiday season.

The personnel included only the members and their guests. Dr. Anthony Chiodo, noble senior, acted as master of ceremonies and was assisted by Mr. Anthony F. Crapitto, grand noble senior of the combined chapters. The group of college students in whose honor it was given included: Anthony Maniscalco and Foley Santamaria, of Texas University; Louis Crapitto, Jim Butera, John Filippone, and Joe Salerno, of Tulane University, School of Medicine; Joe Maniscalco of Cumberland University; and Louis Polochino of the University of Alabama.

At a recent meeting of the S. S. Maria del Balzo Society of Houston, the annual election of officers was held, resulting in a unanimous re-election of officers, including the following: Mrs. John Matranga, pres.; Mrs. M. Filippone, 1st vice-pres.; Mrs. John Marino, 2nd vice-pres.; Mrs. O. J. Trapolino, sec.; Miss Jennie Filippone and Mrs. S. J. Bruno, assistant secretaries; Miss Newt Lucia, corr. sec.; Mrs. M. Guarino, treas.; Mrs. P. Rebecca, asst. treas., and Miss Lena Montalbano, auditor. The Society was organized three years ago and comprises approximately 350 women.

The second annual holiday ball of the Tapawingo Club of Houston, was held not long ago at the Lamar Hotel Ball Room. Miss Jo Camille Navarro acted as master of ceremonies, and introduced four young ladies recently elected to the club. These were the Misses Grace and Ann Lorino, Celia Salerno, and Louise Loverde.

Houston has graciously welcomed Maestro Uriel Nespole of Milan, Italy, the eminent coach of grand opera, who recently arrived in that city to organize and direct civic opera and a civic symphony orchestra, under the sponsorship of Mrs. John Wesley Graham.

Through the persevering efforts of Mrs. Graham, Houston will now have its own civic opera company, after she spent most of last summer in Europe arranging with the Maestro for its organization. With the assistance of Congressman Daniel Garrett and Secretary of State Stimson a vice Consul was secured from the Italian Consul in Milan,

which permitted the director to come to America.

VIRGINIA

Contract for the making of a statue of General Francis H. Smith, to be placed at Virginia Military Institute in Lexington, has been awarded to Ferruccio Legnaioli, Richmond sculptor.

WASHINGTON

The inauguration of the new building of the Nurses' Home of the Columbus Hospital of Seattle was held recently. Both the Hospital and the Home were founded several years ago by Mother General Francesca S. Cabrini of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, an Italian religious order with hospitals and schools in many cities of the United States and the world. The new building has accommodations for the training and housing of about 100 nurses, and is equipped in a complete and up-to-date manner.

The Seattle Lodge of the Order Sons of Italy recently celebrated the fifth anniversary of its founding at the Casa Italiana in that city. The guests of honor were Supreme Deputy Pietro D. Vedova, Cav. Alberto Alfani, Royal Italian Consul General in Seattle, and Grand Deputy Federico Bassetti, who delivered the principal speech.

Dr. Neri Biondi of the Italian Lecture Society of Seattle recently gave a speech on Venetian art before the Italian Commercial Club of that city.

Two Italians—Alderman Giacomo Scavotto and Mr. Francisco Perri—were among the new officers elected recently by the Provident Savings & Loan Association of Seattle.

Cav. Nicola Paoletta, noted pharmacist of Seattle, was recently tendered a banquet by the Italian Commercial Club of that city. The committee was composed of Messrs. I. Ive, Dr. De Donato, A. La Salle, L. Tazioli, Cav. L. Buty and A. Di Gleria.

WEST VIRGINIA

Construction of the new Federal Building in Clarksburg has been put by the Government in the hands of an Italian firm of Gary, Indiana, J. Largara & Co., for about \$500,000. The Clarksburg contracting firm of A. Pettito & Sons were entrusted with the preliminary work of clearing the ground and laying the foundations.

CANADA

Mr. Joseph Cagliesi has been elected Mayor of Piedmont, Canada.

The following officers have been elected for the Italo-Canadian Conservative Association: C. Vetere, A. Calderoni, vice-pres.; M. Lattoni, sec.; and S. Villani, treas.

Mr. Michele Boerio, of Montreal, restaurant proprietor, continued last month his practice of holding a concert at his expense, the proceeds going to the St. Joseph's Italian Orphanage.

A Miniature Anthology

Of Italian Literature

IL NEMICO

Novella

by Fausto M. Martini

Alla Signora Anna Aureli,
vedova Covinaldi

Gentile Signora,

Le sembrerà strano che io Le scriva, se ormai da due settimane noi passiamo ogni giorno lunghe ore insieme e, soltanto che io ne avessi il coraggio, potrei parlarLe a mio piacimento. Ma alla mia età, Signora, le risoluzioni più semplici sono difficili e il più delle volte muoiono in un loro limbo senza ricevere neppure il primo soffio.

Poichè il nome che Lei avrà subito cercato in fondo a questa lettera Le è sconosciuto, Le dirò che io sono quel vecchio signore che tutti i pomeriggi a Villa Borghese siede accanto a Lei.

Se Lei oggi, tornando al solito sedile, non mi ci trovasse più a farLe la solita muta compagnia e il suo bimbo non avesse più la mia mano pronta ad accogliere un buffetto o un sassolino, la mia assenza passerebbe certamente inosservata; per me invece la giovane signora vestita a lutto che ricama o legge pacatamente e il bambino che mi si volge ogni giorno con maggiore domestichezza sono oramai una cara abitudine: una di quelle abitudini, termule ad ogni soffio e così tenere di lusinghe, di cui è tessuta la vita di chi non è più giovane, il quale a ciascuna che se ne perda sente speccarsi uno dei legami che ancora lo avvincono al mondo.... E allora che cure gelose e quante accortezze, a volte anche umilianti, perchè nessuno di quei legami si spezzi!

Se in tanti giorni io non Le ho rivolta mai la parola è stato certo per il timore di mettere a rischio quella trama sotterranea di fiducia, quella sorta di silenziosa parentela che mi sembrava nata fra noi. E quando ieri, nel salutarci, un gesto del suo bambino ed un Suo sguardo mi hanno fatto balenare il sospetto che Lei, annoiata dalla sciocca as-

siduita di questo signore, volesse punirlo col non tornare più, io L'ho seguita senza vergogna dei miei capelli tutti bianchi ormai, ho assunto un atteggiamento indifferente, — di persona che va per i fatti — con il suo piccolo ogni tanto si voltava e mi sorrideva, e, affettando l'aria più disinvolta di questo mordo, ho chiesto il Suo nome al portiere della casa dove L'ho veduta entrare...

Poi ho cominciato subito a discutere tra me e me le parole di questa lettera che non chiede risposta. Venga o no una risposta, Lei mi vedrà sempre al solito sedile ogni pomeriggio, intento a disegnare iniziali di nomi misteriosi con la punta del bastone sulla sabbia...

ONORIO TOSATTI

Via Merulana 179, Int. 12

*

* *

Onorio era sincero quando scriveva che quella lettera non attendeva risposta. Non furono quindi giorni di ansia quelli che seguirono, nè all'ora della posta gli accadde mai di chiedere trepidando alla padrona di casa se fossero giunte lettere per lui. A vent'anni, sì, sono giustificate simili trepidazioni; ma, passata la cinquantina, giova andar cauti anche quando, cedendo ad una illusione di giovinezza superstite, si sia osato di mettere una ventata di avventura nel clima grigio e stagnante della propria esistenza.

Attendeva, rassegnato anche al silenzio; e fu con un senso di attonita meraviglia che pochi giorni dopo egli prese dalle mani dell'affittacamere che gliela porgeva una lettera per città, i cui caratteri femminili, appena intravisti, gli avevano acceso nel sangue il primo sospetto. Quale donna infatti poteva avergli scritto se non la signora col bimbo dei lunghi pomeriggi silenziosi?

Non volle leggere subito sotto gli occhi della padrona, che ancora avvolgeva il signor Onorio in un sorriso tra ironico e pietoso, ma di li

a qualche momento, nella solitudine della propria stanza, quasi che il breve indugio dovesse favorire lo stato d'animo conveniente alla sua età e quella calma riflessiva con cui egli aveva deciso di affrontare l'avventura.

E lesse:

"Caro Signor Onorio,

Scusi innanzi tutto mio figlio e me di non essere venuti ieri e oggi a Villa Borghese. Penso che con questa nostra assenza Le abbiamo dato dubbi e rammarichi e ne soffro per Lei.

Io ebbi la Sua lettera poco avanti l'ora di uscire. Debbo confessarLe che non vi ho letto niente che non sapessi già. Perchè credere noi donne, insensibili o ottuse? Non c'è miglior animo per cogliere ogni soffio attorno a noi che quando si abbiano le mani a un lavoro di cucito o gli occhi sopra un bimbo che giuoca. E crede che Le avrei permesso tante ore di muta intimità, se non avessi sentito in Lei e nel Suo atteggiamento una dolcezza reverente? Io mi sono accorta benissimo che mercoledì scorso Lei — chi sa per quale casto scrupolo? — non ha osato offrire al mio bimbo un giocattolino che pure aveva comprato per lui...

La lettura del Suo biglietto mi ha dunque un po' commossa.

Non creda poi troppo diverse la vita di un uomo, solo e in là con gli anni, e quella di una giovane vedova e mamma: la vedovanza di una madre è in un certo senso una vecchiaia precoce. C'è dunque come una segreta rispondenza fra il mio destino e il Suo; ma poichè prima di Lei molti uomini si sono seduti al mio sedile e con un sorriso sciocco ed equivoco hanno slungata la mano ad accarezzare il mio bambino, quale meraviglia se io mi sono fatta molto dubbiosa e se le insidie degli uomini mi creano attorno la solitudine?

Non Le parrà strano dunque che la sua confessione mi abbia fatto pensare molto e io non mi sia sentita subito il coraggio di vederLa e di parlarLe. Di qui la mia assenza

di ieri. Sapesse quanto Franco è stato sorpreso e addolorato di non andare a Villa Borghese!

“Che farà quel signore, solo?” mi ha chiesto più volte...

Oggi poi ci preparavamo ad uscire quando ha incominciato a piovigginare.

E il primo annuncio della cattiva stagione. Franco ha messo in armi i giocattoli voluminosi, quelli dell'inverno, quelli che aiutano a passare molte ore; e di qui a qualche tempo comincerà con me lo studio del sillabario.

—Così quel signore, non lo vedremo più? — mi chiedeva oggi.

—Eh! Se non si potrà andare più? a Villa Borghese... gli ho risposto distrattamente.

E lui, subito:

— Potrebbe venire quel signore da noi... Non è vero?

Ed ha insistito tanto su questa proposta che io per tranquillarlo (Le li conosce i bambini...) ho dovuto rispondergli:

— E chi sa? Potrebbe, forse... Troverebbe la mamma che cuce e il bimbo che giuoca come al solito...

ANNA AURELI, VED. CORINALDI

* * *

Niente di più monotono e sonolento delle lunghe soste del Signor Onorio nell'appartamentino che la giovane vedova occupava in una casa dei quartieri alti della città, formicolante di inquilini: soste in tutto simili a quelle della Villa romana, tramate anche queste di un'intesa silenziosa, dalla quale nè la donna nè l'uomo si decidevano ad uscire mai per affrontare una buona volta una reciproca confessione dei propri sentimenti. Si sarebbe detto che l'abitudine stessa di quella amicizia che si era venuta stringendo sempre di più avesse già spento, e senza che i due se ne accorgessero, l'impeto di sincerità cui si dovevano le due lettere che la signora Anna e il vecchio si erano scambiati: lettere d'amore, quasi. E Franco vigilava pur sempre su quei taciturni convegni, ma industriandosi a circondarli d'una vivacità ogni giorno più chissosa e smaniosa,

quasi intendesse sostituire con questa lo sfondo dello sconfinato nido umano cui era abituato, chè tale per l'affollarsi dei bambini diventava a certe ore del pomeriggio il prato della Villa, dove da qualche tempo sua madre non aveva pensato più di condurlo, neppure nei giorni sereni. Si capiva anzi che il fanciullo stentava sempre di più a rassegnarsi a quella reclusione forzata; e certe sue risposte scontrose alle interrogazioni e alle cortesie del vecchio amico di sua madre denunciavano già nel ragazzo come un sordo rancore contro di lui: forse per avere egli distrutto, con una consuetudine casalinga, quel sapore d'innocente avventura che i vagabondaggi del pomeriggio mettevano nella vita della vedova e del suo figliuolo, e di cui quest'ultimo pareva inconsapevolmente felice.

Finchè ritornò la bella stagione, e un giorno — in cui Franco smanava più del solito per uscire e il signor Onorio avrebbe dato volentieri qualche anno della sua vita pur di non rinunciare a quel canticcio della sala da pranzo, dove era solito di starsene ore ed ore in silenzio a seguire il lavoro della signora Anna, perchè proprio gli pareva che quel giorno si sarebbe deciso a parlare e concludere — fu guerra aperta fra i due.

“Intesi? Non ricominciare a tormentarmi, chè neppur oggi ti posso portar fuori...” aveva detto con un tono imperioso la signora Anna al figliuolo appena s'era sentito lo squillo di campanello che annunciava la visita consueta. “Non si può usare al signor Onorio la scortesia di uscire quando arriva lui...” E Franco lì per lì non aveva accennato a nuove proteste. S'era rannicchiato in silenzio sulla sua sedia; ma quando il vecchio fu entrato, egli restava pur sempre in quell'atteggiamento fingendo di non accorgersi che l'amico della mamma, baciata la mano di costei con sorridente reverenza, gli si avvicinava premurosamente e festante. Era il suo modo di protestare e di vendicarsi.

— Che c'è, Franco? Neppure

un salutino al tuo vecchio amico, oggi?

Ma l'altro più chiuso che mai in quel suo ostinato silenzio, tutto rattappito in sè e con la testa china giù come a brucare il suo rancore. Nè un gesto del signor Onorio, che aveva cercato di accarezzare il bambino, ebbe sorti migliori: Franco gli sgusciò dalle mani scrollando le spalle quasi volesse scuotere di dosso il fastidio di carezza, e corse a respirare una boccata di cielo alla finestra spalancata donde si scorgevano i pini di Villa Borghese... La vedova cercò di rimediare a tanta sconvenienza con un'occhiata lunga e desolata con cui ella implorava dal signor Onorio che non desse alcun peso ai capricci di un bambino, mentre la mano di lei si posava affettuosamente sul ginocchio dell'uomo; ma questi era rimasto assorto, in silenzio, con una profonda espressione d'amarezza sulle labbra e con lo sguardo fiso alle spalle del fanciullo che si ostinava alla finestra e, sopra di lui, al cielo già estivo che brulicava lontanissimo e tripudiante, nel breve riquadro... Ancora una volta egli aveva sentito spegnersi sulla sua bocca la parola decisiva che gli era parso di dover profferire proprio quel giorno.

Ancora una volta, e forse per sempre, perchè ormai sentiva di avere di contro a sè un minuscolo ma indomabile nemico: quel bimbo, il quale aveva mostrato di amarlo finchè egli era il signore sconosciuto che passava ore ed ore accanto a sua madre sulla banchina del giardino pubblico a segnare iniziali di nomi misteriosi con la punta del bastone per terra e tributava a quel modo un silenzioso omaggio alla bellezza della vicina, ma l'avrebbe inesorabilmente odiato il giorno in cui egli avesse osato di chiudere, sia pure in una prigione di felicità, quella donna che agli occhi di suo figlio era ancora giovane, bella e avventurosa.

Tanto più giovane di lui; e da quella volta le visite del signor Onorio alla signora Anna si fecero sempre più rade.

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FIVE years from today, this conversation will take place over thousands of luncheon tables:

"I wonder what's going to happen in business?" one man will say. "The next few years are going to be hard."

His companion will laugh. "That's just what they said back in 1930," he will reply. "People were apprehensive after the crash, yet since then more business has been done, bigger fortunes made, than ever be-

fore. They've certainly been good years for *me*."

This conversation is imaginary now, but be assured of this—it will come true. These two men represent the two groups into which business men are dividing themselves *now*. In 1935 the men in **one** group will say to themselves, "I have got what I wanted." The others will say, "I wish I had those years back."

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entirely new Series of Business Courses**

The new Executive Training Plan of the Institute was designed for those who want to make their mark in the next five years.

The plan is *new*—so new that the final sections are only just now coming off the presses.

It is *authoritative*, for it numbers among its contributors such business leaders as Will H. Hays, Joseph P. Day, Bruce Barton, Dr. Julius Klein, David Sarnoff, and scores of others.

It is *complete*—a comprehensive, common-sense plan for your personal financial progress. Said one of our subscribers only the other day, "I have been on the up-grade ever since I enrolled. My \$240

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This training gives you the most valuable equipment that a business man can have—a knowledge of the fundamental principles of *all departments* of business.

It teaches you the up-to-date methods of successful men whose authority is proved by incomes of \$50,000, \$100,000 and more.

It gives you new and valuable *ideas*—ideas that speed sales, ideas that cut costs, ideas that will increase the net profits of your company.

It shows you how to focus all your efforts on a definite goal—financial independence for yourself and your family.

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