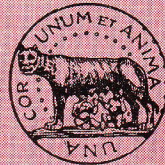


# ATLANTICA

THE ITALIAN MONTHLY REVIEW



NOVEMBER  
1931

The Genius of Edison

*By His Excellency  
Vittorio Emanuele Orlando*

Over the New Roads of Italy

Italy in Africa

Edward Corsi, Commissioner of  
Immigration

Italian Art in the 17th Century

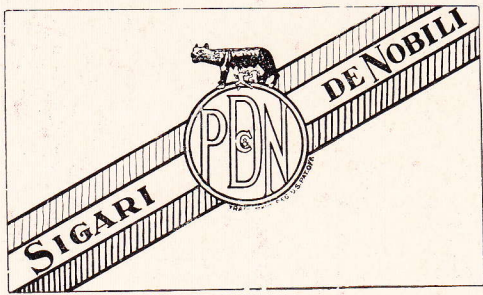
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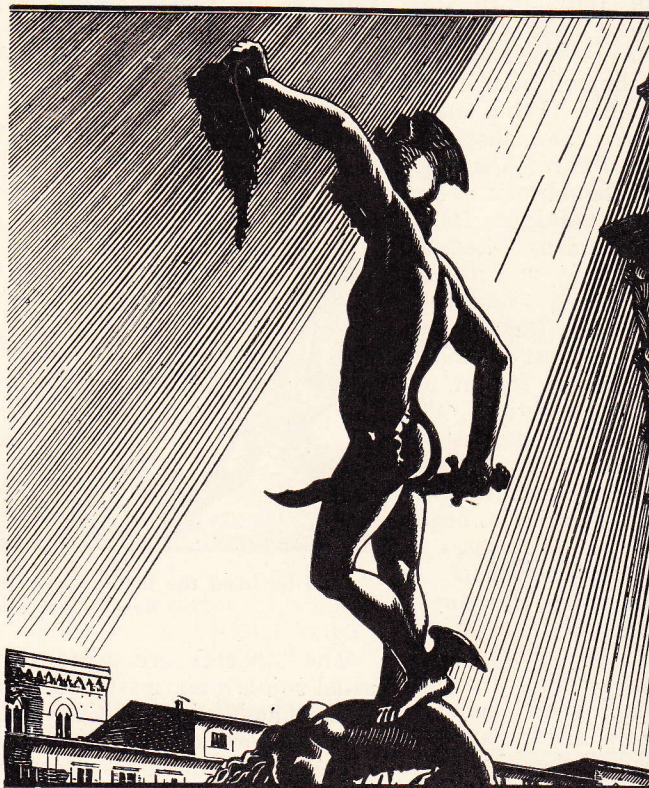
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# ITALY



TERNAL ROME—Naples, with Pompeii silent in the sun and Vesuvius trailing a lazy plume across that turquoise sky—Florence of the Renaissance—Venice, the Italian Riviera—Milan and the Scala. How can one afford to cross

the Atlantic without visiting Italy? And because it has so much to offer, Italy has opened a new tourist information office in New York City to serve you in cooperation with the tourist agencies and steamship companies. Literature is sent—routes and hotels suggested. ¶To assure the utmost enjoyment from your trip, take advantage of the facilities offered by the official travel representatives of the Royal Italian Government. Meantime, let us send you interesting literature on present day travel in Italy.

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# ATLANTICA'S OBSERVATORY

THERE is a growing movement among students, especially medical students, toward pursuing their studies in Italy. In this country the medical colleges are for the most part over-crowded; they can take only a limited number of the many applicants. What more natural, therefore, than that the students of Italian extraction who are not admitted should look to the other side of the Atlantic, to Italy, with its world-famous medical schools, its lower rates, and its additional charms and beauties? Moreover, it gives the Italo-American student, who in most cases has at least a smattering of Italian, an opportunity of mastering the language, acquiring a deeper insight into the Italian character, and all this will be invaluable to him when he comes back to America to begin his practice, for in most cases it will be among his countrymen.

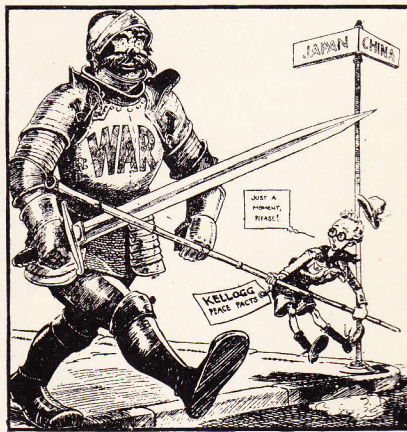
This past summer the movement was to be noticed in the cultural courses offered throughout Italy. Rome gathered studious foreign visitors for a spring and summer course covering the historic and artistic grandeurs of the city. At Varese many foreign and Italian doctors attended a science course offered by the Institute of Medical Culture.

Florence and Siena, where the purest and most harmonious Italian is spoken, offered summer courses chiefly dedicated to a thorough study of the Italian language and students were given an opportunity to visit the immense art treasures contained in the palaces and churches of the two cities.

The courses at Perugia, seat of the Royal University for Foreigners, were of particular interest. This Umbrian city is eminently adapted for study and also offers countless opportunities for excursions to the many towns dotting the verdant Umbrian plain.

Some of the towns, like the mystic Assisi, the city of St. Francis, have an atmosphere of consoling religious calm much appreciated by foreign theological students.

The government has fostered these cultural courses for foreigners to spread among the friends of Italy an increasing knowledge of Italian art and to draw the appreciative attention of the outside world.



Will he heed the traffic director?

—From the Columbus Dispatch

The students are aided in the usual sojourn and passport formalities. The Minister of Communications authorized a 30 per cent rate reduction for foreign students registering for the cultural courses in Rome, Varese, Siena, Florence and Venice.

THE illustrious Italian playwright and writer, Luigi Pirandello, added another to his many laurels recently when he was unanimously elected president of the International Congress of Literary Criticism held at Lisbon, Portugal. Writers and journalists from all over Europe met to discuss questions concerning the orientation and field of literary criticism, as well as allied cultural matters.

THE New York *World-Telegram*, in a recent issue, published an interesting and readable "profile" of the Italian Consul General in New York City, Comm. Emanuele Grazzi, in which the writer made the point that Comm. Grazzi is an intermediary between

his countrymen and the country they have adopted.

"More than a million Italians, naturalized and not naturalized, live in New York City," said the Consul General to his interviewer. "Almost all of them are American citizens, but they have not forgotten their motherland. Here we try to encourage their unalterable Americanism and at the same time keep alive within them their deep affection for the race to which they belong. We want them to understand America, and we want America to understand them."

Born 40 years ago in Florence and graduated in law at Lucca, Emanuele Grazzi wanted to travel and see the world, so he gave himself to a consular career. At 21 he was vice consul in Tunis, an important position indeed for one so young, and later, after a short period in the Office of the Foreign Ministry at Rome, he was attached, successively, to the Consulates in Holland, Finland, Berlin, Brazil, Marseilles, and finally New York.

Italy's entrance into the War caused him to abandon his diplomatic career temporarily and take up arms instead at the front, but in 1919 he was sent to Finland to represent Italy there.

An indication of the Consul's popularity in diplomatic circles in this city is the fact that, when the British Consul, Armstrong, sailed back to his country about two years ago, Grazzi's colleagues elected him President of the Society of Foreign Consuls in New York City, a position which he still holds.

The Italian Consul General is an ardent musician: he plays both the piano and the violin. In his youth he studied harmony, with the thought that some day he would like to be an orchestra conductor. To this day he derives immense intellectual pleasure from music.

BEFORE a group of fifty of the world's leading scientists, including seven Nobel Prize winners, Senator Guglielmo Marconi, the pioneer and still a leading figure in

wireless telegraphy, last month gave the opening address at a scientific congress in Rome. Among those attending at the opening meeting were Premier Benito Mussolini, other Italian Cabinet Ministers, physicists of many nations and directors of the Alexander Volta Institute, under whose auspices the conference was given.

Senator Marconi's topic was the theory of the unity of matter. "Twenty-five centuries have passed since Thales, first scientist of ancient Greece, thought of the answer to the question, 'What is the world made of?'" he said, "and only now, in our days, it seems that the great problem is about to be solved."

The illustrious inventor pointed out that recent discoveries seem all to point to one idea—the unity of matter. "This was at the bottom of the idea of the alchemists, which was derided by almost all great chemists and scientists in the last century. It is true that we cannot now do what the alchemists dreamed of—change lead or mercury into gold. When that or something similar becomes possible we shall perhaps have another crisis of the gold standard and exchange."

THE past month of October saw the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Royal Italian Naval Academy of Leghorn. Not only have the finest examples of the personnel of the Italian fleet been graduated from this famous institution, but also many of the most brilliant officers of the navies of foreign countries.

The Academy was established in the early days of the Italian Kingdom in order to gather together and unify the country's naval educational needs. Since then its fame has spread throughout the world.

IT was an event of major importance for Italy's colonial policy when, early this Fall, Omar el Mukhtar, capable and tenacious leader of Arab rebels, was captured by Italian cavalry who have been attempting the conquest of Cyrenaica in North Africa.

Mukhtar, leader of the rebellious Senussi, was more than 70 years old, and for the greater part of his life he had been by far the most able and consistent foe of European arms. With the exception of a period during the World War, the struggle between Italian arms and the Senussi has proceeded without

interruption since 1911, and Mukhtar was the most respected of the leaders for his sagacity and daring.

His capture may be considered an event of international importance because the final subjugation of the Senussi must inevitably be followed by an attempt to settle with France the disputed question of colonial boundaries in North Africa.

A STARTLING exception to the dynamic tendency now generally believed to be prevalent in Italy today is Medoro Marassi. Here is what the United Press said about him last month:

"Rovigo, Italy—The world's staying-in-bed champion, a man 70 years old, was discovered today. Medoro Marassi has remained in bed continuously for ten years, although he enjoys exceptionally good health. He just likes to rest."

We can imagine Signor Marassi, on being awakened prematurely, exclaiming: "What! Only 1931? Who told you to wake me up at this ungodly year?" Or, as the *New Yorker* would say, "Ho-hum!"

THE American Tariff and Canada" is the title of a booklet published in September by the Italian Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco. It is a lengthy, comprehensive and scholarly treatise of the whole subject by Dr. G. Facci, treating the history of commercial relations between the

United States and Canada, past tariffs, trade agreements, the natural integration of Canada and the United States, etc., all supplemented with official statistics and tables.

Dr. Facci's conclusion is that the tariff policy of the United States, more especially with regard to Canada, has been "an enormous

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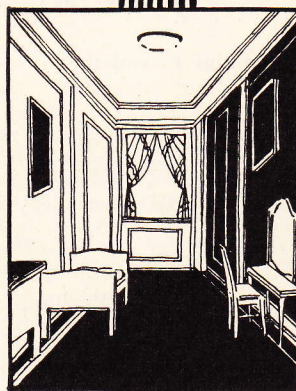
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# Books In Review

*ITALY YESTERDAY AND TODAY.*  
By A. Marinoni. 315 pages. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$5.

THERE is a need for a book like this one of Professor Marinoni's. It is just the kind of volume to place in the hands of the young student about to begin his study of the Italian language and literature and life. Not profound, not painstakingly accurate in every little detail, "Italy Yesterday and Today" nevertheless has sufficient substance, comprehensiveness and readability to recommend itself strikingly as a fitting introduction to Italy for those who are just becoming aware of the charm and beauty of Italy, "mother of the arts," either through a study of the language or a trip through its many sights. In fact, it has been suggested that "Italy Yesterday and Today" might even be used as a substitute for a trip to Italy!

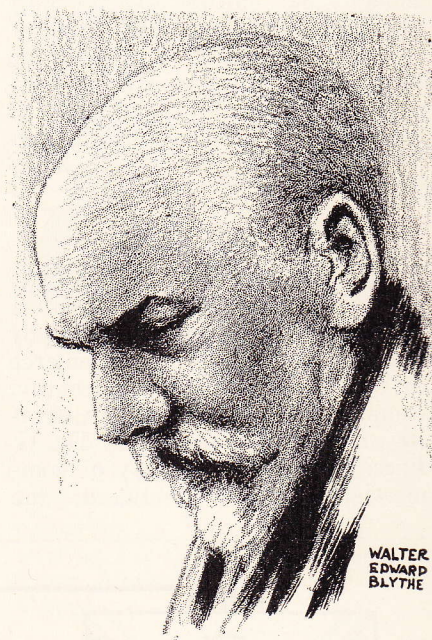
Be that as it may, the book certainly covers the ground, from Switzerland by way of the Simplon tunnel, Lake Maggiore, Milan, Lake Como, Lake Garda, the Trentino, Venice, Padua, Ferrara, Bologna, Florence, Siena, Perugia, Assisi, Rome, Cassino, Naples, Capri, Pompeii, Amalfi, and back again to the north through Pisa, Genoa and Turin. A running account is kept up concerning the history, works of art, traditions, customs and anecdotes of the various localities traversed.

The book proper is prefaced by a long first chapter in which the author gives a resumé of Italy's history up to our times, outlining briefly the present economic, social, and political organization of Italy, with such details of its history as are necessary to give a true and understandable picture of its present state. Quite appropriately Professor Marinoni points out that "to the American 'Time is money,' the Italian opposes the formula of *quieto vivere*; the one implying a strenuous life; the other a yearning for contentment and peace. The clash of these two ideals throws a good deal of light upon the life philosophy of the two peoples."

A general picture of the present structure of government in Italy

today is given, the author pointing out the new spirit that has rejuvenated the Italian people through the medium of Fascism and the industrial and commercial revival it has fostered.

By no means the least important asset of the book is a collection of 128 photographs which admirably illustrate the imperishable beauties and landmarks of Italy, which arouse a nostalgia in those who have already seen Italy, and an impelling longing to do so on the part of those who have not had the experience.



Luigi Pirandello

*AS YOU DESIRE ME (Come Tu Mi Vuoi).* A Play in Three Acts. By Luigi Pirandello. Translated from the Italian by Samuel Putnam. 221 pages. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50.

THIS is the same play which had such a sensationally long run on Broadway last season, and which led to the revival of another of Pirandello's masterpieces, "Six Characters in Search of An Author." In this case, however, the translation has been made (and excellently, too) for reading purposes, without the shortening and modification made necessary in the previous translation by the exigencies of the stage.

The story of the play has been

told before. It concerns the attempt of the Strange Lady (in the Broadway production, it was the Unknown One, brilliantly portrayed by Judith Anderson) to fill the part of a wife who has been missing for ten years. Whether she is actually the wife or not is not important; the point is that she has done her best to make herself over into the wife the husband knew, in other words, as he desired her. But when another woman, a sad derelict, is brought in and tangible proof is produced that *she* is the wife, the success of the Strange Lady begins to wane, despite the fact that belief had previously been firm in her identity.

Only Boffi, the painter who had discovered the Strange Lady, clings to his belief that the latter, and not the Demented Lady, regardless of all evidence as such, is Lucia, the wife. For he *believes*, with a faith that is deeper than a recognition of certain of man's concepts. But sadly the Strange Lady takes her leave.

Pirandello, it must be understood, rebels against the absolute values which man gives to life. To him a human personality is not a single, fixed entity, but a many-sided, fluctuating thing, depending on what you *believe* it to be at any particular moment. He lays stress on the belief that a fictitious reality (the Strange Lady) is stronger than the "true" reality (the Demented Lady), despite the common belief.

Again and again this theme winds through the story, and lends a profundity to the whole that is quite breath-taking and at the same time absorbing. "As You Desire Me" is worth reading by anyone metaphysically inclined, or interested in personality, or who wants an excellent, readable play by the foremost Italian dramatist of the present day.

*MOST WOMEN.* By Alec Waugh. 323 pages. Illustrated with woodcuts by Lynd Ward. New York: Farrar & Rinehart, Inc. \$3.

A LEC WAUGH reminds one of Stephen Graham in that the whole world seems to be his domain.

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# ATLANTICA

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**NEXT MONTH:** Our Christmas number will contain articles you will want to read by the Marquis Piero Misciatelli, Professor Giuseppe Prezzolini, Beniamino de Ritis, Elio Gianturco and many others.

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**DINO GRANDI**

*The Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, who comes to the United States this month on an official visit to confer with President Hoover and Secretary Stimson on disarmament and other world problems. Signor Grandi is the author of the proposal sponsored by the League of Nations calling for a one-year armament truce among the nations of the world, as a prelude to the disarmament conference of next February.*



# The Genius of Edison

*"Fiat lux et lux facta est"*

By H. E. VITTORIO EMANUELE ORLANDO

*ATLANTICA is proud indeed to have as its leading article "The Genius of Edison" by His Excellency Vittorio Emanuele Orlando, former Italian Premier during the World War, and one of the famous "Big Four" at the Paris Peace Conference. The following article is the only one to have been written by Signor Orlando during his short stay last month in this country, where he was invited by President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University to attend the Friendship Dinner given under the auspices of Columbia University and the Institute of American Meat Packers. His Excellency was one of the distinguished men present at the funeral of Thomas A. Edison.*

I AM firmly convinced that Thomas A. Edison must not be considered a "great man" but a "superman" if one prefers to use the now famous expression of Frederick Nietzsche. If one prefers, as I do, the traditional expression, one must say that Edison was not a very talented man, he was a Genius.

The contrast between a talented man and a man of genius is such that, though easy to grasp and to understand, it cannot, however, be definitely determined without a certain difficulty. No doubt, nevertheless, the proper traits of genius are creative potency and universality.

These traits are bound to be necessarily coupled and they mutually integrate each other. Talent—even if it be great talent—is always contained within certain limits. Progress is caused by it, it is the result of an analysis: ultimately talent moves within a technical specialization from which distinctions of competence are derived.

Genius is, on the contrary,

necessarily synthetic. Its sphere of activity includes an entire world, differentiated in manifold and complex ways of being. Some may object that talent serves to determine

scientific progress and that every progress implies an invention. This is true, but talent reaches such a result by means of a specialized application: through a process of patient induction which actuates a slow and gradual transition from the more known to the less known.



The late Thomas A. Edison

THE creative potency of genius, instead, precedes through intuition, prompted by mysterious forces which illuminate dark stretches of human knowledge as suddenly and as brilliantly as the electric light bulb of Edison. Thus, for instance, Dante, without being either a geographer or a navigator or an astronomer, reconstructed through intuition in his Canto on Ulysses a journey which foreshadowed the discovery of America fully two hundred years before Columbus; and Leonardo Da Vinci was able to build a perfect flying machine in spite of the fact that he knew that the motor was bound to possess a certain weight corresponding to a certain unity of force, thus antici-

pating by almost four centuries the discovery of the combustion engine.

Because of his synthesizing potency, the genius appears to us as representative of the whole people. He sums up a whole epoch—an entire phase of civilization. I believe for them all that this mysterious connection of individual genius to collective genius has not been studied sufficiently as yet, it has not been adequately considered as yet in regard either to a certain nation or to a certain epoch.

For many centuries Italy, divided into so many little States and ruled by foreigners, found her national unity in her national genius, mainly in Dante. Conversely, national genius has manifestations similar to those of individual genius; very probably the Iliad and the Odyssey are not the work of single individuals, but of an entire nation, naive and primitive, which succeeded in expressing its traditions and legends through its poets in such an intense form that they have come down to us as epical productions of a single author.

**T**HERE is no doubt in my mind, therefore, that Edison must be considered as a Genius and not simply as a man gifted with great talent. He is not a professor of physics or chemistry, or a mechanic, who, in his every-day experiments, discovers some quality of energy or matter to be progressively added to those already known. He is a creator endowed with a mysterious and mighty virtue which enables him to view an object or simply an aspect of the external world, and to act on it so as to bring about a deep, thorough and final transformation.

Selling newspapers on trains suggests to him spontaneously an invention which, by stimulating beforehand the curiosity

of the public, will multiply the profits of newspaper sales. While working as a railroad engineer, he thinks of a way of increasing the speed of locomotives. While employed as a wireless operator, there arises from the exasperating fecundity of his genius a whole series of inventions, rendering transmission easier and faster. Finally, having attained economic independence, he challenges "nature" to a duel, the like of which has never before been witnessed by history.

Nature to him is pre-eminently that mysterious force the existence of which was for the first time disclosed by an Italian, Alessandro Volta; that electrical energy to which science has successively reduced not only every expression, but also matter itself. Besides the quantity and the momentousness of his inventions, numbering about 1,600, it is important to point out, in this amazing duel, the synthetic importance of its outcome: the triumph attained by Man over Nature.

That energy, which had been an attribute of Deity and a malignant token of divine wrath, is transformed into an obedient and docile tool, recognizing human strength as its superior, and so pliable as to reproduce and preserve the voice, the motion, and the gestures of man himself. This is a victory simultaneously over time and over space, since the things that seemed transitory and those that seemed fixed change roles altogether. Cosmic energy itself enables man to create light immediately, not through the consumption of matter, but through the transformation of force.

**P**PROMETHEUS' myth is thus overcome: with his light-creating gesture man is able to attain an almost divine might: *Fiat lux et lux facta est*. But Prometheus' myth is not

only overcome, but annihilated, for whereas the Titan who had stolen from Olympus the privilege of fire paid the penalty of his boldness by being eternally condemned to atrocious torture, the victory over nature attained by the Titan of our times remains superbly final.

It is fitting to vindicate for Edison what we claimed to be the typical trait of Genius: that of summing up all the spirit of the time. The history of primitive religions, to which Greek mythology gave forms of such incomparable beauty, shows always and everywhere man in a relationship of incomprehension and terror towards the brutal and unconscious forces of nature. Therefore those forces are adored as Divine: to their blind and restless might humankind could oppose but the humblest submission: and only by propitiatory sacrifices—even human ones—could it hope to placate their wrathful revenge. In Greek tragedies nature is confused with destiny, against which rebellion is impossible.

In the Middle Ages this way of considering the relationship between man and nature still obtains: the reversal of this traditional position appears only during modern times, chiefly during that amazing period of human activity represented by the second half of the nineteenth century. Man not only copes resolutely with the external world, not only fights against and checks its malignant forces, but he conquers them, tames them, and obliges them to serve as a means of wealth and progress for victorious humankind. I will not enlarge here on the repercussions, on the incidental effects which this deep transformation has wrought in all the fields of the human spirit, not barring philosophy itself. Certainly no man has given a

greater contribution to this spiritual upheaval than the wizard of Menlo Park. None better than he reflects it in a form representative of an entire epoch. Such is the essential trait of Genius.

**B**UT Edison was not only representative of his time, he was representative of his nation as well. He was a Genius not only because he was able to epitomize a century in the history of mankind, but also because he epitomizes the spirit of the American nation of today. From this viewpoint his universality grows larger, so as to embrace besides his work, all his life as a man.

He was the true type of that self-made man who is already, by himself, the expression of contemporary American men; he expresses also in the most perfect manner that power of

practical, useful realization to which America owes its present eminent position among civilized nations. Only a shortsighted or superficial or evil-minded observer can attribute the American wealth-creating fever to the craving for a greater enjoyment of material commodities. This American activity, never tiring of its continuous efforts, never satisfied with the progress already attained, trying always to break more records, contains instead a conception of life with which it is possible to disagree, but to which one cannot deny a high spiritual value. It is a conception which finds the law of human behavior in the continuous tension of the will, in an ascent that can never reach the summit, because the summit is lost in the infinite. To live is, therefore, to work; the more intensely one works the more

intensely one lives. The aim of existence, according to this conception, is a thirst for power which can never be quenched because without this dizzy dynamism life would no longer be worth living. To work, to produce is no longer a means of earning one's living by the sweat of one's brow, but the aim of life itself. It is not sorrow but joy. English philosophy was confusing usefulness with good, while the American spirit goes beyond and finds there happiness.

**T**HIS will to power which impresses itself so profoundly on the character of the American people of today has found in Edison at the same time its most efficient instrument and its most perfect spiritual expression. That is why Thomas A. Edison is a Genius.

---



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## Thomas A. Edison (1847-1931)

By Renato Lombardi

**T**HE character, personality and achievements of Thomas A. Edison are so familiar and well-known, and the newspapers of the past few days have so occupied themselves with the many details of his life, that the highest tribute that could be paid to his memory now, it seems to me, is the impression of his name, his luminous name, on a blank white page. This will serve to revive, among the thousand manifestations of his activity, that one which found the greatest response in everyone's individual temperament.

For the human characteristic that most deeply impresses itself in the study of this out-

standing character is precisely the multiplicity of the fields in which he distinguished himself, leaving behind him always a genial evidence of his work.

And it is in this sense that I like to compare the personality of Edison to that of some of the giants of the Renaissance who realized on the walls of the Sistine Chapel the scene of the Day of Judgment, and who designed the arch of the Cupola of St. Peter, a magnificent work of admirable engineering.

On the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the first electric light bulb, there were those who wondered absurdly whether more credit were due to Volta, who created the first element

capable of generating an electric current, or to Edison, who of this current made light, bringing it to the hearths of the most humble homes.

The question was absurd and therefore it was not answered. Yet one merit must be recognized in it: that of having linked the characters of these two noble experimenters who, in effect, have many points in common, from the passionate tenacity with which they followed up their achievements, to the modest simplicity with which they received, both in Paris but a hundred years apart, the baptism of glory.

To rank in the order of their

*(Continued on page 190)*

# Over the New Roads of Italy

By Helene Buhlert Bullock

In Two Parts—Part Two

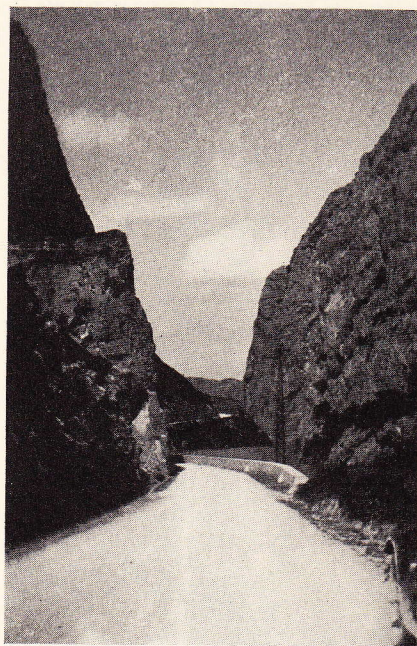
II.  
**W**HEN the tourist turns northward from Naples, fresh opportunities present themselves,—opportunities to visit towns and explore regions which have hitherto been little known to American travellers. One such town is Capua—or rather the two Capuas, distant less than thirty miles from Naples. Their collection of Roman ruins is remarkable; the Amphitheatre is nearly as large as the Coliseum at Rome, and magnificent in its ruin. Capua is a fascinating walled city, and the twenty ancient columns surrounding the forecourt of the cathedral are alone worth a visit.

The motorist has his choice of two routes to Rome. At Frosinone he may take the direct road through Fiorentino, or the more roundabout one through Subiaco. If he has stopped at Monte Cassino, the great Benedictine monastery about half way between Capua and Frosinone, he will probably want to see Subiaco, where St. Benedict founded the Benedictine Order. There is a fine motor-road winding up the mountain from the town of Cassino to the monastery at the top, and the views alone are worth the climb. In May the pink Judas-tree is in full bloom along the roadsides, and the snow-covered peaks of the Abruzzi mountains to the eastward reveal more and more of their glories as you ascend.

From Monte Cassino you go back along the road which, tradition says, St. Benedict took when he left his monastery at Subiaco, built into the cliff high above the river Aniene, and went southward in search of a place to start a second foundation. On this journey he was guided by two ravens and two angels; but you and I, guided by modern maps, cover (in a few hours) the ground which took him months of footsore travel. After leaving Guarcino, which in spring contains what seem like millions of huge purple irises in its lovely public gardens, and whose steep streets wind among creamy-brown and rose-colored houses, the road enters

a lonely, scrubby hill-country, barren and rather grim, and you feel very sorry for St. Benedict, who had to find his way slowly through it on foot, even if he did have two angels along. Subiaco, when you finally reach it, turns out to be a picturesque town deep in the valley of the Aniene, with the Sacro Speco, the original Benedictine monastery, high up on the side of what looks like an inaccessible cliff, but is easily reached by a foot-path which goes up from the lower monastery on the road. The Sacro Speco is a rich store-house of rare old frescoes, and the views from the windows and terraces are very fine. A road is being built along these steep mountain-sides, through to the Adriatic, which will soon provide a new thrill for the motorist.

**N**ORTH of Rome the number of fine roads leading to delightful places is bewildering. Just try following the Mediterranean coast, up by Civitavecchia to Tarquinia, once an Etruscan, later a Roman, town, where you can see some thirty or so Etruscan tombs, the frescoes on their walls fresh and vivid today, in spite of the partial defacement of the centuries. From Tarquinia go on to Tuscania, where there is a rarely beautiful little Romanesque church, Santa Maria Maggiore. Scarcely anybody ever visits Tuscania, and it is richly worth a visit,—a



The Pass of Furlo

—Photo by H. B. Bullock

quaint hill-town lying in a region full of romantic cliffs and caves. It is within easy driving distance of Viterbo and Orvieto, in both of which excellent hotel accommodation is to be had. The Modern Hotel Belle Arti, in Orvieto, standing at one end of the town with a fine view over the valley and hills, is a particularly charming little place, where English is spoken, the rates are very moderate, and the food delicious. Orvieto itself is known to all tourists, but the surrounding country calls to the motorist to be explored.

OVER beyond all the well-known hill-towns, Orvieto, Perugia, Assisi, and the rest, there lies a region so beautiful that one despairs of describing it. Take the road from Perugia to Gubbio, and from Gubbio to Urbino, and you will see why! You drive past fields in which the poppies bloom so thickly that they look like great strips of scarlet silk thrown upon the green; and amidst this glory of green and scarlet, under the blue Italian sky, huge milk-white oxen draw their ploughs. There are orchards whose trees are chalices,—great cups shaped by training the lateral branches and killing out the main stem by heaping brush upon it. The road winds steeply up through a couple of hamlets—Piccione and Casacce—where the glory of the wide-sweeping Umbrian hills and valleys leaves you breathless with wonder. Gubbio is a famous town, known for its legend of St. Francis and the wolf, for its beautiful majolica, its interesting May fifteenth *fiesta*, its brown mediaeval and Renaissance buildings, and its views. But few travellers have followed the road beyond it to the east, a road of enchanting beauty, leading at last to Urbino, the city of Raphael. This road goes through the Scheggia

pass, a wild section of the Umbrian Apennines, and after winding along a lovely river-valley and passing Cagli and Aqualagna, enters the Gola del Furlò (literally the *throat* of Furlò), one of the most beautiful of Apennine passes be-



Entrance to the Guidi Palace, Poppi  
—Photo by H. B. Bullock

cause of the brilliant jade-green stream beside the road. Its color is almost unbelievable, as it flows along at the bottom of a cut in the mountains as deep and sharp as if cleft by a giant axe.

URBINO is one of the most beguiling of Italian towns. One should stay there several days, at the *Raphaele*, a charming, simple Italian hotel, where you can watch the *pasta* (macaroni) being made for your dinner, and where for less than two dollars a day you can live and eat uncommonly well. Urbino is famous for many things: the great palace of the Montefeltri, the seat in the Renaissance of one of the most enlightened governments and cultured courts the world has ever seen,—a palace beautiful

within and without, which requires more than one visit; the house where Raphael was born, and where you may see, painted on the wall of one of the rooms a picture of a mother and child,—Raphael himself, as a baby, with his mother, painted by his father, Raphael Sanzio, also an artist; the two little churches of San Giuseppe and San Giovanni Battista,—the former for Brandani's exquisite *Presepio* of the Nativity, and the latter for the Salimbeni frescoes. And just the streets of Urbino are a joy, twisting narrowly up and down, lined with the quaintest of houses, and affording ever-changing views of the surrounding hills and the splendid Palazzo high on the edge of the town.

FROM Urbino to Florence, by way of Arezzo and the Casentino, is another ideal drive. The road goes to Urbina, Saint' Angelo, San Sepolcro and thence to Arezzo, where there are good hotels, quaint streets, and palaces and churches of more than usual interest. And the drive thence to Florence, via Bibbiena and the Consuma pass and Vallombrosa is one that no motorist should miss. Stop at Bibbiena, if you have time, and go out to La Verna, the monastery where St. Francis received the stigmata, and where, as Gardner says in his *History of Florence*: "is one spot left in the world . . . where the Middle Ages still reign a living reality, in their noblest aspect . . . ; and the mystical light, that shone out on the day of the Stigmata, still burns: 'while the eternal ages watch and wait.'" The little town of Poppi, too, is full of the atmosphere of the past, with its Guidi palace, so like the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence. Like the palaces in Arezzo, it owes much of its beauty to

the many ornamental shields and carved emblems hung upon its facade.

The Consuma Pass takes you through some of the finest scenery in the Tuscan Apennines, and a short detour brings you to famous Vallombrosa, situated in a forest of deciduous trees such as is rarely seen in that land of the cypress and the stone-pine.

There are several good motor-roads from Florence to Bologna, among which you may choose, certain that on any one you will be enchanted by the scenery, and that you will gloat over the unfortunate beings who must go from Florence by rail, through tunnels in the mountains instead of over their glorious tops. Bologna affords a good point of departure for Ravenna, which should on no account be missed, its mosaics being among the finest in the world. Thence to Ferrara, Rovigo, and Padua; but on the way to Padua, or during your stay there, be sure to explore another little-visited region, the Euganean Hills. These hills are associated with the names of three great poets: the Italian Petrarch, who in the year 1371 came here to spend the rest of his life, and died

three years later in the little house at Arquà Petrarca, which you may visit today; and the English Byron and Shelley. The latter wrote *Lines Written Among the Euganean Hills* while staying in Byron's villa near the town of Este, from which sprang the great House of Este, overlords of Ferrara, and famous for many things besides the two illustrious daughters, Beatrice and Isabella D'Este. The old town of Este is a veritable find for the traveller who loves the beauty of old Italian towns unspoiled by thronging tourists and the commercialization which crowds of tourists bring in their wake. The nearby city of Padua, with its arcaded streets, its ancient University, its church of San Antonio, and above all its Arena Chapel, which enshrines the greatest work of Giotto, makes a good center from which to explore the Euganean Hills at leisure. And it is in Padua that the motorist leaves his car when he goes over to Venice.

**F**ROM Padua to Milan, by way of the Italian Lakes, is the next to the last lap of this journey. Sirmione, at the southern end of Lake Garda,

is one of the most truly Italian of the Lake resorts, with its Roman ruins, the great castle of the Scaligers rising out of the lake waters, and the very beautiful steamer trip up Lake Garda to Riva and back. Garda surpasses all the Italian lakes in the color of its water, indescribably blue, turquoise, jade and emerald. Lake Como's fame needs no comment, and from Como to Milan runs one of the *autostrade*, those marvellous motor-highways which, so far as I know, are to be found only in Italy. There is no cross-traffic, all the intersecting roads being carried above the highway on stone bridges, and for the payment of a toll of twenty lire, you speed in perfect safety over the road of your dreams. There is an *autostrade* from Naples to Pompeii, one from Rome to Ostia, one from Florence to Viareggio, and several connecting Milan with the Lakes and with Bergamo.

The last drive of all is from Milan down to Genoa and the steamer for New York. It is hard to imagine anyone enjoying this drive. It means the end of one of the most beautiful, significant, and inspiring motor-trips in the world.

## ATLANTICA'S OBSERVATORY

(Continued from page 147)

economic and political mistake," and that it should be drastically changed. The author believes that trade barriers are destined to gradually disappear within a comparatively short period of time.

**T**HE Ministry of Corporations in Italy has been presented with a plan, the work of the Italian critic Silvio d'Amico, whereby a National Institute of the Drama would be created. According to his plan, this institute will organize at Rome and Milan two subsidized national theatres and two companies which will play three months of the year in each of the two cities. They

will replace each other in such a way as to give each city a six-months season, with four months spent touring other Italian cities, one month in rehearsal and one month for vacation. Furthermore, Signor d'Amico also has in mind the formation, within the scope of his plan, of an experimental theatre in some third city in Italy.

**F**LATTERING indeed is it to be noticed by such a publication as "The New York Medical Week," which, in its issue of Sept. 26th, contained the following (in all modesty) complimentary words: "Two notable articles in English,

of interest to confreres, appear in the August-September issue of that attractive Italian monthly review, ATLANTICA. A. P. Vastola, M. D., F.A.C.S., supplies a capital six-column summary of the present day cancer situation. The other is an informing account of the special medical societies in the various boroughs of New York composed of physicians of Italian extraction and their scientific, social and ethical activities. Incidentally this magazine is performing a most useful function by interpreting American and Italian culture to an ever-widening circle of readers."

Our thanks to the "Medical Week" for its kind appreciation.

# Italy in Africa

By Beniamino de Ritis

WASHINGTON is no longer the only capital in the world where the British Dominions, now coming of age, have diplomatic representatives. The Union of South Africa has recently established its own legation in Italy, and Mussolini's government has accredited an envoy to the Government of Cape Town, which has rapidly become a new centre of international interests. It is not without significance that the Dominion should have promoted its diplomatic relations directly with Italy before any other European country. Italy is the youngest of the European colonizers. Only in recent years has she been able to capitalize her advantages in Northern Africa by making a strenuous military conquest of all the inland territory in Libya.

Civil works followed the desert warfare, and Tripoli is now being transformed into an up-to-date city, provided with all modern comforts and improvements. Magnificent remains of the ancient Roman Emperors are coming again to light, while land reclamation is going on favorably, offering to Italian farmers a valuable experimental field for colonization and production. Italian colonies do not furnish Italy with the trade wealth that France and England derive from theirs, but they are in a good strategic position. Tripoli is, in the Mediterranean, the centre of North Africa, while Massaua, port of Eritrea on the Red Sea,

and Mogadiscio, port of the Italian Somaliland on the Indian Ocean, open the way to Abyssinia and Sudan.

Tripoli has about sixty thousand inhabitants, of which the majority are Arabs. An interesting group of sephardic Jews is scattered along the coast and engaged mostly in commerce; among other things the Jews specialize in the manufacture of silver ornaments, some of which are unusually attractive. The covered market which has its counterpart in almost every eastern city, displays a variety of goods ranging from spices to Bedouin rugs and Arabic wraps, cotton goods, brightly-colored baskets, beads and slippers.

THE most important of the recent Italian conquests in the inland territories of Libya is the City of Murzuch in Fezzan. Murzuch, which was once a prosperous commercial center, has less than a thousand inhabitants as compared with its thirty thousand of a hundred years ago, when the sale of arms and the trade in slaves flourished in Africa. The city is the capital of Fezzan, a large portion of Libya covering 200,000 square miles of land across the desert, between the French possessions of Algeria and Tunis on the West and Egypt on the East. Murzuch, notwithstanding its present status, still represents the commercial gateway of the wealthy regions around Lake Chad. It is expected that under the efficient

administration of the new Italy, it will regain its prosperity and open up the trade routes to Italians from Central Africa to the coast of Libya.

Another important conquest was the occupation last February of the Oases of Kufra, 350 miles across the open desert from the Oasis of Zella Kufra. Formerly the capital of the Senussi tribesmen in revolt, it gives Italy the control of the southern boundary of Libya, which adjoins French Africa and is still unsettled.

South Africa, by establishing a diplomatic Legation in Rome, has taken a step that emphasizes the tendency to make trade contacts with the Mediterranean and Central Europe. Rome is far away from Cape Town, but the means of conjunction between Italy and South Africa may well be one of the great Trans-African Lines which are under construction or are being projected.

THE great English Trans-African British Line is almost finished. Another French Trans-African line across the Sahara is still in the planning stage. A Tripoli-to-Cape Town Trans-Continental line has been planned to serve Libya and Equatorial Africa, and eventually South Africa.

Commercial relations between Italy and South Africa are still in the pioneering phase. Direct navigation facilities were inaugurated only last

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# Edward Corsi, Commissioner of Immigration

By Dominick Lamonica

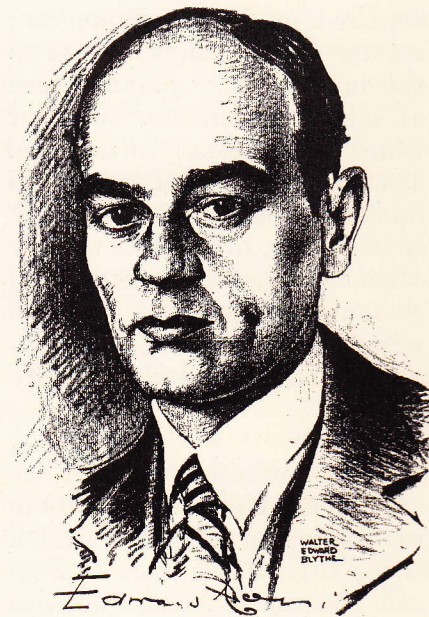
**I**TALIANS in this country have been appointed to many high positions of public trust, sometimes, it must be confessed, with very little regard for their fitness, but merely on the basis of their political backing. When President Hoover last month appointed Edward Corsi, an immigrant himself, as Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island, however, a new element entered the field among the Italians—that of social leadership. This article, then, might well be entitled “From Immigrant to Immigration Commissioner.”

For the quiet, serious and understanding young man whom his friends know as Edward Corsi, head workèr at Harlem House in New York City and Census Supervisor for Manhattan last year, has a training, a background and a fitness for his new position which could hardly be improved upon. Ever since his graduation from law school, his abiding interest has been in sociological problems, more especially immigration, and, as he puts it, his new job will enable him to work at “the source of the problem” which he has been facing for so long.

As Commissioner of Immigration, Mr. Corsi will bring to his position a fairness, an absolutely unapproachable honesty and integrity, and an ability to see both sides of a question that

is a far cry from the qualifications of the average political appointee.

And nationalities other than



The New Commissioner

the Italians need not worry about possible discrimination. Having dealt with twenty-seven nationalities at the Harlem House, this young Italian knows their problems and needs as well as they do, probably better.

Born in the Abruzzi in Italy 34 years ago, he came to this country at the age of four, and was graduated successively from the Classon Point Military Academy, the College of St. Francis Xavier and the Fordham University Law School. But law apparently

did not appeal to him, for he turned to social work and has been in it ever since. Other interests, necessarily minor, are chiefly three: writing, lecturing and his position as head of the Columbian Republican League.

**M**R. Corsi's first article appeared in the now-defunct New York *World* when he was but 14. Since then he has been writing constantly, at first as a free-lancer, and it is significant that he never has had a manuscript rejected. With characteristic foresight, he always made sure there was a genuine need for his article, and that it was done so as to conform with the publication's policy.

One of the magazines that had been accepting his work was the *Outlook*, and in 1925 that publication sent him down to Mexico to write a series covering all phases of Mexican life. Then, following more free-lancing, the New York *World* in 1928 selected him to go to Italy and write a series of articles on that country.

**I**T must be borne in mind that in each case, one of his outstanding qualifications was his impartiality and his ability to see both sides of every question. For this reason the *World* asked him to write a comment on a series of any-



mons articles which that newspaper ran the following year on Italy and Fascism, a comment on which the *New York Times*, in turn, commented favorably.

To readers of *ATLANTICA*, Mr. Corsi's writings are familiar, his "Topics of the Month" having been a regular feature of this publication since last February. Unfortunately for *ATLANTICA*, his new position will not enable him to continue his valuable and interesting commentaries on the events of the day.

His lecturing, of course, has been mainly concerned with sociological problems and immigrant psychology. On these subjects he has lectured for the Board of Education of the City of New York, for the State Department of Education, for New York University, and in many universities the country over. It need hardly be added that he has been in great demand as a speaker among his countrymen, whenever the occasion demanded more than rhetoric, praises and gestures in the speeches.

**T**HE Columbian Republican League of New York State, of which he has been president since he organized it in 1926 in Syracuse, now represents some 24 counties and has an estimated membership of about 50,000. The name, incidentally, is due to the fact that the League was founded on Columbus Day.

We come to his social work. Mr. Corsi almost literally lives and breathes it. For him there are hardly any hobbies, diversions, amusements or personal interests other than those which fall within the scope of his social work, which includes them all and transcends them. He has been living at the Harlem House itself, with his wife (whom he married four years ago) and their one child, so that even his home life and his so-

cial work are almost impossible of dissociation. From the time he gets up in the morning till eleven or so at night, he is at his desk working, unless he is out somewhere lecturing.

Mild-mannered, earnest and unostentatious, Mr. Corsi is not like the typical Italian. His talk is unornamented and concise. Only on the lecture platform is he emotional in his language, but not in his gestures. And he has a saving sense of humor, a kindness, and an understanding which instantly puts one at ease. Nothing of the traditional officiousness of the social worker is there about him.

"What we have been doing here at Harlem House," he said in answer to my question, "is more than merely instilling in the immigrant the American point of view. We have also tried to bring into American life the best elements of the immigrant's background. And we are not interested only in his civic duties, but in all his activities: health, working conditions, housing, character building and the rest. The job is harder, of course, because of the community the immigrant is forced to live in."

What Edward Corsi has been doing, the writer must add, has been to build up Harlem House somewhat in the manner of Jane Addams' Hull House in Chicago, till it is one of the better known settlement houses in this country. Not unlike Jacob Riis, the distinguished immigrant, is Edward Corsi in this respect.

**T**HE rewards of social work do not lie in financial recompense, but in the knowledge that one is doing a valuable part in molding the nation of the future. For money, the new Immigration Commissioner does not care; he has never even been in a business venture in his life. Perhaps this pas-

sionate willingness to live for an ideal is a heritage from his father, Philip, who, as a Republican (which is to say radical) member of the Italian Parliament, fought against the entrenched forces of the time. Young Edward, incidentally, spent part of his childhood in Switzerland, where his father had been banished for his political views, later returning to his native land victorious in an election over the Tammany of his day.

It was Edward Corsi who, during the 1930 Census, was selected as Supervisor for the 23rd District, embracing most of Manhattan, a task for which he was peculiarly fitted by reason of his social work.

**A**MONG his various other affiliations are his memberships on the Board of Directors of the Council on Adult Education for the Foreign Born, the United Neighborhood Household of New York, the Conference on Immigration Policy, and the East Side Harlem Health Center (now conducting an experiment in public health). He is also Chairman of the Board of the East Harlem Council of Social Agencies, comprising all the social agencies of upper Manhattan.

Yet withal Mr. Corsi has an interest in athletics and sports, an interest which any head of a settlement house must have, since they constitute an important part of the work itself. He sees football games (he played baseball at college) and likes music, especially Verdi. One of the things he looks back to is his captaincy of the debating team at St. Francis Xavier, for he was a leading debater in his school days. He even confessed that at one time he daubed paint on canvas as a hobby, and he still maintains an interest in art. Only in the

(Continued on page 162)

# Italian Art in the 17th Century

By Alfonso Arbib-Costa

Professor of Italian at the College of the City of New York

#### IV.

**I**N the last years of the 16th Century, consequent to the Council of Trent and the work of Catholic Reform accomplished in that famous assembly, there was in Italy a kind of second Renaissance in which the religious sentiment predominated. This Renaissance is personified in literature by Torquato Tasso and his *Jerusalem Delivered*, and in art by the work of the Carracci, two names which show the intimate relations existing then between letters and art.

A striking proof of this is found in the great number of subjects borrowed from the *Gerusalemme Liberata* by the artists who were the poet's contemporaries. Tasso's preoccupation with religion and the deep sincerity of his faith are also found in the greatest number of the artists of that epoch. But that return to religious inspiration was in no way a return to the asceticism of the Middle Ages. The part of mythology was to be limited, and the subjects imposed on the artist were those in which orthodoxy and morals found nothing to reproach. But the writers, even ecclesiastic, who composed their treatises to moralize and sanctify the art of painting, did not in any way think of bringing it back to the

principles of execution which preceded what was called the "pagan invasion." One remarkable fact will, however,

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*The following article is the last of a series of four by Prof. Arbib-Costa on great epochs of Italian art. It follows those in previous issues of ATLANTICA on "The Precursors of the Renaissance: Giotto to Masaccio," "Leonardo da Vinci and His Contemporaries," and "The Times of Michael Angelo and Raphael." Prof. Arbib-Costa has treated in his articles, but in a more extensive way, the same topics upon which he recently dwelt in a series of radio talks over Station WNYC for the "Air College" of C. C. N. Y.*

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show how much the sentiment of pure art was weakened: that was the project quite seriously initiated and reluctantly abandoned to destroy Michael Angelo's Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel, which was not deemed consonant with Christian orthodoxy.

**A**S architecture has not, in the eyes of Church writers, a direct moral action and because there are no subjects to impose on it, there was no thought to carry it back to a distant past. It is even at the

time of which we speak that there was constituted the architecture which was called Jesuitic, because the Jesuits adopted it and propagated it in the numerous churches which they built in all Christendom and even in China where they had their missions. Many examples of this church architecture are to be found in Latin America, especially in Mexico and Peru.

**T**HE religious sentiment was then continuing to be weakened in architecture, while it was revived in the other arts, and the clearest proof is found in the Church of St. Peter in Rome where several architects followed in the footsteps of Michael Angelo during the many decades of its construction. St. Peter's gives, in fact, more the impression of a palace than that of a church, and in its immense naves the sentiment of religious reverence is hardly felt. The circular colonnade of the Piazza fronting the Church was the work of Bernini, an artist who knew how to unite in that work a majestic simplicity to a rich imagination, which must be particularly praised in him because he undoubtedly gave proofs of doubtful taste in many of his other works executed in Rome.

Bernini was also the greatest Italian sculptor of the 17th century. The exaggerated search for effect and the bad taste of which he gave more than one example must not prevent recognizing in him a suppleness of life and expression which has been rarely surpassed.

Painting was at that time superior to sculpture but it has been none the less the object of severe judgments. Without doubt, to say nothing of the sublimity of genius, which is always an exception and which did not appear then, we do not find in the 17th century the enthusiasm of the Renaissance in the 15th century. The art of the 17th is a learned, rather than an inspired art. If one wished to sum up the character of the new school one would say that it is an academic art, but in the best sense of the word.

The City of Bologna was to be the center of that great movement. Bologna had been for centuries a rich and learned city where the letters, the law, the sciences were equally in favor. A fact which shows how intellectual culture existed there is the number of Bolognese women who obtained a deserved reputation for their artistic talent. The sculptural work of *Properzia de' Rossi* and the paintings of *Lavinia Fontana* and *Elisabetta Lirani* are an almost unique example of feminine success in fine arts in Italy.

At the end of the 16th Century and in the first decade of the 17th, the Bolognese school was to place itself in the first rank, thanks to Ludovico Carracci and to his two cousins and pupils, Agostino and Annibale Carracci.

THE first works of Ludovico Carracci were coldly received. His serious simplicity seemed a lack of skill and force. But he was not discouraged; he

called to work under him his two cousins Agostino and Annibale, and soon founded in his native city a real academy which has been the model of all the fine arts schools that followed it.

Agostino Carracci, engraver and painter, scholar and poet, was a zealous and copious artist, but Annibale is superior to him, and is the most famous of the three Carracci. Annibale deserves to be placed immediately after the great men of genius of his art. His mythological frescoes in the Farnese Palace as well as his religious detached paintings—many of which are in the Louvre Museum in Paris—his portraits, his scenes of life where the landscape has a large part, are all witness of a great talent, of a noble and natural character.

THE only influence that was felt in Italy in the beginning of the 17th century to rival the art of the Carracci was that exercised by Michael Angelo Amerighi, known under the name of Caravaggio, who was the chief of a new realistic school.

Caravaggio was a self-made artist. An apprentice mason, he had taken to painting by seeing the painters work on the plaster which he had prepared for their frescoes. When he arrived in Rome the "Manieristi" triumphed there, but his decided realism with types caught from true life, so different from the insipidness then in vogue had a prodigious success. Without speaking of the originality of execution and the powerful relief of his paintings, there is in Caravaggio a true sentiment of grandeur. Caravaggio has had a considerable influence which is felt even in our days, and which has not always been exercised by artists quite superior to him. Through Ribera, his pupil, he has impressed upon the Nea-

politan school certain characteristics which it had to keep as long as it existed, and also through Ribera, his influence is felt in the Spanish School.

We can only mention by name a few notable artists of the Bolognese school: Guido Reni, who has a rare talent of composition; Domenico Campi-eri, known as *Domenichino*, and Giovanni Barbieri, nicknamed *Guercino*, who is, after Correggio and Rembrandt, one of the masters of chiaroscuro.

It is only in the 17th century that the Neapolitan School takes its place in the history of art, although it had as far back as the 15th century painters of talent and inspiration, among them Antonello da Messina. But it was in the 17th century that it flourished, under the leadership of an artist of Spanish origin, Jose Ribera, known in Italy by his nickname of Spagnoletto.

Ribera, who lived from 1588 to 1656, was born in Valencia in Spain. He came to Rome to study under Caravaggio, then he changed his manner by the imitation of Correggio. But he was even more of a realist than his master Caravaggio. Certain of his subjects are, indeed, so frightfully realistic, that he at times goes beyond every measure and becomes even repugnant by his scenes of carnage and by his singular taste of painting types afflicted with horrible maladies.

TO the school of Ribera belong Stanzioni, Amiello Falcone, Luca Giordano and the most remarkable, after Ribera himself, of all the artists of the Neapolitan School, Salvator Rosa.

Salvator Rosa, who lived from 1615 to 1674, had an adventurous life, which left an imprint upon his works. A musician and a poet as well as a painter and an engraver, he has given in his art a new note

from which more than one artist drew his inspiration, even in our days. His furious charges of cavalry, his attacks of bandits, his landscapes where he liked to reproduce craggy rocks, sinking slopes, and twisted trees over abysses; the fantastic light of his subjects, make of him a romantic before romanticism. He loves—as he says in his letters—the “divine solitudes” and he adds that every inhabited place is a mortal enemy to his eyes. There are, however, works from his brush more tranquil and finished, such as the *Conversations of Philosophers* and especially the Biblical scenes which he painted for the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo in Rome and which, after various peregrinations, found a refuge in the Chantilly Museum.

**A** CELEBRATED painter of the second half of the 17th Century was Luca Giordano, famous especially for his prodigious facility of execution. He imitated to the point of creating a complete illusion such different artists as Albert Dürer, Guido Reni, Titian or

Raphael. One day and a half sufficed him to paint a great picture for an altar; a few hours for a portrait. Without doubt he was remarkably gifted and in the works in which he consented to put some time and some care—especially in the paintings at the Escorial in Madrid and the glorious ceiling in the Ricciardi Palace in Florence, he showed himself a pleasant, ingenious and even correct decorator.

**B**UT art, which had resisted longer than all the rest, was itself dragged after literature in the general decadence of Italy. The country itself, divided into small states nearly all subject to a foreign prince, was nothing but a remembrance of past glory, hardly a hope. Without doubt it is wrong to say that the Italian genius of the Renaissance had shone only in the intellectual order. Italy had then—and in great number—men of action of the first rank and surely Columbus—to quote only the most illustrious—cuts a great figure even next to Michael Angelo. But, from that time

until the glorious *Risorgimento*, Italy's great soldiers, great sailors, great statesmen and great diplomats must need place themselves at the service of other nations. The evil only increases in the following century, the eighteenth. Italy will be, more than any country, ravaged by wars and she will serve as the battlefield for interests which are not hers. As the poet Filicaja said, “She will fight under foreign flags, always to be slave, in victory as in defeat.” Where could then the artist find a strong inspiration, a source of noble and profound emotions? The first rank in the arts was then occupied by happier nations, but, if nothing else, Italy must be admired for having so long occupied a place which left back at a great distance her competitors in the field of arts and letters.

The Great Epochs of Italian Art ended—for what is history—in the seventeenth century. But they may come back in the new world that is preparing now and in which the Italian people may take a part not in any way inferior to their glorious past.

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## EDWARD CORSI

### Commissioner of Immigration

(Continued from page 159)

summertime, however, does he get a chance to see nature.

Mr. Corsi (need it be repeated?) knows and understands the immigrant thoroughly. “His viewpoint needs leadership, not only of a political kind, but social, which has been lacking in the past,” he pointed out. “It *must* be social if it is ever to amount to anything. Someone must stand up for the idealism of the group, even to the exclusion of personal gain.

“It has been said that the ideals of the old world must be reconciled with those of the new. We all know that a spiritual as well as an economic tie must be formed between them. But this “melting pot” idea, this “taking the best of both and combining them” needs people who know, understand and sympathize with both points of view if anything is to be accomplished. It is fatal to be patronizing to an immigrant, for he will see

through it immediately. Human understanding is the *sine qua non* of the social worker. After all, whatever else we are, we are first of all human beings.”

It is with this intensely human credo to go by that Edward Corsi, the Commissioner of Immigration, will tackle his new job of cleaning up the situation in New York City's port and making the gateway of the nation a more human and a more humane institution.

# Renaissance Football

By Arnaldo Cervesato

Translated by Dominick Lamonica

**T**HE American people are in the midst of another football season, which means that every Saturday, by the hundred thousands, the game's enthusiastic followers flock to university stadia, to cheer vigorously for their favorite team (or in the case of a smaller percentage of them, for their Alma Mater) and to boo mightily the opposing team. Belligerently the spectators openly criticize every unfavorable decision of the referee, applaud wildly when touchdowns and field goals are scored, yell encouragingly to their team's star, and join in the uniquely American practice of organized cheering, led by capable cheer-leaders.

It is particularly appropriate at this time to point out to such fans (unless they are too absorbed in reading the daily newspaper accounts of their team's activity during practice sessions) that the essential elements of football, i. e., an inflated ball, two opposing sides, advancing the ball by kicking or punching it through the rival team, etc., are not original with the United States, nor, as it is sometimes believed, is it in England. In the case of football as in the case of many other American institutions, its roots go back to Italy, more specifically, to the Italy of the Renaissance.

This past summer an especially interesting game was played at Milan and later at

Florence, attended by the King of Italy. It is called "calcio," and its interest lay in the fact that it was played exactly as it used to be played in those cities in the halcyon days of the 16th century, even to the detail of the elaborate and picturesque regalia of the period.

"Calcio" means literally "kick," and as far back as the late 1500's there were manuals in Italian on how to improve one's playing of the ancient game, even as today, every outstanding star has written at least one book concerning the correct method of playing his specialty. One of these old manuals, "On the Game of Florentine Calcio," by a certain Count Giovanni de' Bardi (there is no way by which we can tell whether the Count happened to be one of the game's leading exponents, or simply a sideline theorist) contains, roughly, the following definition of the game: "Calcio is a public game between two teams of young men, afoot and unarmed, who compete in a friendly way in advancing, toward the opposing goal, an inflated ball, in order to win glory for their side."

**I**T is with this simple and somewhat naive definition that the Count de' Bardi begins his manual of the ancient Florentine pastime, explaining meticulously and illustrating the rules then prevalent. And the value of his treatise

for us today is that it shows without any doubt the wholly Florentine origins of the game now commonly known throughout the world by the English name of football; it makes evident, moreover, the added fact that it is still played substantially as it used to be in those days.

The calcio field used to be about a hundred meters long and half as wide, which is not very different from our own football gridirons. The difference in numbers, however, is more noticeable, the players at that time numbering twenty-seven on each side, called, variously, "corridori," "innanzi," "sconciatori," "datori innanzi" and "datori addietro." Literal translations of these terms would, be respectively, runners, forwards, spoilers, forward deliverers, and rear deliverers, showing a resemblance to our forwards and backs.

From the manual we learn that the game was usually played in the Piazza Santa Croce, with the Church itself as a background. Moreover, on special occasions, it was played in livery, the players donning elaborate, luxurious costumes, and, on entering and leaving the field, being preceded and followed by drummers, halberdiers and music. This is exactly how the sport was staged this past summer when it was played in Milan and Florence. Incidentally, we

wonder in what condition the costumes must have been in after a particularly strenuous period of hardfought play.

The game of calcio, it must be understood, was not for everyone; it was a "noble sport." As a matter of fact, only "honored soldiers, gentlemen, lords and princes" were allowed to play it, and perhaps the expense of maintaining their costly equipment also had something to do with it, not unlike polo today. Among those who found pleasure and play in the Florentine game were Lorenzo the Magnificent, Giulio de' Medici (later Pope Clement VII), Alessandro de' Medici (afterward Leo X), Matteo Barberini (Urban VII), Lorenzo Duke of Urbino, Alessandro Duke of Florence, Cosimo I, Cosimo II, Francesco Grand Duke of Tuscany, Prince Vincenzo di Mantova, and Prince Enrico di Condè.

**M**ANY, no doubt, were the celebrated games that went down in calcio history and were remembered fondly by the players and spectators. One of the most celebrated was that mentioned by Guerrazzi in his "Siege of Florence." The participants in this game, played on February 17th, 1529, were the same young men, friends and soldiers of Francesco Ferruccio, who were defending their City of Florence against a siege. To show their contempt and disdain for the puny attempts of the enemy outside their gates, and also to lend *éclat* to the occasion, they had posted trumpeters and drummers on the roof of the Church of Santa Croce. The gesture was a grand one: they played literally under fire, for,

in angry answer to the insolent trumpets and drums, the enemy fired a cannon-shot at the spectacle, a shot, however, which fortunately was too high, and which hurt no one.

Our historian the Count de' Bardi even describes in detail how the players were chosen for their respective positions according to their physical qualities. Another interesting section concerns the positions assumed by the players. It seems that every man had his appointed place on the field, from which he was not supposed to stray very far, a practice reminiscent of a modern baseball team on the defensive.

Sports writers and others today bemoan the softening of the modern game of football, recalling the good old days when the American game made use of such he-mannish tactics as centre rushes, flying wedges, line-hurdling, etc. An occasional (perhaps even more than "occasional") bit of "slugging," at that time, was also regarded as "all in the game." Apparently these rougher aspects of the game also featured its Renaissance progenitor, for the good Count finds it necessary more than once to rebuke those too-ardent young men who so far forgot themselves as to let loose a furtive blow of the fist or two against their opponents, something which, even in those days, was looked upon with askance.

**A** "caccia," or goal, much like our touchdowns today, resulted when the ball was advanced either by kick or punch, beyond the last line of the enemy and behind the goal line. It was considered foul if the ball went "out-of-bounds,"

as we call it today, and it was also foul if the ball, hit by hand, ever went higher than the height of an ordinary man. (Probably even in those days, if umpires and referees existed, their lot must have been far from an easy one, for we can visualize the many disputes and heated arguments ensuing over the definition of the height of an ordinary man in a crucial moment of a big game!) Two such fouls recorded against one side counted as a "caccia" or goal for the other side.

Just as, in our modern collegiate football, the goals are changed at the end of the quarters, so the old Renaissance football warriors also changed goals, but in their case after the scoring of every goal. Victory, of course, went to the team scoring the greatest number of goals, and the fewest number of fouls. It is problematical, however, if the calcio teams of those days had anything corresponding to the developments now typical of our greatest Fall sport: commercialism, too much emphasis on gate receipts, prima donna coaches, professionalism, trick plays, etc. The manual of Count de' Bardi is singularly silent on this point.

**O**F one matter, however, we may be reasonably certain, although no mention is made of it in "On the Game of Florentine Calcio." Throughout the ages, in any game, sport or rivalry, some one or more participants have always shone more brightly than their teammates, and no doubt even in those days there must have been something corresponding to our present-day hero-worship.

# The Italian Art Exhibit in Birmingham

THE last two months have witnessed, in one of the South's greatest cities, probably the greatest single public exhibition of Italian art ever to be held in this country—the Italian Art Exhibit held in Birmingham during September and October. More than 100,000, it is estimated, have flocked to Birmingham to view the Exhibit, valued at over a quarter of a million dollars, and its collateral attractions.

According to the recent census, out of a total population of 350,000 in Birmingham, only 6,554 (or about 2½%) are of Italian blood. All the greater, because of this, is the achievement of those who have made the Exhibit a success. The Italian colony of that city, through their societies, gave unstintingly and more than provided their share, raising \$2000 of the \$3000 needed by the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce Committee.

This Committee was organized in July, 1930, on a call issued by Samuel L. Earle of the Birmingham Library Board, to assist the city's Museum Association and its Italian citizens in bringing to Birmingham a portion of the beauties of Italy. Fine oil paintings, bronzes, gold, silver,

marbles, ancient book-bindings, works of carving in cameo and alabaster, textiles, regional costumes, music, models, etchings, and decorative works of all periods were all included in the Exhibit.

As early as the beginning of September the various *objets d'art* were on display at the Public Library and Museum, and over 3000 people attended on the first day alone.

The formal preview reception was held on September 14th, the guest of honor being His Excellency Nobile Giacomo

de Martino, Royal Italian Ambassador to the United States, under whose high patronage the Exhibit was held. The feature of this occasion was the presentation of a bronze replica of the famous Capitoline Wolf from the Governor of Rome, Prince Boncompagni Ludovisi, to the Birmingham Museum. The original of this wolf is said to have been cast by the early Romans in commemoration of the founding of the city and is reputed to have been made in the year 296 B. C. It is now in the Capitoline Museum of Rome.



"Madonna" by Andrea del Sarto

—Loaned by Metropolitan Galleries, N. Y.

THE official opening of the Italian Art Exhibit took place on the following day, Sept. 15th, which was officially designated as "Italy Day" by proclamation of the Hon. J. M. Jones, Jr., President of the Birmingham City Commission. The highlight of this, the formal opening, was the installation of one hundred paintings from the recent Quadrennial Exhibit at Rome, sent with the greetings of His Excellency Benito Mussolini. These were in addition to the many famous originals of Italian art on display, by such masters as Jacopo Tintoretto, Andrea Del Sarto, Corrado Giaquinto, Paolo Veronese, Giovanni

Boldini, Arturo Noci and many others, lent by some of the leading galleries in the country, as well as excellent copies of a number of others.

**A**N elaborate historical pageant, emblematic of the spirit of Italy, was staged at the Municipal Auditorium on September 18th, as one of the collateral attractions to the Exhibit, participated in by more than a hundred dancers and singers. Another was the musical concert held under the auspices of the Birmingham Music Study Club, which included an interpretation and rendition of Italian music by artists of international note, assisted by local talent. This took place toward the latter part of October.

A feature of the Exhibit was the program of lectures and addresses supplementary to it. The opening address was delivered by Dr. Cav. Mario Des-saules, Royal Italian Consul at New Orleans, and eight lectures in all were delivered during the two months, at one-week intervals. They included subjects such as "The Women of the Royal House of Savoy from the 12th Century to the Present" by Mrs. Carla Bruno Averardi of Rome, "Dante: Interpreter of Italy's Middle Age" by Dean G. W. Meade of Birmingham Southern College, "The Italian Artist—A Man's Man" by Dr. A. G. Loehr of the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce, and "The Beginnings of the Fine Arts in Italy" by Cav. Frank Deedmeyer, former United States Consul in Italy.

It was the members of this committee who arranged to borrow original paintings of Italian masters from the Metropolitan Art Galleries in New York; a collection of Italian furniture, bronzes and sculptures from French & Co., New York; colored prints, pho-

tographs and textiles from the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts in New York; several bas-reliefs of the 15th and 16th centuries from De Mottee, Inc., of New York and Paris; 25 oil paintings of Aristide Sartori,



**J. C. Catanzano**

*Chairman of the Italian Art Exhibit Committee*

belonging to the Italian government, and an unlimited number of articles representing various arts and decorative crafts previously on display at the International Exposition at Monza, Italy. The private collection of Dr. Ugo Spinola was also called upon, as well as a beautiful collection of embroideries, rugs, figurines, etc., from the Newark Museum.

The Italian Confederation of Professional Artists sent an enormous quantity of material, with a representative, Dr. Vincenzo Fago, to display it. An organization of Italian publishers sent an exhibit of Italian books, and the factories of Princess Borghese, at Practica di Mare (near Rome), famous throughout many centuries for fine pottery, sent samples of their best ware. Among the sculptures were examples of the work of Madame Fausta Vittoria Mengarini, Italy's foremost modern woman sculptor, and the linens, laces,

velvets and tapestries of the Gallenga factories were also represented, together with the "porcellane" from Lavena.

**T**HROUGH the Italy American Society an assortment of precious works of the *Ente Nazionale per l'Artigianato e le Piccole Industrie* (handcraft industries) were obtained.

The whole display, which received the enthusiastic support of the press and the local authorities, constituted an array of Italian beauty in all its phases, truly representative of the fine arts from the Renaissance to our own day.

Credit for having carried through this glorious project to a successful conclusion must undoubtedly go to the Executive Committee, which left no stone unturned to make the Exhibit something to be remembered for years to come. As Chairman, Mr. J. C. Catanzano has been at the forefront of all the Committee's activities, and he is to be congratulated by the Italians of this country. Assisting him on the Committee were Samuel L. Earle, vice-chairman, A. R. Passavant, secretary, J. J. Fiore and P. J. Lombardo, assistant secretaries, Joseph Maggio, treasurer, H. E. Wheeler, curator, Sam Daidone, Rocco Leo, Victor Torina, John Greco, Frank Rumore and Paul Toscano.

Associated with the Executive Committee were the presidents of six of Birmingham's Italian societies: A Daidone, A. M. Romeo, Sam Schilleci, J. Liberto, A. Schilleci and Mrs. W. P. Pickard. It must not be forgotten that the women played an important part in the various activities. The Ladies' Committee was composed of Mrs. J. C. Catanzano, Mrs. G. A. Firpo, Mrs. Joseph Maggio, Mrs. Lillie Trippi, Mrs. Frank Rumore and Mrs. W. P. Pickard. **D. Lamonica**



# The Italians in Philadelphia

By Theresa F. Bucchieri

PHILADELPHIA presents us with an excellent example of what the Italians in America have achieved since they became inhabitants of the New World. To enumerate all their efforts in the various fields of endeavor would be an arduous task. However, I shall limit myself only to the highlights in the progress of the Italians, which has been luminous with different activities.

Statistics show that Philadelphia is the home of 400,000 Italians, comprising one-fifth of the city's total population of 2,000,000. Of this sum close to 300,000 are American citizens. This fact alone should be an encouraging evidence that the Italians are not only anxious to become law-abiding citizens but are also eager to adopt the United States as their permanent home.

Before going any further it is well to lay emphasis on the fact that most of the Italians who crossed the Atlantic were humble peasants and laborers, but vibrant with high and undiscouraged hopes. Their lowly origin did not prevent them from aspiring and hoping for enlightenment and advancement. What they aspired to do, their children and children's children have executed by going to school and branching out into the many and various channels of human endeavor.

There are in the public and parochial schools of Philadelphia about 50,000 students of

Italian extraction, 15,000 of whom are attending junior and senior high schools and about 5,000 of whom are enrolled in

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*As an active member of Philadelphia's International Club, Miss Bucchieri was asked to make a survey of the Italians in her home city. The following article is an outgrowth of the data collected by her concerning what the Italians have done in Philadelphia. Miss Bucchieri is a contributor to several Philadelphia newspapers, both Italian and English, and she participates actively in the civic life of "the Quaker City."*

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the universities and colleges. And every year the institutions of higher learning turn out a goodly number of Italian physicians, pharmacists, dentists, lawyers, teachers, financiers, students versed in the arts, etc.

THE medical realm of Philadelphia boasts of over 145 Italian physicians, all of whom are members of the Philadelphia County Medical Society. In this group we have several outstanding medical men. At the Misericordia Hospital we have Dr. Max M. Strumia, an expert pathologist, who is director of the laboratory department. At the same institution we also find Dr. Frank Moga-vero as assistant surgeon to Dr. G. Muller, chief surgeon. Another recognized surgeon is Dr. Giochino Gambalvo who is assistant to Dr. W. W. Bab-

cock, chief surgeon at the Samaritan Hospital. Dr. Gambalvo is also instructor in surgery at Temple University. Still another recognized surgeon is Dr. P. F. Lucchesi who is chief resident surgeon at the Philadelphia Hospital for Incurable Diseases in Byberry. Of the ear and throat specialists among the Italians the most prominent one happens to be Dr. R. A. Luongo. He has daily clinics at the Pennsylvania Hospital. Dr. Frederick Baldi, former president of the Philadelphia County Medical Society, has long acted in the capacity of physician and inspector for the Philadelphia Board of County Prisons. And at the War Veterans Hospital we have as chief consultant Dr. Vincent Diodati. Then at Jefferson College we have Dr. John De Carlo as instructor in anatomy and at Hahnemann Medical College we find Dr. L. P. Tori as quiz master. Finally we have Dr. Helen M. Angelucci, the only Italian woman physician in the city. Her expert work in obstetrics and pediatrics has won her much favorable comment from her fellow-professionals.

Adjoining the medical domain we have the fields of pharmacy and dentistry in which we have quite a few representatives. There are a little over 100 pharmacists and about 55 dentists. In the latter group we have one woman dentist, Miss Marie V. Rende.

As for the field of law, sta-

tistics indicate that there are over 80 lawyers, several of whom are holding very responsible positions. Judge Eugene V. Alessandrone heads the list of important personages as Judge in the Common Pleas Court, No. 5. Following him we have the two brothers Carman C. and Joseph Baldi as Representatives in the State Legislature. Serving in this capacity we also have Blase Catania. Then we have Frank Goglia as Assistant Director of the Department of Public Health; Joseph DeVito as Assistant District Attorney; Herbert Pinto as Assistant City Solicitor; John De Nero as Magistrate and Joseph P. Bartellucci as Chief Clerk of the Municipal Court. Among the criminal lawyers Adrian Bonnelly is the most outstanding. Of women legal advisers we have two, Mrs. Lena Fusco Hurlong and Miss Maria Teresa Lauria, who practices in the Supreme Court.

Inasmuch as finance seems to be the topic of discussion these days it is quite appropriate to mention something about our Italian financial world. In this channel of activity we take pride in saying that we have numerous successful bankers and financiers connected with such banking houses as Banca Commerciale Italiana, which is the sixth largest bank in the world and the largest of its kind, Columbus Title and Trust Company, Sons of Italy Bank and Trust Company, Bank of Italy and Trust Company, Girolamo Tumolili's private bank and Vincent D'Ambrosio's private bank.

**T**HE next thing to be considered is journalism and the important role it plays in Italian life. There are three newspapers which are published here, "L'Opinione," a daily, and "La Liberta" and "La Libera Parola" which are

weeklies. The Italians also have the Philadelphia edition of three outstanding New York Italian newspapers, "Il Progresso," "Bolletino della Sera" and "Corriere d'America." We have many successful newspaper men, but one towers over the others. He is Guido Vitrone, editor of the Philadelphia edition of "Il Progresso." A man of rare erudition, he is a Jesuit graduate and the possessor of doctors' degrees in Literature and Philosophy. Unfortunately there is only one young woman, the writer, interested in this fascinating pursuit.

Teaching is a favorite profession among the Italians. We have several hundred men and women in this educational activity, many of whom are teaching in high schools and colleges. Among them is Domenico Vittorini, professor of Italian at the University of Pennsylvania and the author of "The Modern Italian Novel." Although the greatest predilection is for romance languages, we have quite a few instructors in mathematics, chemistry, history and social science.

And now to mention with praise some of the high-lights in that illustrious realm of the Fine Arts in which the Italians have always achieved success! In spite of the materialistic and commercial atmosphere prevailing in America the Arts have sprung up adequately well. And although the artistic efforts of the Italians of today are not half as great as those of their ancestors, they are, nevertheless, scintillating examples of their superb heritage, pregnant with cultural accomplishments. The musical art, which is civilization's greatest emotional asset, has attracted many, about 1,650 in all, but only a few stand out prominently. In the latter category are such personages as Professor Pasquale Monatana,

a choral director, composer and authority on the history of ancient music; Carlo Nicosia, a composer and opera director of yesterday, who a few years ago had the singular honor of conducting the revival of "Aida" in Egypt; Francesco Marcacci, composer and musician, who recently composed the music for "Evangeline," an opera which will have its premiere next season in commemoration of the second centenary of the birth of Washington and the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Longfellow; and Vito La Monaca, a splendid pianist, conductor and composer. Among the prominent musicians we have Anthony Ferrara, violinist and associate director of the Pennsylvania Symphony Orchestra, Joseph La Monaca, flutist and member of the Philadelphia Orchestra; Luigi DiFulvio, oboeist and member of the Philadelphia Orchestra; Charles Mielli, violinist; Anthony Liuzzi, cellist; Bernard Cortese, pianist; Clement Barone, flutist; Frank Nicoletta, harpist; Peter Bizoni, pianist and Ernest Serpentine, oboeist. Of singers we have a few who have scored in opera and concert, but the most heralded singer is Dusolina Giannini, who has concertized the world. She has innumerable triumphs to her credit.

**C**OMING to the mute arts, sculpture and painting are the most popular with the Italians. Among the leaders in these two spheres of artistic endeavor are Giuseppe Donato, member of the Philadelphia Art Jury, who is responsible for the beautiful sculpture work in the State House at Harrisburg and for the gigantic statue of Columbus now erected at the Easton high school; N. S. Capolino, noted for his handsome murals in the

(Continued on page 175)

# The Foreign Language Press in Americanization

By Louis V. Fucci

IT has been remarked that there are very definite reasons for feeling that the presence of the foreign-language press in America is something of a hindrance to that assimilation of the immigrant for which we in America are striving. This is, however, merely the proverbially dangerous half-baked truth, for, as a matter of fact, the foreign-language press has been, and is, one of the warmest, most ardent, and efficient workers in the field of patriotic stimulation. The time will come and must come when the one language written and spoken in this country, that is, English, will be written together with the foreign-language more profusely than some of the foreign papers do at present, this being done ostensibly to maintain the value of the beautiful cultural languages of the Latin races.

Many immigrants cannot read or write at all, even their own language, much less ours, and there is a far greater percentage who must at the outset be kept in touch with American life, official and general, who would be rendered utterly helpless by the restriction of their press to the sole use of the English language. We say that the immigrant should be taught English. True, but what is going to happen to him while he is learning? That process, due in large part to our own excessively faulty method of instruction, is, more often than not, slow, and to cut the pupil from the news of the world at

large and from that of his adopted country in particular while he is a student would be nothing less than intellectual folly. Moreover, there will develop other reasons not less potent for regarding the present condition of affairs as susceptible to gradual change and development, rather than to abrupt and decisive prohibition.

IN the Italian papers, and there are nearly 150 of them including daily, weekly, and monthly organs, not one instance of disloyalty has been found. They have fought constantly to keep alive the flame of patriotism in those people who could not speak the language of the country of their adoption, and to translate and interpret the various activities of a governmental nature, which are so vital not only to the welfare of the alien, but to those of the country as a whole. The Italian press has not only presented a solid wall of loyalty, but it has been active in support of everything that has tended to weld the Italian in this country into the very fabric of the national life.

THE foreign - language papers have a legitimate field, and most of them are usefully and even strenuously American in tone, though their vocabulary be Latin. Italian papers to-day may be seen to carry English Sections, which is commendable in itself toward the Americanization of their readers.

What do we mean by Americanization? To some of us it means the creation of a mutual sympathy and understanding which will eventually weld into one of the many units composing our national destiny. If the native born are not to benefit as well as the foreign born, the breach will only grow wider. Americanization must mean the blending of all nationalities in ours, not the engulfing of all in ours.

We must remember that the immigrant is not only a problem, but also a human being, who, while he may differ from us for better or worse, intellectually is possessed of the same emotions. We must take all this into consideration in dealing with him. In teaching Americanism, one must come to his work with his mind and soul free from prejudices and his hands clean of any selfish motives. When we are once able to see the immigrant as a man or a woman not very unlike ourselves, who may be won over to our point of view when he thoroughly comprehends it, and who himself may contribute something of value to our own life and experience, and so enlarge the very Americanism we are endeavoring to teach him, then, and only then, can Americanization become a constructive force in our body politic. To protect the immigrants and resident aliens in American ideals and to interest and instruct them in the requirements of American citizenship should be the all-important thought behind Americanization, and not to take advantage of their ignorance and capitalizing it in their employment or in business dealings with them. By doing so, is to kill the true significance of Americanization and of creating a genuine desire to become an American citizen.

# Yellow Boots

By Catherine Oliva

Illustration by Anthony Marano

"THIS way, Son. This way."

Four hands, two of them strong and bony, and two of them small and soft, were tugging at the small fishing boat, trying to pull it out of the frothy sea. The young boy pulled and pushed with all the strength in his body. Ever so often he had to pull his bare feet out of the slippery white sand, as they sank deeper and deeper. When he did so the boat was pulled with the same force by only the two strong hands on it. Tullio watched for a moment, with his two hands dangling at his sides, then with more vigor he tugged at the boat.

"There! It's in," said Tullio's father, when the boat was well upon the beach. He was breathing deeply. The sun was drawing in its golden light along a shimmering magic path on the green sea, and the man stood there watching the fantastic play of light. He was a simple and patriarchal looking man. From his wide shoulders hung a loose fitting coat. His short beard and his hair were silvered with grey but there was something forever youthful in the expression of his soft dark eyes. He changed his attention from the western sky to his son, whose eyes were so like his own. The boy was trying to lift the grey bag that was laden with the results of their fishing trip.

"Here, Son, let me take that out," said the man as he lifted out the bag. "You can help

carry it. Take one end and I'll take the other. Now. Is it heavy?"

"No, Father," Tullio answered firmly.

They walked along the pebbled beach toward the white buildings of the town nestled in the greenness.

A tall man dressed in the dark uniform of an officer came striding toward the father and son. Both of them fixed their attention on him. It was an unusual thing to see an Italian officer on this island of the Mediterranean. The officer, with an immobile countenance, passed by without noticing them, and as he did both of them turned and gazed after him. Tullio spoke excitedly.

"Father, when I grow to be a man—" He looked up at his father's face and forgot what he was going to say. He had never seen such an expression on his father's face. He could not understand or explain its infinite joy. He held his head high and his eyes were sparkling. At that moment a ray of the fading sunlight played about his features. His face was aglow with the golden light and a strange inner joy.

"Tullio, Tullio," he called in a husky voice. He was still watching the retreating figure of the officer, and he spoke without turning his head. "Do you see the uniform and the yellow boots—the yellow boots on the officer? When you are a man you will have such a pair of boots—soft yellow leather boots. You will be an officer

like that. You will make me proud, Tullio."

TULLIO was filled with the greatness of the picture of himself in yellow boots.

"Yes, Father, I shall be an officer and I'll lead many soldiers, and I'll fight, and I'll—"

The father's musings were broken. He had forgotten Tullio was there, and he laughed aloud when he heard of all that Tullio planned to do, and he put his arm around the child.

"You're very young, Son, and it will be years before all this happens."

"Yes, Father, but I will grow up as you did, and I will be an officer and have yellow boots."

They went on, and as they walked along the father's form was very straight and lithe. Tullio had to run to keep up with long strides.

FOR two long weeks the Italian mountain battery had been trudging along the endless hills of Macedonia. The round brown hills were broken here and there by settlements of shepherds. Windowless houses, built of stone and mud, with straw roofs, were perched on the tops of the hills. Down in the valley the oriental shepherds could be seen with their flocks of sheep. These pastoral people had nothing to do with the war about them. They were shut in a world of their own and the actions of the soldiers did not interfere with their farming, and their pray-

ing to Allah around their wedge-shaped minarets, when the sun went down in the turquoise sky. On the days when the sun shone, there was a cheerful atmosphere about the long human procession, but tonight it was raining. It had been raining continually for two dreary days. Rain and mud—rain and mud—increasing the difficulties of the thousands of feet pushing forward in the roads that became deep canals of mud. The clanking of the chains on the feet of the mules, the grinding of the many cannons, and the occasional neighing of a horse, broke the monotonous regularity of the marching steps and the beating rain.

**N**OW and then, out of the gloomy silence a soldier shouted, "Avanti—Avanti. Su—su," as he frantically pulled and helped a fallen mule out of the thick mud. With mishaps increasing and feet plodding endlessly, the coiling line crept on.

Tenente Tullio Marchei, with the muscles of his bronze face tightly drawn, took each step onward with determination. It was by force of will that he kept on the march. If he could, he would have fallen down completely exhausted. His attendant, Civalli, walked beside him with his boyish head wearily bent forward. The young boy had spent his twenty years in a peaceful peasant town of Italy, and the hardships and cruelties of the war had fixed a sadness on his face which was strange to youth.

The army plodded on in the relentless rain for another long hour, and at the command, "Alto—cannoni a terra," the arms were deposited. In a brief time, with commands and shouts flying about, the soldiers stretched the hundreds of tents over the ground. The much needed command for repose

was given, and even those who were too weary and excited to sleep were squatting under the wedge-shaped tents.

Civalli was patiently holding open the flap of the tent he had just prepared when Tenente Marchei and Tenente Jannuzzi entered.

"Cigarettes, Civalli," demanded Tenente Marchei brusquely.

Civalli submissively came into the tent. "The cigarettes are wet, Tenente," he answered.

"Accidenti,—all right, get out of here. What good are you? Couldn't you have put them somewhere to keep them dry?"

"But Signor Tenente, I—" began the confused attendant.

"Oh, stop talking and leave us." Marchei dropped on the cot next to Jannuzzi. "Cigarettes wet, mud, rain,—what sort of life is this?"

"Be calm, Marchei. Why grumble? You ought to be thankful we got here without an attack, and here you are grumbling to your attendant

about wet cigarettes. Just take things easy like I do. You're tired. You'll feel better in the morning."

Marchei laughed. "Sure I'll feel better, after sleeping under this wooly blanket." He pulled at the thin covering of the cot. "Two hours sleep and then action again."

Tenente Jannuzzi rose. "You'll sleep well, I'm sure. Dream of the sunny skies in Italy."

"Yes,—God knows if we'll ever see them again, so now we had better dream about them."

**T**ENENTE Jannuzzi went out in the rain and the dark night.

"Civalli,"—called Tenente Marchei. The attendant appeared instantly at the opening of the tent.

"Come in, come in, Civalli," he encouraged. Civalli slowly came into the tent. He moved cautiously. He was afraid of the changing moods of his superior.

"Si, Signor," he said respectfully.

"I have two hours to sleep, Civalli, and then I want you to wake me, do you understand?"

"Si, Signor—at seven I shall wake you. Is that all?"

"No—stop being so melancholy and let me see you smile. Are you still thinking of the wet cigarettes?"

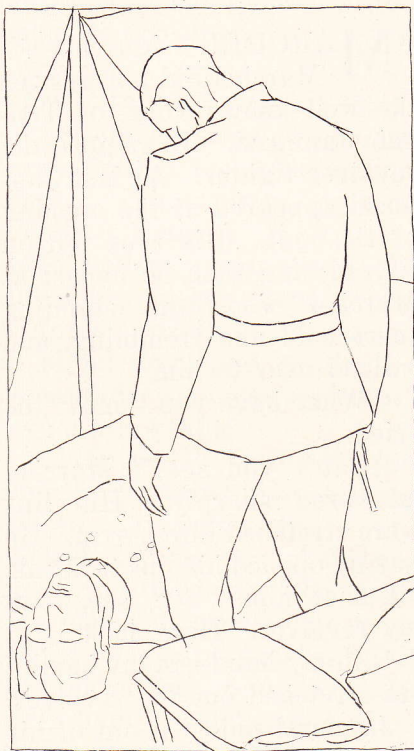
"Si—no—ah, you are joking with me. You have only two hours to sleep, Tenente,—good night."

"Good night, Civalli," cheerfully answered Marchei.

He stretched out on his cot, and his muscles ached more when he was lying down. Everything was damp. He tossed restlessly from side to side and then lay still.

"Armi in pugno, armi in pugno," reminded the guard patrolling outside.

"Accidenti," uttered Mar-



"He gazed at the body of Civalli, lying in a pathetic heap on the floor."

chei in irritation. "I am about to fall asleep and they warn me to be ready to use my gun. Here—" he took his gun from his belt and folded it in his arms—"I'll sleep with it."

IT was seven in the morning. Civalli stood outside of Tenente Marchei's tent. He was nervously rubbing his hands together.

"Signor Tenente — Signor Tenente," he called repeatedly, but received no answer. He looked at the watch on his wrist and became alarmed when he found that it was after seven. With nervous timidity he lifted the flap of the tent. His superior was lying on the bed motionless. Civalli crept near him and called loudly. Tenente Marchei stirred, and turned his shoulder toward his attendant.

"Signor Tenente, it is past seven. Your coffee is cold."

"Imbecile — don't disturb me," muttered Marchei.

"But you told me two hours ago to wake you. Now you say—"

Civalli realized he was to carry out the first order. He looked at his watch again. Something had to be done. He waited another moment and then gathering up all his timid courage, he shook Tenente Marchei's shoulder and shouted as loudly as he could, "Tenente Marchei." Frightened by his own boldness he jumped back against the tent to escape the anger of his superior. Marchei turned suddenly, clutching in his hand the revolver he had taken to sleep with him two hours ago.

The report of the revolver sounded deafeningly and with a low groan escaping his bleeding lips, the body of Civalli fell limply to the ground.

Tenente Marchei jumped to his feet. In his ear was drumming the command given a little over an hour before, "Armi in pugno, armi in pugno." And

there, gripped tightly in his hand, was his revolver, from which bluish wisps of smoke were escaping. Little by little, Marchei awoke to what he had done. He gazed at the body of Civalli, lying in a pathetic heap on the floor. He was filled with a sense of horrible unreality, but all the details of his victim's condition fastened themselves on his bewildered intellect; the black spot at the attendant's throat; the flow of blood from his lips; the half closed eyes; the deadly white face. He seemed to hear the noises outside of the tent more intensely than ever before. He listened to the steps of the soldiers, the neighing of the horses, the sound of the harsh brushes rubbing against their skins. In that instant his frantic mind was aware of both the movements of the living and the stillness of the dead.

The slow beat of footsteps came near the tent. At last someone was coming to share this moment of insane delirium. The footsteps went round and round the tent and then stopped.

"MARCHEI, Marchei—" Marchei did not answer the well known voice of Tenente Jannuzzi. He gripped the revolver tighter. At last Jannuzzi appeared at the opening of the tent. His eyes fell on Civalli, and then he looked at Marchei who was standing there cold and trembling, and walked over to him.

"What have you done?" he cried.

"Can't you see?" Marchei answered sharply. His lips were stretched into a grin. He hardly opened his lips to speak. "I shot him. See, see, with my revolver. Here, look at it. It's in my hand—in my hand." He stretched out the revolver.

Jannuzzi pulled it out of his hand and threw it near Civalli's body. He tightly grasped

Marchei's shoulder.

"Listen to me," he said quietly. "You've got to get out of here fast. Do you understand? You're supposed to be at the cannons. We'll get out, quick, before anyone comes. No one will know. Here—" he quickly threw a dirty piece of cloth near the gun. "See Civalli was cleaning the gun and accidentally killed himself. You must get out quickly. Some others heard the shot and I said I'd see what it was. I must get back to them to see if they are alarmed. But you get out. Do you hear?"

MARCHEI stood motionless. His lips were moving but with hysterical impotency, his voice could not make a sound. Jannuzzi shook him. Instead of words there was a sharp cry of terrorized fright. Jannuzzi gripped him by the shoulder and gave him a sharp blow on the jaw. Marchei fell backwards on the cot. He sat there stunned. Outside someone was calling his name. He got up. "It's Capitano Cristiano. I'll go tell him I shot Civalli."

"You will not," cried Jannuzzi. He gave him another blow. Marchei fell back on the cot half unconscious.

Tenente Jannuzzi crept cautiously out of the tent. He did not see Capitano Cristiano but he could hear him calling. He walked in the direction of the voice and suddenly came up against him. He had not seen him, for another tent stood in the path which Jannuzzi had taken. He rigidly stood in attention before the captain, a tall, severe looking man.

"Have you seen Tenente Marchei?"

"Tenente Marchei is on duty at the cannons," answered Jannuzzi respectfully.

"Good," said Capitano Cristiano in a staccato voice. "You substitute in his position

and inform him to appear at the commanding officer's tent."

Jannuzzi stepped back, struck his spurs sharply, saluted and walked away. After a few paces he cautiously looked back to be sure Capitano Cristiano was not watching him, and ran back to the tent.

TENENTE Marchei was still prostrate on the cot. Jannuzzi shook him.

"Go immediately to the commanding office. I'm to take your place."

"They know?"

"No—God, no. No one knows. You're safe."

Marchei was calmer. "Safe from what? Jannuzzi, you don't understand. Don't think I am going to hide this. I'll pay for it with every drop of blood that's in me."

"You're insane, Marchei," Jannuzzi cried angrily. "Do you know what you will do to yourself, if you tell them this?"

"Yes, I know."

"No, you don't, you fool. You'll lose everything. Disgraced, and what good will it do? None, none at all. It would be another crime. You would kill yourself. Your career would be ended. You know you're on the list for promotion."

"What does it matter, Jannuzzi? What does anything matter? I killed Civalli and I'll pay for it."

"Yes," began Jannuzzi slowly, taking him by the shoulders and looking into his eyes, "and do you know who else will pay for it? Your father—the kind old man you have told me about. That man you love so dearly—who has followed all the years of your life. You owe your position in the army to him. You've told me that it was his ambition for you that made you what you are. Think of him. What would this do to

him? You know it would kill him. You know that?"

Marchei's head sank lower and lower on his breast.

"Come, Marchei. It is because of you and your father that I am begging you. I don't know why you killed Civalli, but—"

"I didn't mean to. I was asleep and—"

"All right—we can't talk it over now. He might have been killed in another manner. Perhaps you will pay for it by an act of heroism. Now, you must compose yourself, and appear at the commanding office. And not a word—do you hear?"

"Yes."

"Can you face them alone? I don't know what they want."

"Yes, I can face them," he answered, with no expression in his voice.

Jannuzzi looked at the man who had been almost a brother to him since their days in military school. The muscles of his face were taught, and his large brown eyes were staring far ahead. Jannuzzi watched the tall figure walking away and then turned quickly in the opposite direction.

THERE was a group of officers loitering before the large tent of the commanding officer. They were talking noisily. Tenente Marchei walked silently past them. He did not even see them. Only by force of habit did he manage to stand erect and salute the commander who was seated before a large table.

"Attention!" ordered the commander, and the talking ceased. Instantly the spurs clicked, and the row of officers stood in attention. The small and pleasant-faced commander ruffled some papers on his table, and picked one up in his hands.

"I have here, Tenente Marchei, an order for your promotion to Captain." The com-

mander relaxed after this official announcement, and looked up at Capitano Marchei. He stood rigid, as though he had heard nothing. He only remembered that he must not tell what he wanted to shout to everyone.

"Promoted to captain," repeated the jovial commander, while he drummed a pen on the desk. Capitano Marchei shook his head as if he were awakening from a dream. He forgot the dead Civalli lying frigid in his tent; he forgot he had a murder locked in his soul. He saw his father's face smiling at him, instead of that of the commander. He took the extended hand and shook it vigorously.

THE commander gave permission to the officers for relaxation, and the buzz of talking started again. Each one had some remark to make to Capitano Marchei—concerning his heroism—concerning his character—concerning some funny episode in which he had taken part. The commander was speaking to Capitano Marchei.

"Due to the fact that Capitano Curcio is transferred to another fort, you will take his position, and yours will be filled by Tenente Jannuzzi."

Marchei turned when the commander spoke of Capitano Curcio who was standing near the door.

"And I also have further announcements for you," continued the commander. "You have been granted leave of absence for a week. This was asked by your father, and you will leave immediately."

Marchei distinctly heard this news, but his attention was at the door. A soldier was breathlessly speaking to Capitano Curcio.

"If you will permit me, I must speak to Tenente Marchei. His attendant was found—"

Capitano Curcio interrupted him.

"Communicate with Tenente Jannuzzi. Capitano Marchei doesn't belong to your battery any longer."

CAPITANO Marchei became pale. His limbs were trembling. He saw before him the limp body of his dead attendant. He wanted to shout and tell them all to call back the soldier who would have told them that Civalli was dead—murdered by him, the man they were making a captain. But he couldn't shout—he couldn't talk. He felt as though he were being choked. His lips were half open and he was breathing hard. His face became ashen, and he staggered backward.

"Here, here," shouted the commander in confusion. "Bring some water, quick." Two of the officers were holding him, and another was pouring water down his paralyzed throat. "Has he heard bad news?" He dimly heard one of them ask the commander.

"No, no—just leave of absence to return home."

"Home, home," Marchei regained his composure. He mustn't tell. No, no. Jannuzzi had said it would kill his father. No, he couldn't tell.

"I'm all right," he said, sternly pulling himself together. "My father may be ill. This call to come home has unnerved me."

"That is too bad. Has your father been ill?" sympathized the commander.

"Yes, very," lied Marchei.

"Well, let us hope that it is nothing serious."

"Thank you," responded Marchei. He struck his spurs sharply, saluted, and walked stiffly out of the tent.

CAPITANO Tullio Marchei was standing at the rail of the small boat which was moor-

ing at the port of the Island Salina, the island where he was born. The boat was close to the wooden dock with its hangings of greenish sea weed. Upon the sandy white beach could be counted almost every inhabitant of the island; the children shouting and waving to the boat; the chatting young girls dressed in their Sunday attire; the young men who had never left the island, with the dreams of the cities beyond; the parents hoping that in that brown bag filled with mail there would be a letter for them.

Capitano Marchei felt happy as he walked down the wooden plank. He scanned every familiar face. Some people were shouting to him and he waved back. He stopped on the beach—waiting. He was in a position where everyone could see him and he was waiting for someone to meet him—his father or one of his aunts. He walked up the narrow road leading to his house. Why hadn't they met him? He couldn't understand it. What was the matter? He walked faster and faster until he was running. At the door of the white stucco house he stopped and listened intently. There was no sound except the pounding of his own heart. He grasped the knob of the door, turned it and walked in quietly. There at the foot of the stairs his two aunts were standing. At one glance he noticed their red swollen eyes, and the sad expression of their faces. He felt instinctively that something terrible, something tragic was happening. Nevertheless, the sight of those two familiar faces broke the tenseness of the moment.

"Zia Elena, and Zia Maria," he cried and with an emotion that was rare with regard to his aunts, he clasped them both in his arms.

"Hush, hush," one of them whispered. Marchei dropped

his arms. He looked at them both with his eyes growing larger and larger.

"What is it?" he cried. "What is the matter? Where is Father? Where is he? Answer me!"

"He is—he is—" began Zia Elena. Then her eyes filled with tears and she pointed up the stairs.

MARCHEI understood the unfinished sentence and his aunt's tears. He raced up the stairs and collided with the doctor coming out of his father's room.

"My father, my father!" he cried.

"Here, here, be quiet." The doctor pushed him back into the hall and softly closed the door.

"Your father is very ill, and you must calm down before you see him," announced the doctor.

"Yes, yes," gasped Marchei. "But how ill is he? Have you called other doctors?"

"I have done all I could, and as for calling other doctors, you know what an expense it is to get a specialist to the island. And furthermore, I don't think there is—"

"You don't think there is any hope?" gasped Marchei.

"Not much," answered the doctor simply.

Marchei's hands dropped to his sides with a gesture of hopelessness and his head fell. The doctor took him by the shoulders.

"Here, here. I do not say there is absolutely no hope. He is still alive and I think he is sleeping now."

"May I go in? I won't make a sound."

"Yes, go in. I'll be out here if he wakes."

Marchei went in and stood at the foot of the large wooden bed. His father was lying



there, so still and white, with his cheeks sunken. Marchei had a mad desire to pull and play with his white beard as he had done when it was the color of coal. But he did not dare. He could not move. He stood standing stiffly—how long, he did not know. The long figure outlined by the blankets was so still he did not move for fear of making a sound. He watched every feature of that dearly loved face. Then slowly—very slowly, he saw his father's eyes open. He recognized his son and joy spread over his face. Marchei noticed the expression deepen and his eyes smiled as they noticed the three chevrons on his sleeve denoting his captaincy. With difficulty he raised his head and looked down at his boots.

“MY son,” spoke the tired and weak voice, “My son, you have yellow boots—

yellow leather boots like the captain we saw when you were a little boy, out there on the shore.” He paused for breath and his words became more labored. “Do you—do you remember, Tullio, I said you would have yellow boots one day? You, Tullio....” He stopped talking and dropped his head back on the pillow. He smiled as Marchei remembered he had smiled on that day he recalled.

Marchei had been watching him without a word and now he saw the tired, kind eyes close again with the same joyous smile on the thin pale lips.

“Father, father,” he called. But there was no hope in his voice. He knew—he knew those eyes had closed for the last time. That smile on his father's face and the cause of it stunned him with the falseness of his position. Before him appeared the dead and

bleeding body of his attendant, Civalli, killed by his own hand. And here he was—in the uniform of a captain. No, he could play his false part no longer. He would tell he was the murderer of Civalli and suffer for it. The eyes of that kind old man lying there would never smile at him again until he had wiped this murder out of his soul.

“Doctor, doctor, come in,” he cried and fell at the side of the bed.

THE few passengers on the boat leaving the Island Salina looked with curiosity at the man who was standing near the rail. His face was pale and drawn. His eyes were gazing far beyond the horizon of the blue sea. They were curious about him, because they wondered why he was holding in his large bronze hands a pair of yellow boots.

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## THE ITALIANS IN PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from page 168)

United States Marine Court; Nicola D'Ascenzo, whose stained-glass and mosaic art work has adorned famous churches, universities and residences; Pasquale Farina, painter, art critic and connoisseur; and Francesco Romano, sculptor and painter. But this group would not be complete without mentioning Severo Antonelli, the twenty-four-year-old artist-photographer whose work in portrait, illustrative and pictorial photography has already brought him six international awards.

Aside from the professions, multitudes of Italians, of course, are engaged in differ-

ent kinds of business and trades. For instance, the Italians are leaders in the building and tailoring trades and in the grocery, meat and fruit business.

NOW a word or two about the social life of these people who have contributed their bit to the life of American civilization. There are approximately 300 Italo-American organizations with a membership of about 200,000. Almost every head of the family, whether he be a professional, a business man or a laborer, enjoys membership in some club or other, whether it be the

Circolo Italiano, the Mutual Aid Society or St. Anthony's Aid. And it is exceedingly encouraging to know that the aims of these clubs and organizations are to inspire Americanization among the Italians and to appreciate American ideals and laws. Furey Ellis, the well-known philanthropist, is the pioneer in Italian club life, having been the founder of the Savoia Society, a charitable and cultural organization, made up of 125 men who are prominent professionally, socially and financially. The members act as helpful guides aiding their fellow-Italians in all their many and varied projects.

# Selections From

## GRANDI'S PROPOSAL HAS GREAT POSSIBILITIES

(From an editorial in the "Corriere d'America" of  
New York.)

THE proposal of Foreign Minister Grandi for a complete suspension of armaments up to the conclusion of the Geneva conference next February is a noble and timely initiative that sets Italy in the van of the international movement for the restoration of prosperity and peace security. It is inspired by motives that correspond with the general interests of mankind.

The Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs has, in fact, called the attention of the Geneva parley to a realistic consideration of the situation, stressing the necessity of practical immediate action, in order to ward off the ghost of mutual distrust and rivalry among nations. But the Geneva assembly is also the stage of oratorical contests in which the honeyed eloquence of Briand attempts to cloak the real intentions of France under a cover of misty ideologies. Every time an attempt is made to set the problems of peace on the practical ground of realization and international cooperation, France tries, by means of ambiguous formulas and the most equivocal chicanery, to push everything back into vagueness, indefiniteness, generality.

The game has lasted for years and nobody is any longer deceived by it. It is known that France is

looking for a pretext to put off the disarmament question. The real, imperative interests of the economic restoration of Europe are against France's attempt. Fascist Italy replies with the clearest, squarest fairness of intentions and action to the call of history and undertakes at Geneva the task of interpreting and affirming a world-wide craving for disarmament.

At the roots of the economic hardships of Europe that trouble and demoralize international life are the enormous squanderings conditioned by the armaments rivalry. One cannot seriously conceive of an international revision of international payments if one does not, first, do away with the causes that paralyze the normal development of economy and the regular functioning of international trade. The weight of excessive armaments nails the world to a crisis, which every day becomes more acute and more appalling. Many nice words have been spoken, many elaborate statistics have been published, plans, projects, wishes have been formulated—but the vicious circle of the crisis has constantly narrowed itself on account of the close interdependence between social and economic phenomena, which regulates the modern world.

Italy renews with a practical pro-

posal its will to cooperate to the solution of the problem and calls for an indispensable previous measure—the suspension of armaments. By such an act international solidarity must be proved.

It is rumored that in France such a proposal is received with coldness and skepticism. It cannot be otherwise, because France tries to escape, by countless alibis, the true problems of peace and insists, with traditional Gallic pride, on the hegemonic program that she thinks to secure by means of iron and gold. Peace however remains the supreme, common interest of civilization, and the opinion of the nations balks against every attempt to retard the solution of the armaments problem on which depends, both politically and materially, the termination of the economic world-crisis.

Grandi has spoken at Geneva not only on behalf of Italy but on behalf of humankind. His voice cannot but meet with the heartiest response of men of good will. It remains to be seen now where are the men of good will. This past summer has been one of the most intensely dramatic political seasons ever experienced by the world since the end of the war. America has made a great gesture, and piloted the governments of Europe toward the solution of their mutual problems.

But in this long and difficult navigation she has struck a snag—namely the hegemonic program of France—whose policy is marked by her organic incomprehension of international interests.

## THE FIRST ITALIAN PRIEST IN NEW YORK

(From an article in "Il Legionario" of Rome.)

FATHER Panfilo da Magliano came to the East with his little missionary band in 1855. Others before him, as for example Father Felice De Andreis, traversed the East and missions to the West, but Father Magliano was the first Italian to preach the Gos-

pel in this section of the country.

On the 9th day of April, 1855, a small band of missionary priests left the Eternal City, their homes and Europe under the best auspices, and after having received the benediction of Pius IX to come to the New World. They landed in New

York on June 19th, 1855. These Franciscan missionaries, Father Panfilo da Magliano, Father Sisto da Graffagliano, Father Samuele da Prezza and Father Salvatore, all from the Abruzzi region, were on their way to found an Italian Franciscan Mission in the Buffalo diocese. The mission had been requested by the bishop of that city, Monsignor John Timon, of the Head of the Order while the former was in Rome. Thus the aforemen-

# the Italian Press

tioned were designated for the enterprise and Father Panfilo was put at their head.

Zealous, cultured, industrious, affable and firm in character, undaunted by obstacles, and possessing a good knowledge of English which he learned during his three years' teaching at the Irish College of Saint Isidore in Rome, Father Panfilo was the man best fitted to found a Franciscan Mission where the Order was not at all known.

He gave up the honor and glory of the professorial chair for the humble apostolate of a humble missionary, and the splendor of a Roman dwelling for the poor Parish of Ellicottville to bring spiritual assistance to the faithful scattered over a radius of two hundred miles amid the hostilities of the then dominating sect of the "Know Nothings."

A year after he and his followers went west to Allegheny in Cattaraugus County to preach the Catholic faith.

In August, 1856, the cornerstone was laid to the first convent of the Italian Franciscan Mission. At the same time the construction of a college for lay students and a seminary for students aspiring to the priesthood was begun. These undertakings received the benedictions of Monsignor John Timon, Bishop of Buffalo, and Monsignor O'Loughlin, Bishop of Brooklyn.

Father Panfilo thereafter received various offices from the bishops of Western New York. He was known both to the faithful and

the heretics through his sermons from the pulpit and his polemical articles in American periodicals, in which he defended Catholic truths from the attacks of puritanical fanaticism. His activities embraced the two schools previously founded and his inspired word strengthened the faith of college students and increased the fervor of youthful priests.

The Franciscan movement was soon to spread in the East. Two parish missions were founded in New York: Saint Anthony at Sullivan St. and Saint Francis at West 31st St.; one mission was founded in Winsted, another in Buffalo and finally Saint Leonard's at Prince St. in Boston. This was all accomplished "ab initio" and in the brief space of five years.

Still at Allegheny, with the aid of three sisters, Mother Theresa Todd, Mother Bridget Tallon and Mother Theresa O'Neill, Father Panfilo founded the Congregation of the "Brown St. Francis Sisters" and its Academy in the town of Saint Elizabeth. With the help of Sister Maria Alfred Moes he founded an analogous order at Joliet, Illinois. He finally sent a small band of his followers to distant Texas to spread the activities of the Franciscan Order even in that remote state.

Today, sixty-five years after his coming to New York, all the institutions founded by him show a tremendous growth and attest to his eminence as missionary, founder and teacher.

From the religious, scholastic, cultural and professional institutions of Allegheny in Cattaraugus County thousands of pupils have graduated, hundreds of priests have been ordained and even a few bishops have come forth.

The three sisters of the Congregation of "Brown Saint Francis Sisters" have become three hundred, spread throughout academies, parochial schools, and hospitals of the United States, Jamaica and the British West Indies.

The little convent of Joliet, Illinois, has extended its activities in the three great states of Ohio, Illinois and Minnesota, its schools are recognized by the States and the study of Italian is prescribed in their curricula. They have established many parochial schools in the dioceses of these three States and have extended their activities as far as Los Angeles in California.

From the original small custody of six convents we have today two vast Provinces of the Franciscan Order, the province of "Holy Name" and the province of the "Immaculate Conception," which was originally Italian. Both are as important as any here or across the sea.

The latter, with which the Franciscan movement started in Western New York, extends today over a much vaster area, for its edifices are located in New York City, Albany, Boston and Pittsburgh. Thus has the simple and pure faith of the Saint of Assisi spread over the East.

## FRENCH WRITERS ON ITALY

(From an article by Marco Ramperti in "La Stampa" of Turin.)

Lucio d'Ambra, in a recently published article, remarks that the French writers are the ones who, in their novels and travel books, show the best knowledge of Italy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Are you really convinced, my friend, that French writers thor-

oughly understand and value Italy—men and country—even when they write about them with the utmost indulgence? Have you ever had a doubt that the flatterers sometime are worth as much as the slanderers? Did it ever strike you that certain judgments, ill-man-

nered but sincere, are preferable to certain others, very lenient, but far-fetched and false? When I think of the Maeterlinck chapter on Sicily, which came out 4 years ago, and I compare it with that in praise of Rome which the same author of "The Life of the Bees" published twenty years ago, and in which the Eternal City, the "Beauty Assembler" was substantially likened to a museum—not unlike the famous scolding by Papini—I persuade myself that the Flemish bee

is almost preferable when sticking out its sting, than when ripping its cautious and slimy honey. Thousands of other pages by foreign writers, mainly French, about Italy and the Italians, are to be evaluated in the same way. Nevertheless, I do not say, I do not think, that they have been written with evil intent. There are, to my mind, a certain number of stone-blind people even among those who would like to see.

Italy in literature, as seen by foreigners, is more or less the same one they saw, before coming over, through the eyes of their prejudices. Their sight, before being affected by men and things, has been influenced by books and pictures. At times, this influence is so strong, that it really annihilates the successive direct vision. Foreigners come to us and keep on looking on themselves—and regale us with some fine ones. I don't deny, my dear d'Ambra, that René Boylesve has really been on Lake Maggiore. I know he has gone there, and in quite charming company, too. But his telling us of having come across gypsy girls in the Isola Bella passes belief. It's still harder to believe than the famous Andalusian dancers "with swarthy breasts" whom Musset claims to have seen at Barcelona. There is still a chance of meeting with transient gypsy girls in the city of Barcelona, but gypsies dancing by the torches' gleam, within the Borromean gardens—merciful gods above, that's too much!

Meeting on the roads of Italy with none but strolling players, dancers, tight-rope dancers, card-guessers, wizards, is a fixed idea with the French writers. It was also Goethe's mania, and of all the German romanticists down to Heine, but the Germans, at least, foisted on us some venerable harp-players, fanciful streetboys, sybil-

line and harmless Mignons. The Italian tramp, in French books, is always dangerous, even if poetical. I have met with another type of little gypsy girl in a novel by Binet-Valmer. Bruna—ardent, with wild-haired hair—her knife concealed in her stockings—a warning to unfaithful lovers. You would think this creature must be a Calabrian or a Sardinian, this creature patterned after the Calabrian or Sardinian girl of the forties. Not in the least. She is from Lugano. Imagine, dear d'Ambra! In the sweetest land, among the most peace-loving population of the world, the novelist has set that kind of female demon. In Lugano, where a knife is used only at table, to carve up fried trouts.

Among the books, well-disposed toward Italy, you quote one by Edmond Jaloux, which I don't know. But of this very artificial writer I possess, and I am now reading, a volume—the first and the last that I will ever read by him: "L'incertaine." Here the plot is not set in Italy, but the girl, whom the title-character meets with, is an Italian and, just for a change, she is a street singer, called Simonetta, while he represents Florence, her birth-place, thus: "Florence is the loveliest city on earth, and whoever goes out of its walls eats a bitter bread and drinks gall." Can you imagine words more strident, more false, more provoking? The lovely Florentine women of the French authors are all conventional like those of the "refrains" of Boccaccio. Think of Grazia Bontempi by Romain Rolland. They appear flower-bedecked, it is true, but as the Hawaiians in the movies, roses of tissue-paper: artificial roses full of dust.

Likewise, the city of Florence has not been faithfully caught, not

even by Anatole France in the Red Lily; neither has Boylesve in "Sainte Marie des Fleurs," given us a truer delineation. Abel Hermant, in his lovely tale "Tetes d'anges," has also failed, in my opinion. Furthermore, does it seem to you that Venice, as portrayed by Barrès and Huysmans perpetually on the search for bones of dead men, is the real one, in comparison with the warmer, sunnier, integral Venice appearing in our Italian novelists, from D'Annunzio down to Rocca? As for industrious Milan, since it possesses many lovely things, which are, however, hard of access and difficult to discover, I am under the impression that the rank and file of the transalpine writers, Vaudoyer included, on once viewing the Cathedral, are downright blinded by it. As for Rome, it remains for all, more or less, the Antiques Shop. Nor does it seem to me that Siena, as viewed by Bourget, and the other provincial cities of ours that Suarès, gifted but unfair, has sketched in his lusty chapter, are models of unforgettable visions. A braggart is Suarès—as much as Schneider is rhetorical, and Faure is commonplace.

By way of conclusion, my dear d'Ambra, to lots and lots of such writers that have come to us to sing our praises—loudly or in a low voice—I would willingly send a note of congratulation. But the size of the note, and its formula, should be in proportion to their intentions. Believe me, my dear friend, out of all the foreign books, especially French, that deal with Italy, our preference might still go to that Baedeker which, after all, is immune from literature, is simple in style, and does not lay claim to beneficence.

## THE BIRTH OF "MADAME BUTTERFLY"

(From an article by L. G. Paolini in the "Giornale d'Italia.")

MIMI was triumphantly touring the opera-houses of the world, Tosca following her at close range. Puccini was thinking of his future art-battle, his new opera, and pondering on the steepness of the ascent. To rest on past laurels was not in his nature, for the urge to write for the stage was incessantly renew-

ing itself after victory, and the search for an opera-book grew more and more anxious and distressing.

A libretto!

That was the first, the greatest, perhaps the only difficulty to be overcome. Every morning, the mail brought him an enormous number of them. He used to read them

quickly, almost frantically, but he could not find what suited him. Had he at least been able to get a fleeting glimpse of some simple plot, vague hints of situations, a faint trace that he could follow up, he would have taken it on himself to advise, to assist and egg on the poet, to tantalize the poor wretch into incessant labour in order to build up the libretto, to indicate changes in situations, developments of synthesis of plot, in correspondence with his (Puccini's) own artistic temperament and his refined stage-intuition. How much all this

cost him is described by Puccini himself, writing on the day on which he finally found the companion piece to *Tosca*, *Mimi*, *Manon*.

"On some days," he writes, "when I am craving for work—I do not know whether from superabundance of ideas or of will-power, I plan to write a symphony, but it is no use. I need the stage, the singers. Then the frantic search for a libretto begins all over again. I read several of them daily, and time prevents my exhausting the supply of all those brought in by the mail. People who know me do know that the choice is hard. I am resolved not to overstep the bounds of the artistic field I have chosen for my own. I need a sentimental libretto affording the possibility of writing music after my own heart, an interesting libretto alternating a bit of healthy humor with

refined love-feeling. There are instead people who would have me set to music a chivalric poem after Ariosto or Tasso, and people who would prefer that I should turn my hand to the political drama of a century ago, personified in Marie Antoinette, or the Goldoni comedy of masks!

"I cannot waste my time on that. I had cast a glance on a Zola novel: 'La faute de l'Abbé Mouret,' of which Leoncavallo had thought, too, and I wrote to the Meudon novelist, but he wrote back he had already entered into an engagement with Leoncavallo.

"I was attracted also by the figure of Tartarin—the most lovely creation of Daudet—and had already sketched some sort of scenic plot. But I subsequently changed my mind—Tartarin would have absorbed and concentrated, himself, the entire interest of the hearers.

Besides, I don't want to be accused eventually of plagiarizing 'Falstaff.' If I get the permission I will decide on 'Madame Butterfly' by Belasco: one act and two scenes, divided by a symphonic interlude."

So the Maestro received, in his studio at Torre del Lago, the passionate, sorrowing maiden; there, too, he took leave of her while she sped on her way to La Scala. She made her first appearance and, for reasons I cannot enlarge on, was badly received.

She became a subject for contention and indecorous uproar. The Maestro gathered her in his arms for a short time, put richer garments on her, and produced her again in Brescia. She met with delirious applause. The new battle was won—Butterfly was pronounced the legitimate and worthy sister of *Tosca*, *Mimi*, and *Manon*.



## ITALY'S ATTITUDE ON THE MANDATES QUESTION

(From "L'Opinione" of Philadelphia.)

FOREIGN Minister Grandi's speech, at the meeting of the Permanent Committee on Mandates of the League of Nations recently, clearly put forth the Italian point of view on this important problem.

On the eve of the Geneva conference one might have thought that the discussion of the Austro-German Customs Union would have attracted all the attention of the delegates present. Grandi's speech, however, has renewed interest in the question of mandated territories and has imposed upon the attention of all the necessity of a strict observance of the spirit and the letter of the covenant which governs the institution of the mandate.

Although up to the present the observance of this covenant has not given rise to international complications of note, the approaching termination of certain mandates may cause difficulties of a very complicated nature.

The period between the termination of the mandate and the entrance of the new state into the League of Nations is one of consolidation of economic interests. During this period the functions of the mandatory power are not totally

withdrawn and it is easy for the latter to contract favorable economic conditions of a permanent nature.

Article 22 of the covenant governing mandated territories stipulated absolute equality in economic matters among the members of the League. The little efficacy of this article is quite obvious, for it must needs be that sooner or later the mandatory power would obtain greater economic privileges than other League members. Now with the cessation of international control the disequilibrium tends to become graver—for a state taking its last steps towards formal independence is wont to make certain concessions which would not be made in a serener atmosphere.

Then, as Minister Grandi has observed, there is the problem of those states who not being members of the League of Nations have contracted commercial treaties with mandated states. It is clear that, in all justice, when privileges of League members come to an end through the termination of the mandate, they are to be renewed under form of the most favored nation clause. Thus to cite a few examples, League members are entitled to the same concessions re-

ceived by the United States in its Commercial Treaty with Irak, signed January 9, 1931. Accordingly the same terms for the passage of oil tubes granted by the governments of Irak, Syria and Palestine to the Irak Petroleum Company are to be granted any other company wishing to build oil tubes for the same reasons.

It is to be noted that terms of this nature do not tend to stifle the independence of the new states. On the contrary they are in the interest of the mandated states as much as they are in the interest of all members of the League.

It is a question of preventing the economic independence of the new state from being compromised "ab initio" and this can only be obtained by putting all nations seeking economic interests on a footing of absolute equality.

Only in this manner can monopolies of interests be kept from paralyzing the economic and financial activities of the newly established state.

Thus we see that any spirit of national egotism is absolutely foreign to the position assumed by the Italian Minister. The mandate is an international institution created, not in the interest of the power that exercises it, but in the interest of the indigenous populations who, by means of this regime are to progressively approach an autonomous government. With

(Continued on page 181)

## H. E. Vittorio Emanuele Orlando

THE visit of His Excellency Vittorio Emanuele Orlando, Italy's wartime premier and her representative at the Peace Conference in Paris that followed, to this country last month to see his daughter, Mrs. Franco Bruno Averardi, and to attend, as a guest of honor, the eighth conference of major industries held in New York under the auspices of Columbia University and the Institute of American Meat Packers, was the occasion for a series of many dinners, lectures and visits held in his honor.

One of the most important of these was the luncheon held by the Association of the Bar of the City of New York at the Downtown Club. These luncheons are select affairs, and are held only in honor of really distinguished visitors to this country, men like René Viviani, Cardinal Mercier and Lord Cecil. Some 35 of the Association's 1200 members were picked, including such well-known names as George W. Wickersham, former United States Attorney-General and head of President Hoover's recent Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement, James W. Gerard, former American Ambassador to Germany, Henry W. Taft, brother of the late Chief Justice and President, Frederick Coudert, Sr., Paul D. Cravath, Charles H. Strong and many others. John W. Davis, former Democratic candidate for President of the United States, and now presi-

dent of the Association, could not be present.

John Bassett Moore, who was unable to attend, sent the following letter which was read to those present by Mr. Strong:

"Replying to your letter of the 6th instant, I am exceedingly sorry to say that, by reason of absence from town, I cannot be present at the luncheon to be given at the Downtown Association, on October 14th, to His Excellency Vittorio Emanuele Orlando. It would afford me special pleasure to join in paying honor to this world-famous son of Italy, who, alike distinguished as a statesman and as a leader of the bar, exemplifies the qualities that have given to his country in recent and in earlier times the power and prestige for which it is renowned. As a large part of the record of human achievements is concerned with the contributions of the Italian race to government, to law, to literature, to science and to art, we do well to hail its exemplars and to pledge them our cooperation in the cause of progress."

Mr. Cravath, presiding at the luncheon, then introduced the Hon. Orlando, who, through an interpreter, said he felt glad to be among colleagues, and that he would rather have the acclaim and recognition of his fellow members of the Bar than that of the public. This year, he pointed out, was the 50th anniversary of his first appearance at the Bar and the 48th anniversary of the

first class he taught in law, as well as the 30th anniversary of his entrance into public life. Adding that the League of Nations, in its structure, had as a precedent the federal form of government of the United States, he expressed the hope that this world institution, which he helped to bring into being, would be able to settle the present Sino-Japanese dispute without a resort to arms, as well as future international controversies.

Followed a short talk by Mr. Wickersham, in which he related the story, told in Dante's "Purgatorio" (Canto VI), of how Dante and Virgil, having lost their way, asked a spirit, who, in return, asked them whence they came. "Mantua," said Virgil. "Mantuan!" cried the ghost, "I am thy countryman, Sordello!" and they embraced each other. The Hon. Orlando, recognizing the passage and Mr. Wickersham's allegorical use of it without the aid of his interpreter, rose and shook his hand heartily.

After the conclusion of the luncheon, the Hon. Orlando and his interpreter were escorted by Mr. Strong to the headquarters of the Bar Association on 44th Street, where the eminent statesman and lawyer was shown its spacious lounge and reading rooms and its law library, one of the largest in this country, including many books from foreign countries. The Hon. Orlando took a keen interest especially in the Italian section.

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## The Late Dr. Paolo De Vecchi

TO honor the memory of one of the most eminent, distinguished and beloved Italian physicians ever to have made his impress and fame in the United States, the Association of Italian Physicians in America held a commemoration last month for the late Dr. Paolo De Vecchi, who, until his death last May, was everywhere regarded as the dean of Italian-American physicians.

The affair was held in the New York Academy of Medicine at Fifth Avenue and 103rd Street, and the main speaker was Dr. Comm. Carlo Savino, attached to the staff of the

Columbus Hospital. Others who spoke were Dr. Jess Miller, former president of the American College of Surgeons, Dr. Franklin H. Martin, its founder and director (who last month also received the decoration of Commander of the Crown of Italy), Edward Corsi, recently appointed Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island by President Hoover, and the Royal Italian Consul General for New York City, Comm. Emanuele Grazzi. Also present at the solemn ceremony was His Excellency Vittorio Emanuele Orlando, Italian Premier during the World War and one of the famous

"Big Four" at the Paris Peace Conference. Needless to add, the number of attending Italian physicians was large, as was also the number of American physicians.

A scholar, philanthropist, writer and surgeon, Dr. De Vecchi was the author of "Modern Italian Surgery," "A Discourse on Divorce," and "How Italy Won the War"; a Commander of the Order of SS. Maurice and Lazarus, a Chevalier of the Crown of Italy; and, while in San Francisco, a correspondent for several Italian publications, as well as editor of "The Lancet," a medical publication.

# IN HONOR OF COLUMBUS

## Italians Erect a Great Monument in St. Paul

**N**OWHERE in the United States was Christopher Columbus honored on the 439th anniversary of his discovery of America last month as at St. Paul, where the unveiling of a \$50,000 monument of the great discoverer on the grounds of the Minnesota State Capitol was the occasion for the gathering of more than 25,000, including the highest national, State and municipal dignitaries, and Italians from the neighboring States of Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Nebraska, Iowa and the Dakotas. The monument, a nine-foot-high bronze structure weighing more than one ton, was the work of Leo Lentelli and Charles Brioschi, and was made possible by contributions collected from Italians throughout Minnesota by the Columbus Memorial Association, organized at Hibbing in 1927, with 15 branches.

The two-day celebration included the unveiling of the monument, which was attended by Hon. Frank B. Kellogg of the World Court, representing President Hoover, Adriano Monaco, secretary of the Italian Embassy at Washington, Attilio Castigliano, Italian Consul at St. Paul, Fred A. Ossanna, chairman of the day, John B. Michela, who presented the memorial to Governor Olson of Minnesota, and Dr. Giuseppe Castruccio, Italian Consul General in Chicago. A national hookup of the National Broadcasting Company broadcast the ceremonies to Italy, where it was heard eagerly, especially in Genoa, the discoverer's birthplace, which had contributed its official banner for the dedication. Attorney General Mitchell spoke from Washington as part of the radioed proceedings. The dedication, at which telegrams were read from President Hoover and Ambassador De Martino, was preceded by a great parade.

The following night a great banquet was held at the Hotel Lowry, with some 1500 persons in attendance. With Attilio Castigliano as toastmaster, the speakers included John D. Michela, general chairman of the Columbus Memorial Association, Governor Olson, Dr. Castruccio, Adriano Monaco, J.

Earle Lawler, State deputy of the Knights of Columbus, Charles Brioschi, one of the monument's sculptors, and Fred A. Ossanna, chairman of the day.



The monument to the great Italian unveiled last month at St. Paul, Minn.

Tribute was also paid to a lesser known Italian explorer in the United States, Costantino Beltrami, the discoverer of the source of the Mississippi River. A portrait of Beltrami was presented to the State Historical Society, together with a number of documents which have been kept for years in the archives of his native city, Bergamo, Italy.

It will be recalled by readers of *Atlantica* that this publication had an article setting forth Beltrami's exploits in its issue of last January, written by Giovanni Schiavo. This and several other articles from previous issues were reprinted in a handsome booklet published by the Association in connection with the dedication.

The officers of the Columbus Memorial Association are: Cav. Attilio Castigliano, St. Paul, honorary chairman; John B. Michela, general chairman, Duluth; Frank Fiola, vice-general chairman, Hibbing; John Giannini, general treasurer, St. Paul; Fred A. Ossanna, counsel, Minneapolis; Mario Bocchiardi, Duluth, general secretary; Humbert Rigali, assistant general secretary, St. Paul.

### SELECTIONS FROM THE ITALIAN PRESS

*(Continued from page 179)*

these aims in view is the mandate to function and terminate.

Foreign Minister Grandi enunciated three cardinal principles which will govern Italy's policy in regard to the mandates:

1. To favor and accelerate as much as possible the independence of the people subject to the mandate.
2. To define the conditions which constitute maturity for self government in these people.
3. To guarantee economic equality (that is, "the open door") to all the nations of the earth in the mandated territory when the latter attains to statehood, preventing the stipulation of economic privileges in favor of the power that has exercised the mandate, for such an action would stifle the legitimate interests and the true independence of the liberated people, who would thus be kept from negotiating treaties with other nations on the basis of absolute liberty and in accordance with its immediate interests.

# MUSIC

**T**HE 90th season of the Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York (whose director is Maestro Arturo Toscanini) was inaugurated on October 8th at Carnegie Hall. The opening concert was conducted by the German maestro, Erich Kleiber, who is conducting the Philharmonic concerts from October 8th to November 15th. Toscanini himself will conduct the concerts from November 16th to January 10th, and from January 14th to February 28th the baton will be wielded by Bruno Walter. Maestro Toscanini will conduct the closing concerts of the season, from March 2nd to April 24th.

Maestro Kleiber's first program was interesting for his having presented to the American public the "Passacaglia" of Weinberger, the popular German composer of the opera "Schwanda," which will be given at the Metropolitan Opera House during its first week.

At the concerts of October 29th and 30th, in order to commemorate the centenary of the death of Goethe, Maestro Kleiber included in the second part of his program selections from Beethoven's "Egmont." For the occasion Madame Nina Morgana of the Metropolitan Opera Company sang the famous "Clarchen Ballate," the work of Goethe and Beethoven.

One of the outstanding selections which the Philharmonic included in its concert given at the Metropolitan on the afternoon of November 1st was the Goldonian *Intermezzi* of Malipiero.

During the second week of Toscanini's concerts, which is to say, the third week of November, the celebrated Italian maestro will present to the American public the famous violinist Adolph Busch.

**A**LL arrangements for the forthcoming season of Artistic Mornings, Inc., under the direction of S. E. Piza at the Hotel Plaza in New York, have been completed. The series will consist of eight concerts to be held at 11:30 in the morning in the Grand Ball Room of the Plaza every Thursday,

beginning November 5th. The seventh concert, however, will be held on Tuesday, December 29th, instead of Thursday.

Many famous artists have already been engaged, among them Maria Jeritza, Grace Moore, Nina Morgana, Lily Pons, Lawrence Tibbett, Efrem Zimbalist, Harold Bauer, the Salzedo Harp Quintette, and many others to be announced later. Subscription, for the entire season, is \$40 per seat.

**M**AESTRO Cesare Sturani is celebrating this month his twentieth year in the United States. During that period Maestro Sturani has taught and developed many celebrated singers now occupying important positions at the Metropolitan, the Chicago and La Scala Opera Houses. He has also devoted a good part of his time to conducting, having formerly been a member of the Hammerstein, Boston and Chicago Opera Companies.

At present he is very much interested in ensemble work, and his quartet has often appeared on the concert stage as well as over the radio. Maestro Sturani has great confidence in the future of American singers, particularly the women. His studio is at the Ansonia Hotel in New York City.



Nina Morgana

**"L**A TRAVIATA" of Verdi was the selection by Giulio Gatti-Casazza, general manager of the Metropolitan House, for the opening of its current opera season on Monday, November 2nd. In the leading roles were Rosa Ponselle, Giacomo Lauri-Volpi and Giuseppe De Luca. Tullio Serafin conducted.

Considerable interest has been manifested in Weinberger's "Schwanda," which is to be given for the first time in this country on the season's first Saturday afternoon, November 7th. Mr. Schorr will sing the title role, with Maria Mueller as Sorota, Mr. Laubenthal as Babinsky, Karin Branzell as Queen Ice-Heart, and Messrs. Schutendorff and Andresen in other roles. Hanns Niedecken-Gebhard of the Berlin State Opera will have charge of the stage direction and Mr. Bodanzky will conduct.

The second novelty of the season, to be given early in December, will be Italo Montemezzi's "La Notte di Zoraima," which will have its North American premiere with Miss Ponselle as Zoraima and Mr. Serafin conducting.

**T**ITO SCHIPA, the famous singer, has been made a Knight Commander of the Order of St. George the Great. Which adds one more to his list of decorations, including: Commander of the Order of SS. Maurice and Lazarus, Grand Officer of the Crown of Italy, Commander of the Order of Alfonso XII of Spain, Grand Officer of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre and Commander of the Order of Christ (Portugal).

**D**URING October, Bernardino Molinari appeared as guest conductor in Berlin, Munich and Prague. He will begin the orchestral season at the Augusteo in Rome on November 15, and will depart for the United States in December. His American engagements include four weeks with the Philadelphia Orchestra, three concerts with the Rochester Philharmonic, two with the Cleveland Orchestra and one with the Pittsburgh Symphony.



# Notes on the Drama

By Madge Christie

**A**FTER September's dearth, which was interrupted only by a series of murders in "The House of Connolly," we were glad to have the eve of the month of October usher in one good play. For, although "Payment Deferred" at the Lyceum may prove slightly disturbing to anyone who has decided to disregard his conscience it will have to be admitted that it is a very good play and very well done.

Of course we are shocked to have the bank clerk go so readily in for murder in spite of the fact that we realize he is in murky monetary difficulties at the bank. But that over with, we enter into the spirit of the play and allow our morbidity to increase steadily.

The play deals with the mental realm of a man who has not the good fortune to have been endowed with honest inclinations. Chafing under the necessity of earning his daily bread, he labors under the delusion that ease and riches would spell happiness for himself and his family. Through a couple of missteps they are acquired, but instead of gaining his heart's desire he finds that his misery increases as devastation sets in. Clearly and forcefully it is brought out that the little actions behind which a man thinks he hides and which he deems inconsequential to the world are the very things that shriek the loudest of his true mental state. The effects of the misdeed are far reaching, ironical, and very logical.

The cast is excellent and the part of the bank clerk, which could so easily have been overdone, is superbly played by Charles Laughton. We can almost see the inner workings of his kinky brain. Mr. Laughton is ably supported by Cicely Oates in the part of the staunch wife. It is she who drives home the point that the things which break us in life are not the burdens or hardships we are obliged to shoulder but our losing our faith in those whom we love.

From this we wandered over to the pleasant "Good Companions," now running at the Forty Fourth. Here is something so British that we feel as if we have suddenly been transported to England. That same leisure filters through to us which reminds us of the utter abandon

with which an Englishman can spend three hours over a cup of tea and two tiny cakes. And never once in that time does he have a look of pain cloud over his face because of some nasty disconcerting thought of business. Well, neither shall we, so we settle back comfortably.

The tempo, of course, seems extremely sluggish, but having seen similar opuses in England we know that as the scenes go on and we get into the second installment of them the merry goings on will grow upon us. Or perhaps the tempo does actually pick up. At any rate it becomes more interesting and more exciting as we give our imaginations freedom of rein. When we come to the tiny footlighted and borderlighted stage upon the stage, and strange missiles are hurled at the poor little company, we are chuckling mirthfully.

"Divorce Me, Dear," at the Avon arrived just eight years too late. Having husbands who persist in finishing sentences for one is indeed ample ground for divorce. But wives craving divorces, only to discover that they are deeply in love with their husbands, have ceased to interest the playgoers of Broadway. The dialog was unusually well written, however, and some of the points made were quite amusing. Violet Heming was as lovely, charming, and well dressed as always, and Reginald Mason gave his usual good performance.

Those who are American born or those who have received their education in American schools will find themselves transported to their childhood days by the film "Alexander Hamilton" at the Hollywood. That same spark of enthusiasm and patriotism will burst forth, in loyalty to the founders of this country, which was kindled by facts and stories devoured so long ago. Cinema plays of this kind which strike so near to our hearts cannot be tampered with, and grateful are we indeed, for the splendid casting and production given it in every detail.


Besides Mr. Arliss, whom we knew would not disappoint us, we have Washington beautifully done by Alan Mowbray. Montague Love lives up to our highest expectations

in the role of Jefferson. And Dudley Digges has the difficult task of representing the class that is always present to destroy all constructive efforts. He does it so well that we all but recognize present day politicians.

Interesting news reached this country recently to the effect that "The Hundred Days," a historical drama by Benito Mussolini, may be presented on Broadway this season. Mr. Sydney W. Carroll of London, who controls the play's rights in English-speaking countries, is in New York at present arranging for a New York presentation of the Italian Premier's work.

The central character of the play is Napoleon, and the action has to do with the period just before the great Frenchman's exile to the island of St. Helena. The play has been produced in Italy and Budapest. It recently went into rehearsal in Paris, and it is also to be produced this coming month in Berlin.

No less a personage than John Drinkwater, the eminent English playwright, has made the English adaptation, which calls for three acts and eight scenes.



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# TRAVEL NOTES

**W**ITH the completion of the last twenty miles of the new roadway along the mountainous west coast of Lake Garda from Gargnano to Riva, one of the most spectacular, picturesque automobile roads in the world is now available to motorists abroad, according to an announcement issued by the Italian Tourist Information Office in New York. The last lap of the new road was officially opened on October 28. The completion of the "Gardesana" as the new road is called, makes it possible to encircle Lake Garda entirely by automobile.

Before the building of the present new road, no man or beast had ever succeeded in cutting a footpath or marking a track along this rocky stretch of coast which rises perpendicularly from the waters of the lake. In many places the cliffs are so steep that it was impossible to land workmen by boat, but they had to be hoisted down from the tops of the cliffs by means of ropes.

The many sharp indentures in the shore line necessitated the building of numerous bridges and about eighty tunnels to avoid abrupt, awkward curves. As completed, the Gardesana is a marvelous stretch of smooth road gently winding along the shores of the lake at the base of mountains four and five thousand feet high.

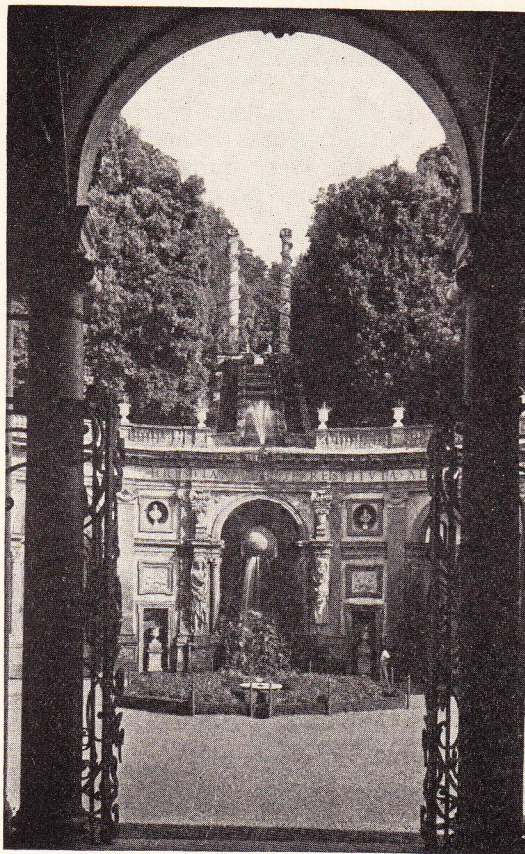
Lake Garda is the largest of the Italian lakes, and although praised in verse by Virgil and many other poets, is less known to tourists than the other Italian Lakes, partly because of its former inaccessibility by land. The new road, it is predicted, will bring a new influx of tourists into this garden spot of Italy.

**A**N International Exposition of Modern Sacred Art will be held in Milan, Italy, during November and December to commemorate the third centenary of the death of Cardinal Federigo Borromeo. The exposition will include paintings, sculpture, architects' models, tapestries, banners, stained glass

windows, ceramics, sacred vases, altars, illuminated books and other religious examples of the fine and applied arts.

**T**HE traveller with a chronic tipping habit will have to mend his ways in Italy, where the no-tipping rule will be strictly enforced in accordance with a new ruling recently issued by the Fascist Syndicate of Hotel and Restaurant Owners. Guests who offer tips will be requested to leave the hotel or restaurant they are patronizing, and employees accepting tips will be discharged. A percentage for service is charged on all hotel and restaurant bills in Italy and tips are forbidden by law.

**A** COMMITTEE for the welcoming of members of the Italy America Society began its work last Spring. Due to the efforts of Countess Piella Giustiniani of Rome, special arrangements have been made so that members of the Society may enter the intimate life of the country. Princely



Villa Aldobrandini (Frascati)

villas, gardens and palaces filled with treasures of art and history, have been opened to the selected visitors who have enjoyed these exceptional facilities.

Among the villas and palaces opened to members are the following: Castello Odescalchi (Bracciano), Villa Farnese (Caprarola), Villa Lante della Rovere (Bagnaia), Colle del Cardinale (Perugia), Villa Travaglini (Spoleto), Villa Leopardi (Recanati), Palazzo Carpegna (Rimini), Villa dell'Imperiale (Pesaro), Villa Castelbarco (Bologna), Villa Carnobbio (Modena), Villa Giusti (Verona), Villa Aldobrandini, Torlonia, Taverna, Mondragone (Frascati), Villa Serristori, Torrigiani, Gamberaia (Firenze), Villa Reale di Marlia, Villa Paolina (Lucca).

Countess Piella Giustiniani Bandini is assisted in Rome by Lady Elizabeth Howard, Countess Mazzoleni, Marchesa Chigi, Marchesa Theodoli, Marchesa Guglielmi and Countess Maraini.

In cooperation with Countess Piella, the following ladies are extending hospitality to Italy America Society members: Mrs. Sergio Fitzgerald of Florence, Countess Grottenelli of Siena, Mrs. Elena Parodi Saffi of Perugia, Miss Cecilia Berckley of Genova, Miss Arangio Ruiz of San Remo, Mrs. Susanna of Naples, Countess B. Giannotti of Turin and Marchesa Talon of Bologna.

Members of the Italy America Society receive at the New York office, on application, the letters of introduction which extend the above courtesies to them. New members, of course, also have the same privilege.

Premier Mussolini received Mr. Ernest De Weerth in Rome and expressed his highest appreciation for Mr. De Weerth's publications on Italy. Mr. De Weerth was also entertained in Rome by Marchesa Guglielmi, Countess Maraini, Duca Lante dell Rovere, and H. E. De Francisci of the Italian Academy.

Mrs. Russell Colgate was entertained in Rome by Princess Giustiniani Bandini, in Florence by Mrs. Sergio Fitzgerald and in Siena by Countess Grottanelli.

## BOOKS IN REVIEW

(Continued from page 148)

He is as much at ease in Port Said as in New York, in Mombasa as in San Francisco, in the Polynesian Islands as in London. And these wanderings of his, from Marseilles to the West Indies, from Siam to Haiti, from Villefranche to New Orleans are penetrated, as in the case of his other book, "Hot Countries," by vivid descriptions and discussions of people, but more especially, in this book, by observations on women.

What Mr. Waugh has done here is to weave separate stories, half fiction and half fact, into the single pattern of his travel narrative. The stories all have to do with the reactions and characteristics of women that are uniform, or almost uniform, the world over, hence the title. Each separate spot of the globe he has visited seems to retain for him a flavor, an experience all its own.

"To a certain extent," he says in his chapter on New York, "I have tried to show in this book, not how the Martinique woman is different from the Malay, nor the English woman from the American, but how in different settings, the same emotion will flower differently. In small communities whose life moves slowly, love comes imperceptibly into its possession. In the big cities as often as not the process is reversed. Passion comes first and the other things, if they can, come after."

The many woodcuts by Lynd Ward set a strange, exotic mood for the book and add immeasurably to its value.

*THE LIVES OF THE TWELVE CAESARS.* By Suetonius. Edited with notes and an introduction by Joseph Gavorse. 361 pages. New York: The Modern Library. 95c.

THE classical source of the intimate and living details concerning the lives of the twelve Caesars, who reigned from 44 B.C. to 96 A.D., is Suetonius' "Lives," the only one of his works that has come down to us practically entire. And the reason for the popularity of Suetonius' work is not hard to find: it consists in the cataloguing, almost, of the little, external details without regard to their significance,

a cataloguing that engages the reader's interest quite strongly. He is, as the editor of the present edition says, "inveterately human." That is his chief asset.

Beginning with Julius Caesar, he treats of Augustus Caesar, who did his best to initiate civic and financial reform; Tiberius, also a capable ruler but apparently addicted to vices; Caligula, who was insane and later murdered by his servants; Claudius, uncle of Caligula, a hard worker who was poisoned by the mother of his adopted son, Nero; Nero himself, of whom sensational stories are recounted without stint; Galba, Otho, Vitellus and Vespasian, who reigned after one another in swift succession; and Titus and Domitian, sons of Vespasian.

Suetonius' work differed so widely in conception, scope and form from earlier biography that he may be taken as a starting point for subsequent Roman biography. It might not be too much to say that his book shows an affinity for the ultra-modern type of "humanized" biography. Eminently readable, the "Lives" is as interesting and as detailed as any modern biography, and at least as sensational.

*CLEARINGS AND COLLECTIONS: Domestic And Foreign.* By Thatcher C. Jones 293 pages. New York: Columbia University Press.

THE development of methods of making payment by transfer of bank balances instead of by the use of currency and of clearing and collecting procedure has kept pace with modern commerce and has facilitated its vast and speedy operations. Professor Jones gives a lucid description of these exigencies of big business, treating the various systems extant in England, Germany, Canada and the United States.

The different methods are similar in their fundamentals but not in practice, and the author has not attempted criticism of any *modus operandi*. Indeed it would be difficult to say that the method in any one country is superior to any other, since each country is compelled by considerations of territory and number of banks to follow that system which, evolved through native

banking experience, is best suited to its needs.

Thus in England, a small territory, the clearing system is centralized in London. The most complex method discussed is that prevalent in Germany, where several clearing organizations, including the government's postal check system, necessitated the development of elaborate clearing machinery. Although in the United States the Federal Reserve Act replaced cumbersome and expensive methods with an efficient national system, the New York Clearing House is a day behind London's in clearing checks received after 10 A. M. In this respect American bankers may profit from the experience of their English neighbors.

Professor Jones says the world has found no satisfactory substitute for the gold standard, despite the drastic decline of the value of gold since 1914. Perhaps the recent debacle in England may be taken as a sign that, while gold may be difficult to replace, there should be international unity toward fixing the standards of the principal nations.

—A. H. LEVIERO

*THE SEX FACTOR IN MARRIAGE.* By Helena Wright, M.B., B.S. With Introductions by A. Herbert Gray, M.A., D.D., and Abel Gregg, A.B., M.A. 122 pages. New York: The Vanguard Press. \$2.

NOT many years ago a book such as this would have been considered unthinkable for general consumption, yet it is just the general public itself which can profit most from reading it. Obviously it is meant for those just married or about to be married, though physicians have averred that many couples who have been married for years would do well to know the facts herein mentioned.

"The Sex Factor in Marriage" is a short book, which can easily be read in one sitting, but its importance far outweighs its physical size. Soberly and without sensationalism the author discusses the sexual relation in marriage, describes the sex organs and the sex act, and in every case gives detailed and practical advice, based on scientific data, with a minimum of rhetoric.

# Dr. Franklin H. Martin

## Commendatore

AT the annual convocation, which closed the 21st Clinical Congress of the American College of Surgeons last month at the new Waldorf-Astoria, one of the outstanding features was the conferring upon Dr. Franklin H. Martin, "father" and director of the American College of Surgeons, and one of the most distinguished personages in the profession, of the title of "Commendatore" of the Order of the Crown of Italy.

The ceremony of the bestowal of the decoration was performed by Comm. Emanuele Grazzi, Royal Italian Consul General in New York, and the decoration itself was made upon the proposal of Premier Mussolini and by order of the King of Italy, in recognition of Dr. Martin's services to Italy during the war.

It was through Dr. Martin's help that a base hospital was organized by Dr. Joseph Danna, of New Orleans, to serve the Italian Army at Viconza. The hospital, used for about a year, was valued at \$300,000, but after the war it was sold to the Italian Government for \$1.00.

This is by no means the first decoration to have been received by Dr. Martin. He is already a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, which title he received from King George V of Great Britain through H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in 1919 in recognition of services rendered to the British Empire during the Great War, and he is also the possessor of the Distinguished Service Medal from the United States Government.

In addition the distinguished physician holds four honorary doctorates from as many universities and is a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons.

Dr. Martin has always taken a keen interest in the activities of the Italian physicians in this country. It was through his influence that, not long ago, Dr. Putti of the University of Bologna and Drs. Bastianelli and Alessandri of the University of Rome received honorary degrees from the American College of Surgeons.

An indication of his activity is to be found in the books he has written. They include "Treatment of Fibroid Tumors of the Uterus" (1897), "Treatise on Gynecology"

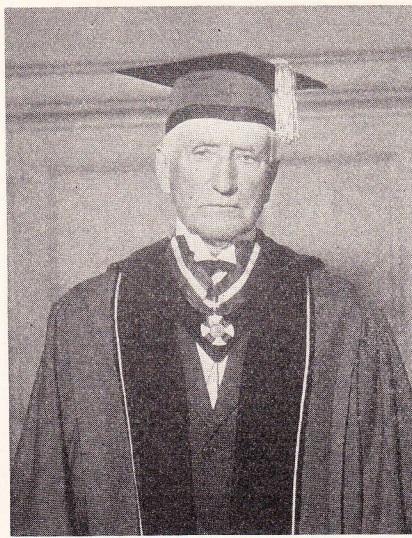
(1903), "South America From a Surgeon's Point of View" (1923) and a monograph on Australia and New Zealand (1924).

Born in Ixonia, Wisconsin, shortly before the Civil War, he was educated in the public schools and academies of that State and received his medical degree from Northwestern University Medical School in Chicago in 1880. Only six years later, in 1886, he became Professor of Gynecology at the Polyclinic of Chicago, where he remained for two years.

From then on Dr. Martin's connections and activities multiplied enormously. He was one of the organizers of the Post-Graduate Hospital School of Chicago in 1888, organized the free Chicago Charity Hospital with 30 beds in 1887, and served as Gynecologist at the Women's Hospital in Chicago for many years, beginning in 1887.

*Surgery, Gynecology and Obstetrics*, one of the leading surgical journals in the world, was founded by him and in 1913 he added to this the *International Abstract of Surgery*, which, as its name implies, carries abstracts of all the leading surgical journals of the world.

And yet we have not come to his chief claim to distinction, not even when we mention that he organized, in 1910, the Clinical Congress of Surgeons of North America (now the Clinical Congress of the Ameri-



Dr. Martin wearing the insignia of Commendatore of the Crown of Italy.

can College of Surgeons). The capstone of his career was his organization, in 1913, of the American College of Surgeons, a pre-eminent organization in the medical field which now has a membership of about 9,800 of the leading surgeons and surgical specialists of the western hemisphere.

Still this is not all. He was a Colonel in the U. S. Army Medical Corps at the front for three months during the war, and Chairman of the General Medical Board of the Council of National Defense by appointment of President Wilson, as well as Member of the Advisory Commission of the Council itself. In these capacities, Dr. Martin enrolled 35,000 medical officers and 5,000 dentists in the Medical and Dental Reserve Corps, plus 75,000 in the Volunteer Medical Service Corps which he organized himself.

Besides being an Honorary Fellow or a Corresponding Member of six South American Medical societies, he is a member of eight clubs in Chicago or Washington of a general nature, and (incredible as it seems) a member of no less than 38 organizations of a medical or allied nature in this country, including the American Medical Association, the American Gynecological Society (of which he was president in 1919), the Congress of American Physicians and Surgeons, the National Institute of Social Sciences, American Hospital Association, etc.

Since 1905 Dr. Martin has been editor-in-chief of *Surgery, Gynecology and Obstetrics*, since 1910, Director-General of the Clinical Congress of the American College of Surgeons, and since 1913, Director-General of the College itself. He is also Associate Editor of the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*, was president of the American College of Surgeons in 1929 and of the International Association of Gynecologists and Obstetricians in 1919, and is the founder and chairman of the board of the Gorgas Memorial Institute of Tropical and Preventive Diseases.

There is much more to be said about Dr. Franklin H. Martin, indefatigable worker and organizer, but space limitations prevent this. This cursory and incomplete glance over his record of achievements, at least, will serve as an indication of the remarkable activity of this distinguished American physician.

D. Lamonica

# The Italians in the United States

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

## ALABAMA

Under the auspices of the Sons of Italy in Birmingham, thousands of Italians, like millions of Italians the world over, celebrated Columbus Day. With Mr. J. Marino as chairman of the entertainment committee, a dance concluded the program. The Italian weekly "Il Gladiatore" also gave a banquet in Bessemer that evening. Elviro Di Laura is editor.

## CALIFORNIA

The teachers of Italian in northern California gave a luncheon last month in honor of Prof. G. A. Borgese of Milan, visiting in America and now occupying the chair of Italian Culture at the University of California. Other distinguished guests included the Italian Consul-General; Prof. Altrocchi, head of the University's Department of Italian; and Gr. Uff. Ettore Patrizi, editor of the daily "L'Italia" of San Francisco.

There are, according to the recent census, 107,209 foreign born Italians now in California, a number greater than that of any other foreign nationality in that State.

At a recent meeting of representatives of different women's clubs in California, the housing problem in different European countries was discussed, several young ladies of European origin giving a sketch of the problem in their respective countries. The Italian housing problem was handled by Miss Giselda Campagnoli, recently graduated with honors from the University of California.

## COLORADO

The University of Denver in that city gives courses in Italian and Italian literature. This year, in the Extension Division, Mr. Carl Perricone, well-known in the city as student and writer, will in addition give lessons at the University in Italian and in Italian history.

## CONNECTICUT

The Yale University honor list, composed of the students who made high grades, last year, was made public last month and it included the following: Valentine J. Giamatti of New Haven, Salvatore J. Castiglione of New Haven, John A. Fabro of Torrington, Conn., John R. Cuneo of Norwalk, Conn., James F. Mormile of New Haven, Angelo M. Ragonetti of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Francis Schiaroli of Naugatuck, Conn., Delmar F. Benatti of New Haven, Joseph J. Esposito of Bridgeport, Conn., Mario A. De Vita of East Haven, Conn., Peter J. Ferrara of Meriden,

Conn., John J. Mezzanotte of New Haven, and Vincent Villiano of New Haven.

A farewell banquet was given at the Unique Restaurant in Waterbury last month for Joseph Alfieri, popular druggist in that city. Mr. Alfieri is to be married next month to Miss Sylvia Ricciardelli of New York.

A speech was given last month by Flavio Guidi of the editorial staff of "Il Progresso Italo-Americano" of New York at Bridgeport, before the members of the Fairfield County Italian Republican Association.

Alice White, the popular movie star, declared recently during an interview in New Haven that she was born in Milan, Italy, and that her real name is Alva Sanfelice.

Former Alderman Louis A. Abriola of the 10th District in Bridgeport, has been appointed treasurer of the Italian-American Republican Central Association, following the resignation of Emilio Napolitano.

Three Italo-Americans were recently elected to political positions in West Haven. They are: Grand Jurors: Thomas Coletti, Republican, and Henry Masnato, Democrat; Constable: Salvatore Orio, Republican.

## DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

The fourth annual banquet of the Georgetown chapter of the Lambda Phi Mu Medical Fraternity took place recently at the Nobile Restaurant at Washington. Among the guests of honor were Prof. Mario Mollari, instructor in bacteriology at Georgetown, Dr. Raphael Manganaro, instructor in the medical clinic, and Atty. Michele Strizzi. The fraternity is composed of Italo-American medical students.

## ILLINOIS

Father Giovanni Peona, rector of the Church of the Incoronation in Chicago, has been given the Cross of Chevalier in the Equestrian Order of SS. Maurice and Lazarus, the first ever conferred upon an Italo-American in that city.

The Standard Club of Chicago last month gave a banquet attended by 60 of Chicago's foremost physicians, in honor of the noted Italian scientist, Ettore Levi. Dr. Levi, who is here on a visit to the Mayo Brothers' Clinic in the northwest, is professor of neurology at the University of Rome and Director of the Italian Institute of Hygiene, Prevention and Social Assistance, as well as the author of many scientific works.

A committee has been organized in

Chicago to raise funds for needy and unemployed Italians in that city. Its chairman is Cav. Uff. Dr. Giuseppe Castuccio, Italian Consul General in Chicago, and the other members of the committee are Gr. Uff. Antonio Lagorio, Comm. Giovanni Rigali, Cav. Dr. Italo Volini, Judge John Sbarbaro, Cav. Edward Maglione, head of the Banco di Napoli Trust Co. in Chicago, Rodolph Focacci, and John A. Brizolara.

At a banquet tendered in his honor last month at the Palmer House in Chicago, William J. Bogan, director of public schools, was given the decoration of Chevalier of the Crown of Italy in recognition of the part he played in having Italian taught in Chicago's public schools.

Prof. Luigi Carnovale, fervid Italian writer, author of "Why Italy Entered the World War" and other books, founder of the Italian weekly "Il Pensiero" and lately editor of the newly-founded eight-page Italian weekly, "Corriere di Chicago," died in Chicago last month of a sudden illness.

## LOUISIANA

"God and Man" was the topic of a lecture recently delivered by Mr. O. Chiochio at the headquarters of the Unione Italiana of New Orleans, under the auspices of the Dante Alighieri. The next lecture on the series will be given by Atty. A. Parsons, recently made a Chevalier of the Crown of Italy.

## MARYLAND

With the support of John W. Garrett, American Ambassador to Italy, the Museum of Fine Arts in Baltimore is exhibiting this month 75 masterpieces of Italian painting selected from the recent Quadrennial Exhibition at Rome. The inauguration was attended by Ambassador Garrett, Nobile Giacomo Di Martino, Italian Ambassador to the United States, Mr. F. McKinney, director of the Museum and originator of the project, and many other notables. Among the modern Italian artists represented are Tosi, Carena, Carr, Bartoli, Ferrazzi, Casorati, Cabras, Funi, Sironi (who won second prize last month at the Carnegie Institute International Exposition), Pucci, Levi, Paresce, Amato, Zanini, Monti, Salietti and Peluzzi.

Some 500 persons attended the banquet given last month at the Southern Hotel in Baltimore in honor of Atty. Demarco, newly made a Chevalier of the Crown of Italy.

On the occasion of his return from a visit to Italy, Frank Corasoniti, a contractor of Baltimore, was given a banquet last month at the Lord Baltimore Hotel in that city by the members of the Italian Club, of which he is a member.

second prize. The painting had previously been exhibited at the Quadrennial in Rome.

The Circolo Dante Alighieri of Philadelphia announced recently the resignation of Cav. Furey Ellis from his office of president of the society. In his place was elected Atty. Michael Goglia, whose seat in the Board of Directors was assumed by Atty. Amerigo Cortese.

Hon. M. A. Musmanno of Stowe Township last month was elected to the county court bench.

When Judge Eugene Alessandrini of Philadelphia returned to this country early last month after a short visit to Italy, he was received at the pier in New York by a large gathering of members of the Sons of Italy, of which he is Grand Venerable for the State of Pennsylvania.

At a recent luncheon at the Hotel Adelphia of the Knights of Columbus

Luncheon Club of Philadelphia, the featured speaker was the Marquis Agostino Ferrante di Ruffano, Royal Italian Consul General in Philadelphia. Cav. Henry Di Bernardino presided at the luncheon and Judge Eugene Alessandrini also spoke. Others present included: Cav. E. V. H. Nardi, vice-president of the club, court interpreter Thomas A. Del Vecchio, Assistant District Attorney Joseph De Vito, Cav. Furey Ellis and Attorney Theodore Maioriello.

Dr. Cav. Carmine Carlucci of Philadelphia was given a banquet last month at the Savoia Restaurant on Broad Street by his colleagues and friends. The committee on arrangements included Cav. D. De Gregoris, Comm. F. A. Travascio and Gaetano Lanciano.

## RHODE ISLAND

Friends and admirers of Dr. Tito Angeloni of Providence tendered him a

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## THOMAS A. EDISON

(Continued from page 153)

importance the 1033 patents held by the great experimenter of Menlo Park would be as difficult as defining which of the *terzine* or triplets of the Divine Comedy is the most beautiful.

From the Edison batteries to the incandescent lamp, from the gramophone to the sound films, from the telegraph to the telephone and the radio, in which Edison recorded some basic phenomena, it can well be said that there was no branch of electro-technology to which he was not a contributor, both as pioneer and as realizer.

From one coast to the other of the United States his name is inevitably associated with the most colossal organization of electrical enterprises, and even in Italy there is in Milan

an Edison company which supplies light and energy to the regions of Lombardy. In Italian technology Edison was always enormously interested: the first industrial line for the transmission of energy, in fact, was that extending from Tivoli to Rome. In this project many engineers of the American Edison participated, and he himself admired it greatly.

It has been estimated that more than ten billion dollars are invested today in industries whose economy is based on, or at least has been fundamentally affected by, the inventions of Edison. But figures of this size might be compiled and repeated scores of times: they frequently leave us cold be-

cause they are too distant from us.

## VIRGINIA

At the annual Institute of European Affairs held at Williamsburg under the auspices of the College of William and Mary last month, Dr. Beniamino de Ritis of the Italy America Society of New York, gave an address on "The Tenth Year of Fascism."

## WASHINGTON

The first annual ball of the Italian Relief Association of Seattle took place at the Seattle Casa Italiana on Oct. 24th. The committee in charge included Messrs. B. Fangini, M. Pesce, F. Parente, A. Facci and Mesdames M. Torre, R. Fornaciari, C. Gattani, Galvagno and Rosso.

cause they are too distant from us.

Yet there is perhaps no other name in the history of mankind which, like Edison's, has been able to create for itself a living monument in every country of the world, and in every home of every country.

The resting-place of Edison will have no need of a constantly burning light: every remote corner of the world has its own light burning to the memory of the great inventive genius.

And that he was a genius cannot be doubted, especially if we accept the definition of genius provided by Edison himself: "*Genius is one per cent inspiration and ninety-nine per cent perspiration.*"

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## ITALY IN AFRICA

(Continued from page 157)

year to match up the international competition in this new field of endeavor. It is worth recalling that the Union of South Africa is granting many commercial privileges to Germany, which in 1928 concluded an economic entente with Cape Town, thereby at one stroke putting Germany on the same basis as England in commer-

cial relations with the Dominion. Not only did the move appear to be an index of an active revival of the interests of Germany in its former colonies and in all African countries, but also a tendency of South Africa to gravitate towards the Mediterranean and to ally itself commercially with European nations.

Italy's position in the Mediterranean and her colonies in Africa facilitate points of contact between Italy, which is seeking new outlets in Africa, and the Dominion, which is gradually winning its independence in order to become, in its own sphere, a new America of the future.

# Atlantica in Breve

**A richiesta di parecchi abbonati presentiamo un breve sommario degli articoli pubblicati in inglese in questo numero di ATLANTICA. Saremo grati a quei lettori che vorranno farci avere il loro pensiero al riguardo.**

## IL GENIO DI EDISON

di S. E. Vittorio Emanuele Orlando

“Edison non deve essere considerato come un *grand'uomo*, ma bensì come un *Superuomo*. Io dirò che Edison non fu un grande ingegnere, fu un *Genio*.” Così l'autore inizia il suo articolo. Rileva quindi i caratteri essenziali della *genialità*, raffrontandoli con quelli della *erudizione* e della *versatilità*. “Caratteri propri del Genio sono la potenza creativa e l'universalità,” egli dice.

La potenza creativa del Genio è essenzialmente sintetica, procede per intuizione, e porta alla scoperta di cose, fatti e verità mai pensati né immaginati in precedenza da mente umana, mentre il processo dell'erudito è induttivo, e con la tecnica e la specializzazione, mediante tenace lavoro di adattamento, porta alla scoperta di nuove applicazioni per il maggiore e migliore sfruttamento di verità note.

“Edison—l'autore afferma—è un *creatore*, dotato di una virtù misteriosa e possente, per cui il considerare una cosa, od anche semplicemente un aspetto del mondo esteriore, gli suggerisce una trasformazione profonda, radicale, definitiva, indipendentemente da ogni sperimentazione tecnica.”

L'autore rileva quindi come in Dante ed in Leonardo da Vinci, i suddetti caratteri del genio siano palesemente manifesti.

“Edison impegna con la natura un duello di cui la storia dell'umanità non ricorda alcuno più grande. La Natura a lui si presenta soprattutto in quella forza misteriosa, la cui esistenza era per la prima volta rivelata da un italiano, Alessandro Volta: quella forza elettrica cui la scienza successivamente è venuta riducendo non solo ogni espressione di forza, ma anche la stessa materia. In questo duello magnifico oltre ed a parte la quantità e la importanza delle sue invenzioni, che sono 1.600, importa qui di mettere in rilievo l'esito complessivo e

sintetico, che è il trionfo riportato dall'uomo sulla Natura. . . . E questa vittoria resta superbamente definitiva.” Edison viene quindi ad assumere in sé tutto lo spirito del suo tempo.

“Egli è anche stato il più perfetto strumento, e la più perfetta espressione spirituale del suo popolo.” Così l'autore conclude dopo avere accennata alla intensità febbrile della vita americana di oggi, ed alla forza di lavoro e di volontà degli uomini di questa giovane grande nazione.

## THOMAS A. EDISON

di Renato Lombardi

L'autore di quest'articolo esalta la grande figura di Edison, paragonando il suo genio a quello di Michelangelo, per la molteplicità dei campi in cui la sua attività lascia traccia immortali. Accenna quindi ad alcune delle sue principali scoperte ed invenzioni, ed alle attività che la Compagnia Edison ha svolte in Italia.

“La tomba di Edison—l'autore dice—non avrà bisogno di una lampada perenne; ogni angolo del mondo ha la sua lampada accesa alla memoria del suo Genio inventivo.”

## LE NUOVE STRADE D'ITALIA

di H. B. Bullock

In questa seconda parte del suo articolo che descrive i fascino che l'Italia offre ai turisti, la Signora Bullock ci dice ancora dei vantaggi dell'uso dell'automobile. Fra le molte buone strade che possono essere percorse, l'autrice suggerisce le più convenienti, che passano attraverso le più belle città, dandoci nelle sue leggiadre descrizioni, notizie storiche di notevole interesse. Il suo viaggio ha termine al Nord, nella regione dei Laghi. “L'ultima tappa—ella conclude—è quella da Milano a Genova, e quindi il piroscafo per New York. E difficile immaginare che qualcuno possa tro-

vare in essa godimento alcuno, perchè essa significa la fine di una delle più belle, interessanti e suggestive gite automobilistiche nel mondo.”

## NUOVI SVILUPPI IN AFRICA

di Beniamino De Ritis

Il recente scambio di rappresentanti diplomatici fra l'Unione degli stati dell'Africa del Sud ed il governo di Mussolini, ha dato all'autore occasione di mettere in rilievo interessanti punti riguardanti il nostro sviluppo coloniale.

L'autore parla dei continui sforzi fatti dal giorno dell'occupazione delle nostre colonie, per civilizzare e dare moderno sviluppo economico ai nostri possedimenti, e dei notevoli successi raggiunti, considerate soprattutto le gravi difficoltà e gli ostacoli di varia natura che si sono dovuti superare, tutti ottimi auspici di un brillante avvenire.

Infine l'autore si augura che l'Italia, seguendo l'esempio dell'Inghilterra, porti a compimento il progetto della ferrovia Tripoli-Città del Capo, sicuro che noi, che cerchiamo nuovi sbocchi commerciali in Africa, potremo con ciò più facilmente conseguire i favorevoli risultati ardentemente desiderati.

## EDOARDO CORSI, COMMISSARIO PER L'IMMIGRAZIONE

di Domenico Lamonica

Con la nomina avuta da Edoardo Corsi a Commissario per l'Immigrazione, lo scorso mese dal Presidente Hoover, un nuovo riconoscimento, dice Domenico Lamonica, nella sua intervista col Sig. Corsi, venne fatto all'elemento italiano, quello della distinzione per meriti sociali. Infatti il nuovo Commissario si è principalmente qualificato per la sua esperienza, ed i suoi precedenti, quale Direttore dell'Haarlem House, a New-York.

Il Sig. Corsi, un immigrato egli stesso, studiò avvocatura, ma indirizzò subito la sua attività ad opere sociali, contribuendo largamente a giornali e riviste. Fu mandato dall'*Outlook* nel Messico, e quindi in Italia dal *New York World*, fornendo una serie di interessanti articoli; ha anche regolarmente contribuito ad *Atlantica*, dal febbraio scorso. Egli organizzò nel 1926 la "Columbian Republican League of New York State," mantenendone la carica di Presidente per cinque anni, riuscendo ad associare ben 50.000 italiani. Egli, sempre per merito della sua esperienza, fu nominato l'anno scorso "Census Supervisor" di Manhattan.

Il Sig. Corsi si è costantemente occupato di opere sociali, sia con lo scrivere, sia col tenere conferenze alle Università sui vari problemi dell'immigrazione, sia col trattarne personalmente i problemi stessi, con immigrati delle 27 diverse nazioni, con i quali la "Haarlem House" ha rapporti. Egli ama il lavoro e capisce perfettamente l'immigrato, e la chiarezza delle sue idee, unita al più perfetto spirito di imparzialità, lo porta sempre a vedere e considerare le due facce di ogni problema.

## L'ARTE ITALIANA NEL SECOLO XVII.

del Prof. Alfonso Arbib-Costa

In questo quarto ed ultimo articolo sulle grandi epoche dell'Arte Italiana, l'autore ci parla del sentimento religioso che predominò in ogni campo nel seicento artistico italiano: sentimento cristiano ortodosso, e non ritorno all'ascetismo o al paganesimo. Parla quindi dei capolavori del Tasso e del Bernini, che furono i maggiori esponenti del secolo, rispettivamente nelle lettere e nella scultura. Per la pittura cita la scuola bolognese del Carracci, ispirata al semplicismo, e la scuola napoletana del Caravaggio, cui appartennero il Ribera ed il Salvator Rosa, tipicamente realistica.

L'autore attribuisce infine alle tristi vicende politiche che sconvol-

sero la vita italiana del '700 ed '800 il periodo della Decadenza, e conclude con l'augurio che la nuova Italia possa essere presto al primo posto nelle lettere e nelle arti, come nel glorioso passato.

## IL FOOTBALL DEL RINASCIMENTO

di Arnaldo Cervesato

Nel generale interessamento di oggi in America per le gare Universitarie di football, molto pochi, scrive il Sig. Cervesato, sanno che questo popolare sport americano ha le sue radici nel gioco del Calcio, molto in voga in Italia nel secolo XVI. L'estate scorsa una partita di Calcio fu giocata a Firenze con le identiche regole e modalità di quattro secoli fa, ed anche i costumi dei giocatori furono riprodotti, e destò grandissimo interesse. Riferendosi a quel che dice un vecchio manuale dell'epoca, il Sig. Cervesato dimostra come il gioco del Calcio di allora ed il moderno football americano siano sostanzialmente eguali. Egli ci dà infine una lista dei più famosi giocatori, tutte persone della più grande eminenza, e ci parla di una famosa partita giocata a Firenze durante un assedio.

## L'ESPOSIZIONE DI ARTE ITALIANA A BIRMINGHAM

Più di 100.000 persone hanno nello scorso Settembre ed Ottobre visitata l'Esposizione di Arte Italiana a Birmingham, una delle più importanti mai avute negli Stati Uniti. Gli oggetti d'arte raccolti dal Comitato, che comprendeva le più eminenti personalità italiane, sono stati valutati ad oltre 250.000 dollari. L'Esposizione fu tenuta sotto l'alto Patronato dell'Ambasciatore Italiano a Washington, S. E. Nob. Giacomo De Martino, e molti artisti ed autorità pubbliche italiani hanno facilitato il compito al Comitato col dare liberalmente la loro cooperazione. Ulteriori attrattive sono state un "pageant" storico e un programma di Conferenze. Il Comitato,

con a capo il Sig. J. C. Catanzaro, merita le più fervide congratulazioni, per aver presentato con tanto successo un insieme di bellezze italiane sotto molteplici aspetti.

## GLI ITALIANI A FILADELFIA

di Teresa F. Bucchieri

Gli Italiani costituiscono un quinto dei 2.000.000 di abitanti che ha Filadelfia, ci dice in questo articolo la Signorina Bucchieri, 50.000 dei quali sono studenti nelle varie scuole ed università. Vi sono più di 145 dottori in Fisica, 100 in Farmacia, 55 Dentisti italiani, che esercitano la loro professione a Filadelfia, tra i quali si distinguono eminenti personalità. Più di 80 sono coloro che praticano Legge, fra i quali emerge la prominente figura del Giudice E. V. Alessandroni. Nel campo bancario, giornalistico e dell'insegnamento gli italiani sono molto bene in vista, e nelle varie arti si sono affermati e si affermano ogni giorno più brillantemente. Vi sono ben 1.650 musicisti ben noti, ed eguale distinzione meritano i vari pittori e scultori. Vi sono a Filadelfia circa 200 associazioni italo-americane, che, unendo complessivamente 200.000 persone, attestano i progressi raggiunti nell'attività sociale.

## LA STAMPA ESTERA NELL'AMERICANIZZAZIONE

di L. V. Fucci

La stampa straniera è stata frequentemente accusata di ostacolare il progresso dell'Americanizzazione. In quest'articolo, preso dal testo di una conferenza diramata per radio, il Signor Fucci con eloquenza e con profonda conoscenza dell'argomento, rivendica i meriti della stampa italiana. Questa egli dice, non solo, si è sempre dimostrata leale e solidale ma ha contribuito immensamente all'Americanizzazione degli immigrati ed ha aiutato gli americani nella loro opera di propaganda.



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