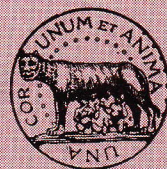


ATLANTICA

THE ITALIAN MONTHLY REVIEW



Italy and America: A Comparison

by His Excellency the Italian
Ambassador to the United States

**NOVEMBER
1930**

A Century of Italian Acting

Who Discovered Arizona?

Employment in Italy

Psychology in Crime

*The Father of American
Decorative Painting*

The Story of Alpha Phi Delta

A Short Story by Virgilio Brocchi

35 CENTS

BANCO DI SICILIA TRUST COMPANY

MAIN OFFICE

487 BROADWAY, (Corner Broome Street)

Telephone: CANAL 2360

Stuyvesant Branch: 1st Avenue and 12th Street

Telephone: STUYVESANT 2840

BRONX BRANCH:

187th Street & Arthur Avenue

Telephone: SEDGWICK 4661

BROOKLYN BRANCH:

Fulton Street & Rockaway Avenue

Telephone: DICKENS 8070

ALL BANKING FACILITIES

Current and Special Accounts, in dollars, lire and other monies, with interest

Personal loans up to \$500 payable monthly

Steamship and Ticket Service of all Companies; Tourist Service Through
Compagnia Italiana Turismo

Under the Supervision of the Bank of Sicily

SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

La sola Compagnia esercente linee proprie da:

New York a New Orleans, Houston, San Antonio, El Paso e le Coste del Pacifico
alla California - Nevada - Oregon - Texas - New Mexico - Louisiana

a mezzo delle seguenti Vie a scelta:

"SUNSET ROUTE" Via Washington-New Orleans a destinazione (tutta ferrovia).

"SUNSET ROUTE" per piroscafo a New Orleans indi per ferrovia a destino.

"GOLDEN STATE ROUTE" Via Chicago-El Paso.

"OVERLAND ROUTE" Via Chicago-Ogden

SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD OF MEXICO negli Stati di Sonora - Sinalca
Tepic.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP LINE - Morgan Line

Servizio passeggeri da New York a New Orleans. — Servizio merci da New York a New Orleans
Galveston & Houston.

Coincidenze a SAN FRANCISCO del servizio TRANS-PACIFICO per destinazioni in:

CINA - GIAPPONE - INDIA - AUSTRALIA - NUOVA ZELANDA - HAWAII

Per informazioni, biglietti, noli, polizze dirette, opuscoli gratis, rivolgersi a:

S. A. BRIZZOLESI KEMSLEY & MILLBOURN—Agenti Generali—GENOVA, Via Roma 8a.—Tel. 55578—Teleg.
MILLBOURN.

S. A. BRIZZOLESI KEMSLEY & MILLBOURN—MILANO, Via Durini 34—Tel. 70-205—Teleg. MILLBOURN.

id. id. TORINO, Via Lagrange 23—Tel. 45096—Teleg. MILLBOURN.

id. id. ROMA, Piazza di Spagna, 28—Tel. 2467—Teleg. REVIS.

NEW YORK—H. H. GRAY, Gen. Agent.—165 Broadway—S. C. CHILES, Gen. Freight Agent.

NEW ORLEANS—W. C. McCORMICK, Gen. Pass. Agent.—Pan American Building.

LOS ANGELES—C. L. McFAUL, Ass. Pass. Tr. Manager.—Pacific Electric Bldg.

SAN FRANCISCO—F. S. McGINNIS, Pass. Tr. Manager.—Southern 732 P. Bldg.

DECORATORS of INTERIORS



UNUSUAL
BIZARRE
FUTURISTIC



Special Periods
carefully executed.



CURIOS

RARITIES

Neil Hudkins

166 EAST 75th ST.. N. Y. CITY

ATLANTICA IS INVALUABLE for the cultured Italian-American who keeps informed on the important Italian activities of the day. The regular subscription price is \$3.50 a year.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS interprets worldwide current events and trends in all fields for serious-minded, intelligent readers. The regular subscription price is \$3.00 a year.

BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT these two magazines, whose fields supplement each other, have combined in a unique clubbing offer which reduces the price of both from \$6.50 a year down to only \$4.50 a year. Take advantage of this unusual offer now! The coupon is for your convenience.

ATLANTICA

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

Gentlemen:

Please enter my subscription to ATLANTICA and the REVIEW OF REVIEWS for one year, as per your special clubbing offer. I am enclosing \$4.50.

Name

Address

CityState.....

TROMMER'S

WHITE LABEL MALT BREW

*Brewed from selected Imported Moravian Malt and Certified Saazar Hops
The Premier of Trommer's Celebrated Brews on Draught and in Bottles*

Bushwick Ave. and Conway St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

TELEPHONE DICKENS 4400

International Madison Bank & Trust Co.

SOLOMON FILLIN, President. Uffici in New York: Cav. R. GUARINI, Vice President.

147 5th Avenue

100 Park Row

2 Avenue A.

In Brooklyn: 4702 - 18th AVENUE

4 1/2 %

di interesse
dal giorno del deposito

\$14 MILIONI DI RISORSE

**You've enjoyed
this issue of
ATLANTICA.
You won't want
to miss a
single forthcoming
issue.**

Send in your subscription today or order through your newsstand.

ATLANTICA is on sale at more than 100 newsstands in New York City. Among them are:

Brentano's, 1 West 47th Street
Times Building, Times Square
Longacre Building, Times Square
Fitzgerald Building, 1482 Broadway
5th Ave. and 42nd Street
Grand Central Station
Produce Exchange Building, 2 Broadway
Stock Exchange
Equitable Building
World Building
Woolworth Building
Broadway and Warren Street
Washington Square Bookstore, West 8th Street
Adler, 100 West 72nd Street
Broadway and 76th Street
Levy Bros., 2305 Broadway
Weisgal, Columbia University, Broadway & 116th
Seilers, 1224 Amsterdam Avenue
42nd Street and 6th Avenue
200 Fifth Avenue
Metropolitan Life Insurance Building
Vanni's, 507 W. Broadway
Fordham College Book Store, Fordham
Rand School Book Store, 7 East 15th Street
City College Book Store, West 137th Street

Atlantica's

Arnaldo Mussolini, writing in "Il Popolo d'Italia" recently, blames the economic depression in the wealthier nations of the world in part on the urban centralization of labor and he predicts that unless there is a movement back to the land, the crisis has but small chance of resolving itself.

The Motion Picture Monthly, edited by Lamar Trotti, has an interesting article in its October number by Augustus Thomas concerning an organization in Rome, international in scope, fostered by the League of Nations, which is busily engaged on an ambitious plan to make educational films available to all countries, through a suitable channel of distribution such as this newly formed organization will supply.

The Honorable Alfredo Rocco, Italian Minister of Justice, is president of the organization, whose name is The International Educational Cinematographic Institute, and Dr. Luciano de Feo is its executive director.

Dr. de Feo came to the United States in 1928 to enlist the aid of Will Hays. "Under the direction of Premier Mussolini" writes Dr. Thomas, "the Italian Government, which proposed to the League of Nations the creation of the Institute, offered to defray all expenses of the undertaking and to supply quarters for administration of the Institute's affairs.

"An official opening was held recently in the presence of the King and Queen of Italy, members of the Italian government, members of the Diplomatic Corps, and other high officials of the various countries."

The Philadelphia Inquirer of Oct. 6th published an interesting article on the present condition of the once bustling city of Fiume, which it claims has now been reduced to a ghost of its former self. Fiume is identified in our minds mostly by the fact that it was dramatically seized and held for a time by the Italian poet Gabriel D'Annunzio. The gist of the article is

that the salvation of Fiume depends on the resumption of cordial relations between Italy and Jugoslavia.

Writing in the Saturday Evening Post on the aristocratic art of fencing, Wythe Williams devotes considerable attention to the Nadi brothers of Italy, Aldo, the professional fencing champion of the world, and Nedo, the present Italian champion since his brother retired undefeated.



TRYING TO FOLLOW AN EXPERT
—Hungerford in the Pittsburgh
"Post-Gazette"

"Next winter," says Williams, an eminent authority concerning *l'es-crime*, as the French have it, "Aldo Nadi plans to come to America for the purpose of settling down. This young man occupies a position in the fencing world somewhat akin to that of Gene Tunney in boxing. Although only thirty years old, he was forced to retire a year ago as the undefeated professional swordsman of the world.

"Undoubtedly, he is the strongest fencer in the world today. As an amateur of twenty years he defeated Lucien Gaudin (the French champion) for the title of Olympic champion at the Antwerp games held shortly after the war."

Gaudin managed to eke out a meager victory over Nadi later before a French audience, and then he retired as amateur champion, precluding a return engagement.

Observatory

"Prior to that, Aldo Nadi turned professional and defeated decisively every leading *maitre d'armes* in both France and his own country, growing meanwhile in strength and ability, until even the warmest partisans of Gaudin admitted that the latter would stand but a small chance."

Aldo Nadi, when he comes here, may give fencing exhibitions or teach the art, but it is more than likely that, being handsome and up-standing, he will find his way to Hollywood.



PATIENT NEEDS NOURISHMENT MORE THAN AN OPERATION
—Knott in the Dallas "News"

Under the heading "Taxi?", *La Vittoria*, an Italian weekly of Bridgeport, recently said editorially:

"An Italian Democratic Club has been organized, so that now we have two means of transportation, a jackass and an elephant. Jackasses are stubborn and elephants fear mice. Take your choice and get in the race."

Remo Bufano, one of the leading exponents of the marionette art in this country, who supplied much of the information contained in an article on the subject published in the March issue of *ATLANTICA*, has now written an article himself, "The Puppets of Italy," which was contained in the September issue of the Theatre Guild Magazine.

In touching upon what is undoubtedly the oldest tradition of theatrical production, which has continued unimpaired into the twentieth century, Mr. Bufano writes of the classic beginnings of

the Sicilian tradition and of its most genial American practitioner, Agrippino Manteo.

"The story of the Sicilian marionettes reveals at least two things to us," says the author, "the living poetry of one of the greatest of epic poets, Ludovico Ariosto, and the laughing adventurous heart and history of that romantic island that has tasted all important civilizations even unto their blood."

One angle of the revolt now going on in Brazil that is not generally known has been pointed out by Carl Helm in the New York Sun.

"Basically, perhaps," he says, "the reason (outside of the economic depression) lies in the extreme racial differences between the people of Rio and the north, and those of the Southern States. The two great sections can hardly understand each other in language, let alone in temperament. In the south the speech is, in great part, German and Italian; in the north it is Portuguese throughout."

Mr. Peter T. Campon of Binghamton, N. Y. has called our attention to an editorial published in *The Binghamton Sun* for Oct. 13, which in our opinion, is worthy of being fully reprinted. The editorial, the leading one for that day, follows:

ITALIAN CITIZENS

A history of the United States could not be written without paying tribute to the men of Italian parentage who contributed so much to its discovery, its development and its present position among the governments of the world.

It is particularly fitting that such a tribute should be paid upon the anniversary of the birth of the Italian, who is given credit for the discovery of America, Christopher Columbus. Peter Campon, himself an immigrant from Italy, is doing a wonderful work in bringing forcibly to the minds of other Americans the position held by the Italian immigrant in this country.

Through his talks at service club meetings, he is awakening in the

Booksellers throughout the United States who sell ATLANTICA

CALIFORNIA

E. Licciardi—San Francisco
Golden Gate News Co.—San Francisco
McAllister Stand Co.—San Francisco
Star News Co.—Los Angeles
Hollywood Book Store—Hollywood

CANADA

A. Fedele—Montreal

CONNECTICUT

G. Terranova—Waterbury
Stamford News Co.—Stamford

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Columbus News Agency—Washington

GEORGIA

Miller Book Shop—Atlanta

ILLINOIS

Barbieri and Agostini—Chicago
Kroch's Int. Book Store—Chicago
Post Office News Co.—Chicago
Walden Book Shop—Chicago

MASSACHUSETTS

I. Leone—Lawrence
Libreria Soldani—Boston
Smith & McCance—Boston

MICHIGAN

A. Bonaldi & Son—Detroit
John V. Sheehan—Detroit

NEW JERSEY

F. Carnesale—Atlantic City
Umberto Collepari—Camden
A. Milone—Lyndhurst
Voellmy Bros.—Paterson

NEW MEXICO

Santa Fe Book & Stationery Co.—Santa Fe

NEW YORK STATE

G. Bove—Schenectady
F. Malana—Utica
A. Galati—Newburgh
Mr. Nardeccila—Mamaroneck
Ulisse De Chiara—Buffalo
Biber Bros.—Yonkers

OHIO

Fountain News—Cincinnati
Burrows Bros. Co.—Cleveland

OREGON

Meier and Frank—Portland

PENNSYLVANIA

G. Cianci—Scranton
Centaur Book Shop—Philadelphia
Anthony Provenzano—Bristol
Mr. Volpi—Morristown
Carlo Roccio—Philadelphia
Libreria Italiana—Philadelphia
Grande Libreria—Philadelphia
Leo Levin—Philadelphia

RHODE ISLAND

Mr. Melaragno—Providence
Mr. Buono—Providence

TEXAS

Powers Book Store—San Antonio

VIRGINIA

Solomon News Co.—Richmond

WASHINGTON

Wolf's Book Store—Aberdeen

IN COMING ISSUES OF ATLANTICA...

EDWARD CORSI, social worker, journalist and a prominent figure in Italian political life in New York State, has agreed to write regularly for ATLANTICA every month. He will begin his series in the December issue with an article on "*Has Hoover Failed?*"

Mr. Corsi is too well-known to need an introduction. He is Head Worker at the Harlem House, one of the largest settlement houses in New York. An experienced writer, he was special correspondent for the Outlook in Mexico in 1923, and the New York World sent him to Italy in 1928 for special articles. He has also been on the staff of the two leading Italian dailies in this country, as well as freelanced for some of the leading American magazines. All this he can back up by experience in public life, social work, government service and travel.

OTHER ARTICLES WILL INCLUDE

- The Dopolavoro Movement in Italy** **Dr. Bruno Roselli**
In which the well-known educator, head of the Department of Italian at Vassar College, describes authoritatively this important "Afterwork" movement and its relation to the State.
- The Independent Order of the Sons of Italy** **Rosario Ingargiola**
The author of this article on one of the most important Italian societies in this country is a lawyer and head of the New York chapter of this national organization.
- A Century of Italian Acting** **Roberto Bracco**
The concluding installment of this article, begun in this issue, by one of Italy's most distinguished dramatists.
- The Italian Praesepio, or Medieval Group** **Margaret Whittemore**
Every Italian will read with delight the history of this essentially Italian religious custom.
- The Venetian International Exhibition** **Arturo Lancellotti**
This well-known Italian writer describes the Italian section of the biennial event that is famous throughout the world.
- Father Giovanni Salvaterra, the Apostle of Lower California** **Giovanni Schiavo**
One of a series of articles on the little-known, but invaluable contributors to America's early exploration, compiled after considerable research on the part of Mr. Schiavo. Others in the series include "Beltrami's Claims to the Discovery of the Source of the Mississippi River," and "Father Samuel C. Mazzuchelli (1807-1864), Priest, Pioneer, Architect, and Educator."
- Roman Banquets** **Clara Manderschied**
The extravagant luxury and ostentation of the old Romans is astonishing, as this interesting article describes in detail.
- Rossetti's Influence in Art** **Julia W. Wolfe**
Of all his acquaintances, Ruskin thought that Rossetti had done the most to "raise and change the spirit of modern art."
- The Wall Street of Old Rome** **John A. White**
This article, describing how the Romans used to invest in securities even as we do today, shows that a stock exchange is nothing new.
- Venice, the City of Golden Dreams** **Carter W. Blair**
The fascinating beauty and charm of one of the most picturesque cities in the world is captured in this interpretive sketch of the modern Venice.

ATLANTICA keeps you informed with timely and authoritative articles on the more important Italian activities and affairs of the day. If you are a cultured discriminating reader you cannot afford to miss it. Subscribe now. The coupon is for your convenience.

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

Gentlemen:

PLEASE ENTER MY SUBSCRIPTION TO YOUR MAGAZINE
FOR ONE YEAR. } I AM ENCLOSING \$3.50.
 } SEND ME BILL.

Name
Address
City State

ATLANTICA

The Italian Monthly Review

Founded in 1923

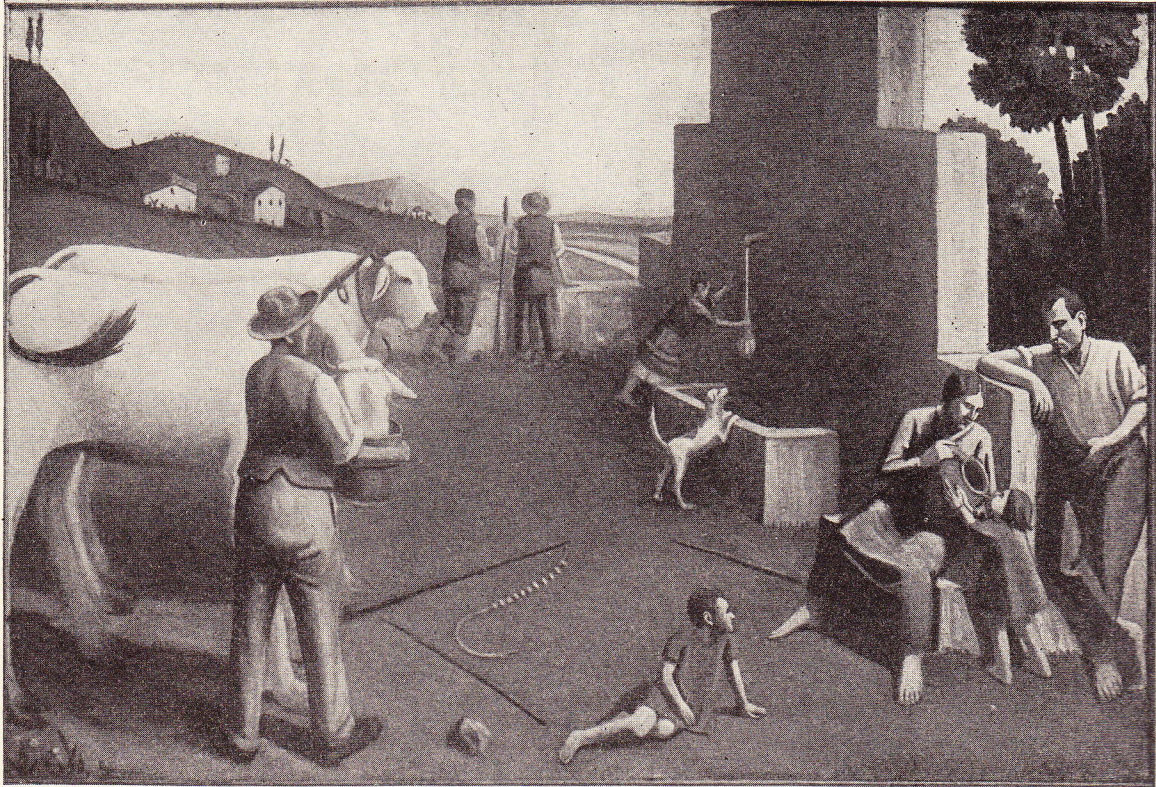
CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1930

ITALY AND AMERICA: A Comparison.....	Nobile Giacomo De Martino	103
A CENTURY OF ITALIAN ACTING	Roberto Bracco	106
WHO DISCOVERED ARIZONA?	Giovanni Schiavo	112
EMPLOYMENT IN ITALY	Dominick Lamonica	115
PSYCHOLOGY IN CRIME	C. L. Brautovich	118
THE FATHER OF AMERICAN DECORATIVE PAINTING	Edoardo Marolla	122
THE STORY OF ALPHA PHI DELTA	Peter Sammartino	124
THE INNER VOICE, a short story	Virgilio Brocchi	126
BOOKS AND AUTHORS		130
TRIPOLI IN HISTORY		135
THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK		137
ATLANTICA'S OBSERVATORY		98
THE ITALIANS IN THE UNITED STATES		139

F. Cassola, M. D., Editor & Publisher; Dominick Lamonica, Associate Editor. Published monthly. Annual subscription \$3.50. Single copy 35c. Editorial and General Offices, 33 West 70th Street, New York City. Telephone Endicott 8664. Copyright 1930. *All manuscripts should be typewritten, accompanied with return postage and addressed to the Editor.* No responsibility is assumed for unsolicited manuscripts.

Membership in Audit Bureau of Circulations applied for.

Copyright 1930. No article or story in this magazine can be reprinted wholly or in part without special permission.



L'ABBEVERATOIO

(The Watering-Trough)

by G. Ceracchini

G. Ceracchini is one of the most representative painters of the famous "Novecento" group in Italy. His paintings are characterized by a pure and refreshing simplicity that places him in a primitive category, almost with the Primitives of the classic Quattrocento.

Italy and America

A Comparison

By His Excellency Nobile GIACOMO DE MARTINO

Royal Italian Ambassador to the United States

DURING my recent short stay in Europe I had opportunity of making, quite for myself, some considerations over the differences existing in the individuality of nations. Nations are differentiated one from the other by physical, psychological and intellectual characteristics, just as human individuals are. This differentiation, which is a law of nature, is the spring and the basis of national and individual geniality. But all of us, nations and individuals, are carried by the stream of destiny towards a lofty ideal which cannot be but an expression of harmony because God, the beginning and end of every living thing, is essentially harmony.

Keeping this in mind, and seeing how true it is that variety of character constitutes a happy rule in the natural order of creation, I was thinking, while travelling through Italy, of how one could give the best definition of the difference between the national character of Italy and that of the United States, these two countries—allow me to say—both dear to my heart. Before reaching a definition, however, one should remember that, when we say characteristic, we mean tendency, and when we say tendency, we admit the possibility of excess and exaggeration, for the simple reason that nothing human is perfect. Now, which

is the characteristic tendency of the Italian people? Individualism and excess of individualism. Our history, thous-



HIS EXCELLENCY
Nobile Giacomo de Martino

ands of years old, is there to prove it. There are two sides to be observed in the ethical phenomenon of individualism: one is for good and one is for worse. The first tendency brings undoubtedly a general intensification of intelligence, sense of beauty, sense of art. In Italy, the poorest and most ignorant peasant possesses an unerring feeling for beauty; he is able to tell at first sight if a monument or a painting is ugly or beautiful, and this on his own intuition. His judgment is marked by the stamp of individuality. You know that in the brilliant period of the Medici in Florence, it was

the custom of those great protectors of the arts to determine the value and beauty of works of art by submitting it to the men in the street. And so it happened for instance that a statue would be exposed to the view of the crowds in the public square, and their reactions, comments, criticisms and remarks carefully noted: so much confidence was placed on the unerring artistic feelings of the common people.

But there is also a dark side to the tendency towards individualism, when it turns to exaggeration. It becomes a hindrance to the consciousness of one of the most necessary fundamentals of any social and political system: the duty of dependence of the citizens one from another, the subordination of the welfare of the individual to the welfare of all; the realization of the dictum of the Apostle that "none of us liveth to himself" and that "we are members one of another."

DEPARTURES from this divine law, manifestations of this centrifugal force present themselves, of course, especially in times of quiet and order, because experience has demonstrated that, in moments of serious emergencies, when there looms a national danger or a national upheaval arises, the very soul of the nation realizes, as if by magic, the unifi-

cation of all its forces which alone can lead to its salvation.

Coming back to my own country decided to organize a Italian psychology is towards excessive individualization. Let us take a very simple example: Suppose three Italians in this country decided to organize a welfare society. Each one of them wants to be President, and, as no Society can exist with three Presidents, no Society is organized at all.

Now we can ask ourselves: What is Fascismo? The reply condensed in one sentence is this: Fascismo is, first of all, a new philosophic system of human organization. It is simply childish to qualify it as a state of fact without a foundation of idealism. An ideal produced it, and this ideal supports its foundations and is the living force of all its activities. We cannot now, for lack of time, go further into this field, but, just limiting ourselves to what we have just considered, we will see how deep and vast is the historical and ethical function of Fascismo in relation to that distinct characteristic of the Italian people: individualism, a characteristic wonderful indeed, fruitful indeed, but the excess of which may sometimes prove dangerous.

NATIONS instinctively feel their requirements: even if not expressed in words and formulas, they sense their needs. The Italian nation sees in Fascismo the means of correcting its individualism, and this is one of the reasons why the unanimous consent of the Italian people surrounds the government of their great leader, Benito Mussolini.

When I speak of national consent, as a clear denial of the assertions of those who dare talk about tyranny and violence, please remember that I am speaking of a country which

has behind her not hundreds, but thousands of years of historical experience and that a nation endowed with such an inheritance would not tolerate, even for a short time, any system of Government which would not have the support of national consent.

Undoubtedly one of the most eminent Italians in this country is His Excellency the Royal Italian Ambassador to the United States, Nobile Giacomo de Martino. It is to his everlasting credit that he has so well interpreted Italy to America and has strengthened and made so cordial the relations between the two countries.

In the following article, adapted from a speech he delivered before the Italian Historical Society in Boston on Columbus Day, the Ambassador shows how Italy's dominant characteristics differ from those of America, in the same way that individualism differs from standardization. It is with a certain pride that ATLANTICA presents the full message of the Ambassador through his courtesy, exclusively to its readers.

And all impartial observers note the building up in Italy of a new spirit of national discipline and spontaneous self-sacrifice. Mussolini's motto: "Work and discipline" wielded as a weapon against all the disrupting forces of communism, worked wonders that are universally recognized.

Now let us return to our starting point, that is the finding out of the psychological differences between the American and the Italian people. In order to proceed, we must define what is the outstanding characteristic of the American nation.

In this endeavor, of course, I am less competent and must base my conclusions on the results of the studies made by American personalities besides my own observations. But, to

any foreign student of American life, one characteristic appears immediately evident: your marvelous capacity for collective effort, the weight, the tremendous power, the wonderful efficiency of your organization. This is what strikes first of all the foreign observer, the object lesson you give the world of the truth that union makes strength—that there are infinite possibilities to what you call, so simply and so effectively "team work." In one word, the marvelous results of the system of standardization.

Standardization in the industrial system has undoubtedly overwhelming advantages in our times of world competition. In other fields of activity it brings also efficiency that means success. But I have heard many American philosophers and sociologists observe that standardization could also produce excessive equalization in some fields where it is less desirable and may prove a hindrance to the development of individual capacities. Naturally, I am talking of a general broad average, because everybody knows what splendid contribution America has given to humanity in all fields where individual genius shows its powerful mark in the sciences and it pleases me especially to mention among them the science of astronomy, electricity and mechanics, as well as in the field of poetry and philosophy.

I AM referring here to the impression, altogether general, which a foreigner arriving in this country, may have, and I take a practical comparison. Save for slight differences, cities or villages of new construction, in the north, or West, or East of this great Country are almost alike in their appearance. In my country you note, not only a diversity between city and city, village and village, but also be-

tween home and home. I am ready to admit that uniformity in construction of edifices is also a sign of the systematic adoption of rules of public hygiene and public welfare. But do you not think that diversity deriving from the action of individualism has also some advantages in the field of the imponderable?

I recollect having attended a lecture delivered by a well known American writer. He said, evidently exaggerating, that he was literally oppressed, having crossed the country from ocean to ocean to find not only places, but people all alike, until he had happened to meet an Italian street vender, with his cart of vegetables and fruit. He had stopped to look at this one poor man who, with his humble work, was impressing a note of individualism on the flat, even level of standardization.

TRULY, let me say it in passing, I would prefer, as an Italian, that that countryman of mine had sold his vegetables and fruit in a nice, clean shop instead of on a pushcart on one side of the street. But I believe that the remark of that American writer is not devoid of some ground. And I know that other distinguished Americans hold the same point of view.

This small fact leads me to draw your attention to another human fact of large importance.

No great nation on the face of the earth is constituted by

one single race exclusively. Great Britain, the country that gives to you Americans your fundamental character, is made up of Britons, Celts, Romans, Saxons and Normans. In Italy, the northern races during the great invasions have admirably melted with the basic Latin element. Examine the development of all the great nations which have left and still leave a trace in history, and you will find ethnical mixtures and superadditions, you will see the contribution of many races to the development of the national genius, although, of course, the principal central ethnical characteristic is unitarian and compounded.

You Americans are a young nation, with a glorious future. The Italian element in your national structure is not very considerable but it can bring into your ethnical formation the contribution of the genius of its ancient and glorious race. Everywhere I have heard Mayors, civil and judicial officials, captains of industry praise Italo-Americans for their untiring work, for the part they have had—many of them obscurely—in helping raise the splendid structure of the American civilization.

Concerning the relations of Italo-Americans to their country of origin, you know which is the position, clear and loyal, taken by the Government of Mussolini. We see with satisfaction that the Italian immigrants and their children become an efficient and respected part of this great American na-

tion. And we say to the Italo-Americans: "You must be first of all good and true American citizens, loyal to the Constitution and to the laws of this Country, loyal to the glorious Stars and Stripes. But you should not forget the ancient land of your forefathers. Be proud of your origin, and bring to the country of your adoption those virtues and those qualities which come with the blood flowing in your veins."

I HAVE had repeated occasion to develop and explain in public speeches this line of our policy, which, mark you, we apply exclusively to the United States and not, for instance, on the shores of the Mediterranean, where we endeavor to keep the Italians under our own citizenship.

Signor Mussolini himself, in a well known interview, given to the representative of an important American paper, the *Christian Science Monitor*, three years ago, marked the fundamental lines of this policy with these words: "America is a country with which we can never have anything but the most harmonious relations, and to which we already owe much."

Ladies and gentlemen, to foster between our two countries harmony and confidence, common loyal endeavor for the welfare of humanity and the maintenance of peace, these are our ideals, and I am fully conscious that these are also the ideals of the American people.



A Century of Italian Acting

By Roberto Bracco

I MUST dedicate an article to the glory of our actors.

I take from the *boîte* of memory the recollections which have stood out in clearest relief as my impressions and appreciations have reawakened. Which means that I reserve the right of omission and of injustice. It is a right which every historian reserves who respects himself.

The first of my recollections is that of Adelaide Ristori—whom I never saw on the stage. After I had attained the age of a possible theatregoer she never gave a performance in my city, which is Naples. My remembrance of her has to do with her fame and herself, not with her acting. Her fame was a part of the national pride in the finely romantic epoch of my adolescence. I would listen to my father's tales of Garibaldi's exploits, and to my mother's account of Adelaide Ristori's international triumphs.

Her most sensational success and the one which harmonized most fully with the romanticism of that time was her conquest of Paris. It must be borne in mind that the splendid capital of France was the major European center of the prose theatre; and that Rachel was enthroned there as empress, her acting held incomparable. It must also be considered that the French generally believed that our actors must still resemble in some atavistic way the actors of the

Commedia dell' Arte who, in the *seicento*, diverted Parisian audiences at the *Palais de Bourgogne* and the *Petit Pa-*

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

lais Bourbon by improvisations of sparkling buffoonery. Live-ly folk, sympathetic, genial; so genial that Molière did not disdain to draw instruction from them. The couplet is famous in which a versifier pays tribute to the Neapolitan Tiberio Fiorilli, entrusted with the part of Scaramouche:

*Cet illustre comédien
atteignit de son art l'agréable
manière.*

*Il fut le maître de Molière
et la Nature fut le sien.*

Adelaide Ristori began her battle for the conquest of Paris in 1855. She fought prudently. She did not aspire to announce, like Julius Caesar: *Veni, Vidi, Vici*. A bit of ground gained, she withdrew. But in 1861 she succeeded in planting the banner of victory on which was bla-

zoned the nationality of an Italy long dreamed of by poets and invoked by martyrs, an Italy which had just come forth, incomplete from the flames of the Garibaldian *épopée*. The victorious actress was received by the *Comédie Française*—temple sacred to Molière, to Corneille, to Racine, to Beaumarchais, and to their spirits. She was proclaimed greater than Rachel. And her success rose from the Pit of Literature, from Literature to Politics. George Sand wrote her an enthusiastic letter calling her "sublime font of emotion" and declared that she had felt herself more alive for having understood her. Alfred de Musset sang for her the union of Beauty and Force and said that with his song he laid a flower of France on that radiant brow; Alexandre Dumas *père*, unsheathing his haughty Gascon sword, became the most ardent of her cavaliers and invited the actress of Paris to bow to *his* lady; Legouvé, whose *Medea* she had interpreted, dedicated madrigals of gratitude; Lamartine translated in limpid Alexandrines the tears through which he had watched her play; and from Italy Count Cavour, minister and counselor to King Victor Emanuel, saluted in her "the most efficacious cooperator in diplomatic negotiations." The same importance that Cavour accorded her was given her later in a message sent by Giuseppe Garibaldi, the creative genius of the

Risorgimento.

This her fame.

I met her in 1902. There was to be a celebration of her eightieth birthday (it was January 30). It had been arranged that in all our most important theatres on that evening Italian works should be performed (an exception fit to set all the bells in all the belfries of Italy to pealing the glad tidings) and, as she had desired, the box-office receipts were to be applied to the benefit of aged and needy actors. I had been detailed to make an address that night in one of these theatres in honor of the celebration. I wished to meet her. I thought I should be able to draw from her some sign that would help me to imagine and to picture her fighting figure and the sovereignty of her art. It was with much emotion and with great hope that I went to call upon her. As I entered her austere-ly elegant drawing room where she awaited me, seated in a highbacked damasked arm-chair, it suddenly came back to me that Adelaide Ristori was also the Marquise Capranica Del Grillo. (A love match made when she was thirty had given her this title and four children.) Devoutly I kissed her hand, but during our pleasant conversation I was unable to discover Adelaide Ristori in the octogenarian marquise. In that serene smile, in those mild eyes in the web of wrinkles, in that cap which crowned her aristocratic face, in that body shaped to the curves of the arm-chair, there was no retracing the stubborn temerity that had dethroned the goddess Rachel; the gay coquetry of *Mirandolina* that had beguiled a woman-hater in Goldoni's *Locandiera*; the tragic features that had expressed the sanguinary hallucinations of *Lady Macbeth*, the torture of *Mary Stuart*, the fatal and vindictive vio-

lence of *Medea*, the fever of *Phèdre's* sad love. And neither did there come to me the remotest shadow of an idea of interrogating the Marquise Capranica Del Grillo on the interpretations of Adelaide Ristori. I spoke with stupid insistence



ERMETE ZACCONI
(Harvard College Library)

of the celebration which was in preparation. I could think of nothing further. Stupidly, I asked:

"Are you expecting many official visits, Marchesa?"

"A number."

"For instance?"

"That of the King of Italy."

The address which I delivered later was the lament of one who had never heard Adelaide Ristori recite.

Inseparable from the name of Adelaide Ristori is that of Tommaso Salvini. As I write, he rises before me like a figure of legend—a mixture of the real and the fanciful—in reminiscence of the last time that I saw and listened to him. Thirty years ago!

It is not the reminiscence of a dramatic performance. I was not in a theatre auditorium, and Salvini was not on any stage.

I was traveling huddled in a

corner of a first-class carriage on the Rome-Vienna Express. It was night. It was raining. There was lightning and thunder. At the Bologna station there entered a tall man and hearty, with an abundance of gray and drooping moustache, with a huge fur coat and a wide brimmed felt hat turned down, a valise and an umbrella. I experienced the usual impulse of hostility with which a traveler alone in a carriage receives any other traveler who breaks in to hunt a seat. The size, too, of the traveler who had unfortunately joined me was irritating. I said to myself, "He is some country gentleman." And I already fancied that a noticeable fragrance of mutton and hams had entered with him when he, as if feeling too warm, removed the wide brimmed hat.

A FLASH of lightning at that moment made a spotlight in the compartment and showed me the person of Tommaso Salvini. I gave a start. And I stared at him. The country gentleman had changed aspect in a flash and now resembled an old war veteran of other days. Old, yes, but immensely strong and fine looking. The magnificent actor's seventy-two years were visible; nevertheless, he was resplendent. Seeing him, old age appeared to me the period of the truest and most superb virility. He recognized me. He put out his hand. We talked. Or, rather, I made him talk. I knew the subject that would draw his eloquent fire. Not Art, but Country; the country which he loved better than art, and which he had served both with art and with the sword, his herculean arm having brandished the sword and waved the Italian colors in the epic Republican risings of 1849 against the yoke of the foreigners and the Pope.

He expanded especially in

the telling of the vicissitudes of the days in which the spirit of Rome, inflamed and upheld by Garibaldi and Mazzini, opposed the impositions of France, protector of the Vatican. The French held the city beleaguered. Salvini was twenty and he was there, enrolled in the Volunteer Corps. He dared to give performances in the Valle Theatre while the trumpets sounded and the cannon thundered. And from the footlights he would rush off to the battle, singing Geoffredo Mameli's hymn: Mameli, the poet-soldier... "*Fratelli d'Italia, l'Italia sè desta...*" And he sang in the face of death, side by side with Gustavo Modena, that great actor, his master in art and in living, friend Mazzini and heroic Garibaldian. But Rome fell. And for the exiled republicans began the odyssey of persecutions of every sort. The sea itself was inclement and fierce. A tempest all but capsized the little ship that carried several of them to Genoa. Lashed to a mast to keep from being washed overboard, with tears in his heart, with shipwreck staring him in the face, still he sang: "*Fratelli d'Italia, l'Italia sè desta...*"

ALL this Salvini narrated without a gesture, without raising his voice. But there was the power of magic in his eyes that sparkled under the thick eyebrows and in that musical voice which followed all the vibrations of his spirit, and, low as it was, carried clearly through the noises of the storm and of the rattling train. The compartment filled with a spectacle that might be compared with the sound pictures of today if these had been brought to an ideal perfection. The adventures of those memorable days unrolled before me in perfect facsimile.

* * *

The narrative ended, the narrator, little by little, softly, like a tired child, fell asleep. The images he had conjured up faded. And observing him, with the impression of his voice, of his eyes still fresh, I gave myself up to the joy of thinking of his art whose definition one read written on his brow: Purity and Grandeur; two words that sum up the character of all Græco-Latin art. He had made his first youthful appearance in the parts of Harlequin. A Harlequin impersonated by Salvini must have seemed the very symbol of paradox. Gustavo Modena stripped the multicolored coat of the dancing clown off his offended back and imposed on him the classic tunic of David in Alfieri's *Saul*, of which he was later the unsurpassed protagonist, giving him thereby consciousness of his artistic faculties. The purity and the grandeur of his art inspired Niccolini to write *Arnaldo da Brescia*, Morelli to write *l'Arduino d'Ivrea*, Giacometti to write *Michelangelo* and *Sophocles*, D'Aste to write *Moses* and *Samson* (all champions of a humanity with its head in the clouds). And in the tragedies of Alfieri the reintegration begun by Gustavo Modena went on, freeing him from the baroque declamations of the trade. He drew from the oblivion of ignorance and diffidence the plays of Shakespeare, as the voice of Victor Hugo was doing in France, and renewed in Paris the intensely Italian successes of Ristori. (Victor Hugo told him in a letter that France would have wished to have him for a son.) He gave in London an *Othello* and a *Hamlet* so lucid, gigantic, and living that the English actors were beside themselves with marveling. In short, he carried Italy, the custodian of Græco-Latin art, to the people who most diverged from her in nature and civilization. His

greatest successes were obtained in North America, whither he oftenest returned. There he was surrounded by such fanaticism that he was able to appear supported by an all-American cast while reciting his own part in the language of Dante. A difficult feat which would have been impossible to present to a public not already enthusiastic about him. This enthusiasm rose to the point of idolatry. An obstinate millionaire (America was already fortunate in being the country of stubbornness that pays, and therefore the nursery of millionaires) insisted upon erecting him a monument at Florence, and Salvini was at much pains to frustrate him. At Washington one day Salvini went as a guest to the visitors' gallery of the Senate. His athletic figure was quickly recognized from the floor and the President of the Senate suspended the sitting, invited Salvini to the Senatorial rostrum and addressed him in words that rang with admiration for him and for his country, whose heartbeat, among the seven hills of Rome, had measured but a few years. The interpreter of Alfieri and of Shakespeare was greeted as the official representative of the new Italy. Here is an historic episode that may well be called legendary.

FOR how many hours did the review of his career keep me awake? ... In a state of grace, finally, I too fell asleep. We both woke at the frontier, roused by the necessary formalities. Not until then did I allow my curiosity to put a question. I asked him how far he was going. He replied, "St. Petersburg." He was making a short halt at Vienna and then going on to the Russian capital.

"You are going there to give performances?"

"I've been invited by the Czar to recite some cantos of Dante, and to dine with him."

At the Vienna station we saluted each other, and separated. I called to a porter. He did not call one because he attended to the transport of the valise and the umbrella himself—like a country gentleman. But there was some one who expected him—a woman. And how beautiful she was!

I never saw him again.

The actors who won widest fame immediately after Tommaso Salvini were the two Hermes: Ermete Zacconi and Ermete Novelli. And it cannot pass unobserved by those who are studious of the enigmas of destiny, this case of these two outstanding contemporary and rival actors who were no sooner born than they were coupled by identical names, each receiving, together with the little douche of baptismal water, the charge of bearing the name of an ex-god—Hermes—dear to Jove by reason of his serviceableness.

ERMETE ZACCONI occupies a special place among my recollections. He did in Italy as an actor what I did as critic and as author. We started the national theatre on its way towards those horizons of the theatre that were called "of ideas," "of thought," contributing to a movement of which there were signs practically all over Europe. No program guided us. That art which travels on the wheels of progress loses itself in a sort of constriction and insincerity. We belonged by our natures, Zacconi and I, to the intellectual climate of Europe, in which social and psychological problems swarmed. He succeeded to a considerable degree in popularizing Ibsen in Italy, where by reason of mediocre interpretations he had seemed insupportable. He gave *Ghosts*, *An Enemy of the Peo-*

ple, *John Gabriel Borkman*; and made known *The Powers of Darkness* by Tolstoy, *The New Idol* by Curel, *Lonely Lives* by Hauptmann, and *Others' Bread* by Turgenev. I wrote for him *The Right to Live*, a socialistic play, and *The Triumph*, in which there is a conflict between the flesh and



ERMETE NOVELLI
(Bracco Collection)

the spirit, and in which, alas, the flesh conquers. (Theatre of ideas, yes, but not the Nordic theatre: on the contrary, as Mediterranean as can be imagined.)

His tendencies and intentions would not have sufficed to bring him fame had he not manifested them in a supreme degree. An actor is not evaluated by what goes on in his mind, but by what he gives out to the public. Zacconi's supremacy had a substratum of peculiarly felicitous diction—the finest diction I ever heard—by reason of which words fell from his lips with the value of notes of a piano or violin played by a great performer. This he revealed in the characters of Goldoni, of Augier, of Dumas fils, of Giacosa, of Rovetta; and on this—in the dramas where his art reached its finest expression—he based

his interpretation of psychologically abnormal characters. (That such characters abound in the theatre "of ideas" is undeniable.) There resulted a humanly clear cut relief which was unmistakable, and which threw light on the drama if it had something nebulous about it or too complicated. It is thus that the music which the great pianist or violinist draws from his instrument throws light on an abstruse composition. Ibsen's symbolism, for instance, disappeared, leaving the naked truth in direct contact with the senses of the spectator. In *Ghosts* his representation of the progressive moral and corporeal decay of Oswald contained details so true and so excruciating that the spectators felt unable to bear them, and did not realize that they bore them because his art nailed them to their seats. When, in the last scene of the last act, Oswald stammeringly begs his mother for the Sun—"Mother, give me the Sun!"—and her compassion offers him poison to shorten the tortures of insane agony, the spectators felt the contagion of this devastated organism; felt the pursuing Fate and the approach of a horrid and liberating death. The play over, no one asked if Ibsen was or was not a symbolist. No one cared. But certainly the absolutely veristic objectiveness of Zacconi's interpretations obtained at the maximum peak of intensity that which Ibsen, symbolist or no symbolist, had set out to obtain, for the spectators carried away with them the self same unforgettable sadness and the self-same suffering with which the thoughtful Norwegian author had contemplated the fatal atavism which makes the son discount in the flesh, in the brain, the vices and the sins of the father.

Zacconi made a still sadder and still more poignant impres-

sion on his audiences when he interpreted the part of Nikita in *The Powers of Darkness*, that tragedy of the *absence of the spiritual* among the folk of the desolate Russian steppes under the nightmare of serfdom and poverty. Ermete Zacconi was the flaccid creature without will of his own, without initiative, without any propulsive nucleus, the idiot who does not know good from evil, the nauseating personification of imbecile delinquency. In the scene in which Nikita thinks he hears the creaking of the bones of the newborn child which he had buried alive — the gloomiest scene a dramatist ever conceived — it was evident that that monster felt the lowest brute terror and fear without having consciousness of crime. And when Nikita finally confesses aloud, with a crucifix in his hand, Zacconi, renouncing all the theatrical effects which, like every other expert actor, he could have drawn from the solemnity of the act, remained in the attitude of a wretched idiot. You could see that in this confession there was none of the lacerated remorse of Macbeth, no masterful impulse of the spirit, but only an instant's reflex of the superstition that is nested in the depths of human bestiality. Zacconi's artistic objectiveness brought the idea of the great Russian thinker down from the pulpit and gave it to the public in an exact vision of the reality that had stirred the author's humanitarian and Christian conscience. You found again in Zacconi's art, so to speak, the author's original sources.

THE types of Oswald and of Nikita were the culmination of his art, closely bound up with that triumphant evolution of the European theatre which has extended from the latter part of the last century up to yesterday. (Then its degener-

ation began with the baroque excesses of the cerebrals.)

Meanwhile, the Zacconi biographer, after having characterized his personality as an artist, looks in vain in the man for something to correspond with it.

Passing him in the street with his swift steps skirting the walls, wearing a jacket or an overcoat without elegance, with colorless insignificant face, with those round bluish eyes, with that little weak pale moustache (youthful photographs attribute to him, I do not know why, important looking features set forth with an energetic moustache and a thick head of hair which certainly, before the camera, he could not have had without the intervention of a wig) one would have taken him for a modest bureaucrat hurrying to drudge in his little office. And all his private life beyond the atmosphere of the theatre was that of an honest body like any other, a peaceful habitudinarian. Never excited, never exalted, never cross, never peculiar, never wanting to break away from the most normal normality—that was the Ermete Zacconi of the period when his artistic revelations brought him honors and the responsibility of a pioneer's post. And it is so that I have wished to profile him to make it clear that it was not from his person or from his life that there flowed the exceptional elements, almost invariably pathological, that compounded his most arresting interpretations.

Is the Zacconi who today, at seventy-four years of age, still gives performances (and with equal success), the same Ermete Zacconi whom I have recalled? . . . I have never met with him since, not even on the stage—for in Italy the actor is never faithful to the author who most has loved him.

In the other Ermete—Er-

mete Novelli—the art and the person were equally interesting and were fused together: they made one. Novelli's art was protean and so was his nature. He was usually full of jokes, overflowing with buffoonery, with noisy mirth. But I have never thought that when he grafted a dramatic repertory on his vast repertory of exhilaration he was spurred by ambition. I have always thought, in fact, that he obeyed an inner need to externalize completely a most extravagant and varied vitality. In certain temperaments whose vivacity is quick to expand in good humor there is often a hidden ferment of sadness and of tormenting dramatic complication. If an actor has a temperament of this species, the stage may be for him a safety valve, giving him the means of releasing the internally accumulated conflict and of recovering his nervous balance.

NOVELLI'S convulsed excitement in the last act of the old Spanish drama called, vice versa, *Drama Nuevo*, could not be a piece of acting deliberated and willed. In that last act the situation is this: an actor, playing the part of a character who is to kill his wife's lover on the stage, takes advantage of the situation and really does kill the man for whom his wife has betrayed him. In that scene Novelli was at the mercy of an indescribably tragic crisis. The audience gave shrieks of fright. And he, distended, with his eyes starting out of his head, with his forehead clammy with cold sweat, with his heart pounding like the bowels of a locomotive, had to be carried out into the wings by his companions. He was like an epileptic. After a quarter of an hour, his eyes smiled again. That powerful human machine became calm.

And yet it was not easy for Novelli to convince the public that he could be a strong dramatic and tragic actor. And the reasons for this are clear. First of all, his traits, his most striking physical characteristics, were especially suited to the entire gamut of comic effects. Seeing his elongated figure with its loose-jointed legs, his face with its large mouth and thick lips, its immense eyes anything but passionate; seeing those features which the slightest contraction shaped into a grimace, one was already prepared to laugh. And it was by manipulating just those lineaments that he made his first hits in farce and light comedy. He was the *bête noire* of the juvenile lead who, for all his effort, had to give way to Novelli's superior faculty for getting laughs. With his one-act plays and sketches he began to lay the bases for his celebrity. His make-up, his clothes, his attitudes, the inflections of his voice, neither limpid, sonorous, nor sweet, invited the spectator to imagine for himself the details of the character's whole life, with all his habits and ridiculous idiosyncrasies. And when, making headway in his career in an epoch propitious to vaudeville—which opposed itself to the growth of the theatre of ideas—he gave artistic relief to the leading roles of many French improprieties, popularity enthroned him a great comic actor.

When he first began to get away from the repertory of mirth, the public showed itself suspicious and sulky. His faithful admirers were bored by the murky megalomania of Nero or the shifty covetousness of Louis XI. And not seldom the poor artist would effect a re-

conciliation with his audience by appearing before the curtain after the performance, in evening dress or a hurried sack suit, and reciting some spicy facetious monologue or the famous *Condensiamo*, in which he admirably imitated the actors and actresses most in vogue accentuating their defects. A hurricane of applause would reward him then. Lacerated, he would smile and bow, and he would come back into the wings, muttering: "There, now that I've played the clown, they're happy."

SO far I have only sketched the characteristics of Novelli's person and art. In casting about to complete the picture I cannot resist evoking an actor less popular than he was, less famous, but not less precious, not less worthy, not less entitled to a stall in the Olympus of our dramatic theatre: the actor who differed from Novelli more essentially than any other I ever knew: Giovanni Emanuel. One does not think of white without thinking of black. One does not think of black without thinking of white. Opposites are irresistible when one would define men, things, and facts.

Giovanni Emanuel was the actor of cold reflexion, concentrated, measured, autocritical, and above all the interpreter of an art conceived away from the ambit of the pit. Ermete Novelli was incapable of concentration, of reflexion, of self-measurement, and he brought with him on the stage that ancestral intrinsic power of the Italian actors that springs from the seed of their genealogical tree: from the histrion, that is—*histen* of the Etruscans, *histrion* of the Latins—the power of the one who becomes

creative and moving at contact with the public. His interpretations contained a permanent psychological substance, yes. But the theatric efficacy of that substance came out in a vibrancy that was contingent upon the moment; in a sort of improvisation of which the gestures, the voice, the words themselves were like those of an actor transformed into an author who at once extemporizes and identifies himself with a character in the given situation. Novelli experienced the impulse of the author who creates, and he was at the same time the personage created without having been passed through the artifice of composition. And the exuberance of his nature, unguarded by reflexion, unpunctured by self-criticism, dominated the stage, invaded it, expanded his impersonations. I have already said that the light comedy sketches of his first successes took on the importance of types. And the series of enlargements went on in every sort of comedy and drama (except in the comedies of Goldoni, whom he loved with a religious fervor and humility that restrained his instincts). In his *Papa Lebonnard*, the *Papa Lebonnard* written by the good Aicard was multiplied by ten. Petruccio in *The Taming of the Shrew* attained proportions clear out of scale with the light character to which this delicious Shakesporean comedy belongs. Shylock, the miserable Jew devoured by congenital avarice and too heavily punished by Christian justice, became Michelangesque like King Lear. And these sane enlargements varied from one night to the next.

(To be continued)

Who Discovered Arizona?

The Story of Fra Marco da Nizza

By Giovanni Schiavo

CORONADO! What high-school boy in America has not heard of Francisco Vasquez de Coronado? What student is not acquainted with his famous expedition?

The name of Coronado is a symbol throughout the United States. It stands for excellence, for chivalry, for courage, in a few words, for all that was best in the Spanish Conquistadores. Coronado, indeed, occupies a place in American history that not even time can delete. His explorations are recorded among the most remarkable and honorable enterprises of the world.

Yet, how many people are acquainted with the fact, that had it not been for a humble Italian friar, Coronado's name perhaps would have remained in history as that of one of the many Spanish Governors in the New World?

Coronado's fame rests on his explorations of the southwestern part of the United States of America. But those explorations would perhaps have never taken place had it not been for a glowing account made by Friar Marco da Nizza, an Italian friar who aroused the interest of the great Conquistador in the country north of Mexico, said to be fabulously rich. And when the *El Dorado* proved to be only poor pueblo villages, it was the friar who spurred him to go on. Pride did the rest.

Friar Marco da Nizza was born, as the name implies, at Nice, now a city of France, but

Mr. Giovanni Schiavo, in this issue, continues his series of articles on little-known, but invaluable contributors to America's early history. Friar Marco da Nizza it was who aroused the interest of the great Coronado in the country north of Mexico, and persuaded that explorer to extend his travels in that direction. The series will be continued in our next issue.

for many centuries under the House of Savoy. It was, in fact, Victor Emmanuel II who ceded it to France in 1859 as compensation for the assistance that Napoleon III had given the Italians in their early fight against Austria. The name of the Italian friar, however, is only rarely reported in its original form.

The nearest approach seems to be found in Bandelier's edition of Cabeza de Vaca's journey, where it appears as Marcos of Nizza. The oldest printed account of the original spelling is given in Ramusio's *Navigazione et Viaggi*, vol 3, two editions of which, one printed in 1565 and the other in 1606 are kept by the Library of Columbia University. In most cases, the name is spelled in its Spanish form, Marcos de Niza, or Nizas, or Nice. The nationality of the friar, however, almost invariably is given as Italian.

Very little is known of Fra Marco's early life, except that he was born in the latter part

of the fifteenth century and that in 1531 he went to New Spain. His missionary work in the new country began at Panama and was continued through Nicaragua and Guatemala. In 1532 he accompanied Valalcazar to Peru where he is said to have been present at the capture of Cajamarca and to have witnessed the death of Atahualpa, the Inca ruler whom Pizarro treacherously captured and executed in 1533.

FRA MARCO soon was appointed commissary of his religious order, but not agreeing with the conquerors of Peru about their treatment of the Indians, he left for Mexico in 1835. There he learned about the rich country north of Sonora, the wealth of which had been reported by Cabeza de Vaca. The latter, however, was not the discoverer of New Mexico and Arizona. As Bandelier says, he never saw or claimed to have seen any of the so-called pueblos. He "only heard of them in more or less confused manner." Other authorities are of the same opinion.

His reports, however, created an interest in Viceroy Mendoza who planned an expedition in 1537, guided by a moor, Estevanico, who had been with Cabeza de Vaca. That expedition, however, was not carried out. In 1538, Coronado, who had just been appointed Governor of Nueva Galicia, was entrusted to verify Cabeza de Vaca's reports. Coronado, ac-

cordingly, entrusted Fra Marco to carry out his plans.

The Italian friar left the town of S. Michael on the 7th of March, 1539 accompanied by the moor Estevanico and by another friar whose name is reported in Ramusio as Onorato, in Hakluyt as Honoratus, and in Spanish texts as Honorato. But when they reached the pueblo of Petatlan, friar Onorato fell so ill that Fra Marco was "constrained to leave him there behind." (*Quotations from Fra Marco's narrative are from the English translation in Hakluyt, Richard, Principal Navigations, Vol. 3. London, 1599-1600.*)

BUT Fra Marco went on as the "Holy Ghost did lead" him, being welcomed by the Indians on his way. For 25 or 30 leagues from Petatlan he saw nothing worth noting, except the fact that some Indians he met had pearls around their necks. Then another journey of four days through the desert, until he met some more Indians who had never seen any Christians before. They also were kind to the friar, and told him of towns, "four or five days within the country" where people were clad in cotton and where gold was used for ornaments and even household necessities. The Indians inland were said to "carry certain round green stones hanging at their nostrils, and at their ears, and that they have certain thin plates of that gold, wherewith they scrape off their sweat, and that the walls of their temples are covered with it, and that they use it in their household vessels." But because this valley was distant from the sea-coast and the friar had instructions not to leave the coast, he postponed his explorations there to a better time.

Thus he travelled another three days until he came to a

town called Vacapa where he was shown great courtesies and given abundant food. At Vacapa Fra Marco remained about nine days, sending groups of Indians to explore westward and Estevanico, the moor, to march ahead of him. As the negro, or moor, however, was a man of no educa-



MARCO DA NIZZA

*One of the rare pictures of the friar
(Courtesy of the N. Y. Public Library)*

tion, it was agreed that if he found nothing worth while he was to send back a small cross, but if something of importance was discovered he was to send back a large cross. After four days Estevanico sent back such a huge cross that even the friar doubted of the correctness of the negro's impressions. On the 6th of April he left Vacapa, marching for five days until he reached the borders of a desert. Throughout his journey he found "hospitality and entertainments" on the part of the Indians. It was then he crossed what is today the southern boundary of Arizona.

Four more days through the desert and five more through fertile land, settled by Indians, who wore turquoises at their nostrils and around their necks. This land is supposed to be the present Gila Valley. These In-

dians knew of Cibola, one of the famous seven cities which Nuno de Guzman had tried to discover years before and which were reported to be fabulously rich. Cibola, he was told, was "a great city, inhabited with great store of people, and having many streets and market-places: and that in some parts of this city there are certain very great houses of five stories high, wherein the chiefs of the city assemble themselves at certain days of the year. The houses are of lime and stone, and the gates and small pillars of the principal houses are of turquoises, and all the implements and other ornaments of their houses are of gold; and the other six cities are built like this one, some being bigger." He was told also of other villages and cities. The negro was being kept ahead of the expedition, sending back glowing reports.

FOR three more days Fra Marco and his party travelled through this valley until on the 9th of May they reached the present region of Phoenix. For twelve more days he went on towards the village of Zuni, until on the 21st of May he received the worst kind of news. The negro had been killed and the Indians were hostile. There was the danger of revolt among the followers of Fra Marco, but the friar soon calmed them by distributing among them the merchandise that he carried with him, provided they would continue the journey. This they did. Within one day's journey from Cibola, they met other Indians who verified the death of the negro.

"After Stephen (Estevanico, the negro) had left the friars, he thought he could get all the reputation and honor himself, and if he should discover these settlements with such famous high houses, alone, he

would be considered bold and courageous. So he proceeded with the people who had followed him, and attempted to cross the wilderness which lies between the country he had passed through and Cibola. Stephen reached Cibola loaded with the large quantity of turquoises they had given him and some beautiful women whom the Indians, who followed him and carried his things, were taking with them and had given him. These had followed him from all the settlements he had passed, believing that under his protection they could traverse the whole world without any danger.

"But as the people in this country were more intelligent than those who followed Stephen, they lodged him in a little hut outside their village, and the older men and the governors heard his story and took steps to find out the reason he had come to that country. For three days they made inquiries about him and held a council." The Indians concluded that the negro must be a spy or a "guide for some nations who wished to come and conquer them." Besides, "they thought it was hard of him to ask for turquoises and women and so they decided to kill him." (Castaneda's narrative, Edited by G. P. Winship, N. Y. 1904, page 6-8)

THE report of the death of the negro terrified not only the Indians but also Fra Marco who felt that his life was in danger. But more than the loss of his life, the friar felt that he could not give the information about the greatness of the new country. Nevertheless, accompanied by two Indian chiefs he continued his journey, until he came within sight of Cibola. The people of Cibola he described as "somewhat white, they wear apparel, and lie in beds, their weapons

are bows, they have emeralds and other jewels, although they esteem them none so much as turquoises with which they adorn their walls and the porches of their houses, and their apparel and vessels, and they use them instead of money through all the country. Their apparel is of cotton and hides, and this is their most commendable and honorable apparel."

Having erected a cross on a heap of stones and taken possession of the country in Mendoza's name, for the King, he returned to Coronado to relate the great news.

Coronado naturally became greatly interested in the report of Fra Marco and, accompanied by him, proceeded at once for Mexico, where he gained the support of the Viceroy.

An expedition was therefore organized in 1540, under the leadership of Coronado and the guide of Fra Marco. A force of 300 Spaniards and 800 Indians, with abundant provision, was organized.

Coronado's expedition left Compostela on February 23, 1540, and in April the general, and the friar, with an advance guard of seventy men left Culiacan. They had not gone very far, however, when Captain Melchior Diaz, whom Coronado had sent out in November to verify reports of Fra Marco, returned with the news that Fra Marco's reports were greatly exaggerated. Castaneda informs us that "although the bad news was kept secret, it leaked out. Fra Marco noticing that some were feeling disturbed, cleared away these clouds, promising that what they would see should be good, and that he would place the army in a country where their hands would be filled, and in this way he quieted them so that they appeared well satisfied."

Fra Marco's words had their effect on Coronado who had been disposed to return. The march was resumed and on April 22, the general, accompanied by seventy horsemen, left Culiacan.

The rest of Coronado's expedition is well known. Cibola was conquered on July 7, but there, instead of finding wealth they found only poor Indians living in mud-built pueblo villages. The disappointment was great, but Coronado's pride and hopes were greater. He continued his explorations until he reached what is now the State of Kansas. Then he returned homeward.

NO benefit came to Spain from Coronado's expedition, but his discoveries added a famous chapter in the history of the exploration of America. For over a century and a half Spain did not make any efforts to conquer the new country. It was left to another Italian, Father Chini, in 1687, to introduce European civilization in Arizona and Northern Mexico.

Fra Marco, who had been made Father Provincial of the Franciscan order upon the recommendation of Coronado, returned to Mexico in 1541 as soon as ill-feeling against him became manifest among Coronado's soldiers. He died at Mexico City on March 25, 1558.

Fra Marco's narrative is said to have been greatly exaggerated, but as Bancroft says, there is not good reason to doubt that he really crossed Sonora and Arizona to the region of Zuni. Many of the facts described by him, which years ago seemed absurd, now have been verified. Nevertheless his "narrative" remains one of the great classics of travel. Marco da Nizza wrote at least three books in Spanish on the conquest of Peru and on Indian Rites.

Employment in Italy

By Dominick Lamonica

LONG lines stretch out before employment agencies, scores of men, hundreds sometimes, apply for each vacant position. World-wide economic depression has made the whole great question of unemployment the most vital single concern now facing civilized industrial countries. And with reason.

Great Britain's number of unemployed recently rose above the high-water mark of 2,000,000, and Britains became alarmed, their usual phlegm disturbed, and the "Letters" column of the London Times filled with missives on the subject. In Germany, struggling valiantly to carry the burden of reparations while newly elected Hitlerites rock the boat, latest estimates place the unemployed at 2,600,000. The International Labour Office says that the number of men out of work in Poland increased from 120,000 to 360,000 in the year ending in May. France, of course, in the unique position of a still fairly prosperous country in the midst of depression, has no unemployment problem of any consequence, her total probably being slightly over 1000.

Little need be said concerning unemployment in this country. The newspapers have been filled with but little less, comparatively. Merely to make an estimate is to encounter a storm of criticism, which is what happened in every case when some prominent personage ventured to define the to-

tal. The simple reason for this is the fact that the United States, unlike Italy with her Central Bureau of Statistics,

With the organization by President Hoover of a Cabinet committee composed of six Secretaries and the Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, chaired by Colonel Arthur Woods, former New York Police Commissioner, to create a national organization designed to find work for the unemployed, now officially estimated at 3,500,000, the Government is now actively participating in attempts to relieve this distressing situation.

The following article, dealing with employment in Italy, and showing the initiative taken by the Italian Government in promoting public works of all kinds, thereby stimulating employment and general economic conditions, is therefore, of particularly timely interest. It shows that the steps now being taken in this country after months of unemployment have already been in effect for some time in Italy, where "two birds are being killed with one stone."

has no adequate facilities for gathering facts in this matter. Yet no one need be told that the problem is as acute here as anywhere in the world.

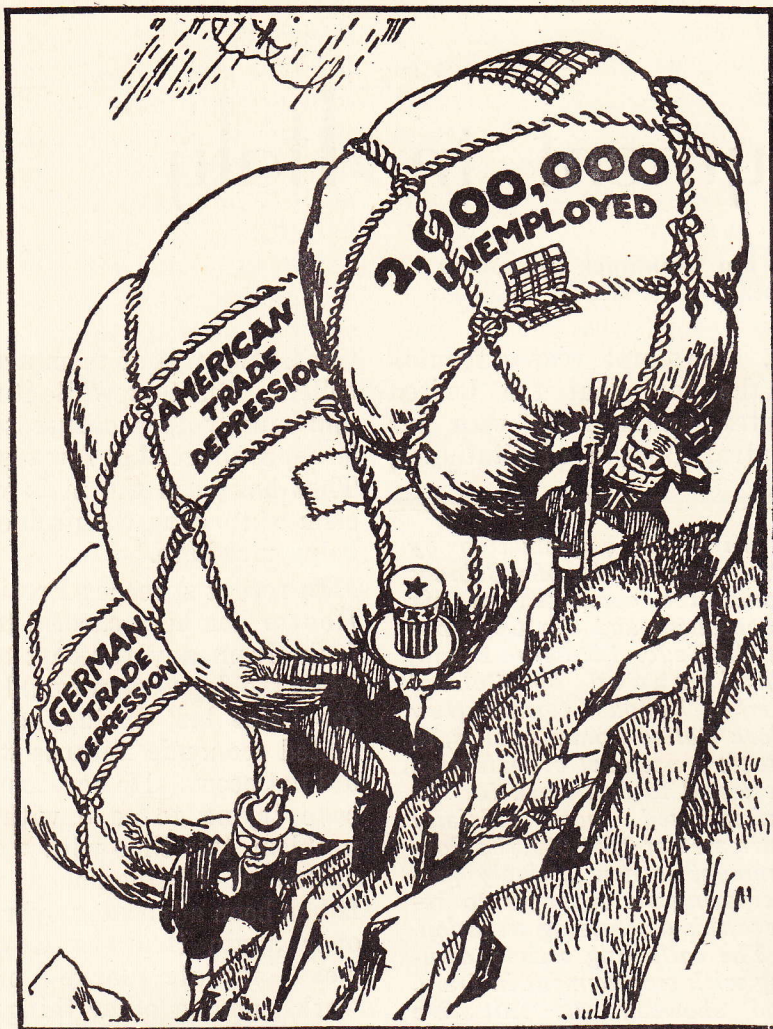
Is anything being done about it? That depends on whom you ask. The Republicans say a lot is being done, the Democrats say nothing worthwhile is being done. Solutions are being discussed right and left by prominent men, public bodies, conventions and associa-

tions. Several of them are excellent. But talk, while it may, and usually does, obfuscate the issue, produces but few results. That has been the main criticism of the way the problem is being met here.

In recent speeches President Hoover has been careful to refrain from any forecast as to when the depression would end, for twice last spring he predicted economic upturns which did not occur. He has, instead, been trying to cope with the problem, this time with a committee of distinguished men. It has been advocated over and over again that the Government initiate large public works, among other things, to stimulate employment, enhance purchasing power, and thus get the industrial establishments of the country to running at normal speed again. But the actual work in that direction has not been what it should be.

In contrast with the hesitancy, uncertainty and incomplete attempts to start public works here, what is the situation in Italy?

Without blinking at the facts, it must be admitted that Italy has been as hard hit by the depression as most other countries, for Italy is becoming an industrial country, and industrial countries are the ones that suffer most from cyclical and technological employment. According to the *Monthly Bulletin of Statistics* of the League of Nations up to and including May, 1930, Italy's total number of unemployed was 385,000, as compared with 293,000 for



JOHN BULL: "WELL, ANYWAY, YOU CHAPS ARE WORSE OFF THAN I AM."
—*Glasgow Bulletin*

the previous year. Compared with the statistics for other countries, it is not very alarming.

But there is this great difference. Whereas in this country only lately, after months of talk, is the Government's public works program being carried out, in Italy these projects are already in full swing. Quite recently, reports received by agents of the United States Department of Commerce and made public had this to say about Italy:

"Heavy employment totaling nearly 400,000 laborers on public works in Italy is the principal hopeful factor in that country."

This unadorned statement was one of the most favorable of the lot. It corroborated re-

ports that had been coming to this country from Italy for some months.

The authoritative Italian newspaper "*Roma*," in a recent editorial headed "*Facts, Not Idle Talk*," says, after reviewing some of the great public works that had been started, "In these difficult times, characterized by a general and profound economic crisis, unemployment constitutes the most pressing and damaging of social plagues. And each country is adopting a special cure, which varies with variations in local conditions, and according to the means at hand.

"The medicine adopted in Italy is that of giving ever-increasing impetus to the development of public works. In this way, while the general condi-

tion of the country is being bettered, work and livelihood is being offered to those classes of workers who are not always successful in finding positions for themselves in industrial establishments or in the fields.

"And since during the Winter there is always an increase in unemployment, characterized as seasonal unemployment, the Head of the Italian Government has anticipated it by planning a series of public works that will alleviate this periodic evil."

AFTER surveying conditions in other European countries, and calling attention to the measures taken by the United States in boosting her tariff walls, the editorial continues:

"The Italian Government does not hesitate in its study of the problem and its solution. And, with the aim in mind of reducing unemployment to the lowest possible figures, it is systematically applying the only logical and efficacious remedy, that of developing agricultural and industrial labor, at the same time giving a new acceleration to public works, among the foremost of which is that concerning land reclamation.

"Two birds are thus killed with one stone. It renders land in Italy more fertile, and endows the nation with new and useful public utility works; and at the same time thousands of workers are kept employed, reducing unemployment to its lowest limits."

Il Foglio d'Ordini (the Fascist Order Sheet) at that time, after making public a long list of projected public works started especially to combat unemployment, added a few explanatory notes. It said that the public works would not be of an exceptional character, but merely a concentration of

future developments in a shorter space of time.

The usefulness of these public works cannot be doubted: all of them are necessary for Italy's industrial development, so that it is to her advantage to make use of the thousands who would otherwise be idle and put them to work on useful tasks. The great bulk of these projects have to do with land reclamation and the building of roads. Next in importance is the construction of public buildings. Thus it really constitutes an increase in the national wealth of Italy. And when, besides, it prevents Italy's employment figures from jumping up to a height twice as high as it is at present, all due respect must be accorded to the energetic, decisive way in which the problem has been met and answered.

In still another respect has the Italian Government's treatment of unemployment been superior and more straightforward than that of the United States. It does not claim, by these plans, to solve the problem. "The Fascist Government," says another of the *Order Sheets*, "does not want it to be understood that the problem of unemployment will be completely solved by these measures; it is simply being faced. It must be remembered that the Italian problem of unemployment is but one aspect of the present economic condition of the world."

IN CONTRAST to President Hoover's two abortive predictions concerning the improvement of conditions, Premier Mussolini, in a recent speech before the inaugural session of the new National Council of Corporations, the great body representing Italian capital and labor, prophesied:

"What I am about to tell you must not be interpreted in an

absolute sense, but merely as my viewpoint after long and diligent study of the situation. If no unforeseen and irreparable events, such as war, occur—and Italy has done, is doing and will do everything possible to avoid war—if the phases of the economic phenomenon are not disturbed by extraneous elements, then we are already leaving the night behind us and are walking toward the dawn. In other words the crisis has now touched its culminating point with the new American (stock market) crashes.

"Now the alternative is simple—either the end of all things or improvement. But since neither word economy nor humanity can die, improvement must occur. But let no one be too precipitate. The passage from the present state to one of comparative prosperity is a cycle which will require at least three years."



BOTH: "I WISH I HAD A JOB."

—Morris in the Charlotte "Observer"

Thus, in a blunt but unequivocal way, the Italian premier has faced the situation squarely, secure in the knowledge that all that a government can possibly do to alleviate unemployment has been done by the Italian government. He does not feed his people honeyed words of assurance and hope, but, far more important, he starts a great series of public works, including land reclamation, roads, ships, railways, and hydro-electric plants, all of which, besides adding to the nation's wealth, actually soften the blow of unemployment.

The United States, as well as other countries confronted, not with the specter, but the actual reality of unemployment, could well take a leaf out of Italy's book and do likewise. The psychological effect on the people would be enormous, and would go a long way toward bringing about the long-awaited economic recovery.

Psychology in Crime

By C. L. Brautovich

"WELL," said Dad as he put down the newspaper, "I wouldn't want to be tried by that jury!"

I picked up the paper and looked over the picture in question. It seemed a typical jury in the fact that the jurors were all either middle aged or frankly old. The faces of most showed how set they were; how totally inflexible their minds would be. It would be utterly impossible for them to consider the evidence with a wide viewpoint and look at the case from all angles.

They were not the thinker type of mature person. The person of affairs, both young and old, is usually too busy for jury work and evades it when possible.

To get new blood into juries; that is the great necessity today. Persons of high mentality could do much to prevent the miscarriage of justice and help find the ultimate solution of crime.

One morning I listened to the conversation of a panel of jurors waiting in the court room for court to open and a jury selected from their number. By their conversation I could readily see that they were all professionals. They knew each other well, knew all the attaches of the court and were thoroughly enjoying themselves. It seemed to them a lark, a holiday; possibly the means of making a little extra money. They could not feel the solemnity of it all, the vestment of justice and the rightful in-

terpretation of the Constitution of the United States that was in their hands.

One woman, looking at the

One of the greatest spectacles in American life today is the extent to which crime is prevalent in all walks. Any newspaper reader will testify to this. In the following article, Mr. Brautovich, who has done considerable studying in psychology, both from books, and "with the whole wide world as my laboratory" presents some vigorous and pertinent observations concerning the relations between psychology and crime. All the facts herein mentioned are true, if somewhat startling.

surly bailiff said, "Oh, I wish we had our own old bailiff back!"

Later, while the deputy district attorney addressed the chosen jury, they listened in rapt attention. When the attorney for the defense spoke some almost sneered openly, some seemed to lose interest and settled back comfortably. They knew they had to put in their time to earn their money. One old fellow with an imbecile face that almost lacked a chin, grinned openly, his eyes full of malicious delight.

Had I been asked to interpret the expressions of those jurors I would have said, "Bigotry showed on the faces of some. The deputy district attorney was right, his words truth. The attorney for the defense always told manufactured lies so one must pay no attention to him."

That a man was brought into court showed plainly enough that he was guilty, their faces told me, and the only thing necessary was to go through the formality of finding him so. Others just showed that they were old and tired. It really would be too much of an effort to try to catalog all the evidence in their brain and then try to come to an impartial verdict. They preferred to be carried along by the bigots or the deputy district attorney.

Of course, if something happened to appeal to their emotions, (never their heads) they might pay little attention to either attorney and set the defendant free.

HAD they been young and vital, or mature thinkers, they probably would have found it their duty and also their pleasure to match their brains against the two attorneys and through the mass of evidence on both sides, find the truth and bring it triumphantly to the surface.

I do not believe that this jury was exceptional but from the study of juries that I have made, I think it was a typical one.

This wasn't a great sensational case. The defendant was charged with the violation of the Volstead Act. He was the proprietor of a small restaurant. A fellow whom he had known when both were in the real estate business came into his restaurant and asked if his friend could get him a bottle as

a favor. He told the restaurant man that he was going to a party. The restaurant man knew (which is certainly not exceptional) where he could obtain his friend a bottle. He told his friend to return that afternoon and he would have it for him.

When the detective returned he arrested his friend. The restaurant man violated a constitutional act so in that light he merited arrest, but the manner of obtaining evidence was obnoxious.

The convicted man got six months. His wife and baby were in court. The man was evidently no bootlegger. Investigating the case further, I found that woman was forced through necessity to move to a small house for which she paid \$10.00 per month. Had the husband been a bootlegger he evidently would not have been forced to leave his family in such straits.

WHY could not the money spent on this case have been used to bring one of the bigger figures in the liquor industry to justice? And in the interest of truer justice why not pass a law that six jurors must be under forty, six may be over forty. Thus we would have the benefit of young and flexible minds perhaps rich in experience.

Another case of obtaining evidence in an underhanded method stands out in my memory. There was a fellow suspected of having a still away back in the hills. But no one could get the goods on him. One plain clothes man decided that the "honor" of getting this evasive law breaker was to be his. So he set out to win the friendship of this fellow. The detective even succeeded in living at the man's house. In a burst of confidence the liquor manufacturer told the detective of the still. The man was



A HOMECOMING MAY BE A GOOD THING NOW AND THEN TO GET ACQUAINTED WITH OUR OFFSPRING

—Darling in the New York Herald-Tribune

promptly arrested.

Again I say that the man, guilty as he was of violating the law, should have been brought to justice. But do you think the method of obtaining an end was such as to inspire respect for the law in this small community? I still hear snatches of this story from residents of this small apple growing center. I don't believe that any of them really side with the lawbreakers, but the method of obtaining evidence has completely overshadowed the violation of the law.

I often wonder what is the public's reaction to having women detectives on dry squads. Somehow it seems to me it cheapens womanhood (a dan-

gerous thing for our so-called civilization) to have two women go into a cafe suspected of selling liquor and order liquor themselves. I have seen two female detectives go into a cafe, make up with two strange men and have the men buy them drinks and later testify to this in court.

To inspire respect of law we should first improve the workings of the smaller holders of authority. None of us but we feel some respect when in the presence of a vulnerable judge or district attorney. Those vested with but little authority are usually the ones to be overburdened with self-importance, as witness the average traffic cop on the busy street

corner.

I once watched a raid on a soft drink stand. Through a crack in the board fence that separated this place from the store next, I watched. Plain clothes men were emptying bottles of liquor into a sink on this back porch. An old man, a waiter of the place, said something that I could not understand. But the officer, an officer of the law that wore his badge of authority under his coat, shot out his fist and hit the old fellow a blow on the nose. Blood mingled freely with the whiskey gurgling down the drain pipe. Have these detectives with their little authority the power to assume responsibility of law enforcing in any manner that they may see fit?

TRULY, instead of always keeping our eyes on the big fellows in office, how about cleaning up some of these little fellows? These small office holders come more in contact with the public and by their actions help the public form its opinion on law enforcement.

We hear on all sides of us plans for checking crime waves; for checking murder. Yet none seem to answer the question, "Why is murder?" Are people really responsible for some of the horrible crimes they commit? Are murders committed by people mentally normal? Are we mentally normal all the time?

I am sure all of us could admit reluctantly, that we have had moments when we have had mad desires not at all in keeping with our own characters. Where do these impulses come from? What inborn savagery have we implanted in our brain, handed down from distant ancestors? It is not so many centuries ago that the blood that we now carry in our veins today belonged to naked savages running over the face

of the world. They killed readily; perhaps in self defense more than for the joy of killing. Anyway, let us hope so.

A child comes into this world a savage. Only as time goes on can the mother, if she has a certain amount of refinement herself, polish the surface and the child's manners become acceptable to the world. But deep down in the sub-conscious there are spots never touched.

What about the child who receives little or no polishing or only that polish attained by brushing against the world? When crime catches him in her toils the uncurbed primal urges that have remained uncurbed are not taken into consideration. If these little savages do not grow up to law abiding citizens, society takes its toll regardless of cause and effect. We are all born with criminal tendencies and only training and environment, those great civilizers, can make us into law abiding citizens.

Perhaps it is this inherited savagery that make it easy for people to murder when they feel that harm has been done them. Oh, I'm not finding excuses. I think murder punishes the murderer more than the murdered even if he is never brought to justice. Would a perfectly sane person condemn himself to a life of nightmare of an accusing conscience, with the blood of another on his soul? Surely his sufferings would be great when his sanity returned. If he has no twinge of conscience then he is not mentally sane.

I read in the papers recently that in New York the murderers of the past fifteen years, with the exception of two who were over-weight, have almost all been underweight. Isn't there some psychological truth way down in this? The well nourished man leading a normal life does not commit murder. The undernourished man,

or the man who is undersized due to abnormal glands, the "ratty" type, not "ratty" by choice but by heritage, commits murder.

Isn't life imprisonment rather than capital punishment more just? It is easier on the minds of the citizens of the country and is really more severe on the criminal, for while he lives, he suffers. If he does not suffer he should be in an insane asylum.

The defendant, instead of pleading "not guilty by reason of insanity" could plead "not guilty by reason of having had savage ancestors."

You find it easy to live the life of a law abiding citizen. Do you take the credit for this? No! It is the blood within you that makes you want to live right and abhor anything dishonorable. You probably come from a line that prided themselves on right living. When they left the shores of Europe to become Americans they brought ideals and culture with them. You are reaping the benefit of their combined efforts toward constructive thoughts through several centuries perhaps. These good people help you to live right and together you fight the influences of your earlier ancestors.

HOW about the fellow who comes from a line of ignorant and illiterate people who have not been developing mental powers that crowd out old instincts. Should not all this be taken into consideration when justice is being meted out to him?

I do not pretend to say that poor ancestry should be used as an excuse for every occasion. We all have use of our wills. Yet is not strength of will also governed by the blood within us? True, will can be developed but does the under dog try to develop it?

Surely the criminally inclined

should be put away if only so that they cannot pass their blood to others.

Perhaps with each generation some of the cells filled with inherited savagery are replaced by good and noble desires. With the so-called criminal an endeavor should be made to crowd new thoughts into his brain. Make it compulsory for them to read good books. Soon natural interest will change this from a duty to a pleasure. For those not endowed with the mentality to digest good literature, the raising of flowers might be the means of spiritual uplifting; of replacing

vicious thought space with something worthwhile.

At any rate, the answer to crime is not in capital punishment. Capital punishment is too severe on the sensitive minds of many citizens. A few years ago a pregnant woman was hanged in England. This fact so affected the mind of another pregnant woman here in the United States that she was forced to bed. May not the child of this woman be the innocent sufferer of capital punishment?

That we still have capital punishment with us proves how primitive is our civilization. The answer to crime is some-

where in the brain of the man who commits the crime. We are just beginning to understand the workings of the human brain. When psychology shall be perfected there will be the answer to crime and murder. Perhaps some great scientist will discover some way to X-ray the brain so each thought cell will register what it contains and the black spots of inherited savagism can be detected.

Crime will help automatically to eliminate itself in the next several hundred years as our good desires crowd out the inherited barbarity that becomes weaker with each generation.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Casa Italiana

*Office of the
Director*

October 14, 1930.

To the Editor of ATLANTICA,
My dear Dr. Cassola:

Having just returned from Europe, I was late in reading, in the July issue of ATLANTICA, an article by my friend On. Ciarlantini, in which he declared as follows:

"In the last ten years, of the four hundred students graduated in the Department of Romance Languages in Columbia University, only six or seven were matriculated in courses in Italian.

"It is only by chance that among the students aiming at higher degrees, such as Doctor of Philosophy in the Department of Romance Languages, there have been one or two who have chosen Italian as a subject for a dissertation.

"The matter has alarmed the directors of that Department, who have been forced to give the utmost impetus to the study of Italian."

My friend Ciarlantini was mis-informed, and I am sorry that this information should have been circulated through ATLANTICA.

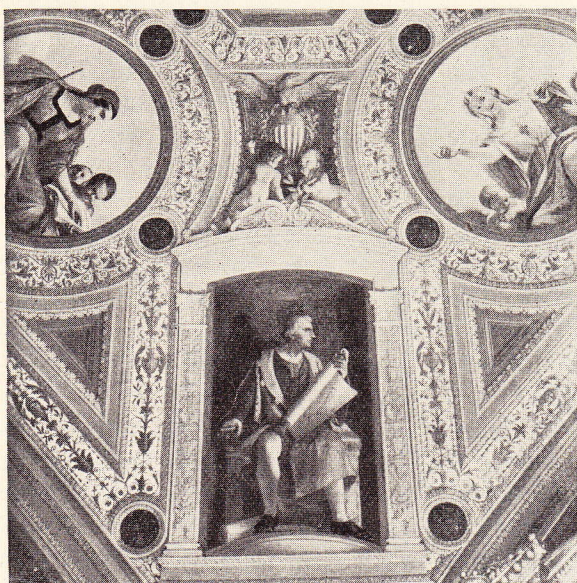
It will suffice to refer to the statistics published by Prof. Mario Cosenza in his "Eighth Annual Report: School Year 1928-29" on page 17, in which it is stated that the students enrolled at Columbia are: Barnard College—76; Columbia College—20; Extension Courses—159.

These are not impressive figures, and indeed there is still much more to be done; but at the same time they are far from the woe-ful figures of the On. Ciarlantini.

Please accept my best wishes for the success of ATLANTICA.

Devotedly yours,
GIUSEPPE PREZZOLINI
Director

P. S.—Last year there were six theses for Master of Arts in the Department of Italian. This year a course of mine, given only for graduate students, has 12 students enrolled.



PRESIDENT'S ROOM: AMERICUS VESPUTIUS
By Constantino Brumidi

The Father of American Decorative Painting

By Edoardo Marolla

THE beautiful paintings in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington stand as a perpetual monument to one of the greatest of our Italo-American artists, Constantino Brumidi. Few of the thousands of visitors who every day gaze with admiration on these frescoes know that they were among the first ever produced in America and that their creator was the first to introduce decorative painting in this country.

Constantino Brumidi was born in Rome in 1805. His father was a native of Greece and his mother a Roman. From his mother he inherited the Italian genius for art and being raised where he could be in daily contact with the great art museums he early began to know and love the great Italian masterpieces.

When still a mere boy he was sent to the college of fine arts at Rome. Under the able guidance of the teachers of this famous school he developed rapidly and when only thirteen years of age he became a member of the Academy of St. Luke. He was its youngest member.

His wonderful talent for fresco painting became known

to Pope Gregory XVI and he was invited to the Vatican. For three years he remained with the Pope. During this time he

Italians have made their mark in America's history, but in few places is this mark more lasting than in the Capitol at Washington, where art, which outlives man, remains as a reminder of the glory of Italian art in America. Constantino Brumidi was one of the earliest Italian artists to make a name for himself in this country when the country itself was still in its teens. His beautiful paintings in the Rotunda of the Capitol stand as a living and perpetual Brumidi.

Painted several rooms in the Vatican and other papal edifices. Pope Gregory was well pleased with his work and Brumidi would probably have continued his work at the Vatican had not matters of state interfered.

On his arrival in the United States the young artist settled in New York, believing that America's largest city offered the best opportunity to one of his profession. He easily mas-

tered the English language and became a naturalized citizen in 1852.

He began his career in this country by painting portraits of wealthy New Yorkers. His work was good and he gradually built up a splendid reputation. Many of America's famous men and women traveled long distances to his little New York studio to have their portrait painted by him.

LIKE the great Italian masters of the Risorgimento from whom he drew his inspiration, Brumidi was very religious. He offered his services to the Catholic churches of New York and was given the task of decorating the interior of the Church of St. Stephen. His great picture in this church was the "Crucifixion", which is considered his best religious painting. His other great works in New York churches were the "Martyrdom of St. Stephen" and the "Assumption of the Virgin."

The wanderlust now took hold of Brumidi. He sojourned about the country with no particular destination, until we find him stopping in the City

of Mexico. His fame had preceded him to the Mexican capital and he was asked to do fresco work in the cathedral. He accepted the request and painted an allegorical representation of the Holy Trinity.

HE did not remain long in Mexico and soon returned to this country. On his return voyage he stopped in the city of Washington. The great public buildings had been completed a short time before and seeing the opportunity offered for good painting Brumidi decided to remain in the capital. He offered his services to Quartermaster-General Meigs. His offer was accepted and as a special honor he was made a captain of cavalry. He was paid on the basis of ten dollars a day and not by the number of pictures he drew. It was in this work at Washington that Brumidi reached his highest perfection and it was here that he set the standard for American decorative painting. That before his time there was no American decorative painter and that the art was practically unknown in this country is the assertion made by no less an authority than Samuel Isham, noted American art historian. In his book, "The History of American Painting," published by the Macmillan Company, Isham says:

"The first opportunity for mural decoration in America was connected with the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, and we have seen what jealousies and intrigues were stirred up by the award of the commission for the eight panels. Even here, however, there is no mural painting, properly speaking. The eight panels remain eight pictures in heavy frames, with no attempt to fit them to the architecture or to unite them in a decorative whole. It could hardly be otherwise, for not only were there

no traditions of mural work in America, but both in England and France, from which we drew our inspiration, the art was at its lowest ebb, being either little practised or with its fundamental requirements misunderstood. This explains why no real decoration of the Capitol was done by native artists but by Constantino Brumidi, a political refugee who came to this country from Italy in 1855 (this date is evidently not correct), and who was employed for many years at a fixed salary of ten dollars a day (with occasional extra allowances) to paint mythological allegories in the dome and along the friezes."

Brumidi now remained permanently in Washington. He painted allegorical scenes in the Rotunda of the Capitol and other public buildings. He was considered Washington's official artist and was consulted on the decoration of practically every public building which was built during his time. Politics had no effect on his position and he worked continuously under several administrations.

It might be well to mention here that Brumidi's assistants were all Italians. Among them can be named Capellano, Castigini, and Causici. These men played only minor parts in the decorations but it is interesting to note that these paintings are entirely the work of Italians, from the artist who conceived them to the workmen who mixed the paints.

Brumidi never forgot his Catholic traditions and when the Philadelphia Cathedral was being built he offered to decorate the interior. He was eagerly welcomed and his work was warmly praised by the church authorities and can still be seen today. This was his last work outside of Washington and from then on he worked for the government.

The Italians had enjoyed a monopoly of painting for official Washington and after a time native American painters began to protest the hiring of foreign artists. In answer to this President Buchanan appointed a commission to criticize the work of the Italians. The commission consisted of H. K. Broun, a certain Kenett, and James R. Lambdin. This commission reported that while the work had many good points, it was lacking in certain qualities, and recommended that only native talent be used. However, when the time came to hire the "native talent" none could be found and Brumidi continued his work.

HIS greatest picture, that which elicits most praise from visitors is his "The Apotheosis of Washington" which appears in the Rotunda of the Capitol. His other works of an historical nature, some of which were left unfinished at his death, are "Oglethorpe and the Indians," "The Battle of Lexington," "Surrender of Cornwallis," "Decatur at Tripoli," "Entrance of General Scott in Mexico," and "The Discovery of Gold."

He died at Washington February 19, 1880.

Constantino Brumidi was a decorative painter. He knew the technical side of the craft as well as he knew the artistic. He could, with equal facility, paint figures on a curved wall and on flat canvas. He was the inheritor of the great Italian traditions and he is unanswerable proof that what Italy has done for the world in general, the Italo-Americans will do for America. Being the first to do any decorative painting of value in America, and since all later Americans based their drawings on his beginnings, we can, with perfect security, call him the Father of American Decorative Painting.



The Story of Alpha Phi Delta

by Peter Sammartino

THE name crops up often and yet nobody seems to know whence it came, what it is or what it means. And yet—it is all very simple—as simple as its administrative machinery which in spite of its apparent efficiency, is one of the most simplified organizations in use. To begin with, during the year 1914, a number of students at Syracuse University felt the need of companionship and formed a local fraternity. Aided by a few inspiring members of the faculty they planned activities which soon spread their fame. Little did they feel that some day their little seed would germinate into a national organization with branches and roots in the four corners of the Union. The fraternity now has 29 chapters, with some 2000 members in all, most of whom are of Italian extraction.

Later one of the Syracuse men transferred to Columbia. It was but natural that he would feel the same loneliness and that he would seek to appease it through the same methods that had been used at his first Alma Mater. The result was that Beta Chapter

came into being. Some of the Columbia men had friends at Yale and at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn. They

Alpha Phi Delta is now in its 16th year. From one little chapter begun at Syracuse, it now numbers 29 chapters and about 2000 members, most of whom are of Italian extraction. This article, by the Fraternity's national president, Mr. Sammartino, tells how it was formed and what it is today.

were all lonely; they all craved the friendship which their campus surroundings evidently did not provide. Friends, and of their own kind, were like bread to a hungry man. The Gamma and Delta chapter came into being. Some of the Syracuse men went to Buffalo. The spark immediately flamed into the Epsilon Chapter. Surely, the founders thought, we have had more success than we ever expected.

Then came the war. Some went with the American Legions; others with the Canadians. Alpha Phi Delta, along with the other fraternities, plunged into obscurity. Chap-

ters became dormant. Interest was centered elsewhere.

The war ended and fraternity life was immediately revived. Alpha Phi Delta took on new life. Again, the need arose for friendship and this time it was answered by new chapters in the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, the College of the City of New York, Union University, Western Reserve University, the University of Pennsylvania, Cornell University, the University of Pittsburgh, the University of Michigan, Ohio State University and West Virginia University. The realization came that some definite organization was needed. Not standardization with its accompanying deadening effect but simply a system to hold the chapters together without curtailing local initiative. Since then, a routinizing process has been going on, but always with one purpose in mind: to solve the questions of national organization with as little fuss as possible.

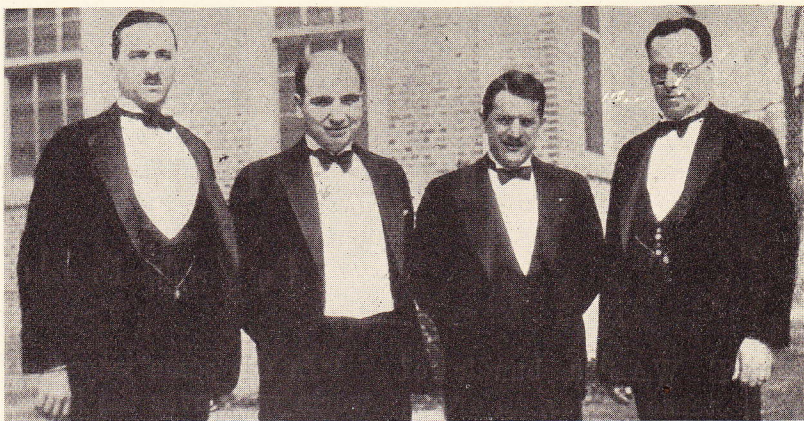
With our new emphasis in education which demands that school prepare for life by setting up life conditions on the

college and its campus, the local chapter supplies a definite need in this respect. The leaders of the Fraternity were not slow in recognizing this. The chapter house is a home. The men are taught to decide upon their own code of conduct and to settle their own questions. The national headquarters does not meddle in local affairs, gives counsel only when it is asked for and encourages wherever possible, a self-asserting attitude on the part of the local group. The only effect the national officers attempt to have is inspirational, to help the chapters to set up goals for themselves that are dynamic, reasonable and worthwhile.

IN the last six years, other chapters were formed in the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Boston University, Harvard University, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the University of Alabama, Pennsylvania State College, Duquesne University, the University of Rochester, Manhattan College, the College of William and Mary, and this month the two latest chapters were inducted at Temple University and Bucknell University.

The matter of scholarship is of extreme importance. The deans of the various colleges send periodic reports of the scholastic standings of the chapters to the national headquarters. All houses have regular study rules. Visiting sectional officers carefully examine the averages of the individual members. Faculty advisors are ever seeking to correct maladjustment and serve as personnel guidance officers. There are scholarships for graduate study in Europe, chapter scholarship keys and a national scholastic silver plaque.

The area of the fraternity



FOUR NATIONAL PRESIDENTS: BENJAMIN MARISCANO, PETER SAMMARTINO, JOHN PASTA AND PAUL J. SALVATORE

is divided into six territories: New England, New York State, New York City and New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Western, and Southern. Each area has its Grand Pro-Consul who inspires the men and encourages their activities. Once every three months, these officers come together with all the other officers and around a dinner table they discuss the various problems that arise.

Once a year, a convention is held. Presumably, the most important thing is the business transacted. But the convention is a force which transcends mere business details. It is a huge psychological force which embraces the whole fraternity for three glorious days and infuses new spirit and new interest into the hearts of those attending. Undergraduates stint for months and then tax the seating capacity of the chapter flivver to "make the convention." Gray-haired alumni throw their cares aside and skip away to spend a few days "with the boys." Wives, sisters and sweethearts all join in the great party for they, too, feel the friendship and the common bonds which bring them all together. At the last convention, one determined father squeaked his way seven hundred miles to Buffalo in a well-used Chevrolet, with his seven weeks-old baby. When they congratulated him, he said, "Well, I'll be darned if I'd let

a kid keep me from the convention." One undergraduate couldn't get parental consent. He solved the problem by taking them along. When it was all over, his father said, "Hereafter, my son can have all the money he wants to attend conventions."

The publications are another stimulating force in Alpha Phi Delta. A number of chapters have their own bulletins. The fraternity has its own "Kleos" which is distributed to all the members. There is a regular pledge manual which acquaints the neophyte with college and fraternity history; and which is really a course of study for him. There is a loose-leaf directory of all the members and the musical organ "Song of Alpha Phi Delta." In addition, various brochures are issued on matters of alumni, ritualistic, scholastic and varied interest.

THE matter of alumni organization is also of great importance. Business is reduced to a minimum. The principle on which such organization is predicated is social enjoyment. There are no meetings as such, but instead the members get together for dinner, or for a theatre party perhaps. Good fellowship must abound, and practically always, the alumni, of their own accord, will drift into serious discussions which

(Continued on page 129)

The Inner Voice

By Virgilio Brocchi

HE WAS a bundle of tense nerves, an ardor, an impetus that sprang out from his eyes, and it crackled in his voice, agitated his whole being and gave, in one instant, a hundred different expressions to the rough features sharpened by a beard just beginning to be speckled.

By this time the few friends gathered in the ample salon of Lidia Ornani Montanari, men and women, had been reduced to silence and smiles in order to hear him; only, from time to time, Ercole Fidenzio, the critic from the *Nuova Italia*, would interrupt him, more to excite him than for discussion's sake; and the sculptor would turn upon him with that vehemence of his that was both aggressive and playful at the same time, emphasized by his arms and his voice:

"Criticism; Do you know what it is? A negation! In the better cases it is an indolence that does not dare; but almost always it is a sententious impotency. And its courage consists in the climbing on to the shoulders of those who have reached the top, and to strut about like a little monkey on an elephant's back; or in aiming traitorous kicks at the shins of those who are seeking their own way, in the hope of knocking them down!"

"Or is it not rather the stimulus that refines and whets creative genius? There is antagonism at times, certainly; but how can the critic so often win over the poet, if . . . ?"

"In the same way that the worm wins over the hero. Because you attack and bite the artist, who cannot defend him-

Virgilio Brocchi, probably the most popular living Italian author, writes of the people; he is essentially the author of the bourgeoisie. Born in Lombardy, he is a faithful representative of his native province. His fame rests chiefly on his novels, in which he has been compared in some respects to the late Vicente Blasco Ibanez. His "Ciclo dell'Uomo" is a trilogy dealing with the life of man, beginning with the young boy, continuing with his struggle for recognition, and concluding with his attainment of his ambitions. Two of his most popular books have been "Miti" and "Netty," and his latest novel, eagerly awaited by his large audience, is "Con gli occhi limpide."

self, unless it be with his fists! I have never had any other hate in life but for police and for critics; do you know why? Both types are considered measuring rods, constituted authorities with a horror of the new and of those who are revolutionary, who frighten them, who break the laws of the police and of the Academy, the handcuffs, the ruler and system. Curses on those who have system instead of brains! For this reason, you see, in the soul of every policeman there hides the critic; and in every critic there is something of the police commissioner. . . and criticisms and

policing make it impossible to admire, and, therefore, impossible to enjoy and to love."

"When did you make this discovery, *maestro?*"

"I have always had it within me, without being aware of it. But some day I will shine forth with the light of evidence. I have adored Michelangelo at Florence in his *David* and in his *Pieta*, in his *Pensieroso* and in his *Notte*; do you know, now, after four hundred years, what Michelangelo means? A humanity higher than humanity; a spirit that is revealed in its opposite; a convulsion which, imprisoned in marble, breaks loose to become an eternal feeling, a negation that becomes adoration, because no one in this world has ever seen those men and those women, but neither can anyone conceive of a higher or more complete reality! God, I tell you, God! But in Rome, when I found myself before the railing around *St. Peter in Chains*, and before me appeared the miracle of the *Moses*, I lost my head; I cried like a child, and suddenly a frenzy took hold of me: I beat against the railing, I tried to climb it. . . Everyone in the church was howling: 'Down, down!' They seized me by the legs, beadles, janitors and guards, and they dragged me outside: I was forced to pay a fine; but I had seen such heights that, if they had kept me in prison for a month, it would not have been enough payment for that joy. Tell me

otherwise, you who are all gaping! Look, there is no shade of marble delicate enough to do justice to a beautiful woman's shoulders; there is no bronze flaming enough to catch in its fusion the thought of the poet; but to make a caricature of a critic—a critic more than anyone else is a good subject for a caricature—I know of only one material that is suitable, pumice-stone: porous like your brains, dry like your heart! I wake up in the morning, open the windows, and for me the sun is a consolation so glorious that, even if I were to suffer hunger, I would bless life: while you, also looking at the sun, think of only one thing, to discover the faults in creation, for it seems to make you a little less small when you succeed in saying that you are not worth much, but even God has His defects. Thus, you are not aware that art is a consolation, that the air is a balm, that health is a voluptuary, that life is beautiful...."

"And that women are good!"

"And that women are good! But good is not enough; they are noble, and generous, and holy, and ready for sacrifices so great that they can only be compared to the egotism of men...."

"You, maestro, ought to know something about that!"

I KNOW a few things, and for that reason I think that for one woman who stands for criticism, there are a hundred who stand for indulgence, intelligence, peace, consolation, hope, faith, beauty... And yet I am so ugly that it horrifies me a little, and I have never dared to look at all at myself in a mirror, for fear of never recovering from the shame... It doesn't matter: every time I have suffered, stumbled or fallen, I have always found, always, the hand of a woman

ready to sustain me and lift me up again: and therefore I believe in Providence."

"Whom are you thinking of, maestro? Tell us quickly: but the truth! Whom are you thinking of?" asked the beautiful hostess with her gushing vivacity.

He was silent, tenderly regarding his young questioner: then he said, very seriously:

"Whom am I thinking of? I could think of you, whose rich lines are the very spirit of a Bacchante; and whose face is a languor that closes the eyes over a nostalgia of caresses!"

"Impertinent!"

"And I could think of that beautiful young girl, who it like a mysterious book from which only the pages of the preface have been cut; or of you, Signorina Adele, who are the voice of the mute and the eyes of the blind, melancholy madonna of fortune...."

"No, maestro, you will not escape us with compliments: a little while ago you were thinking of a woman...!" countered Signorina Adele.

"Out with the story!" said Ercole Fidenzio smilingly.

And the youths and maidens assaulted Fossalta in a body with their questions:

"Was it many years ago?"

"When was it?"

"Here in Milan?"

"Yes, in Milan," replied the sculptor, "ages ago there was the Exposition. I had even exhibited myself a colossal group, as colossal as my misery! I have never been rich, but then.... For two days I suffered, and suffering (for those of you who have never suffered) empties the head, to fill it up again with dangerous thoughts and meanness. But there was a little voice at my side that whispered: 'You have too much genius to be forgotten; you are too much of a genius to despair of yourself!' And on hearing that inner voice, which

was so much weaker than mine, and suffered so much more, by that natural instinct that attaches us to life, I, knowing that to commit suicide requires great courage, told myself that suicide was cowardice; and I waited. One evening I was alone with my evil thoughts, elbows on the table, when 'trrrinnnn!...', the bell rang! I jumped to the door; it was a telegraph messenger boy. 'Will you be so kind as to come to the Hotel Regina this evening at 9. Lucia Grazia Ruspoli.'

MY first thought was that it had been misdirected, but it was addressed to the sculptor Fossalta, and there could be no doubt; my second thought was that it must be a joke; but without any volition on my part, there flamed up within me so much light, that the more I tried to persuade myself that it must be a joke, the more I felt dejected and desperate. Ruspoli was the name of the President of the Council; but this Lucia Grazia I had never heard mentioned, and these two names of consolation seemed to me to have been invented to augment my misery and my suffering; but the little voice at my side repeated:

"After all, perhaps it is not a joke. Today is not April first: what harm can there be in going? If you wish, I'll go ahead of you...."

"I was already quite weak, and every effort tired me; but that name Grazia seemed as though it must bring me good fortune. I went: choosing the darker streets, and holding myself against the walls like one who is afraid of being attacked by robbers; and when I was at the end of the narrow street that opens directly before the Hotel Regina, the striking of the hour, 9 o'clock, seemed to be repeated in my

throat, and I remained hidden in the shadows, spying on the door of the hotel. Ten minutes passed, fifteen minutes; and there was nothing suspicious to be seen. The soft voice within me murmured:

"If it had been a joke, your friends would all be here by now to give it away. Courage, let's go!"

"There were moments when my heart, beating loudly within me, made itself heard more than the little voice. Nevertheless, after a darting glance to the right and then to the left, I ran across the street, rang the bell, blinked my eyes at all the light, and, once inside, I asked the doorman without hesitation:

"Lucia Grazia Ruspoli?"

"Yes," he replied, and I straightened up somewhat, 'Yes, she has engaged an apartment here, but she has not yet been seen.'

"It may have been weakness, it may have been that unforeseen disillusionment that struck me over the head when hope had already assumed the form of certainty. Be that as it may, the fact is that if I had not leaned against a pillar just then, I would surely have collapsed.

"And then I walked through the streets like one who, in his dreams is being pursued and cannot make any headway. 'And yet,' I told myself, 'Lucia Grazie exists. She cannot have wanted to deceive me, since she has engaged an apartment. So, if I don't die first, the Providence that I hoped for today, may be for tomorrow.'

"NOTHING remained for me but to go to bed, and I had already drawn the covers over me when 'trrrinn!', the bell rang. I tossed the covers off and ran into the darkness reeling. I thought I was still dreaming: there was the tele-

graph messenger boy again, this time with the telegram: 'I could not leave. Wait for me tomorrow at three before your group at the Exposition. Lucia Grazie.' I tried to sleep, but the two telegrams, the street before the Hotel Regina, the hotel lobby and the doorman tossed up such a whirlpool within me as to make me dizzy. I opened my eyes in the dark and I thought... Of one thing above all I thought: that Lucia Grazia must be marvelously beautiful!"

"What made you think so?" asked Fossalta's beautiful hostess.

"The fact," grinned Ercole Fidenzio, "that she granted him the first rendezvous in full daylight!"

"No, my dear critic!" came back the mocking reply of the sculptor, "because that means nothing; even an ugly old woman may grant you an appointment at midday in the *Piazza del Duomo*. But because a woman tells you: 'I will be at the Exposition at three, among so many people, I, Lucia Grazie Ruspoli, without anyone else', one simply *knows* she must be as beautiful as the sun, to recognize her among a thousand!"

"And did she come?" With the impatient curiosity of her age, the young blonde seated before Fossalta asked this question.

"I went there, not at three, but at two! And I waited there, with my heart in suspense, my limbs weak, and with a great desire to sit down on the floor, I was so exhausted; and all the ladies passing by seemed to strike me in the heart. People passed by, and some stopped before my work. Many of them were really beautiful women. I would cock my ears and turn around a bit, but more for precaution's sake than conviction's; they would look, say some sweet nothings, and then

pass on; but Lucia Grazia was not to be seen. Three o'clock passed, and then three-thirty. I was so discouraged I could no longer stand it, for I had suffered during those three days, and then the tension of the spirit during those hours and the anxiety had weakened me such that it seemed that everything was whirling before my eyes. 'Shall I go, or not?'

"I HEARD some voices of authority in the next room, the curtain was drawn aside, and a group of personages in top hats and epaulets came in. I recognized the mayor, the prefect, and between them... she! Lucia Grazia, beautiful as the sun!

"She left the others and came directly toward me. 'The sculptor Fossalta? Excuse me...' But what excuse? Anxiety, suffering, all had disappeared before this beautiful creature of God; I was very well; I spoke and acted as though I had just dined. You critics will never know what it means to hear praise that you think is merited coming from the lips of a beautiful woman! She inquired as to the price of the work, in bronze, in marble, and for small reproductions, and then, without any further ado, she extended her hand and said: 'Grazie, thank you. I will write you.' Nothing else. And she left; but before reaching the exit she turned, saw me there, more dead than alive, and perhaps she understood, for she said something to one of the men, who came back and begged me to have dinner with them at the Hotel Regina. I could not conscientiously refuse; it would have been like throwing myself under a train. And I told myself, 'At any rate, I will have earned a dinner, and in addition, the sight of a beautiful woman.' So I accepted.

"Grazia she was called, Grace! And you think I ought

not to believe in Providence, and not bless Woman? She gave me the commission: my work was done in bronze, and then I was charged with making ten small reproductions of it... She wanted me to be with her all the time during the two months that she was in Milan..."

"And from that time did your good fortune begin!" said Ercole Fidenzio with gentle irony.

"No, because poverty is the beautiful shadow of my art. But my good fortune would have really begun had I accepted the offer of Donna Lucia Ruspoli. She was going to London, and she invited me to follow her, assuring me of commissions."

"And didn't you go, maestro?" asked the young hostess.

"No," was the melancholy reply, "I did not go. She was too beautiful, and I understood

that she had great sympathy for me. I did not want it to be said that I had triumphed because of a woman's... sympathy; and still less did I desire that, because of me, malignant gossip should surround the woman who had saved me. Then, too, there was the soft voice at my side that exhorted and urged me, and forgot itself in order to tell me: 'Go, go, go!' And for that reason my duty to remain was all the more sacred."

"And so you renounced riches, glory... for a sentimental caprice!" smiled Fidenzio.

"I RENOUNCED nothing" snapped the sculptor, "because I was sure of my genius! Hard times and even misery returned, but mark this well, you who laugh: I am old, and sometimes, in looking back, I recall many satisfactions, but nothing, look you, nothing that was

sweeter or more beautiful than having known how to say no, to be faithful to my thankfulness and ... to my little voice."

He rose, mumbling to himself, while the young hostess followed him to the ante-room and begged him to remain a bit longer. Fossalta did not reply, but put on his black coat and twirled his hat in his fingers. He regarded her, at first brusquely, then tenderly:

"Listen, beautiful one: he is your lover, but he revolts me. He is a good-looking idiot, that's what he is! And he cannot understand that Art is a woman like you... that's why he maddens me!"

He stuck his little curved pipe in his mouth and, opening the door, he went out, still muttering:

"Criticism? A sententious impotency!..."

And off he went.



THE STORY OF ALPHA PHI DELTA

(Continued from page 125)

result in inspiration and guidance for the younger men. Such alumni groups exist in Albany, Boston, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Long Island, New Haven, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Providence, Syracuse and Youngstown.

Regarding new chapters, Alpha Phi Delta pursues a most conservative policy in admitting new groups but a most generous one in helping the formation of prospective locals. When a request for help comes from such a group, usually a sectional officer is sent to consult with the members. The fraternity then gives the local group the benefit of its experience in matters of organization routine and helps

the individual members to put the chapter on a firm basis. A conference is, practically always, held with the administrative officers of the college. The men are invited to nearby functions of other chapters and are extended all the privileges and courtesies the national headquarters have at their disposal. If after two years this group has functioned smoothly as an entity, has sustained acceptable scholastic standards, has maintained a home, and is in harmonious relations with the faculty of the college, its petition is acted upon and if accepted, an initiation team is sent to induct the chapter. There are such groups at present in Colorado, California, New Orleans, Providence,

Catholic University, Loyola University, Long Island University, Iowa, Illinois, Alfred University, Ohio Northern and Virginia.

And so we come to an end. It is an exceedingly simple story; simple because Alpha Phi Delta is an organization fundamentally simple in structure. It came into being, it is and it will continue to be as long as the need exists. It is propelled forward and kept alive by its own fire. It fills a gap in our American College system and it fills it in a most natural manner. It enjoys a feeling of satisfaction and of happiness while ever-tending to reach higher and higher. And after all, isn't that a rather ideal position in life?

Books and Authors

MAKING THE FASCIST STATE.
By Herbert W. Schneider. With Selections from Fascist Literature and Documents of Fascist History, and Bibliography. 392 pages. New York: Oxford University Press.

IN most discussions on the Facist State, in which the so-called loss of liberty is weighed in the balance against both great and petty economic improvements, not very much, comparatively, is said of the guiding principle, the theory, behind Fascism itself. And perhaps it is just as well, for the movement, by dint of circumstances, has been forced into varying practical situations that are not always explainable in terms of the theory. Yet in this book by a Columbia professor, one of the most scholarly and complete treatises on the subject in the English language, that is the purpose.

"The Fascist mind and imagination hold the foreground of this picture, while enough of the political history and economic problems of the movement is brought into the background to make clear how the Fascists intend their ideas to be applied. The interaction between fact and philosophic fiction, between practical exigencies and social theories, between mind and body, forms the dominant theme of the following interpretation of Fascism."

One of the outstanding features of this work is the appendix containing selections from

G. K. Chesterton, the inimitable English essayist, whose latest book is "The Resurrection of Rome," reviewed in this issue



Fascist literature and documents of Fascist history. Here the men who typify Fascism speak forth in their own words, led inevitably by Il Duce, in his article "Force and Consent". This article was the first bold challenge to liberals after Mussolini's accession to power, and it served as a philosophic basis and rationalization for much of his subsequent policy. It asserted that though liberalism may have been "a good method of government for the 19th century, dominated by...the development of capitalism and the rise of the sentiment of nationality," it does not follow that it is suited to the 20th century, which is far different.

Does "liberty", he asks, mean liberty to work for the destruction of the State? "Liberty is not an end but a means. As a means it must be controlled and dominated." This brings us to the question of "force", and the obligation of a group or party in power to strengthen itself to resist being

overthrown by anyone. Perhaps, as Mussolini bluntly states, men are tired of liberty, and that catchword has been substituted by the Fascist slogan of Order, Hierarchy, Discipline.

Other men, Enrico Cerradini, the veteran nationalist leader; Giovanni Gentile, often called the "official philosopher of Fascism"; Malaparte, who would imbue Fascism with a Catholic form; Camillo Pellizzi and others, give body and form to the Fascist theory in this book, and form the most valuable source of original material possible.

Before anyone professes to know something about Fascism, let him read this book.

SHAKE 'EM UP! A Practical Handbook of Polite Drinking. By Virginia Elliott and Phil D. Stong. Illustrated. 80 pages. New York: Brewer & Warren, Inc.

"**T**HIS book" as its very first sentence accurately declares, "is All Wet. It is made for the People Who Fling

Parties, People Who Go to Parties, People Who Just Have a Table of Bridge, People Who Don't Really Drink but Feel That a Cocktail or Two Enlivens Conversation—in short, for the American People in the 12th year of Volstead, 1930.”

Bubbling over (reading the booklet suggests words like “bubbling”) with sophisticated humor of the “New Yorker” type, it more than gives some valuable receipts of all kinds. The very way it is written tempts one to put it to use by holding a party and relying on it for all emergencies. For it is divided up into sections, corresponding to the various types of drinking now current. And the illustrations by Herb Roth are exactly in line with the spirit of the book.

GUERRA. By Alfred Neumann. Translated from the German by Hunley Paterson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.00.

THRILLERS and masterpieces are written out of the material chosen by the German, Alfred Neumann, in his third work. Though this is not a masterpiece, it still has a certain polish and firmness that make it a worthwhile piece to be read by the student of both history and literature. In the first place it brings a distinctive flavor into our literary melting pot. (Perhaps some of the credit here is due to H. Paterson, the translator. These people often help to make or even unmake a book). There is a certain heaviness to it, characteristically German. But it interprets the passionate Italian character well in those turbulent times of struggle for national independence.

Mr. Neumann has taken a leader of the Tuscan movement for his principal character. Around him he has woven a magnetic tale wherein love of country and cause dominate. The reader has to admire Gas-

to Guerra even as his enemies and friends did. The villains of real life, the love of real life, is here without need for the author to invent but only to construe. And best of all it is the life infused into the book by a perceptor of psychological importance that gives the work a peculiar charm. This biographical historical novel may be recommended to the more studious and discriminating reader.

LAST AND FIRST LOVE. By Abel Hermant. Translated by Slater Brown. 384 pages. New York: The Macaulay Co. \$2.00.

ABEL HERMANT is one of the members of the French Academy, and in France his many witty and ironic novels have been well received. Apparently this is the first of his seventy works to have been translated into English, its original title being “Le Cycle de Lord Chelsea.” Certainly the choice is a good one, and critics have called it “one of the few important novels which French literature has produced in our time.” Especially in the portrayal of the character of Lord Chelsea, one of the truest presentations of an English Aristocrat in literature, is the book outstanding.

THE MESSAGE OF FRANCIS OF ASSISI. By H. F. B. Mackey. 102 pages. Milwaukee, Wisconsin: The Morehouse Publishing Co. \$1.75.

IT reads like an old-fashioned sermon, this book, in its simple, naive faith. And the “message” is the one to be found in the life of the beloved saint. Written by an English vicar, the author of two previous books on religious subjects, this book has been kept as it is for an American audience, as the publishers say that “to transfer his settings to an American locale would be as incongruous as attempting to portray Mr. Pickwick in a New York tenement, or Tess of the

D’Urbervilles in a Wild West scene.” Gone is the simple piety of the Pilgrim saint, religion today is a complex psychological thing.

AN EAST SIDE EPIC: The Life and Work of Meyer London. By Harry Rogoff. 311 pages. New York: The Vanguard Press. \$2.50.

FITTINGLY named an East Side epic, this is the story of the rise of a Russian Jew, brought up till his twentieth year in Russia, and then transplanted to the East Side in New York, where this dreamer proved himself strong and practical enough to defeat eventually no less a power than Tamany Hall. Going beyond this, he succeeded in reaching the position of Socialist Representative in Congress. The story of Meyer London, as it is ably told by Mr. Rogoff, is the story of a generation that ended with the World War.

ARISTOTLE'S POETICS and LONGINUS ON THE SUBLIME. Edited with an introduction by Charles Sears Baldwin. Modern Readers' Series. 133 pages. New York: The Macmillan Co. 80 cents.

THESE two works of the ancients are at the bottom of the whole field of literary criticism, and they still supersede the bulk of what has been written on the subject since their days.

The two essays, the “Poetics” of Aristotle and Longinus on the Sublime, may be called complementary, for one is preoccupied with composition, and the other with style. Aristotle’s essay analyzes the organization and composition of dramas and of verse narratives. It is here that he brings forth his famous doctrine of the tragic catharsis; tragedy “through pity and fear achieves the purgation of such emotions.” That of Longinus discusses the use of words as tools in the art of persuading men in the conduct of their lives and in enhancing their vision of life.

HOTEL UNIVERSE, by Philip Barry.
New York: Samuel French. \$2.

THIS play, when produced on Broadway last season, was not a commercial success, and perhaps the same can be said for its artistic side. There are no intermissions, the action, what little there is of it, continuing from the beginning to the end without interruption.

The play takes place upon the terrace of a villa near Toulon, where a physicist's daughter is giving a party to six friends. They do little else but talk and drink cocktails, but the depth of their conversation is sometimes amazing, falling as it frequently does into suicide channels. At one time the guests come under some kind of a spell in which they imagine that the physicist is someone they have known a long time ago, and in each case it is a different person out of the past.

Philip Barry is the witty, sophisticated author of "Holiday" and "Paris Bound," both successful a few seasons back.

A BREADLINE FOR SOULS. By Gloria Goddard. 122 pages. New York: Lewis Copeland.

MANY of these poems have previously appeared elsewhere, and in distinguished company, *Voices*, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, *Braithwaite's Anthologies of Magazine Verse* for the past few years, etc.

The poetry of Miss Goddard seems to be pervaded by a resigned tired idealism, especially in her "City Birds", "Futility" and "Circus Freaks." It can really be called poetry.

MODERN AMERICAN POETRY, A Critical Anthology. Fourth Revised Edition. Edited by Louis Untermeyer. 850 pages. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$3.50.

THE fourth revised edition of this "critical anthology" by Louis Untermeyer (the first was issued in 1919) finds it fairly well established by this time as just about the

standard anthology of American poetry. Essentially a poet himself (he includes a dozen or so of his own poems in the collection), Mr. Untermeyer also possesses a balanced and selective editorial viewpoint that is indeed rare in a poet.



VIRGIL
whose bimillenary has made him one of the most talked-of men of the year 1930

The poets are listed chronologically, with Emily Dickinson beginning the list, and with more of her poems included than any other; it ends, symbolically enough, with the child-poetess, Nathalie Crane. Very little else need be said of this book. Anyone who knows anything at all of poetry knows of Untermeyer's anthology.

One suggestion, however, might be made, and it would aid considerably in diffusing a knowledge of the poets. The somewhat lengthened vignettes of the individual poet might well, as in the case of Edgar Arlington Robinson, be stretched out to a few pages.

MARRIAGE: PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE. By Ralph De Pomerai. 370 pages. New York: Richard R. Smith. \$4.

THIS book, sub-headed "An outline of the History and Development of Human Sexual Relationships," traces in a broad and interesting way the history and development of marriage and divorce through-

out the world from the time of the primitive man down to the present, and has outlined the probable tendency of future development.

Especially interesting are the portions of the book dealing with the origin of many of our current ideas on sexual morality. Mr. De Pomerai further shows that "a new moral code is in the process of development, and that the code, which deprecates chastity at the expense of mental and physical health as strongly as it condemns licentiousness, is established upon a firm scientific basis, and not, as was the older code, upon mere prejudices and taboos."

THE AENEID OF VIRGIL. Bi-millennial edition. Translation by Harlan Hoge Ballard. With notes. 332 pages. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

THIS is a new edition of one of the classic translations of Virgil. With the year 1930 being celebrated the world over in cultural oases as the bimillenary of the great Latin poet, the publishers were encouraged to put out a special edition.

No ancient poet has been the object of greater study and appreciation than Virgil. During the two thousand years since his birth on October 15, 70 B.C., he has exerted a wide influence, first as author in the classic period of Latin literature, then as an object of veneration during the Middle Ages, and as one of the inspiring figures in the Renaissance. Finally, today he stands as one of the great poets of all time.

The notes appended to this edition are valuable to the reader.

L'AMOUR, or THE ART OF LOVE. By Paul Gerald. 56 pages. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.

THIS little booklet, which can be read in less than an hour is priceless. Its brilliant mots and sage observations on the kind of love that pleases

women are witty and penetrating. Examples:

"Be happy at success in love, but do not feel flattered. Victories of the sort are not great victories. Women are only too fond of being vanquished."

"Women love *men*. Do not humiliate your sex before them. A truly superior mind is never entirely dominated by love."

"'I love you' should never sound like a call for help. We cannot be wholly strong, and, if we were, we should have no need of love. But be as strong as you possibly can. At least, conceal your weakness from the woman you love. And don't bother to tell me that you insist on being loved for what you are. You are worth more than that."

The author, a Frenchman, is 45, is sometimes known as "the de Musset of the 20th Century, and is the author of "Toi et Moi," which was once a best-selling book of French poetry.

FROM IMMIGRANT TO INVENTOR.
By Michael Pupin. 396 pages. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1

THIS book, a classic among biographies, has had dozens of reprintings, but this is probably the first one at \$1 a copy. It is the story of a poor Polish immigrant, who, when he landed at what was then Castle Garden (now the Battery) half a century ago, had a total of five cents in his pockets. This was the man who was destined to rise to the position of front rank in the world of science, the inventor of the Pupin coil that has made transcontinental telephony possible, and now professor of electromechanics at Columbia.

"The main object of my narrative," says the author in his preface to this book, which won the Pulitzer prize in 1924, "was, and still is, to describe the rise of idealism in American science, and particularly in the physical sciences and its re-

lated industries. I was a witness to this gradual development."

FOREIGN NEWS IN AMERICAN MORNING NEWSPAPERS: A Study in Public Opinion. By Julian L. Woodward. 122 pages. New York: Columbia University Press. \$2.00.

THIS monograph, unavoidably limited in its interest to those especially interested in the newspapers as manifestations of public opinion, is an effort to explore on a small scale "the possible applications of a statistical and semi-behavioristic approach to the study of the social phenomenon called Public Opinion." In this case, the research is a quantitative one entirely. While the writer goes into the problem, he points out the three major factors involved: (1) the necessity of defining the scale units, (2) the problem of settling up and standardizing a set of classification categories and (3) the developing of some technique for ascertaining the reliability of the results obtained when the scale is applied to sampled date. This book is worth the attention of newspaper editors and workers.

WIDER HORIZONS, A New Map of the World. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. 402 pages. New York: The Century Co. \$3.00.

BETWEEN the years 1900 and 1930 there have been tremendous changes in the life of the world and in the life of the average man. It is difficult for us to recognize these changes; we have become used to them and we now take them as a matter of course. Only the older, more thoughtful people, and the orientation courses in universities give the matter much consideration. Most people are too busy to keep up with what has changed, in science, art, statecraft, business, sociology, and in all the important activities of the human race.

In "Wider Horizons," we have a synthesis of the past

thirty years that has been sorely needed by many of us. It is a glorified guide to the period of the last thirty years, one of the most important eras in the world's whole history. Dozens of books have already been written by Mr. Gibbons on international affairs, so that his qualifications for attempting this one-volume summary of what it would ordinarily take many more to explain cannot be disputed.

The wider outlook that is possible for us in this year 1930 does not only extend into scientific and medical fields, although these rank as among the most important. Culture, the human race as a race, internationalism, woman's new place in the world, the new effect of labor in politics, the importance youth is beginning to assert in contemporary history, the struggle within nations being waged against war—these are all fields and manifestations showing how greatly extended our visible horizon has become.

PILOTING YOUR LIFE, The Psychologist as Helmsman. By Dr. Joseph Jastrow. 372 pages. New York: Greenberg. \$3.50.

SOME time ago Dr. Jastrow wrote a book, "Keeping Mentally Fit," which is now in its fifth edition and was selected by the American Library Association as one of the 40 notable books of the year. Much of the material for that book was taken from a daily newspaper column which he conducts called "Keeping Mentally Fit." "Piloting Your Life" is a second "Keeping Mentally Fit." Neither of the two books is aimed at a select audience, it is popular and readable in its appeal, and yet its material is fundamentally sound, and in accordance with most of the latest, thought-straining theories of our psychologists.

In order to make the presentation simple and practical, and

understandable even by the simplest newspaper reader, Dr. Jastrow has divided the different steps of life into the stages of a voyage, with the psychologist guiding man through the treacherous passages. Dr. Jastrow is Professor Emeritus at the University of Wisconsin, past president of the American Psychological Association, and the author of many books on psychology.

THIS PURE YOUNG MAN. By Irving Fineman. 368 pages. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.00.

THIS is the book that won the \$7,500 novel prize offered by the publishers last year. It is the story, often told, of the pain endured by idealistic youth to whom the surrounding environment offers no comfort or relief.

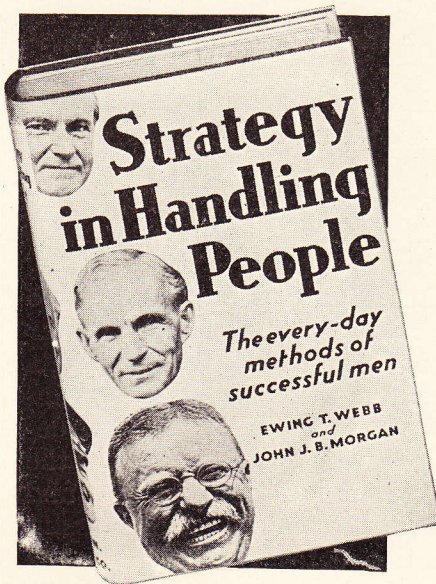
Roger Bendrow, the "pure" young man is studying architecture in college, and his oversensitive nature finds a poor complement in his room-mate, Harry Jarvis, more healthy and ordinary. Disillusionment follows after disillusionment, all caused by his coming in contact with the hard and abrasive surface of life. Inevitably, the hero loses out in this one-sided struggle.

STRATEGY IN HANDLING PEOPLE. By Ewing T. Webb and John J. B. Morgan. Illustrated. 260 pages. Chicago: Boulton, Pierce & Co. \$3.

THE case book method of driving home a point is becoming increasingly popular among psychologists. One of its chief exponents is Walter B. Pitkin, in his two latest works. The authors of "Strategy in Handling People" have also followed this method.

The book is exactly what its title would lead one to imply. It tells the reader how, eventually, to gain the necessary cooperation from others in order to get what he wants out of life. How to make people like you—

how to impress strangers—how to establish your influence over superiors and subordinates and friends—how to put across your ideas—how to size up people, etc., etc.—these are some of the topics taken up in the chapters of the book.



From the cover-jacket of the book by the same name

Written by a psychologist and a business-man (an extremely practical combination!), this book recounts hundreds of anecdotes from the lives of famous men to prove its points, and apparently it has found favor, for it is endorsed by several men high in public esteem. Especially for young men beginning their careers should this book prove valuable.

THE RESURRECTION OF ROME. By G. K. Chesterton. 294 pages. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.

THIS book is not intended, writes Mr. Chesterton, to tell the intelligent traveller what to admire, or what to pretend to admire. It is an attempt at the very difficult task of telling him why certain things are admirable, or at least why they have been considered admirable.

It deals with Rome not as a

dead city; but as a city risen from the dead. It deals with the last revolution and resurrection of Rome, in things like the Fascist march and the creation of the Vatican State, as the most modern manifestations of an immortal tendency of Rome to return to her high place at the head of the world. It points out that the same thing has happened again and again after apparent desertion or defeat; after the exodus to Byzantium; after the exile in Avignon; after the fall of the German Emperors in the Great War. Pagan Rome was famous as a city of triumphs. Christian Rome has been quite as specially a city of triumphs; but they have been more interesting as having been mainly moral and intellectual. It is not necessary to approve of the triumphs; but it is necessary to understand the note of triumph; or we shall not understand a stone or a line in the art and architecture of the city.

BRINGING UP YOUR CHILD, A Practical Manual. By Edwina Abbott Cowan and Avis D. Carlson. With an introduction by Arthur Dean. 278 pages. New York: Duffield & Co. \$2.50.

THOUGH it must be conceded a priori that no book of this kind can be taken as the literal Gospel truth with regard to one's own child, still, and despite the fact that every child is a case unto itself, this book will prove valuable to those who want a little outside assistance in the matter. "Bringing Up Your Children" is for the most part a series of object lessons for mothers, showing how a child's behavior may be reconditioned, *i. e.*, made to run through different channels. Smacking of the behavioristic school of psychology, this book would condition objectively. It may require a little thought on the parents' part, but it should prove well worth while.

Tripoli In History

THE historical vicissitudes of Tripoli approximate those of the majority of the peoples which through the ages successively ruled in North Africa.

In ancient times colonies of Phoenician sailors established themselves on the Tripolitan coast, founding there "empor-ia", at first temporary, later permanent, which formed the bases for landing and for replenishment by reciprocal trading with the native population of the coast and interior. The three chief emporia of the district were, from east to west, Leptis, Oea and Sobratha. From these three towns originated later, in the time of the Roman dominion, the name of the whole district—Tripoli.

About the 5th Century B. C., the Carthaginians took possession of the country and extended their power to the far side of the Gulf of Gran Sirte, determining the boundaries, with the Greeks of Cyrenaica, close by the legendary "Arae Phil-enorum."

After the fall of Carthage, the three emporia passed nominally into the power of the Kings of Numidia but, however nominal, subjection to ruling barbarians was ill borne by the more civilised populations of Punic origin. Leptis was the first city to ask the help of Rome to throw off the yoke.

In such manner, Roman armies first set foot on African soil and there, as everywhere, demonstrated their power and bravery. The Roman dominion lasted from the 1st to the middle of the 4th Century and reached its zenith in the 2nd.

In the 2nd century the barbarian population of the interior had been reduced to subjection after a hard struggle. At this time the wonderful four-fronted arch was erected at Oea (Tripoli) in honour of Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus; it is an unique Roman relic in present day Tripoli. Of the same age are the improvements carried out at Leptis by Septimus Severus who was born there. He embellished the town with fine monuments, palaces, baths and statues, while charming villas decorated with paintings and mosaics were built here and there at the most attractive points, especially on the sea-shore.

It was at this period too that the cultivation of the land and of the immense olive groves in particular attained its highest point of productiveness and made Tripolitania a very rich province and supplier of great quantities of produce to the mother city.

In the second half of the 4th Century the Roman decadence began, after a first invasion by the Austurians (363-366) succeeded by that of the vandals of Genseric (Gaiseric) who then ruled the country for over a century. After these came the Byzantines who, led by Belisarius, took possession of the country and for a time held it as rulers. Order was maintained until the death of Justinian (565) but under his successor the agitations of the Berbers broke out again and the country reverted to spoliation and disorder. In the years 633-634 (22 of the Hegira) when Oman was Caliph, Arabs

from Egypt invaded the country, pushing as far as Tripoli and Sabratha the latter of which they ended by destroying. This was the beginning of the long and tempestuous period of strife between Berber and Arab which lasted through many centuries and gradually reduced the whole country to ruin.

Owing to the almost simultaneous destruction of Leptis Magna, all commercial and maritime activity was concentrated in Tripoli which became and remained the sole important centre of the whole district. Arab rule continued, without break until 1146 when the Normans of Roger II first conquered the Arabs in Sicily and then succeeded in reaching the coast of Africa and taking possession of Tripoli; but soon the Arabs rose again and in 1160 reconquered the whole country and held it, amid fresh disturbances and internal strife and revolt, until 1510. Meantime, owing to internal disorder and the mis-government of the successive rulers, the country became more and more impoverished and piracy got a firm hold. It was in order to check the "Guerra di Corsa" (Raids) that the Spaniards occupied the city in 1510, partly rebuilding it, especially the fortifications and the Castle, and using for the work much material of Roman origin.

In 1530 Charles V. ceded Tripoli, along with Malta, to the Knights of St. John whom the Turks had driven out of Rhodes, but twenty years later the fleet of Sinan Pasha, sent by the Sultan of Constanti-

nople, captured Tripoli. Thus began the Turkish rule. After a short period during which the Chief of Tagiura, Nurad Aga (builder of the great Mosque, much visited, in the heart of that fertile oasis), acted as regent, the Sultan entrusted the government to the famous Corsair, Darghut Pasha, and, after him, to a series of regents. During their rule Tripoli, always a nest of pirates, was the scene of bloody struggles which only ceased in 1711, with the help of Ahmed Pasha Caramanli, the city broke away from the Turks and became independent. Several times European powers had to organize punitive expeditions against Tripoli. One of these was effective and had splendid results—the force sent there under the command of Francesco Sivori by the King of Sardinia in 1825. The Caramanli dynasty lasted until 1835 when Tripolitania came under the direct rule of Turkey which governed it by means of Vali (provincial governor-generals representing the Sultan) and allowed it to fall more and more into ruin and decay.

IN October 1911—the Italo-Turkish War having broken out—Italy landed an army of occupation in Tripoli, and after a series of brilliant military feats became master in the following year of the territory, which in November 1912, was proclaimed as under the full and complete sovereignty of the Kingdom of Italy.

The town consists of two very distinct parts. The old town gathered within the old Spanish walls, partly in ruins, partly restored, covers a pentagonal area, the longest side of which runs along the harbour, while a second side skirts the western shore outside the harbour. At the eastern corner of the five-sided walls is the im-

posing Castle now restored with discrimination. Along the two sides of the town adjoining the sea are the new wide arterial roads, the Lungomare della Vittoria and the Lungomare dei Bastioni. The former runs from the Pier and the Piezzale della Capitaneria di Porto, passing on the left the mound with the Mausoleum dedicated to the fallen in the Tripoli War, westward to the fine Piazza Costantino Brighenti in which is the tobacco factory, a very fine building. The Lungomare dei Bastioni starts from the same Piazzale and runs parallel with the ancient narrow and overhanging Via dei Bastioni as far as the Castle. The Lungomare Conte Volpi, bordered with young palms, starts from the eastern corner of the Castle and extends to the promenade del Belvedere. Thence the road, after passing through the suburb of Dhara, goes on to the Racecourse at Busetta. The old town which houses almost the whole of the native population, both Mohammedan and Jewish, has all the characteristics of an oriental town—a maze of narrow interesting streets, an ever-changing perspective and fore-shortening, a succession of picturesque corners, fugitive glimpses of little arches, white windowless walls here and there giving place to the imposing form of a mosque with rounded domes surmounted by slender tapering minarets. This old part of the town, once a huddled mass of misery and decadence, has now, thanks to Italian rule, a changed atmosphere. The authorities have had streets cleansed, drainage modernized, fountains of drinking water supplied and, what is most important, all changes have been made without materially altering the exterior of buildings, so that the visitor,

wandering through the Arab and Jewish quarters has a true conception of the homes, mode of living and characteristics of the population. Especially interesting is the Jewish quarter on a Saturday when all is festive and gay, the women donning for the occasion costumes of bright colouring which add greatly to the attraction of the scene. The other part of the town, mostly inhabited by Italians and entirely modern, lies eastward between sea and oases. It is intersected by wide straight streets, which, near the centre of the town (Piazza Castello Marino) are flanked by fine modern houses and imposing buildings and continue to the gardens of the suburbs.

THE most important street is the Corso Vittorio Emanuele III (formerly Sciarda Azizia). This begins near the Castle (at the end of the narrow Suk el Handik) in the ancient keep of which is the Archaeological Museum. The Corso is intersected at the Piazza Italia (formerly Piazza del Pane) by the Via Piave which runs direct from the Piazza to the wide and dignified Lungomare Conte Volpi. In the Corso Vittorio Emanuele III are the most important buildings of the new Tripoli: the Town Hall, the Government House (temporary home of the Governor until completion of the new residence) the Post Office, standing back in the little square opposite the Governor's house and the magnificent Palace of Justice. Other splendid buildings of recent construction line the Lungomare Conte Volpi, among them the Miramare Theatre, the Banca d'Italia, and the Grand Hotel and the Military Club and the Imperial Barracks (now army headquarters) is the old "Suk el Tlat" (Tuesday Market).

The Financial Outlook

THE months of September and October have witnessed some improvement in business, rather pronounced in some lines, but taking the situation as a whole the gains have failed to carry conviction as to the permanency of the uptrend. At this time of year the seasonal increase in the demand for goods would naturally impart a stimulus to trade and industry, hence the real measure of progress must be judged after making allowance for these influences. When this is done it must be admitted that the showing for Fall business so far has not been very encouraging.

Seasonal expansion of commercial borrowing at banks and money in circulation, usually expected at this time, has been very moderate, and evidences of continuing readjustment in wages and basic commodity prices have served to strengthen the feelings of pessimism. Indications, on the other hand, of a greater willingness on the part of various large consumers to contract ahead for raw materials at the

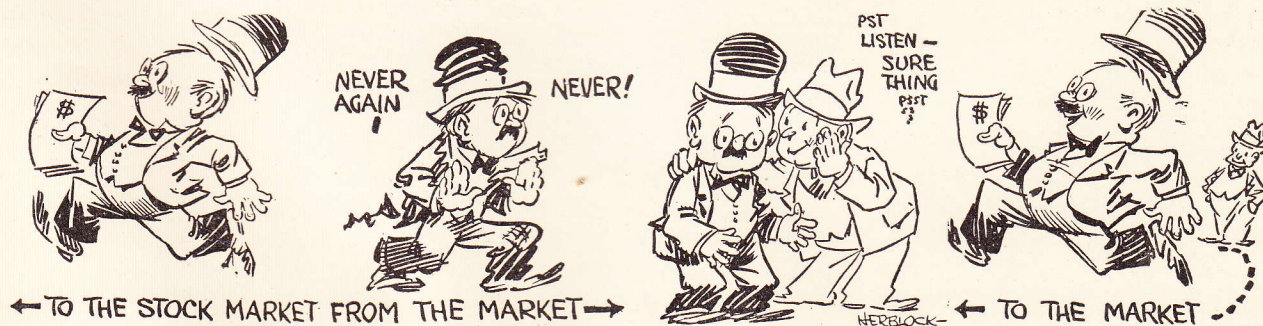
current low prices have been a favorable development.

To business men who, throughout the difficult times of the Spring and Summer, have been looking forward to the Fall months to mark the commencement of business revival, the failure of September and October to develop a conclusive upward trend has been a keen disappointment. As usual, this feeling has been reflected in the stock market, which showed a firmer tendency in the latter part of August on hopes of better business, but which lately has been subjected to renewed liquidation of an urgent character, carrying prices of many stocks down to new low levels for the year.

That the prospect of a possible deferment of any substantial improvement in business until next year should have a depressing psychological influence is inevitable, but this is no reason for a loss of perspective on current developments. In times like the present the public is in a highly nervous state and easily misled by fantastic rumors. Just as a year

ago the mood was to exaggerate every favorable item of news and ignore the unfavorable symptoms, so now the pendulum has swung the other way, and bad news is played up and good news thrust in the background. Repeated instances during the past month of panicky reactions to absurd alarms have given evidence of the extent to which the public has abandoned sound thinking and given itself over to hysterical imaginings.

This comment is not to imply any desire to minimize the seriousness of the obstacles to business revival, but simply to point out that it is possible to magnify the difficulties out of all due proportion. We do not agree with those who contend that the present depression is largely psychological, and that liberal doses of "sunshine" talk are all that is needed to restore us to the road to prosperity. We recognize that the depression is caused by serious and fundamental maladjustments, yet in its essentials it does not differ greatly from the depressions of the past. There



THE GREAT LESSON

—Herblock in the Chicago Daily News

Atlantica's Observatory

(Continued from page 3)

minds of hundreds of men the appreciation of the contribution Italy has made, not only to the United States but, to the world. Everyone can recall a few great Italian names.

In fact, the history of art, medicine, science, music or any other great form of human endeavor cannot be written without including some of these men. And yet, few of us really appreciate what the country of Columbus has done and the position it holds.

Her sons are scattered throughout the world. They are helping to create and to build. Never forgetting the homage and love which a man should have for his mother country, they are still loyal citizens of their adopted countries.

At the time of the World War, Italians in the United States numbered four per cent of the population and yet ten per cent of the casualties in the American army were of Italian birth or parentage. This should answer the question of loyalty.

Of the 9,000 physicians in the Metropolitan Area, more than 1,000 are of Italian descent. There are Italians in the Legislature of many states and in the United States Congress and Senate. Right here in our own city we have Italian physicians and attorneys who are recognized as leaders of their professions. This should answer the question of the present standing of Italians in the United States.

The history of our country is dotted with names of Italian leaders.

There was, of course Christopher Columbus, "A torch bearer on a sea of darkness, who illuminated the way from the old to the new world."

Amerigo Vespucci, from whom America received its name; Giovanni Cabotto, who served the English as John Cabot; Giovanni Verrazzano, who discovered New York harbor; Enrico de Tonti, chief officer of the La Salle expedition; Beltrami, who discovered the source of the Mississippi River; Mazzei, neighbor and companion of Thomas Jefferson, the first man to present the Colonies' cause to Europe in his writings; Col. Francis Vigo, the outstanding Italian of the American revolution;

Count Cesnola Ferrero and Spinola of the Civil War; these names and the deeds for which they stand show something of America's debt to the country and race of Columbus.

Then there were the Italian missionaries who carried the Gospel and civilization to the West and Northwest; the Italian artists whose work beautifies the government buildings in Washington, and countless others who have taken their place in the every day life of this country.

Italy has mothered the pioneers and the great artists, musicians, soldiers and statesmen for hundreds upon hundreds of years. This country has been ravished by man and by nature; overrun by Barbarian hordes; wracked by earthquakes and burned by volcanic eruptions and yet the spirit of her children has not been dimmed.

And yet, some of us Americans in the pride of our citizenship call them Wops and Dagoes. Such epithets fail to hurt the Italian. Rather than becoming angry, he pities the ignorance of the man who can find no better description of the descendant of a Dante or a Raphael than Wop or Dago.

Italy, the country of sunshine, has given the world and the United States of her sons that other lands might make use of them to achieve greatness.

Let us, then, respect our fellow citizens of Italian parentage. Let us give them honor for what their ancestors have done and for what they, themselves, are today accomplishing in this, our mutual country.

Truly the Italian owes no apology for being in the United States. Certainly, Italians have done their share in making America and in helping it to take its place in the sun.

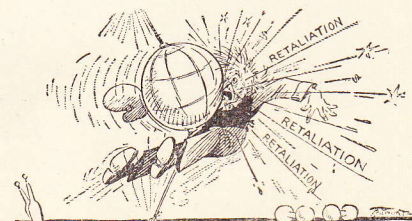
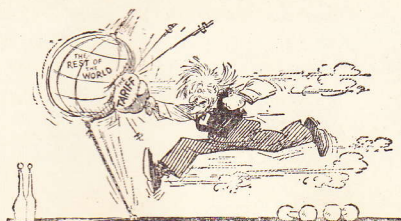
On Columbus Day, let us give a thought to the race and the nation of Christopher Columbus.

Gabriele D'Annunzio, famous writer and soldier, will soon sign a convention with the Italian Government under which he will cede to the Government his mansion "Vittoriale" at Gardone. The poet will continue to hold possession until his death, after which the mansion will be used as a national monument to the writer and a museum for important literary documents, particularly connected with D'Annunzio's famous coup in the capture of Fiume.

The International Institute of Agriculture in Rome recently celebrated its 25th anniversary with a brilliant ceremony in the presence of the King of Italy, its founder and patron, representatives of the 74 States adhering to the Institute, and all the highest Italian officials. Many eminent personages spoke, among them Premier Mussolini.

"There is no doubt," said Mussolini, "that agriculture plays a preponderant part in the dynamics of world economy. A crisis, in fact, is always reflected first by agriculture while the countries where agriculture is healthy and well-organized feel the effects of a crisis least. On agriculture, therefore, must be concentrated all efforts aiming to mend and equilibrate that delicate mechanism of economic exchange which, as is the case with all human things, can always be perfected."

Beniamino de Ritis, in a signed editorial in a recent number of the "Corriere d'America" points out that the celebration given annually in honor of Columbus is as nothing, in this country, compared with the fact that "Columbus" was chosen as the name of one of the four ships that were the beginning of the United States Navy. Two others were called the "Cabot" and the "Andrea Doria." This was a tribute indeed for Columbus!



ANOTHER FLEXIBLE FEATURE

(Tolhurst in the Washington "Daily News")

The Italians in the United States

THE clamorous publicity with which some Italian crimes have been magnified of late in the daily press may lead uninformed readers to believe that somehow and somewhere there must be something wrong with the Italians in the United States.

Without delving here into the causes that lie at the root of deplorable activities on the part of individuals of Italian blood one is safe in asserting that an overwhelming majority of such crimes is the outgrowth of the maladjustments to environment conditions.

On the other hand for every Italian who may evince disregard for the law, there are thousands who can be regarded as worthy members of society.

In this issue ATLANTICA continues to supply its readers with a monthly section devoted to Italian activities in the United States. Facts speak so well for themselves that one need not be a trained sociologist to notice the steady, even advance of Italians in all fields of endeavor.

The only qualification required in the interpretation of these facts is a knowledge of the conditions surrounding Italian immigration and settlement 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.

Social Institutions

Millions of Italian-Americans throughout the United States took part in various celebrations last October 12th in honor of Christopher Columbus. In New York City the activities were conducted by the Italian Benevolent Society, beginning with ceremonies in the morning before the explorer's monument in Columbus Circle and a charitable festival in the evening for the benefit of the poor.

A parade preceded the morning services at the monument, where a committee of the society laid a floral wreath, the gift of Carmine De Falco of New York. Messages from President Hoover and Governor Roosevelt were read. The committee was headed by Generoso Pope, president of the festival.

The thirty-fourth annual charity festival of the society was held at the Star Casino, Park Avenue and 107th Street. After formal opening services, a reception and dance were held in the casino.

A tribute to the Italians of the metropolitan area was paid by Acting Mayor Joseph V. McKee in an address broadcast over Station WOR as part of the Columbus Day program. Linking the long voyage of Columbus to recent explorations in other fields, the president of the Board of Aldermen pointed out the necessity for courage in man to fulfill his ideals.

"It is only the by-product of our American democracy," Mr. McKee declared, "that each racial group within us has contributed to the nation's economic progress and social welfare. Here in the largest Italian city of the world—by reason of its greater population than Rome—we have come to know the finer aims and ideals of the Italians."

In Chicago a great double celebration was held for both Columbus and Virgil in which all the leading Italians of that metropolis took part. In Philadelphia, Boston, and other centers of Italian life, participants in Columbus

Day celebrations all outdid themselves.

In Genoa, the discoverer's birthplace, the anniversary was celebrated as never before. Large crowds turned out to view the Columbus relics and wreaths were placed upon his monument.

At the house reputed to be his birthplace a guard of honor of Carabineers watched all day long. Diplomatic representatives of all the countries of the Americas filed through the doors to place wreaths.

At the White Palace, further up in

world that he and his children were from Genoa, excited interest.

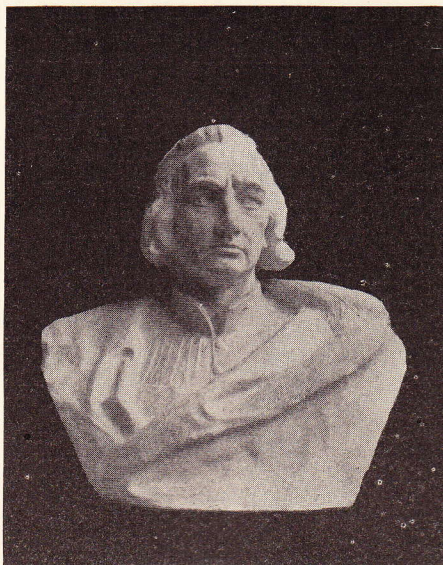
Dr. Arcangelo Liva of 2 Park Place, Rutherford, N. J., was recently tendered a testimonial banquet by his friends in honor of his election as president of the New Jersey State Board of Medical Examiners.

Dr. Liva was born in Italy 43 years ago and received his early education there. When seventeen, he came to this country and studied medicine at New York Medical College.

Among those present was his aged father, Giusto Liva, now of Lyndhurst, who saved his meager earnings as a sculptor to pay his son's passage to New York 26 years ago.

A new and magnificent Italian hospital has been erected in San Francisco. It is called the Dante Hospital and was built by the Federation of Italian Societies in San Francisco. Its surface area is 4,000 square feet, and it is the last word in modern hospitals. It is a non-profit-making enterprise, its net returns being used for the benefit of the Italians in San Francisco, who own the hospital through shares.

The Columbian Republican League recently held a banquet at the Hotel Astor in New York in honor of its members who hold public office: Giovanni Calanese, Deputy Attorney General; Frank J. Catinella, Assistant U. S. Attorney; Cosmo Cilano, State Senator; Mario Di Pirro, Assistant U. S. Attorney; Charles Gimbrone, Assemblyman; Samuel Giunta, Assistant Attorney General; Fiorello H. La Guardia, Congressman; Ernest Lappano, Assistant U. S. Attorney; Frank Manzella, Alderman; Vito Marcan-tonio, Assistant U. S. Attorney; Rocco Perella, Assistant U. S. Attorney; Charles Peters, Assemblyman; Nicholas H. Pette, Federal Commissioner; Peter P. Spinelli, Assistant U. S. Attorney; Mario T. Scalzo, Assistant Attorney General; Thomas Todarelli, Assistant U. S. Attorney; and Humbert



Christopher Columbus in whose honor the Italians in this country held many celebrations last Columbus Day

the modern city, there was a display of documents and souvenirs relating to the discoverer. Deeds signed by Columbus's father, the humble wool carder and weaver, Domenico, executed at Savona but proclaiming to all the

J. Ubertini, Assistant Attorney General.

The chairman of the committee was A. P. Savarese, and Congressman Hamilton P. Fish was toastmaster.

The Americus Society, Inc., of New York held their annual banquet and ball last month at the Biltmore Hotel. Michael A. Cardo is President of the Society, which is located in the Kaplan Building, Arthur and Tremont Avenues, Bronx.

Rev. Carlo Cianci of St. Michael's Church in Paterson, N. J., recently celebrated his 25th year in that capacity. He was warmly felicitated by his parishioners and friends.

Education and Culture

One of the most interesting courses being given in New York City is that being offered by the New York University School of Education at the Harlem House, 311 East 116th Street, New York City. It is called "The Social Background and Education of the Italian Family in America," and it is of particular interest to teachers, social workers, librarians, and others whose work brings them in contact with families and children of Italian descent. The course considers Italian heritages (that is, the historical and cultural backgrounds of the Italian immigrant) in their interaction with American and other local cultural backgrounds. It consists of lectures, class discussions, and first-hand observations in the local Italian immigrant community (the Harlem House is located in the midst of one of the largest Little Italies in New York City).

Given by Mr. Leonard Covello, head of the Department of Italian at De Witt Clinton High School and Mr. Edward Corsi, head worker at Harlem House, the course is attended by students who meet every Monday evening. Frequently Italo-Americans prominent in various fields in the life of the city are invited to lead and join in the discussions, and field work is also added, consisting of visits to local institutions dealing with Italian families.

Probably this course, though especially interesting for people whose work brings them in contact with Italian families, is of greater importance for the Italo-American himself, who, in his life in this country, tends to forget or overlook the background of his family. This is what leads to the oft-noticed maladjustment between first and second Italian generations. It is a course, this, that should be looked into by every Italo-American of education, for in helping him to understand his people, it also helps him to get an objective view of them, and to further promote his relations with them. He would do well to register in January.

The Circolo Italiano of Hunter College, in association with the Italian Permanent Book Exposition and the Friends of Italy Travel Club will present "Land of Dreams" (Paese di Sogno), on Saturday, November 8, at their auditorium.

The proceeds will go toward founding a prize for scholarship in Italian at Hunter.

One of the finest Virgil exhibitions in this country was held this past month at the New York Public Library, in honor of the 2,000th anniversary of the birth of the poet. The Newark Public Library and the Newark Museum opened a joint exhibit depicting the rise of Mediterranean cultures, which will remain open till December 31. The library of Connecticut College for Women, at New London, is holding a similar exhibition.



Frank A. Bellucci
the first Italian to have been elected
President of the Bar Association of
Queens

Among the speakers listed in the coming season's program of the League for Political Education at the Town Hall is the Italian Historian Guglielmo Ferrero, who has not visited the United States for many years, and who will speak on "The Future of Constitutional Government in Europe."

Prof. Giuseppe Franchini, of the University of Bologna, has arrived in this country to give a series of lectures on tropical diseases at the invitation of the American Medical Association.

Prof. Joseph S. Piazza, of Boston, has been appointed chairman of the Romance Language Department at Dartmouth College.

Fine Arts

The Teatro D'Arte, directed by Giuseppe Sterni, has begun its second season on Broadway, presenting famous Italian plays fortnightly. The first play of the new season was "Tristi Amori," a popular Italian play by Giuseppe Giacosa, with Mr. Sterni in the leading role. Others in the cast included Guido Nadzo, Raffaello Borghini, Silvio Minciotti, Nina da Zura, Adele Rossi, and Cecchini. It was given at the Bijou Theatre in Italian, and was followed by a one-act comedy by Agis, "Una Strana Avventura."

On the 9th of November the same company will present "Il Piacere dell'Onesta," a comedy in three acts by Luigi Pirandello.

A comprehensive exhibition of the works of the noted Italian-American

sculptor, Alfeo Faggi, is now on view at the Ferargil Galleries in New York City. The event is of unusual significance, since the sculptor has not held an important show for nine years.

His first important showing in New York was in 1921 and, since then, his work has been hailed widely as ranking with the foremost of contemporary sculptors by critics and connoisseurs. The major part of the works shown in the exhibition at the Ferargil Galleries are recent and have never been exhibited before.

One feature of the exhibition is the portrait of the American poet Robert Frost, which has been lent for the occasion by Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

Among the Italian artists represented at the 29th Carnegie Exhibition of Painting at Pittsburgh there are Romagnoli, Francesco Camarda, Alberto Saliotti, Felice Carrena, Donghi, and di Chirico.

The noted Italian impresario Fortune Gallo, recently came back to this country after a two month sojourn in Italy, where he acquired the rights to produce the first talking version of "I Pagliacci" abroad. Mr. Gallo is the founder of the San Carlo Opera Company and he has his own theatre—the Gallo Theatre on 54th Street, New York—where he used to produce operas. He is now concentrating on radio and sound films.

Fernando Germani, distinguished Italian organist, who appeared here two years ago, recently gave a series of recitals at the Wanamaker Auditorium in New York. Mr. Germani is professor of organ at the Santa Cecilia Royal Conservatory of Music in Rome, a member of the faculty of the Pontifical School of Sacred Music in the same city and organist of the Augusteo Orchestra.

The 55th Street Playhouse in New York recently presented an Italian talkie, "Perche No?" with Maria Jacobini in the leading role. On the same program there was a newsreel of Mussolini speaking in Italian and Tito Schipa in a few musical numbers.

Tullio Serafin, who recently conducted "Aida" in the opening presentation of the Metropolitan Opera season, said, on his arrival from Italy, that he had conducted several performances of the Royal Opera Company at the Teatro Real in Rome and that premier Mussolini had offered him the post of permanent conductor of the company at a higher salary for the season than he is receiving in New York. Maestro Serafin, however, had to decline, as he was under contract with the Metropolitan. After the summer opera season in Rome, he conducted a few performances in Venice.

Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci the operatic and concert soprano has sailed for the Channel ports for a ten-week concert tour of the British Isles.

Mme. Galli-Curci's tour will be her first visit to the British Isles in five years. She will return for a rest before starting her American tour in Florida next January.

Mme. Rosa Ponselle, who opened her

Interiors

*Tastefully, Artistically
and Economically
Arranged*

CHARLES RAINVILLE DIX

79 Lexington Ave.

Manhattan

TABAJIAN ORIENTAL RUGS

Station Plaza

Ridgewood, N. J.



The largest and finest assortment of Oriental Rugs in Bergen County are offered for your selection. Special reductions will prevail on all our merchandise during the coming holiday season. Whatever your needs be we can satisfy them here, saving you money, and the time and trouble of going into New York.



BUY USEFUL GIFTS

LOVE NEST

**THE ORIGINAL 5c NUT ROLL
SOLD WHEREVER CANDY IS SOLD
THE EUCLID CANDY COMPANY
BROOKLYN, N. Y.**

Joseph Personeni, Inc.

496 - 498 West Broadway, New York

Specialità Italiane



Joe Savoldi
one of the mainstays of the Notre Dame football team

season with the Metropolitan Opera Company at Philadelphia on October 28 in "La Gioconda," had previously completed her second successful season at Covent Garden Opera House in London, where she took part in nine performances.

Rafael Sabatini, the popular Italian-English novelist, recently arrived in this country for the opening of his play "Cesare Borgia: the Tyrant." Born in Jesi, Province of Ancona, Italy, he followed his father to London, where he began writing the novels that have made him famous. The latest one is "The King's Minion."

The Mercantile Land and Lakewood Studio Companies have engaged Mr. Daniel J. Scrocca as architect for designing and supervising the construction of all their buildings and developments of the Pine Forest Manor in New Jersey, near Lakewood. The moving picture studio that will rise on the 4,000 acres of land will be one of the largest buildings of its kind in the country, costing approximately a million dollars.

WHERE TO DINE

Capri's
Italian Restaurant

Luncheon 50c, Dinner \$1
Table d'hote - a la carte

Excellent Italian Cuisine

125 West 72nd St.
Susquehanna 9236
New York

Public Life

For the first time in the history of New York, an Italian, Frank A. Bellucci, has been elected president of the Queens County Bar Association. In the balloting, Mr. Bellucci received 96 votes, and his nearest competitor 71.

In a recount of votes in East Boston recently, it was found that Attorney Henry Selvitella, who according to first tabulations had "lost" the nomination for Representative to Congress from his district by 39 votes, had really won over his opponent by seven votes. The Democratic nomination in his district is equivalent to nomination.

Giovanni Calanese of the Bronx, N. Y., is the latest Italian to be selected as an Assistant District Attorney for the State of New York, under Hamilton Ward. The appointment was recommended by Edward Corsi, president of the Columbian Republican League, and Head Worker of the Harlem House in New York City.

Among the other Assistant Attorney Generals on Mr. Ward's staff are Carlo Cugini, Enrico Umbettrini, Angelo Scalzo, Giovanni Giunta and Giuseppe Ricotti.

His Excellency Nobile Giacomo de Martino recently returned to this country after a sojourn in Italy.

The Italian Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, S. E. Fani, has left for Italy, after a short vacation in this country. Signor Fani was incognito here most of the time, having come here to satisfy his curiosity concerning the United States.

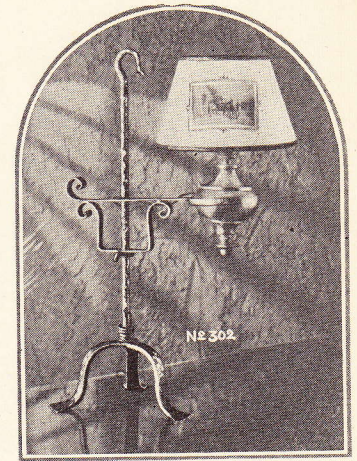
Sports

It is interesting to note that, in the recent World's Series between the Philadelphia Athletics and the St. Louis Cardinals, the first hit to be made off Grove in the first game was made by an Italian, Mancuso. Later in the same game, when the cause of the Cardinals was low, it was an Italian pinch-hitter, Puccinelli, whom the Cardinals called upon to try to pull the game out of the fire.

Rosario Impellitteri is the name of a heavyweight whom Renato Gardini, famous Italian wrestler, predicts will be the next world's champion. He is 6 feet 7 inches tall, weighs 280 lbs., and is only 20 years old. Gardini plans to train him himself. The young giant was born at Newburgh, N. Y., of Italian-American parents. He is an all-around athlete, plays basketball, football, wrestles and boxes.

Franco Georgetti recently won his fourth consecutive motor-paced bicycle championship of America at the Coney Island Velodrome recently before a crowd of 20,000. It was the final in a series of 50 races to determine the national title and was run at 40 miles. Georgetti won the title with 124 points.

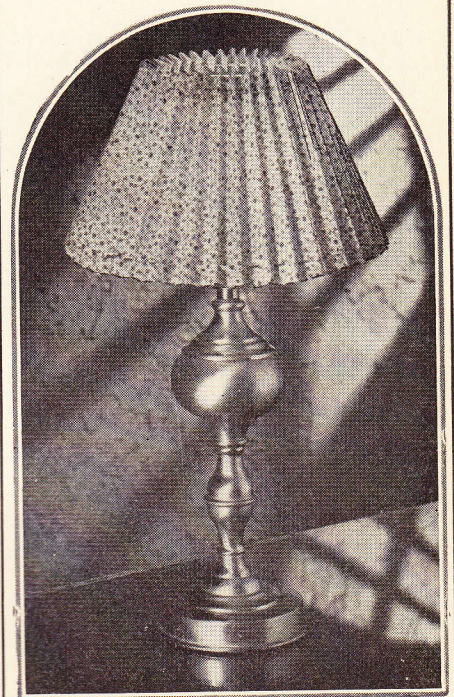
Ray Barbuti, the only American to win first place at the last Olympic games, has entered the pro football



Height overall 24 inches

This portable, hand forged iron lamp, steel finish, pewter cup—arm can be raised or lowered—8-inch vellum shade with sport print, tinted amber.

SPECIAL AT \$9.50



Height overall 16½ inches

This hand-forged colonial pewter lamp complete with pleated chintz shade eight inches in diameter is most attractive for all year use and fits particularly well into the simple interiors of summer homes.

SPECIAL AT \$4.75

BERNA ART SHOP, Inc.
437 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Berna Art Shop, Inc.,
437 Madison Ave., New York City

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is my remittance for \$..... for which please send me

.....24 inch lamps @ \$9.50

.....16½ inch lamps @ \$4.75

as advertised in ATLANTICA.

Name

Address

CityState

GROSSMAN-LE DUC REALTY CO.

Sales Rentals Management

Now is the opportune time to buy, sell, or rent.

Special attention to your problems.

Vanderbilt 4197 489 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

E. CERRUTI

1 Harrison St., New York, N. Y.

SOLE AGENT

Tommaso Moro & Figli, Genova - Olive Oil
Fabb. Italiana G. Sanguinetti - Trieste - Anchovies.
Società Esp. Polenghi Lombardo - Codogno - Cheese.
Fratelli Fulvi - Viterbo - Genuine Pecorino Romano.
Soc. An. VICTORIA - Torre Annunziata Centrale - Peeled Tomatoes.
Roquefort, Gorgonzola, South American cheese, as well as other important shippers of Swiss canned goods, Chocolates, etc.

Distinctive Personal Stationery

STATIONERY REFLECTS PERSONALITY. CHOOSE IT AS YOU WOULD YOUR PERSONAL APPAREL
Men and women who can well afford to pay more prefer Fifth Avenue Stationery because of its superior quality and moderate price

Monogram or Name and Address
Like Die Engraving—Lustrous Raised Letters
(Not Printed)

In Black, Blue or Green

LINEN OR VELLUM FINISH PAPER, Club Size 6¼x5½
100 SINGLE SHEETS and 100 envelopes, lettered, and 100 \$2
plain sheets OR 100 folded sheets and 100 envelopes, lettered

Paper Colors: French Grey or White.

Remit with order, shipped in a week postpaid—
add 25c west of Miss.

FIFTH AVENUE STATIONERS
505 Fifth Avenue Dept. AA, New York
Other exquisite stationery at \$2 and \$3
Write for samples, also new monogram designs

COLUMBUS TITLE & TRUST CO.

FRANK DI BERARDINO, PRESIDENT
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BROAD STREET OFFICE
1835 SO. BROAD STREET

CHRISTIAN STREET OFFICE
821 CHRISTIAN STREET

WEST PHILADELPHIA OFFICE
6328 VINE STREET

FRANK DI BERARDINO,

DISTRICT GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT
NAVIGAZIONE GENERALE ITALIANA
821 CHRISTIAN STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Italian Savings Bank

of the City of New York

Unica Cassa di Risparmio Italiana autorizzata e
vigilata dal Dipartimento Bancario dello Stato
FONDATA NEL 1896

27 CLEVELAND PLACE

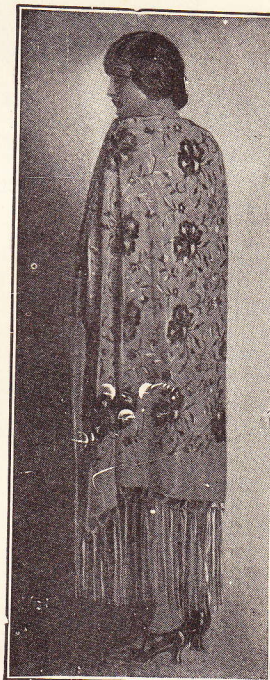
(Angolo di Spring e Lafayette Streets)
Succursale di Harlem: 204 East 116th Street

Rimesse di denaro in tutte le parti del
mondo a mezzo tratte e vaglia
postali e telegrafici

ORARIO:—Tutti i giorni (meno i festivi) dalle
10 ant. alle 3 pom. Il Sabato dalle 10 alle 12 m.
Il Lunedì dalle 10 ant. alle 9 pom.

Attività: oltre 34 milioni di dollari

residenti fuori New York possono depositare a
mezzo "Money-Orders" o "Cheques" intestati
all'Italian Savings Bank.



Save Money

**BUY DIRECT
FROM
Manufacturer and
Importer
Embroidered
Silk Shawl**

No. 36 Exquisitely designed
Spanish shawl made of the
finest quality crepe de chine
and embroidered in beautiful
colored floral designs with pure
silk. Size 54 in. square with
18 in. hand tied silk fringe.
All colors.

Price \$8.00 EACH

**Italian
Imported
Bedsread**

No. 101 A genuine woven bed-
spread whose beautiful design
and fine workmanship stamp
this as a worthy addition to
any home. Full double bed
size with 3" heavy silk fringe
border on long sides. Colors:
blue, gold, pink, rose, dark
rose, orchid, maize, peach.

Price \$3.95 EACH

SPANISH LACE MANTILLA

No. 90 A perfect reproduction of a very costly importation.
Woven by a special process that prevents stretching or running
thus giving unlimited wear and satisfaction. All colors.

Price \$3.95 EACH

Mail Orders Filled

LEWIS IMPORTING CO.
Dept. A-2 141 Fifth Ave. New York City

ranks with the Long Island Bulldogs.

Arthur Rizzo set a new world's record recently for endurance swimming when he remained in the water 68 hours, 11 minutes at Valetta, on the Island of Malta.

Macaluso of Colgate and **Viviano** of Cornell are two of the highest individual point scorers in the East in football. Macaluso recently displaced Viviano, who was tied for first place with Murphy of Fordham, and took the lead himself.

Tony Manero, recent winner of the Glens Falls open tournament, led a field of thirty-three in the Metropolitan Professional Golfers' Association one-day tournament over the Mount Kisco Country Club course in New York recently.

Manero, scoring a par 70, turned in a brilliant card that had fourteen pars and two birdies over the tricky layout that defied the efforts of other stars to go below 74.

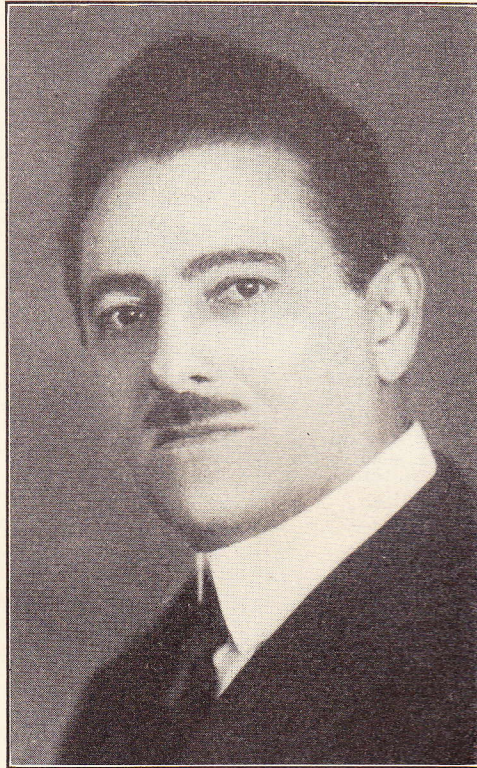
Ralph Ficucello, promising young Italian heavyweight of Brooklyn, knocked out **Andrea Castana** of Mexico, recently, thereby giving him the distinction of having won two victories within the space of a week. The knockout was scored in the second round. Ficucello had previously defeated **Ted Sandwina** of Sioux Falls, Iowa, on points. On the same card, **Todo Pira**, Brooklyn welterweight, knocked out **Tommy Ando** of Harlem, in the 2nd round of a scheduled 4-round battle.

A glance at the football line-ups of the leading universities in any Sunday paper will convince the reader that Italian-Americans in larger numbers than ever are participating in the sport.

A representative list follows: Syracuse, Lombardi; Rutgers, Mattia and Prisco; Brown, Rotelli; U. of Baltimore, Tallucci; Bucknell, Mezza (who recently beat St. Thomas single-handed, scoring all 14 points for his side); Colgate, Orsi, Abruzzo, Macaluso; Lehigh, Nora; Lebanon Valley, Patrizio; Niagara, Bernado; St. Lawrence, Ano; Tufts, Uanna; Penn, Perina, Masavage; Wisconsin, Molinaro; N. Y. U., Bella, Vavra; Mass. Aggies, Costello; Columbia, Rivero, Nobiletti; Trinity, Disco, Fontana; Conn., Aggies, Derosa, Union; Cinella; St. John's, Alfred Gallo, Dalolio, Pace, Albert Gallo, Constantino; Drexel, Labove, Cardoni; Manhattan, Cicalello, Del Negro; Ransselaer, Ablondi, Diaddario, Pinto, Dubro; Muhlenburg, Gernaro, Palladino, Parillo; Holy Cross, Cavalieri, Cotucci; Fordham, Siano (captain of the team); Villanova, Conti; Boston College, Morelli; Providence, Minella, Delvecchio; Clarkson, Lamoni; Penn State, Zorella; Lafayette, Cirillo; Washington and Jefferson, Trapuzano; Temple, Caterina; Upsala, Quallo; Trenton, Monaca; Rhode Island State, Cicurzo, Murgo, De Rita; Bates, Valenciti; Swarthmore, Tomassetti; Kentucky, Cavana; Mercer, Lobetti; Washington State, Parodi; Cornell, Viviano; Notre Dame, Carideo and Savoldi.

Of these the outstanding figures are Carideo and Savoldi of Notre Dame, Viviano, one of the East's highest point scorers, and Siano, captain of the Fordham team for the second year in a row.

Gene Sarazen, stocky golf pro from New York, is the new Middle Atlantic open champion. The former national open champion gained the crown by shooting a pair of par 71s over the



Dr. Mario P. Marafioti whose contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, to teach their players voice culture, has been extended for another year.

Woodholme Country Club course in Baltimore recently to give him 290 for the 72 holes of play.

The Italian National Rifle Society (Tiro a Segno Nazionale Italiano) recently celebrated the fortieth anniversary of its founding, being one of the oldest Italian societies in this country. Many of its founders are still alive.

Business, Professions, Finance

The Italians comprise the largest contingent in rehabilitating the industry of grape-growing, which represents a valuation of \$350,000,000, and which is under the control of the Federal Farm Board.

Complete statistics prove that the marked increase of this industry is due largely to the great interest of the

Italians.

Approximately 10 per cent of the grape-growers of California are Italians.

Leading among them are: Giuseppe DiGiorgio, one of the biggest fruit merchants in the world. Roberto and Edmondo Rossi, heading the famous colony of Italo-Svizzera; Secondo Guasti, head of the Guasti Company; A. Mattei, Frank Gianni etc. In the officers list of the Fruit Industries, Inc., one finds; Secondo Guasti, president; James A. Barlotti, first vice president; A. Perelli Minetti, vice president, entrusted for the production in the central districts.

The Italian Vineyard, the Perelli Minetti, the L. M. Martini and many more are the Italian firms who are models in conducting business. All told, about 50 per cent of the producers are Italians.

Probably \$50,000,000, or one seventh of the entire invested capital belong to Italians, who have followed in the art of "vine-culture" the footsteps of their ancestors.

The Banca Commerciale Trust Co., has opened up another branch in Philadelphia at Broad and Wharton Streets.

The Chicarelli Brothers, Joseph and Biggi, have opened in Boston a new \$100,000 Jamaica Plain Market. It was constructed by the D'Amore Construction Co.

The complete edition of the works Bernard Shaw being produced by Wm. H. Wise & Co., one of the finest examples of book-making, is making use of Italian paper, it has been learned.

Miscellaneous

The Bellanca monoplane "Columbia" is the only plane to have crossed the Atlantic twice, Capt. Boyd and Lieut. Connor having recently piloted it across to England for its second successful hop.

Mimi Saraniti, of 5106 Eighth Avenue, Brooklyn, recently was instrumental in foiling an attempted holdup of the Bay Ridge Branch of the National City Branch. Only 11 years old, she had appeared on the scene of the robbery, and, sensing something was wrong, had run to the street, shouting and screaming. Her cries made the robbers nervous and they made a quick getaway, without having taken anything.

La Tribuna di Hartford, Italian weekly appeared in Hartford, Conn., recently. A. R. Zlasso is editor and Santo Bordonaro associate editor and advertising manager.

Join

the Book-of-the-Month Club

now—while you can get

The First Book FREE

A special offer—see reason for it below

A GREAT many people (we know) have been on the verge of joining the Book-of-the-Month Club, but have neglected to do so largely through oversight. This special offer is made, frankly, to overcome this procrastination by making it worth while for you not to delay longer. We suggest simply that you get full information at once about what the Book-of-the-Month Club does for you, and then decide once for all whether you want to join. The mere fact that more than 100,000 judicious book-readers already belong to the organization—that they represent the elite of the land in every profession and every walk of life—that not a single one was induced to join by a salesman or by personal solicitation of any kind, but did so after simply reading the facts about what the Club does for book-readers—all these are indications that it is worth your while at least to get these facts as quickly as possible, and then (if you want to) join and get your first book free. You assume no obligation in sending the coupon below for full information.

Six distinguished foreign authors now serve as an International Advisory Committee for the Book-of-the-Month Club. The function the individuals in this foreign group perform is to keep our judges advised about what they consider the significant new books published abroad, each in his own country. The Committee consists of:

FOR ENGLAND:

H. G. Wells
and
Arnold Bennett

FOR FRANCE:

André Maurois

FOR GERMANY AND

AUSTRIA:

Thomas Mann
and
Arthur Schnitzler

FOR SCANDINAVIA:

Sigrid Undset



Henry Seidel Canby
Chairman



Heywood
Brown



Dorothy
Canfield



Christopher
Morley



William Allen
White

THE EDITORIAL BOARD OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. 907
386 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, without cost, a booklet outlining how the Book-of-the-Month Club operates. This request involves me in no obligation to subscribe to your service.

Name.....

Address.....

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

Books shipped to Canadian members through
Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada) Limited

AN EXECUTIVE TRAINING PLAN

for men who want complete

FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE

in the next five years

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."

Send for the new booklet announcing an 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

a month has jumped to \$700. And I blame the Institute for it!"

How the plan works

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.

It shows you how to invest your money profitably after you have made it.

"What an Executive Should Know"

Take the first step toward real independence today by sending for your copy of the newly published booklet offered in the coupon below. It will come to you by mail, without obligation. Many men have said that in 30 minutes it gave them a clearer picture of their business future than they ever had before.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE

To the Alexander Hamilton Institute, 373 Astor Place, New York City. (In Canada address Alexander Hamilton Institute, Ltd., C.P.R. Bldg., Toronto.) Send me, without obligation, the new booklet, "What an Executive Should Know."

Name.....

Business Address.....

Business Position.....

Type of Business.....