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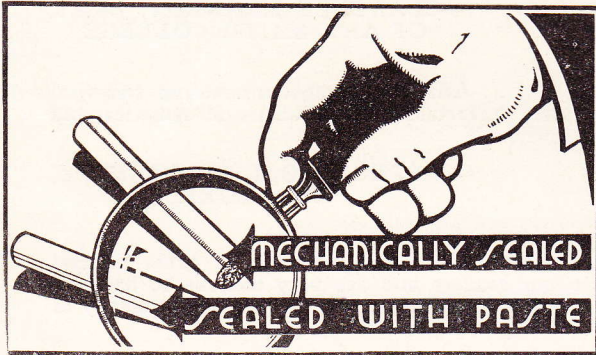
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MUSIC AND SONG IN THE DIVINE COMEDY. What Professor A. Arbib-Costa, the author, calls gleanings of beauties, hidden meanings, allegories and other things contained in Dante's immortal masterpiece.

ALFONSO TONTI—CO-FOUNDER OF DETROIT. Not generally known, even among Italians, is the fact that it was Alfonso Tonti, brother of the famous Enrico Tonti, who helped found what is now one of America's largest cities. This article, by Edoardo Marolla, constitutes another in the series on Italians in early American history.

ALFIERI AND NATIONALISM IN ITALY. A scholarly and critical examination of the importance of Alfieri's relation to Italian nationalism, written by Michael D. Randazzo.

THE CITY OF THE IVORY TOWER. This article, by Dr. Fredericka Blankner of Vassar College, is remarkable for the beauty and the mood it evokes in describing Pisa, the "city of the ivory tower." Miss Blankner is the author of a recent volume of poems about Italy, and she contributes to leading magazines here and abroad.

CAMBRIA OF THE ROXY. A new regime is now holding sway at the "Roxy" in New York, the largest motion picture theatre in the world. At its head is Frank Cambria, born in Italy, and now the "Roxy's" managing director. This interview, by Dominick Lamonica, reveals some interesting facts about this self-effacing showman.

TWO FOR FIVE. This is a descriptive sketch by Giuseppe Cautela, whose name is not new to readers of Atlantica.

HARVEST TIME IN MERANO. The region in northern Italy "where Italian color and Tyrolese yodel blend" is described in this travel article by Alice Seelye Rossi.

ATLANTICA

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ATLANTICA

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The Cover This Month

To bring to the realm of art a more profound reality is the constant effort of our time.

The desire to bring life and nature into the world of ideals means a falsification of the true creative currents in art. Today we exert ourselves to triumph over and to detach ourselves from objective reality and we penetrate into the very recesses of the soul, we bring to light its essence. The painter no longer seeks formal beauty; rather, at times, he combines lines and tones which resolve themselves into grimaces or caricatures. He has no regard for faithful reproduction as such, but dedicates his art completely to the expression of the soul.

The elements of beauty arise from this intense desire to penetrate the very depths of being, from the need to give supremacy to imagination, which had been subordinated to external reality. Carlo Carrà, in his "Fishermen", depicts this grave, simple and emotional type of painting, far removed from any conventional treatment. The two figures represented are so profoundly unified with the composition as a whole that they impart to it their own emotional serenity.

This painting was very much admired at the recent Biennial Exhibition of International Art held at Venice. Carlo Carrà is one of the leading painters of the new artistic movement in Italy.

l. q.



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TOPICS OF THE MONTH

By Rosario Ingarciola

HOW DEPRESSION AFFECTS THE FOREIGN BORN

WE are a nation of experts. In our country the faculty of specialization has attained the dignity of an art. A problem is presented, a situation arises, a question is posed. Lo and behold, a swarm of experts forthwith bestirs itself to investigate their causes and effects, their trends and influences, until the problem becomes more involved, the situation more complex and the question more muddled.

With all that, I suppose experts have their uses in the order of things and occasionally justify their existence. Sometimes, however, their labors are futile, if not distinctly harmful.

As was natural, this phenomenon called Depression could not have escaped the all-seeing eye of the expert. But it remained for Dr. Herbert H. Miller, formerly of Ohio State University, to make a study of the effects of the depression upon foreign-born families. The good doctor, in a report recently issued, finds the following tendencies:

1. Depression has widened the rift between the foreign-born parents and their American-born children.
2. In spite of unemployment, there is little permanent repatriation to the old countries.
3. Nationalistic differences between the groups are increasing and part of the reason for this is unemployment.
4. There is no hope for the small foreign-born business man.
5. The immigrant does not receive, financially or culturally, the equivalent of what he contributes to the city.

Very interesting, no doubt. But are Dr. Miller's conclusions based on facts or on fantasies? As to No. 1, intelligent observation shows that this economic distress has welded more closely together the families of the foreign-born. In times of danger, people don't usually widen their rifts: they get together and fight the common enemy. No. 2 is absolutely disproved by the official figures of the Department of Labor

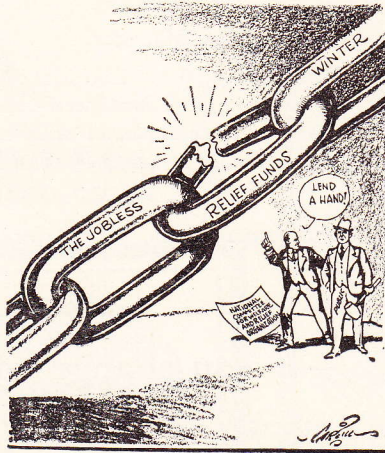
which show that thousands of foreign-born have left this country for good.

Why the depression should increase nationalistic differences between the racial groups is something which is very hard to understand. It would seem that the answer to No. 1 should apply here. In the World War these differences were forgotten for the moment. America was one—of one mind and with one purpose. In this war—and everyone recognizes that this crisis is very much like a war—all foreign groups are united, with but one single thought: to bring about a speedy recovery.

Dr. Miller's fourth conclusion is absurd, to say the least. Why does he single out the small foreign-born business man? Is the small native-born business man immune from the ravages of the depression? Alas, the fact is that even the big American-born business man hasn't been able to withstand the storm and more than one has gone under.

But one will forgive Dr. Miller all his erroneous conclusions for the truth contained in his last. The immigrant does not receive the equivalent of what he gives.

This is so, without the shadow of a doubt—but with one qualification: that the depression has nothing to do with it. This was always so and perhaps will always be so. If anything, the depression has brought the fact into more physical



Another Threatening Cold Snap

—From the South Bend "Tribune"

relief—sufficient for Dr. Miller to see it.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S LAST WORD

THE march to London last month of thousands of hungry men and women has brought vividly to our minds the tremendous seriousness of the economic collapse which is gripping the entire civilized world. Ill-clad, ill-shod, footsore and dispirited, these unfortunate people stormed Parliament demanding immediate relief. They didn't get it and no one knows what is going to happen.

In this country we have not had such marches—as yet. But they are possible. Indeed, they will be inevitable unless something is done at once to relieve a desperate situation.

President Hoover has started a six-week nation-wide campaign to raise millions of dollars locally for local relief. In our City of New York the Emergency Unemployment Relief Committee is helping in this direction. The Committee, which is headed by Harvey D. Gibson, began a drive for \$15,000,000 on November 10.

In a radio speech to the nation in which he urged everybody to contribute in this worthy cause, President Hoover appealed to "the great heart of the American people" and concluded with these words:

"Let me say no richer blessing can fill your own hearts than the consciousness on some bleak winter's evening that your generosity has lighted a fire upon some family's heart that otherwise would be black and cold and has spread some family table with food where otherwise children would be wanting. I wish my last word to you to be the word GIVE!"

If the orderly structure of our Government is to survive, the President's word must be heeded. Those in a position to give must give—and give until it hurts, as of yore. The other alternative is chaos, hunger marches, perhaps economic disruption with consequent national disorders.

Whether the worst of the depression has come and gone, it must be remembered that eventually a change will come. It is the duty of every citizen to see to it that the

(Continued on Page 85)

The 40-Hour Week

By Giuseppe De Michelis

THE movement for the establishment of shorter hours of labor wherever possible, as one of the means whereby unemployment, especially the unemployment caused by technological advances, may be overcome, has assumed such proportions that it is now being examined, considered and discussed by the Board of the International Labor Office.

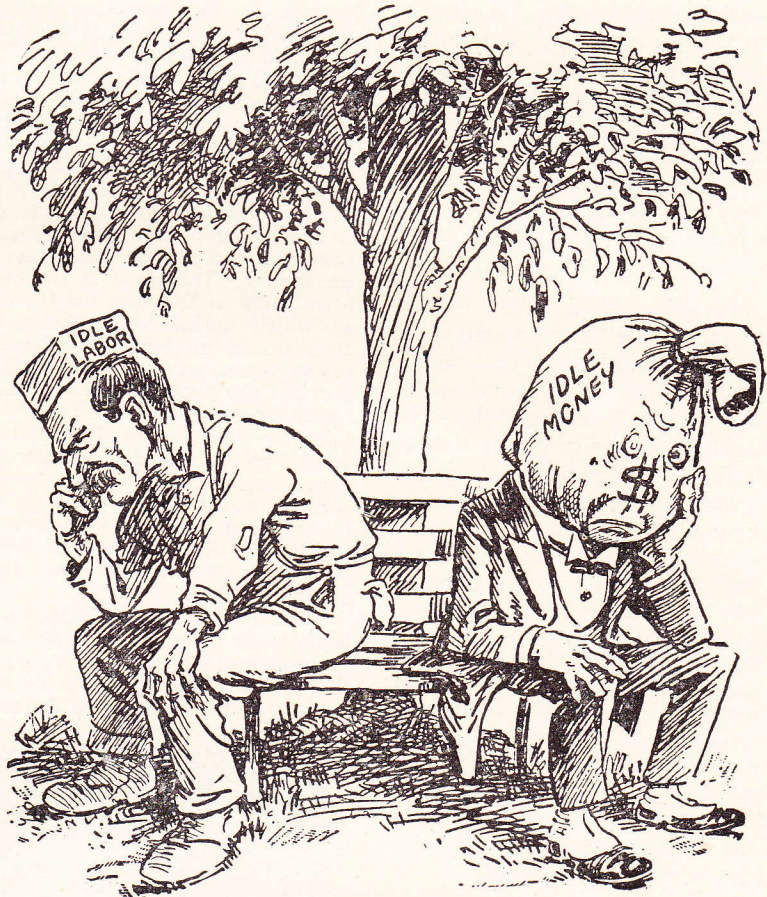
With the worldwide economic depression having deepened beyond all early calculations, a new and unexpected orientation has been given to the efforts which the workers' legislation of individual countries and international social legislation has fostered to procure for labor a regime of rational and equitable working hours.

Up to the early part of 1931 the principle that inspired these efforts was still the biological-humanitarian one of the conservation of human energy and of a more convenient tenor of living for the working masses. The movements for education and the use of leisure were closely connected with just this elementary exigency, which was recognized at Washington in 1919 by the first Labor Conference with the Convention on the 8-hour day and the 48-hour week, which, however, was ratified and put into practice by but few States.

Twelve years later, when the principle of the 8-hour day and the 48-hour week was still quite far from being converted into law, came the necessity of a more reduced system of working hours, dictated by economic reasons; and which constitutes a furthering of the action and the initiatives of social policy emanating from the Washington Convention.

The movement of recent origin is linked up with the vicissitudes of the economic crisis and especially with the growth of unemployment.

Systems of employment insurance, which as a consequence of the



Both: "I wish I had a job."

widespread unemployment among the workers have had such a great development and application, relieve, it is true, the evils attendant upon unemployed labor, preserving the worker's life and that of his family, but they are also the cause of serious harm both for the individual and for the State. It is sufficient in this connection to refer to the overburdening of the public finances and to the fact that no decisive and strong incentive for the increase of individual consumption can derive from such systems, which tend rather to stifle demand.

IT will be understood, therefore, how rapidly the practice of short time should gain a foothold from

the very first. By short time we mean a species of part time employment, which will lighten the burden on national budgets and at the same time allow the heads of industry to maintain the numerical strength of the trades, especially of the more skilled ones, in anticipation of the expected revival of industry, and later the movement of ideas and initiatives the purpose of which is the synchronous and rational reduction of the hours of labor decided upon at the international forum at Geneva and put into practice with uniform criteria in the various nations.

Is it permissible to enlarge upon the discussions and deliberations

that are bound to follow at Geneva before very long?

It can easily be foreseen that some essential premises of fact and of principle will probably be agreed upon unanimously by all sides. We hereby indicate them briefly.

1. Unemployment should be treated, now, not only as a symptom, but also as a grave contributory cause of present-day economic and social derangement. We must restore to the working population the consuming capacity that will be sufficient to counteract the bulk of surplus production. This is not all: the cure must be energetic and rapid. If the customary methods followed by international texts and pacts are long and unsuitable, new ways must be opened.

2. Partial unemployment — or short time, call it what you may — left to the initiative of the entrepreneurs, cannot have the desired effect. The disparity of the criteria and the diversity of the times, the difficulty of arriving at a common ground with regard to unemployment subsidies, and the insufficient extension of their application, make it certain that the remedy will be absolutely unsuitable to the malady to be cured.

3. The permanent, general and uniform reduction of the hours of labor, sanctioned by the competent international organ at Geneva and applied by national public authorities, is the only remedy that can give the necessary consuming power to great masses of people.

4. Considering the preparations that are going on for a world economic-financial conference, from which we may expect advice as to the improvements to introduce in the field of production and exchange — which of course implies the question of working hours — it is necessary that whatever is decided upon in the few weeks' interim shall have in itself the organic virtue and the practical possibility of being fruitfully linked with the work of the coming world conference.

5. To this end it seems indispensable and logical that the Board decide: to write in the question of working hours into the program of the annual Geneva Labor Conference for 1933; to charge with the same problem a special tripartite technical conference, whose duty shall be not only to study and to

With unemployment so widespread today as a result of the depression, the various remedies proposed for its alleviation are coming more and more to the fore and assuming definite form. Those that have received most official attention by the nations to date have been systems of unemployment insurance and the initiation of public works on a large scale. A third method of combating unemployment, on which action is being sought, is the reduction of the hours of labor to what is commonly called the 40-hour week.

The 40-hour week is not aimed at the present depression alone. Economists are pretty generally in agreement that even before the depression, unemployment was beginning to loom as one of the great present-day problems. This is due to two things: more efficient management, and the increased use of machinery. The latter is the more formidable of the two, for the rate at which machinery is being introduced in all branches of production is an accelerating one, and provides the phenomenon known as technological unemployment.

Under the proposed shortened week, work would naturally be distributed among more wage-earners, and it would constitute another step in the progressive shortening of the hours of labor, a process which has been going on for decades.

Official recognition of this trend has already been voiced by Premier Mussolini of Italy in his sponsorship of the 40-hour week at Geneva for international action on the matter, and in already applying similar measures at home.

In this country, too, the Share-the-Work Committee, headed by Walter C. Teagle of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, has been making efforts in that direction, having already succeeded in winning over to the five-day week such companies as General Motors Corp., Proctor & Gamble Co., New York "Daily News", Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., and Socony-Vacuum Corp., as well as Mr. Teagle's company. It is estimated that in the United States some 3,500,000 in 3,500 companies have been provided work through this plan.

The importance of the 40-hour week can hardly be over-estimated, and no doubt in the near future, after details and differences are agreed upon, we may well recognize it as the common practice. The following article by Senator Giuseppe De Michelis, Italian delegate to the International Labor Conference, and who has been Italy's expert at many disarmament conferences, indicates some of the problems that require to be solved by international action at Geneva together with methods of procedure that are advisable, before the movement can reach a definitive stage internationally.

clarify the possible solutions for the use of the said annual assembly, but to prepare a finished program for the use of the nearer World Economic Conference, so that the latter shall not be burdened with having to assume further studies and elaborations with regard to the labor problem. For the Labor Conference the only duty to be reserved must be that of the formation of texts containing the provisions that will have been established by the most competent technical meetings. The urgency of the remedies must, if necessary, liberate us from the encumbrance of antiquated formulae and impel the Geneva institution toward a more active procedure.

It will not be difficult to come to an agreement on these points.

THE really difficult point, instead, will be the substantial one of reconciling the contrasting exigencies with respect to wages.

The votes of the workers' representatives are, it can readily be seen, for the maintenance of a living wage even under a regime of reduced hours. The employers, on the other hand, deprecate a provision that would aggravate and increase the costs of production.

The solution of this difficulty does not rest with the Board of the Geneva Labor Office, and can profitably be deferred for the preparatory technical conference. However, it seems difficult that in the resolution to be voted on no reference shall be made to it; probably it will be phrased in those wise words: *that solution tending to conciliate opposing interests*. Perhaps even now we can consider that the greater cost under the new system — if it must be — will be inevitably eliminated with time and that in the first period of its application it can be equally borne among employer, employee and the State, resulting in a smaller charge for the latter, considering the decrease in unemployment funds.

However it will turn out to be, Italian public opinion, convinced of the worthiness of a cause authoritatively maintained, follows with sympathy every new initiative which aims to translate into fact, with the promptness that the moment demands, a provision of certain relief for the economic depression and for the workers' needs.

Papini, Croce and the Church

By Anthony M. Gisolfi

"THIS GOD Almighty of a millionaire, senator through payment of the amount prescribed for the office, great man of his own making and by virtue of the all-prevailing sheepishness and assiduity, has felt the need of endowing Italy with a system of philosophy, a discipline, a body of literary criticism. This illustrious teacher of those who do not know has put together his philosophic system by castrating Hegel and thus depriving him not only of the possibility of doing evil, but also of the possibility of bearing fruit; he has brought forth a discipline by resorting to third-year readers used in primary schools; in his literary criticism he has got it into his head to follow De Sanctis, whom he resembles as the sea painted on a scenario resembles the real sea." (1)

"The only foreign country which now rivals Central and Southern Italy in this rash and degrading adhesion (to Croce's Aesthetics) is, one would think, Texas, where a certain Prof. Edgard Lovett Odell, president of the great and renowned Houston University, has invited Croce to hold four lectures down there to explain once and for all to those good Americans what art is." (2)

With such delightful amenities Papini, some sixteen years ago, voiced his dislike of Croce, his work and his followers. Papini's opposition to the Neapolitan philosopher has since taken a more serious turn, mainly because of the former's conversion to Catholicism.

The differences of these two men, so eminent in the world of letters and literary criticism, have again come to the fore subsequent to the publication of Croce's *Storia di Europa nel secolo decimonono* (3) this year. Croce's exposition of the Church's influence upon the course of nineteenth century and contemporary history and, what is

more, his interpretation of recent conversions to Catholicism, could in no way prove satisfactory to Papini, who launches from the columns of the *Nuova Antologia* (4) a long-sustained invective against the historian's unbelief, an invective which gradually decreases in virulence until it is almost nullified by a crescendo of Christian mercifulness and willingness to forgive. Thus Croce is absolved without being aware of having sinned. The reader would augur well for peace in the Italian Republic of Letters. Besides, Papini's article is of absorbing interest for the profanely curious in that here we have, for the first time, an account of his return to Christ.

INTERESTINGLY enough, a good part of what Papini objects to in the closing chapter of the *Sto-*



Benedetto Croce

ria di Europa is reprinted in the last issue of *Foreign Affairs*. (5)

Croce argues thus: "The ideal of a transcendental system of truth, and corollary to it, of a system of government from on high, exercised on earth by a vicar, and represented by a church, has not yet acquired the intellectual proof which past ages found it to lack. Like all obvious statements, this one runs the risk of seeming ungenerous. None the less it is a fact that the spiritual impulse which has prompted many persons to return to Catholicism or to take refuge in it (or in similar if less venerable havens) is merely a craving, amid the turmoil of clashing and changing ideals, for a truth that is fixed and a rule of life that is imposed from above. In some cases, it may have no nobler basis than fear and renunciation, a childish terror in the presence of the preception that all truth is absolute and at the same time relative. But a moral ideal cannot conform to the needs of the discouraged and the fearful."

And Papini: "... if he (Croce) by 'intellectual proof' means a demonstration based on truths accepted and believed in by him and his like, it is clear that what he asks for is absurd and impossible. He denies everything transcendental, everything supernatural, and relegates amongst inexistent or irrelevant problems, those which refer to the existence of God, the possibility of the incarnation, the immortality of the soul, the hereafter. How can Catholicism possess or devise an 'intellectual proof,' founded on the denial of the notions upon which it is founded? It would be the same if a skeptic were to exact an intellectual justification for realism or idealism based on skepticism, that is, capable of denying skepticism by means of skeptic thesis. An 'intellectual proof' is admissible only between minds having something in common. . . ."

AND here almost unwittingly Papini has come to the very crux of the question, in the admission of a lack of *rapport* between himself and Croce; and his attempts at proselytism, once having admitted this utter lack, should appear futile.

An intellect such as Croce's whose mental processes have so much clarity, sanity, equilibrium, who is endowed with such mellow humanity, could only evolve a "religion of the human spirit." While Papini, whose bitterness, acidity, skepticism (due to the peculiar circumstances of his childhood and youth) drove him to an almost continuous spiritual regurgitation of all he touched, whose intellectual instability led him to the greatest excesses in judgments of men and movements (6), had sooner or later to seek a haven of refuge for his tormented spirit and found it quite appropriately in the Catholic Church, though even there he does not seem to enjoy peace of mind. (7)

Croce, having lost his religious beliefs while still a boy (8) and at all times thereafter thoroughly master of himself, could under no circumstance feel the need of a faith without him.

Papini takes exception and quite naturally, to Croce's interpretation of recent conversions to Catholicism. He sees in the conversions of Jacques Rivière, G. K. Chesterton and Peter Wust none of the fear imputed by Croce. Papini next comes to the account of his own conversion:

"I MUST perforce talk of myself, and quite unwillingly, even if Croce, who considers me an exhibitionist, will not believe it. But among those whom he defines as 'turbulent and diffident adventurers of the spirit,' he has most assuredly alluded also to me and, perhaps, mainly to me. And does Croce want to know how I was led to Catholicism? I have never wanted to write, though I have been often urged to do so, the account of my return to Christ, but to show Croce that I do not feel offended by his bitter and sometimes unjust judgments, I want to make an exception in this case. I shall be, naturally, very brief. During the war, and especially towards the end, I was deeply saddened by the spectacle of so much destruction and so much grief. In the course of my many readings, I was driven again to



Giovanni Papini

read the Gospels, which I had read several times, but always in a diffident and hostile spirit. And meditating upon the Gospel, and especially upon the Sermon on the Mount, I was led to believe that the only salvation for men, and a sure safeguard against a return of the present horrors, could only be a radical change in the souls of men: that is, the passing from savagery to sanctity, from hatred for one's enemy (and for one's friend as well) to love even for one's enemy. Christianity appeared to me, therefore, at first, as a remedy to the evils of humanity but, proceeding in my solitary and anxious meditations, I became persuaded that Christ, teacher of an ethics so opposed to the nature of man, could not have been only a man but God. At this point, I believe Grace began the work along sure, but infallible, ways. And so strong was in me the love for that Divine Teacher of love that I decided to act so that his words might reach even those who do not know them, or do not understand them, or scorn them. And alone, in the country, I started to write the *Story of Christ*, driven neither by a desire for peace of mind, nor for personal gain, but by the sincere need of helping a few of my brothers. And as soon as it was finish-

ed, the necessity of belonging to the society founded by Christ presented itself to me. And among the numberless churches which claim to be His faithful interpreters, I chose, not without internal strife and a certain amount of repugnance, which has been overcome by now, the Catholic Church. I chose her both because she represents truly the trunk of the tree planted by Jesus, and also in spite of the human weaknesses and errors of so many of her children, because she is the one, who, to my mind, has offered man the most nearly perfect conditions for an integral sublimation of all his being. Moreover, to me it seemed that there flourished in her abundantly and splendidly the type of hero whom I believe the greatest: the Saint."

PAPINI would have Croce re-examine certain problems and study again and with more sympathy the spiritual lives of certain men in order that he be better disposed to receive the illumination of Divine Grace.

Croce, however, is firmly convinced that "Liberty is the only ideal which unites the stability that Catholicism once possessed with the flexibility which it could never attain, the only ideal which faces the future without proposing to mould it to some particular form, the only ideal that can survive criticism and give human society a fixed point by which from time to time to reestablish its balance.

It is quite obvious that men who are so diametrically opposed to each other in personality and in character cannot suffer conversion at the hands of each other.

(1) *Stroncatore*, Vallecchi, Florence, 1916, p. 28.

(2) *Op. cit.* p. 18.

(3) Bari, Laterza.

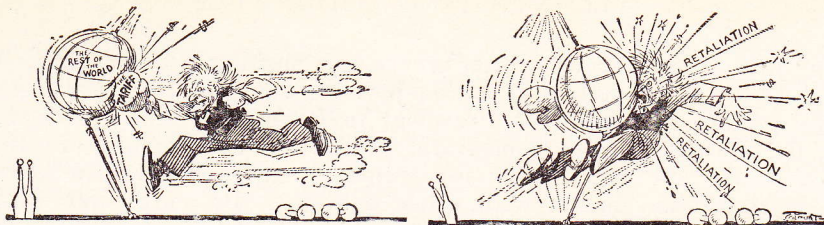
(4) *Nuova Antologia*, 1 marzo 1932, pp. 1-21.

(5) *Foreign Affairs*, October 1932, pp. 1-27.

(6) See *Il Crepuscolo dei filosofi*, Vallecchi, 1914; *Stroncatore*, Vallecchi, 1916; etc.

(7) Even in *Gog* (Vallecchi, Florence, 1931; Harcourt, Brace & Co., N. Y.) Papini's most recent book, we find the bitterness, acidity and skepticism of his earlier works. The crude and gross caricatures on Western civilization leave the reader with a profound feeling of disgust. The author himself could hardly be so naive as to think that a book of this nature could fulfill the mission for which it was presumably intended (see preface), viz., to lead the reader to Truth and Faith by unveiling to him

(Continued on Page 64)



Another Flexible Feature

—From the Washington "Daily News"

The Tariff in the Recent Campaign

By Matthew A. Melchiorre

ONCE again the tariff, during the presidential campaign of 1932 from which we have just emerged, was one of the dominant issues. As in 1912, when the Republican campaigners pleaded their cause for a high protective tariff, and the opposing side led by Woodrow Wilson called for its repudiation as unjust, uneconomical and unconstitutional, so have the party leaders of the present day argued.

The beginning of the campaign found Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt invading the West, where the Democratic nominee denounced the Republican program on the tariff as a series of costly blunders and said in part, "no substantial progress toward recovery from the depression, either here or abroad, can be made without forthright recognition of these errors."

In reply, the Republican nominee pointed out to the people that the tariff as advocated by his party provided a bulwark against foreign competition, which would drive domestic prices to still lower levels, if not protected against, and swell the ranks of the unemployed by several millions. With a vigor and emphasis that was unlooked for, President Hoover proclaimed that at this time, more than any other in the past, a high protective tariff was extremely essential for the welfare of the American people.

The Hawley-Smoot act of 1930—our present tariff law—had its origin in a pledge made during the presidential campaign of 1928. At that time the Republican Party

promised additional protection for farm products and also for certain industries which found it difficult to compete with foreign producers. The President-elect recommended that some "limited revisions" be made in existing duties, although he saw no need for a general revision. However his plans for "limited revisions" were discarded by Congress. Log-rolling was soon in evidence all around, with votes being traded right and left. When a bill was finally adopted it had increased rates in 890 cases and lowered them in 235. The most important of these changes came in the agricultural schedule:

BECAUSE the bill adopted was more in the nature of a general revision than of a limited one, many economists, exporters and consumers' organizations strongly

urged President Hoover to veto it. It was pointed out to him that a further increase in protection duties would bring with it more pronounced business reversals, reversals which had already showed their signs with the stock market crash about eight months previous. The President disregarded these urgings and signed the bill on June 17, 1930. When Mr. Hoover affixed his signature to it, he added that it was important to end "the uncertainties in the business world which have been added to by the long-extended debate" and that "with returning normal conditions our foreign trade will continue to expand." Republican leaders hailed the act and predicted that it would end the swelling period of depression, while Senator Watson went so far as to say that: "the nation will be on the up grade, financially, economically, and commercially, within thirty days, and in a year we shall have regained the peak of prosperity and the position we lost last October." Bear in mind that this statement was issued during the month of June 1930. We are now in November 1932. No further comment is needed.

During this period business activity has repeatedly gone to new lows. At the time the bill was made into a law our exports were valued at 294 millions of dollars. In June of this year they had shriveled to 115 millions. Was the Hawley-Smoot act of 1930 wholly or in part responsible for this shrinkage? The question has been answered by both parties (differently, of course) during the



"Well, I don't seem to be 'the Forgotten Man.'"

—From the New Orleans "Times Picayune"

campaign we have just been through.

Roosevelt, naturally enough, is of the opinion that the Hawley-Smoot act has paralyzed our exports. He has gone on record as stating, "the ink on the Hawley-Smoot bill was not dry before foreign nations commenced their program of retaliation. Brick for brick they built their walls against us." The Republican reply is that the foreign nations began the present tariff law before the Hawley-Smoot law was enacted; that they have but recently curtailed their purchases in this country, and not to punish us but because hard times have destroyed their buying power; that a large part of the decline in the value of our exports is explained by falling prices rather than by loss of volume; and finally that foreign trade, on the whole, is holding up about as well as domestic industrial production. The Republicans have shown their faith in the present tariff. They believe it has worked well enough considering the difficulties with which it has had to contend. The party pins its faith to the flexible provisions of the tariff, which authorizes the Tariff Commission to recommend to the President changes in existing duties, either upward or downward, by as much as 50 per cent of the rates fixed by statute. The President, then, has the final say in the matter.

HERE an objection is raised by the Democrats. They would free the Commission from Ex-

ecutive interference by shifting authority to approve changes from the President to Congress. The Democratic stand on the tariff calls for reciprocal agreements with other nations. By means of these agreements, concessions would be offered to forgo Mr. Roosevelt pointed out the United States in return for equivalent concessions on American goods. During the campaign Mr. Roosevelt pointed out "great advantages" in the plan for reciprocal agreements. He said it would open markets, now barred by foreign trade, which will furnish an outlet for the surplus of both American industry and agriculture. He believes that the simple principle of profitable exchange arrived at through negotiated tariffs would benefit both parties to the trade. He is certain that "more realistic mutual arrangements for trade, substituted for the present system in which each nation attempts to exploit the markets of every other, giving nothing in return, will do more for the peace of the world and will contribute more to supplement the eventual reduction of armaments than any other policy which could be devised."

It might be well to point out at this time that in 1890 a Republican administration enacted a tariff carrying reciprocal provisions. When these were repealed by a succeeding Democratic administration, the Republicans denounced the action, and their platform of 1896 contained the fol-

lowing excerpt: "protection and reciprocity are twin measures of American policy and go hand in hand. . . Protection builds up domestic industry and trade and secures our own market for ourselves. Reciprocity builds up foreign trade and finds an outlet for our surplus."

The Republican answer to the Democratic plan takes the stand that "the plan would either lead us into futilities in international negotiations", or, if successful, force us to abandon a policy of "uniform treatment of all nations, without preferences, concessions or discriminations." In Mr. Hoover's opinion, "the struggle for special privileges by reciprocal agreements abroad has produced not only trade wars but has become the basis of political concessions and alliances which lead to international entanglements of the first order."

* * *

The election, now, is over. One party has been victorious. The other is thrust into the background for the next four years, at least as far as the White House is concerned. Whether that victorious party will pursue the policies it has favored in the pre-election campaign, and whether those policies will bear the fruit that has been dangled so promisingly before our eyes these past few months, is something that the future will soon depict for us. All we can do now is to sit back hopefully waiting.

Father Giovanni Grassi

A Former President of Georgetown University

By *Edoardo Marolla*

IMMEDIATELY following the Revolutionary War, the ever-zealous Catholic Clergy of the United States realized the necessity for a Catholic center of learning and set about the founding of an institution which was to spread the light of Catholic culture throughout the newly established State. In spite of all obstacles, especially the lack of funds and laws unfavorable to Catholics, the incorporated Catholic Clergy of Maryland managed to make arrangements for the opening of what is now Georgetown Univer-

sity, the aristocrat of Catholic American schools and the "oldest Catholic literary establishment in the United States." Italian initiative and talent were contributing factors toward the advancement of this world-known American university. Of the Italians who labored here the name of Father Giovanni Grassi, S. J., who was for five years its president, is one to be known and remembered.

In the Eternal City, Rome, Giovanni Grassi was born September 10, 1775. Details of his early life are lacking, but we know that he

entered the Society of Jesus in Russia, November 16, 1799. Later he spent considerable time at Stonyhurst College, England, and in 1810 came to America.

It did not take long for his superiors to discover the talent in the newly-arrived Italian and as he had acquired a good knowledge of English while at Stonyhurst College, just two years after landing in America Father Grassi was appointed President of Georgetown. The Jesuits had taken over the institution in 1805 and it was thereafter conducted on the Jesuit

plan of education. Father Grassi was its eighth president and during his term, which lasted five years, he infused new life and confidence into the administration of the college. Being himself a master mathematician, great impetus was given to the study of mathematics. The college was none too well equipped and Father Grassi secured all the necessary apparatus for the teaching of natural sciences and fully equipped all the departments of the school. In 1815 Congress conferred upon the school the power to grant degrees, thus making it a full-fledged college.

IN 1817 Father Grassi went to Rome on important business, but never returned. He did not, however, lose contact with the college and in the "History of Georgetown College" we find the following recording: "A year or two after his (Father Grassi's) departure, he sent as a present to the college a number of oil paintings. Some of them seemed to

need rebacking to ensure their preservation. On one representing the Baptism of our Lord, a piece of canvas had been fastened at the back. This was detached, and to the astonishment of all, proved to contain, in perfect preservation, a very fine painting of St. Thomas Aquinas gazing in rapture on a vision of heaven. This discovery was the more remarkable for its occurring on the feast of that great theologian, March 7, 1820."

In passing, the names of other Italians who aided in the advancement of Georgetown might be mentioned. They were Fathers Angelo Secchi, S. J. and Benedetto Sestini, S. J. who were well known in the field of astronomy; Father Giovanni Pianciani, S. J., Naturalist; Father Salvatore Tongiorgi, Philosopher; and Father Francesco de Vico, S. J., who made a name for himself both as an astronomer and a musician.

Taking up permanent residence in his native land after his highly

productive American sojourn, Father Grassi continued his work as before. In 1818 he had published in Rome "Notizie varie sullo stato presente della repubblica degli Stati Uniti dell'America Settentrionale". This was reprinted in Milan in 1819 and in Turin in 1822. A Memoir on the Jesuit property in Maryland published at Rome in 1821 also came from his pen. Several high positions in the order were granted him. He was Rector of the College de Propaganda Fide and Assistant to the General of the Society for Italy. Later, he became Confessor to the Queen of Sardinia and Rector of the College of Nobles in Torino.

He died in his native city of Rome, December 12, 1849.

In the "History of Georgetown College" we find Father Grassi described as "a man of elegant manners and polished address, learned and able". He was, indeed, well known and looked up to as an educator, mathematician, and scientist by learned men of his day.

A Sermon Out of Place

By *Italo Carlo Falbo*

(Editor: "Il Progresso Italo-Americano" of New York)

READERS of newspapers have undoubtedly read the accounts of a domestic relations case which came before City Magistrate Anthony Hoekstra of Long Island City recently. A wife who had four small children to take care of was asking the court to compel her wayward husband to provide her with the necessary means to support the little family.

The husband claimed that he had been without work for the last six months. The wife told the judge that her husband had 400 dollars in a bank and that the sum had been withdrawn, but that she had not seen a cent of it. The judge proceeded, then, to order the husband to pay \$10 a week for the support of his wife and children.

So far so good. We are in full accord with Magistrate Hoekstra up to this point.

But where it seems to us that the Hon. Hoekstra went beyond the limits of his judicial prerogatives is in the little sermon that preceded his decision. He said that one must not bring children into this world when one has not the means of supporting them. Magistrate Hoekstra has broken a lance in favor of birth

control, forgetting that the Italians (the poor woman was of Italian extraction), both by sentiment and by their religion (Catholicism), are opposed to the anti-social and anti-hygienic practice of birth control, save in those cases in which that practice is justified by a critical condition of health, as diagnosed by a physician.

JUDGE Hoekstra had before him a married couple with four children. What was the sense, then, of telling them that they should not have brought those children into the world, lacking the means of supporting them, when those children were already born and, naturally, could not be suppressed?

The admonition of the Magistrate was intended to be only a generic warning? But who can say to those who are working: don't bring children into this world because tomorrow you may find yourself without work and without means?

If any such preoccupation should seriously prevail, there would be no one left in this world in a few centuries.

It is true, however, that the good judge leaves those who are wealthy

entirely free to have as many children as they like. But who can say that the rich of today will not be the pauper of tomorrow? How much wealth has disappeared in the last few years? How many millionaires of yesterday find themselves poor today?

We suggest that Magistrate Hoekstra limit himself to being a good judge; to administer Justice according to his conscience, without branching out with sermons that have no relation to the ministration of real justice, and may be offensive to many who still have honest convictions and pure consciences.

It is not in birth control that the solution of the economic crisis can be found. Birth control cannot and must not serve as an extenuating circumstance for a husband who has forgotten to take care of his family. The wilful, premeditated absence of children from matrimonial life is one of the predominant causes of the breaking up of family ties and of the increase of divorces.

Before such a vital and important problem—important for the safety of domestic life and institutions—a greater restraint should be York and everywhere.

Lombroso's Contributions to Criminology

By Peter Sammartino

VILELLA was a famous brigand of his time, who, in spite of his seventy-six years, used to run up the mountains like a goat. It was while performing an operation on this brigand that Cesare Lombroso first began to form the theory which has since kept medical men and psychologists in constant dispute. He opened Vilella's brain and found an occipital depression. In the human brain, there is normally a long crest, the occipital median crest which separates the two hemispheres. Here, instead of a crest, was a depression. Was there any physical difference between the so-called normal human being and the delinquent? Was there any difference between the criminal and the mental defective?

Soon afterward, the interesting case of Verzeni occurred. A peasant boy of twenty, Verzeni was accused of having strangled to death ten women. After he was condemned to prison for life, he boldly admitted that he had killed many more than ten. He strangled them with his hands, sucked their blood and bit their flesh. As a matter of fact, he used to hide his victims in a shed and go to bite them when opportunity offered. Lombroso's theory was beginning to take shape. But, let us go back a little and review the life of this great man and the forces which led gradually to his beliefs.

Cesare Lombroso was born in the historic town of Verona, in 1835. His soul, his personality, his character seemed to combine the deep cultural elements of his Jewish background with the warmth, the generosity and the patriotism which abound in the Piedmontese slopes. His life was rich in emotions, now sad, now gay, but relatively placid as far as external events were concerned. He cared

The subject of crime and its causes, whether due to individual maladjustment, heredity or environment, is one that is always timely. Especially is it of interest today because of the prominent place it has assumed in American civilization.

Many of our modern theories concerning the treatment of the criminal go back to the eminent Italian Cesare Lombroso, who conducted pioneer researches in the subject upon which followers could build.

not for travel, for adventure or for change. Always in easy circumstances, he never acquired any desire to grow very rich or to achieve public honors.

AT thirty years of age he married a girl of his own race and position. She loved him with that intensity of affection which the Ital-



Cesare Lombroso

ian woman knows how to give. She freed him from all the practical necessities of life. Five children were the result of their union.

Let us examine the milieu in which Lombroso found himself. For four hundred years Italy had struggled under foreign rule. Now the cries of liberty and unity were being heard. It was inevitable that Lombroso's life would be greatly affected by the vivid changes going on around him.

In his early youth, he had been interested in Roman history. At fifteen, he had already published "The Importance of the Study of the Roman Republic" and "Agriculture in Ancient Rome". At the age of nineteen he decided to study medicine, not with the idea of becoming a doctor, but because his tutors had told him that only through a study of the human body can one hope to understand social changes. This is important. We can understand why, later, he found so much pleasure in studying the mental aspects of the human mechanism.

He became more and more interested in his medical studies and, in 1859, he began to study a disease which is most disastrous to society as well as to the individual: cretinism. This form of idiocy, which is practically always accompanied by physical deformity, was rampant in the Alpine districts of Italy. In a period when the term "endocrinology" had not even been coined, he discovered that cretinism was caused by an atonism of the thyroid gland. He found that this atonism was due to impure water and lack of sun.

At about this time, war was going on between Piedmont and Austria. Lombroso joined the army as a physician. His active mind immediately began to solve many of the surgical problems that came

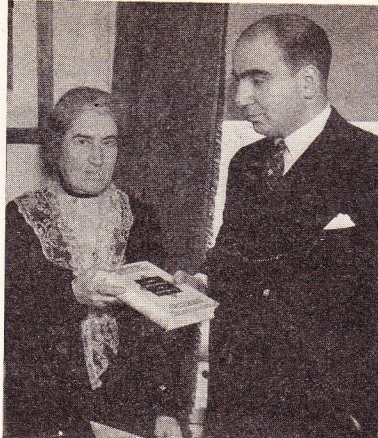
up. He discovered a new way of healing wounds with cotton soaked in alcohol, instead of lint. He found that for operations, the field hospital was much better than the crowded town hospital. He also found that it was better to wait a while before amputating.

In 1863 he started to study pellagra, a disease which at that time was carrying off about fifty thousand people a year in northern Italy. Only the poor peasants seemed to be subject to it. As a result, very little attention had been paid to the disease. The landowners were bitterly opposed to the study because, as Lombroso later ascertained, the disease was caused by toxins produced in the moldy yellow corn which they gave to peasants. In spite of the opposition of the upper classes and of the authorities, his findings finally triumphed and to-day pellagra is practically extinct.

IN the same year, he was called to found a chair of mental disease at the University of Pavia. It was from this time on that he really began to probe the mental aspects of life in full seriousness. According to the penal law instituted by Beccaria, a criminal could not be punished unless it could be shown that he was fully responsible. The judge had to decide, therefore, whether the criminal was sane or insane. The law books certainly gave no explanation as to how this was to be done. The judge was accordingly forced to call in a doctor, or better still, a mental specialist. The mental expert was in equal darkness. So far, no scientific study had been made of the criminal and the insane.

And so, Lombroso set to work upon this great problem, which was of such far-reaching social importance. He realized first of all that it was necessary to clear the bats out of the belfry. So many terms were used which were only half understood by the very people who had invented them! So many theories which bordered on the supernatural rather than on scientific facts! So much subjective nonsense and so many vague beliefs! Lombroso cast them all out. He realized that to study the insane, one must also study the criminal. In other words, a parallel, systematic study of both must be made. What may be considered the first sketch of the criminal man

appeared under the title "Legal Medicine and the Mental Alienation Studied According to the Experimental Method." In 1866 appeared the "Diagnosis of Psychical Abnormalities According to the Experimental Method." These works were milestones in the field of criminal anthropology. Already, Lombroso was beginning to discern many differences between the sane and insane. But how to differentiate between the criminal and the



Gina Lombroso, daughter of the Italian criminologist, presenting a copy of her latest book to the author

insane? That problem was still very much in darkness.

AT this time, came the already related episodes of Vilella and Verzeni. Lombroso was gradually beginning to think of the delinquent as a survival of the primitive man and even of the primitive man's predecessor. He was beginning to discern the reason for the prominent cheekbones, the heavy jaw; all the points of contact between the criminal, the savage, the lunatic and the prehistoric man. He seemed to be on the right track. He delved deeper and deeper into the problem. Skulls and skeletons were taken down from dusty museum shelves, measured and examined. Friends, colleagues, patients, disciples, all were brought into the problem. In 1866 he was still struggling to bring order out of chaos. In the meantime, since he was finding so many points in common between the criminal and the insane, the old theories of penal law were placed in an uncomfortable dilemma. If the criminal was a form of the insane, then either the courts had to free irresponsible madmen or else keep in prison these mentally deficient ones who should be legally free.

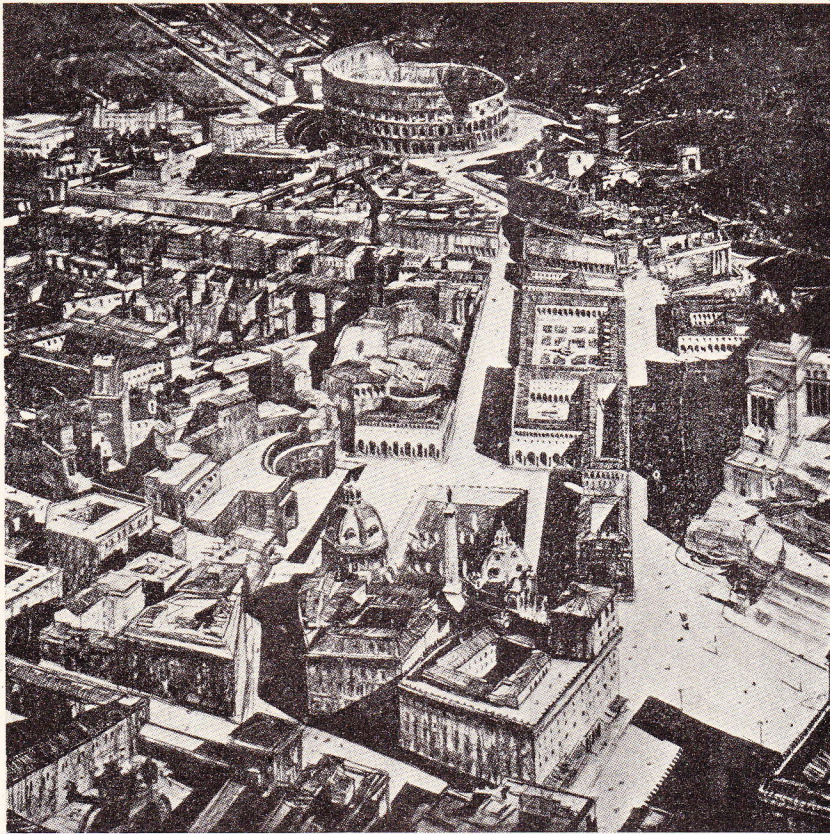
The question was a delicate one.

Lombroso saw the fallacies of the old legal code. He also saw the dangers of letting loose a horde of mentally unbalanced persons. He sought a practical conciliation of the two factors. He conceived the idea of transforming prisons into asylums for born criminals; into farm colonies for mentally defectives and epileptics and into homes of re-education for the young. Between the criminal and the insane there was no difference as to quality, but only as to degree. Finally, in 1876, appeared the "Experimental Treatise on the Criminal Man". The book had an enormous success and drew the praise of every one, from the man in the street to the outstanding philosophers of the day. Lombroso went on working. He sub-divided the criminal in general under the headings of criminal through passion, the half-mad, the alcoholic, the morally insane. In general, his theory remained intact.

THEN one day, he was asked to examine the case of a soldier, who, during the night, had killed ten or twelve of his companions, carefully refraining from killing any from his own province. When he was arrested, he slept for two days without awaking and when he did awake, had only the slightest idea of the crimes he had committed. In spite of the belief of everybody that the soldier was an example of the worst kind of criminal, Lombroso claimed that it was an example of a form of epilepsy. He even went on to state that in all probability, a criminal was an epileptic in whom violent and irresistible impulse to commit crime took the place of epileptic convulsions; that criminals, in short, were merely serious cases of epilepsy. In the criminal's case, there was not merely irritation of a given point of the brain lining as in the case of the epileptic, but the whole lining of the brain, in which the impression of civilization is crystallized, was irritated, and gave rise from time to time to moral convulsions, during which the fiercest and most primitive atavistic instincts awoke in deeds of violence.

So far, his theories had been based on independent study. Lombroso demanded official co-operation from the Paris Congress of 1889. It was refused at this time but was given at the Geneva Congress of 1896. He asked that the delegates

(Continued on Page 66)



View of the proposed arrangement of the Imperial Forum of Rome (as planned by the Burbera Group of Architects)

The Old and the New Plan of Rome

(In two parts: Part two)

By Luigi Quagliata

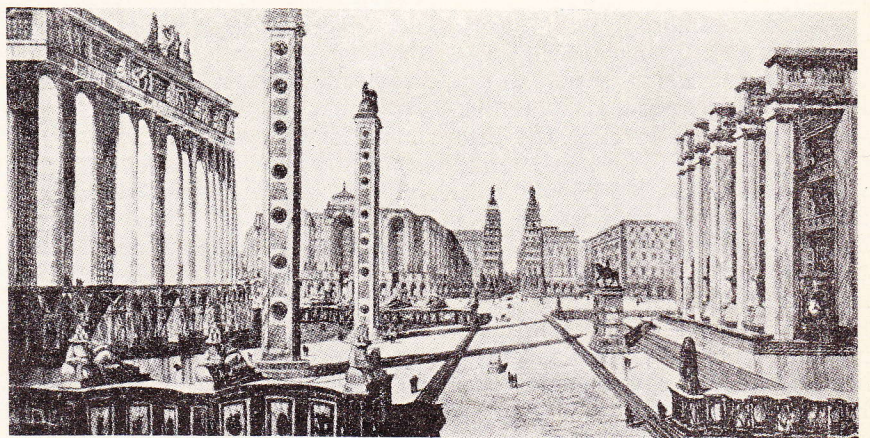
THE Napoleonic era brought Rome another program which was primarily conceived by Count de Tournon, and partly completed by the architects Valadier and Stern. It was almost an archeological plan, intending to put into relief the ancient monuments. The beginning of the excavations of the Roman Forum, of the Palatine, of the Trajan Forum, the recoveries of the Arch of Titus and of the Colosseum which had to be united with a great archeological zone, developed among the ruins and the vegetation, were part of this program.

The systematization of this archeological zone with the formation of *Piazza del Popolo* had to be in harmony with the general system of streets and the beautiful natural configuration. It, therefore, represents perhaps the only essentially modern work in City planning and architecture. In fact this program was to include the erection of high, thick walls along the Tiber and the laying of a network of roads within the city in which the formation of wide, unencumbered spaces around the monuments, the opening of large squares in front of the Pantheon

and *Piazza di Trevi*, and the opening of a wide road leading to St. Peter's through the *Borgo Vecchio* and *Borgo Nuovo*. In spite of the fact that these conceptions have been surpassed and that De Tournon's plan was lacking in some respects and exaggerated in others, we must realize that the ideas of Napoleon's Prefect represented, for one whole century, the only true vision of the dignity and greatness of Rome.

The great problem of Rome came

up again in 1870, when the last glorious battles for the unity of Italy definitely established Rome as the new capital. The beginning of the new political and administrative period coincided with the phenomenon of urbanism for which all the modern cities have shown themselves to be unprepared. These new developments were combined with a system of many centers, due, as we have seen, to the various successive development of many factors. The general plan of the city became ir-



The Central Square seen from the north (as planned by the Burbera Group)

regular, having no magnitude to harmonize with the architectural and monumental importance of each element.

AND yet, after the unification of Italy, Quintino Sella had a clear, penetrating conception of the problem of the systematization of Rome. He saw the possibility of the new city developing beside the old one instead of around it.

As a first affirmation of this principle, he ordered the erection of the ministry of finance, close to *Porta Pia*, and he facilitated the financing of the further development of *Via Nazionale*. Having called Sella to Rome, Baron Housmann, who had, under Napoleon III, replanned Paris, approved his plan and in addition outlined a plan according to which the new Rome was to be developed toward the north on the heights of *Monte Mario* and on the slopes which gradually descend to the Tiber. But many political and economic reasons prevented the materialization of these projects. In 1873 the city planning of Rome, completed ten years later, actuated one of the worse suggestions ever made, that of superimposing the new construction upon the old, and renewing the streets of papal Rome, which had been laid for different purposes and which served totally different needs. This error was inevitable and due not to the planners, but to the circumstances.

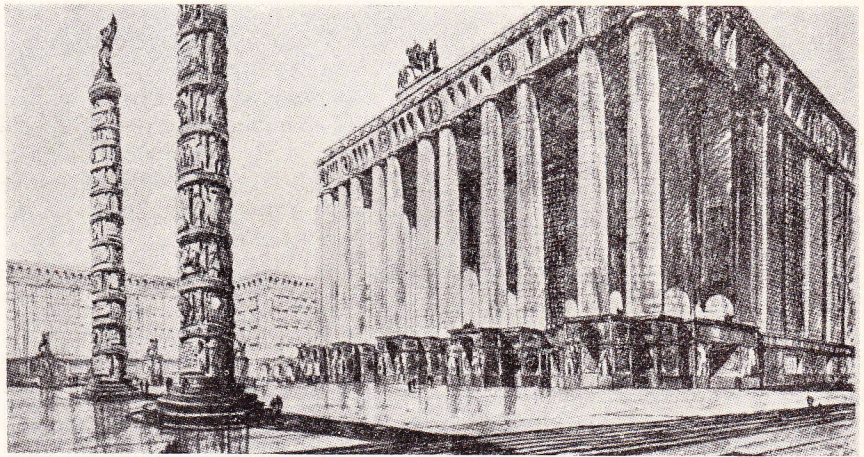
The results were not happy, especially in regard to the depreciation of the monuments and the beauty of the city. The same topographical configuration by which the archeological section was brought to the heart of Rome impeded almost all cross-cutting through it. The historical monumental edifices in the sixteenth century cities, the irregularities of levels between the high and low parts of the city, often obstruct communication and present additional difficulties which render arduous the task of combination.

The results of this experience would enlighten students of the problems of city-planning as to the readjustment of the old nuclei of the city and the facilitation of modern city development.

THE new constructions must be planned so that they will not make any incursions upon the old center, so that the old and new centers will have their own exigencies

and characteristics. The new streets and squares to be constructed in the old centre must connect adequately with those of the modern developments and at the same time must harmonize with the spirit of the old architectonic personality of the city. The streets must not be broadened; wherever possible additional streets are constructed in order to divert the heavy traffic. The space near the ancient monuments must not be enlarged nor can mod-

river wall along the Tiber to save the city from overflow; the twelve new bridges; the complex sewer system; the new quarters for the population which had increased threefold; roads like the *Nomentana*, *Appia*, *Ostiense* and the tunnel under the Quirinal. Lovely new parks were created, numerous excavations were made, ancient monuments were restored to their true artistic value, of which the most recent are the Trajan Markets and



The Central Post Office Building (as proposed by the Burbera Group)

ern developments in any form whatever take place nearby, since, as it is obvious, they would detract from the effect of the old monuments which must stand out majestically in their original proportions and environment. In short, it is impossible to change or enlarge the main thoroughfares without running the risk of defiling the monumental and picturesque character of the vicinity.

Whenever any change is to be introduced in the old quarters where the houses are crowded together, the work is carried on with the utmost care. Houses are never destroyed hurriedly; whenever improvements are to be introduced they must be done so that they will not upset the architectural unity. For instance, to ameliorate the lighting conditions of these old houses, spacious courtyards or gardens are constructed on the interior.

TO return once more to the actual changes that have taken place in Rome, we must note that the city has been tremendously transformed in the past few decades, and in the passage from a static to a dynamic civic life it has been necessary to create the entire modern and complex civic improvement such as the

the Marcellus theatre. And there is no lack of ingenious solutions of the problem of opening new streets. It is sufficient to recall the *Corso Vittorio Emanuele* which runs through palaces and churches of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the roads that have been opened recently under the cliff of *Campidoglio* and around the Marcellus theatre which solved the traffic problem and opened the view to notable monuments, and the archeological park established in the Murcia valley, including ancient ruins and villas. We must also recall the successful projects for the replanning of the Renaissance quarter including the small sections of *Ponte*, *Parione* and *Regola*. All these projects and realizations together with more recent projects certainly represent a radical solution of the complex and difficult problem of Rome.

IN the last few years many projects have been made for the systematization of Rome, but it is well to note immediately that a few of them represent a product of pure imagination dangerous to the historical structure of the city. We will illustrate two of these plans worthy

of particular attention. One of these is called the *Burbera* and the other the *Urbanistic program of Rome*. The first establishes as its fundamental elements the free development and enlargement of Rome for the most part, on one side of the city and toward the northeast and southeast. It establishes the opening of a system of roads for the decentralization of the city toward the peripheral zones and of two other almost perpendicular avenues destined to receive the traffic and thus prevent the congestion of the old center of the city. It includes in a single plan the arrangement of the streets and the habitation and the mechanical means of transportation. Three concentric roads are planned on the outskirts of the city in order to regulate the traffic and connect the various quarters. The plan formulates the construction of two subways under the two avenues already mentioned.

The project planned by the group of Roman urbanists requires the preservation of the historic character of the city, but in contrast to the *Burbera* plan, this proposes the gradual movement of the civic center, affirming that Rome is not concentric or checkered as many American cities.

Rome has a configuration absolutely irreducible to any geometrical form. Therefore, this plan suggests the opening of a new central avenue separating ancient Rome from the new quarters.

The new avenue should begin at *Piazzale Flaminio*, run through the *Pincio*, the Ludovisi quarters, *Piazza Barberini* and end at the Terminal station, which should be moved back toward *Porta Maggiore*.

THE projects provide for a polycentric system of roads ramifying to the left and right of the cen-

tral avenue and intersected by curved roads which establish connections between existing streets lacking logical order and also for a system of roads and electric railways for rapid transit between Rome and its suburbs.

Some time ago an official committee for the study of city planning was organized, which study has now been incorporated in the laws of the state; but it will not be effected until a detailed zoning system is approved. This plan shows many solutions of grandiose and monumental construction, and also does not restrict itself to a mere study of a nervous system of traffic. Its aim is to make of Rome the real center of Italy. A regional plan is contemplated also which will make of Rome a point of radiation of activity and traffic, from which roadways would be made direct to the various regions and finally to the entire nation. The enormous increases of traffic have rendered the network of roads necessary to the internal communication of the city insufficient, and the traditional nucleus of Rome did not permit any radical road construction much needed by modern life, so that it became necessary to channel as little possible traffic through this particular part of Rome without having to demolish any of the existing traditional architecture. Thus the system of traffic from the center to the city limits has been studied so as to make it possible to remove all unnecessary obstructing buildings of little value around the historical monuments in order that a more direct way could be made to the main arteries of traffic and at the same time to beautify the city to a greater extent.

The result of this is to create a new and independent system of roadways which will take its place beside the old and which will facilitate the points of connection between these two systems.

THE plan that has been studied from the point of view of the future expansion of the city's population, which it is thought will reach the figure of two million inhabitants, provides:

Firstly, for the extension of the city on the side which is nearest to the hills.

Secondly, a non-rigid plan as a basis for further work of extension which will be brought in harmony with the configuration of the land, further convenience, and added beauty.

Thirdly, the various types of buildings necessary to the different calls of social need will be apportioned according to the appropriateness of the zones.

Fourthly, radial and peripheral roadways will be constructed.

It is thought that this plan will give back to Rome much of its lost beauty and will make possible the rise of a more modern architectural aspect.

By means of this new plan, architectural art will have a new expression, and it is our hope that the old ideas will not be repeated, if that can be avoided; but will give rise to a new form of architecture whose expression will be the direct result of the feeling and genius of Italy.

Now that the general lines of the future Rome have been defined, it remains the task of the artist to complete the rebuilding of Rome without violating its glorious tradition.

PAPINI, CROCE AND THE CHURCH

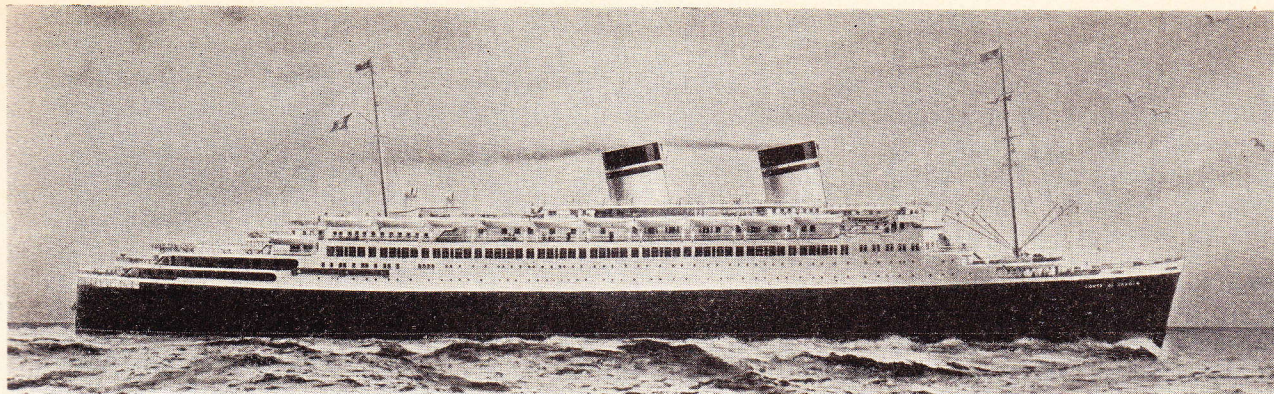
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the falseness of our civilization.

(8) Croce, himself, tells us how he lost his religious beliefs, while still a boy, in his *Contributo alla critica di me stesso* (Laterza, 1926) which has been translated into English under the name of *An Autobiography of Benedetto Croce*. Clarendon Press, 1928). The following excerpt is taken from the translation: "...now began a religious crisis, which I carefully concealed from my family, and even from my friends, regarding it as a shameful weakness. It was brought about neither by irreligious literature, nor by malicious insinuations,

as pious people believe and declare, nor even by the words of philosophers like Spaventa, but by no less a person than the principal of the school, a sincere priest and a learned theologian, who most unwisely delivered a course of lectures upon what he called the 'philosophy of religion' to us *liceo* students, to confirm us in the faith. They worked upon the mind, hitherto untouched by such problems, like a ferment. This weakening of my faith caused me much grief and lively apprehensions. As a sick man searches for medicines, I sought out books on apologetics, but they left me

cold. At times I found comfort in the words of truly religious minds, i. e., in reading Pellico's *Le mie prigioni*, whose pages I sometimes, in an ecstasy of joy, kissed for very gratitude; and then my thoughts wandered elsewhere, life claimed my attention, I no longer asked myself whether I believed or no, even while through force of habit or the sake of convenience I kept up certain religious observances. Till at last, little by little I let even these drop, and the day came when I saw and told myself plainly that I was done with my religious beliefs."



The 48,000 ton addition to the Italian Line: the gyro-stabilized "Conte di Savoia"

An Innovation in Shipping: *The New "Conte di Savoia"*

A NEW chapter will be written into shipping history when the 48,000 ton "Conte di Savoia", latest addition to Italy's fleet of fast, modern liners, leaves her home port of Genoa soon on her maiden trip to New York, according to P. R. Bassett, Vice-President and Chief Engineer of the Sperry Company of Brooklyn.

The new Italian liner, Mr. Bassett points out, is the world's first passenger ship to be equipped with a gyro-stabilizing plant for the elimination of sea motion. Until the completion recently of the installation of a three-unit Sperry Gyro-Stabilizer system in this ship, the science of ship stabilization had been confined to naval vessels and yachts. The largest ship with gyro-stabilizers before the completion of the "Conte di Savoia" was a foreign cruiser of 10,000 tons.

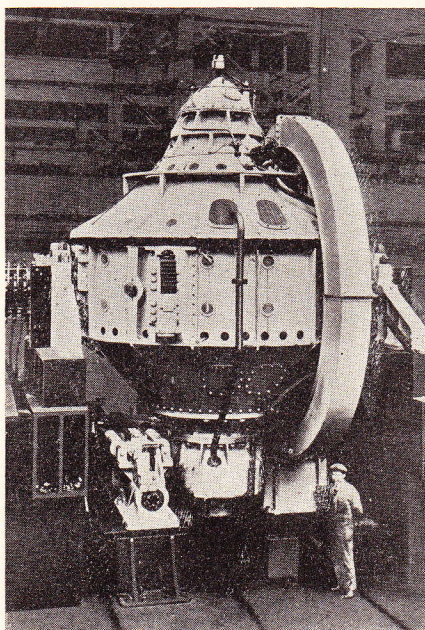
Containing a forged steel rotor or fly-wheel driven by an alternating current motor, the gyro-stabilizer is a masterpiece of mechanical simplicity based on the principle of perpendicular resistance force built up by a horizontal rotating body, the most elementary example of which is the toy spinning top. The electrical current for the operation of the gyro-stabilizer is obtained in the usual manner from a standard generator. In the design of the gyro-stabilizer no new devices are employed which

are not well known and proven to mechanical and electrical engineers.

The "precession" of the stabilizer, or the alternating of its resistance force to counteract the force of the waves, is controlled through its motor and brake with a system similar to that used on standard elevators. The control-gyro is a small fly-wheel driven by electricity—the mechanical "brain" which directs the force of the gyro-stabilizer by making and breaking a set of electrical contacts.

The stabilizer plant of the "Con-

te di Savoia," installed at a cost of almost one million dollars, is located in a sound proofed chamber down in her hull about water-line level and slightly forward of the bridge. This installation consists of the three units, each with a fly-wheel 13 feet in diameter and weighing 108 tons. These three stabilizers can function collectively or as single units according to the force needed to counteract the motion of the seas. Collectively they can generate sufficient steadying force to neutralize the weight of the heaviest seas and to hold the "Conte di Savoia" on an even keel in the roughest weather.



One of the completed Sperry gyro-stabilizers in use in the new ship

WHILE the gyro-stabilizer is the product of an American company, and the brain-child of that great American mechanical genius, the late Elmer Sperry, it remained for the shipping men of another nation to sponsor its introduction in what experts believe will prove its greatest field, and by taking this progressive step in the construction of their latest super-liner, the far-sighted Italian shipping officials have gained the distinction of being the pioneers in the construction of the stabilized passenger ship, and of making a great contribution to the comfort of future ocean travel.

Sperry engineers who accompanied the "Conte di Savoia" on her initial trial runs in the Adriatic recently declare without qualifica-

tion that the gyro-stabilizers, effective in reduction of motion in such small craft as yachts of a few hundred tons and naval vessels up to 10,000 tons, will achieve the peak of their performance in a vessel as large as this 48,000 ton Italian liner. They also predict, from data based by engineering research and scientific fact, that the stabilizer equipment will give this speedy ship added sea-way under adverse weather conditions where most ordinary ships find their speed retarded.

The rolling motion of the sea which affects even the largest of ships is one of the greatest discomforts of ocean travel, and marine engineers found all efforts to overcome this condition impractical until, after many years of experiment and research, the gyro-stabilizer was produced.

Rolling, it is explained, is an artificial motion induced by wave action causing the rise and fall of water first on one side of the vessel and then on the other. A single wave causes a relatively small roll but, as a vessel rolls with a constant period and waves run irregularly, a roll will gradually build up to a thirty-five or forty degree motion.

TO prevent rolling, therefore, it is necessary to apply just sufficient counter-force to neutralize the effect of each single wave as it arrives, and the individual wave-roll is eliminated at the start by the gyro-stabilizer before the combined force of several waves can get to work. By applying exactly the required counter-force at the proper moment, a comparatively small amount of energy is needed to keep the vessel steady. The gyro-stabilizer meets the attacking seas wave

by wave, neutralizing the effect of each wave instantly it reaches the ship.

The "Conte di Savoia", which follows the new "Rex" into the New York-Mediterranean service, leaves Genoa November 30 on her maiden voyage and is scheduled to arrive at New York December 7. Equipped with four groups of super-heat turbines, with a total of 120,000 horse power, she will have a required speed of 27 knots, and, like the "Rex", she will be capable of making the trip from New York to Gibraltar in 4½ days and to the Riviera and Italy in 6 days.

Many other unique features combine with the gyro-stabilizer plant to make the "Conte di Savoia" something in the nature of a giant yacht with a rare turn of speed and unusual refinements of comfort and service. Her interiors are tastefully furnished with many innovations and an ultra-modern decorative touch. Her recreational facilities are unsurpassed.

Stream-lined from stem to stern in both hull and super-structure, this new Italian liner offers the minimum of resistance to both wind and water. Her smart "clipper funnels are elliptical in shape centuate her yacht-like appearance. Added to these structural features, her funnels are elliptical in shape and sloped parallel with her two masts at a rakish angle. They are located well forward, leaving an unusually large sweep of uninterrupted upper deck space.

HERE on this large upper deck is a veritable paradise for those who like to bask in the sun or disport themselves in the warm, balmy air which is found almost the entire year around on the sunny southern

route to Europe which will be the regular run of the "Conte di Savoia."

This deck is said to be the largest sport-deck area afloat, with sufficient space for two full sized tennis courts with regulation back-run. The placing of the outdoor swimming pool between the funnels is another innovation, and the promenade which encircles the swimming pool is a feature found on no other ship. This also can be used for an observation gallery for aquatic events.

A Lido cafe and bar occupies a terrace directly fronting on the swimming pool, and the rest of the deck space is devoted to gay cabanas, beach umbrellas, cafe and card tables, and deck chairs for sun-bathing. The stabilization feature assures smooth water for swimmers aboard at all times. In addition to the upper deck pool there is an indoor pool for use during inclement weather.

Included among other features of the "Conte di Savoia" are a wide, glass-enclosed promenade deck, 900 feet in extent and 20 feet wide, with French windows which can be opened or closed, the Colonna Hall, a replica of the Throne Room of the Colonna Palace in Rome, the Princess Gallery with shops and display rooms, the Shooting Gallery, Passengers' Observation Bridge above the ship's navigating bridge, and de luxe apartments with running water and private baths for dogs. A "special class" provides cabin accommodations with a duplication of all facilities and services of the first class. The "Conte di Savoia" will have accommodations for 2,060 passengers, and her officers and crew will number 648. She was built at the San Marco Yards, Trieste, Italy.

LOMBROSO'S PIONEER CONTRIBUTIONS TO CRIMINOLOGY

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make a study of at least one hundred criminals and one hundred normal individuals from each of their respective countries. Winkler, Griffith, Goring, and Verwaeck made far-reaching investigations. Somewhat smaller investigations were made by Pratt, Healy, Guibord, Spalding, Caldwell, Gault, Goddard, Voller, Adler and Meyer.

In general, it was fairly well accepted by a great number of the medical men that the criminal was an insane person in certain respects.

It was also brought out rather forcibly that criminality was a form of epilepsy. There were also emphasized the physical characteristics of the criminal: the prominent cheek-bones, the squinty eyes, the lack of symmetry, the thick bones, the lack of beard. Proponents of Lombroso's theory point to the newer finding in gland secretions not only as supporting his theories but also as pointing to a possible cure for criminality.

Lombroso died in 1909, in the

same year that his daughter Gina visited the United States in order to ascertain to what extent her father's work had affected this country. He died a true scientist, and as his daughter Gina states ". . . a dark bier carried him away from his home to his laboratory, so that that brain, that heart and that body whose members had sought to penetrate Nature's secrets with such loving ardor, might serve for others to carry on."

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Ojetti Looks at "Poor America"

By Frank A. Russo

UGO Ojetti, eminent Italian critic and editor of "Pegaso," has condescended to pass judgment on the United States in an open letter to John Dos Passos, whose books he is loath to admit to the category of novels. He is not unwilling, however, to confess that they please him because they give him food for thought, because they stimulate, provoke and sometimes stun him as no other American's works. He has chosen to cast his philosophical glance through the kaleidoscope of Dos Passos' novels because they are "the quintessence of the United States." In a rather lengthy introduction Ojetti recalls having seen a photograph of Dos Passos bathing in the sun, "clean shaven, bald, in shirt sleeves, your eyes half closed, your mouth voracious in aspect like that of a money box." The simile is hardly a happy one, but since Ojetti, for the sake of expedience, wishes to regard Dos Passos as a typical American (though he admits that it is a fiction "as are all types and all myths"), perhaps he wishes to typify his mouth by comparing it to a money box. Ojetti is guilty more than once of such poetic license. Nevertheless his letter, when stripped of its flourishes and baroque effects, retains something fundamentally vital, a criticism that epitomizes what our own Ojettis have been shouting from the housetops for years. But they were the *vox clamantis in deserto!* Perhaps Ojetti has come to join them. The mere fact that he has devoted one of his monthly letters to "Poor America" might lead one to suspect that he has hopes that these United States will take stock of themselves in spiritual matters and cultivate a soul.

AFTER taking "poor America" to task for her vices and her worship of Mammon and her lack of soul, Ojetti, with the authority derived from his pride in being a compatriot of Dante and Michelan-

gelo, places the United States in the purgatory of civilization.

"That which I wish to say, however, is that while statesmen and economists are saddened because America holds herself aloof from Europe, even seeming at times to turn her back upon Europe. . . . I believe that only now is America beginning to take on the aspects of Europe, that is, she is getting what she needs to make for herself, as we have, a civilization, namely, a soul. That is the reason for her unexpected suffering."

"Misery, hunger, abuse, distrust, hate, disorder—to you these are all horrible. If we were not so taken up with our own difficulties we might sympathise and if possible help you to weather these deplorable misfortunes. But all of these misfortunes are essential factors in giving a spirit of union, memories, and experience to those who are now suffering and will survive. It may seem cruel to say it now, but the flower of the soul, the poetry of a nation, blooms only in such chaotic, bloodrun, fertilized soil. I need not relate to you, who are well



Ugo Ojetti

versed in the classics and have a university degree, into what affliction, desolation and sorrow in this ancient land of ours were born Dante, Michelangelo, Petrarch and Tintoretto, all of them deep skies cleared by the raging hurricane. skies of such depth that behind the last veil of blue one can see the glory of God shining out. Years, decades, perhaps centuries are necessary. But what was the nature of this stupendous America of yours during the time when you were easily satisfied and happy, and when your gods were Gold and Comfort, and when Ford, whom you should put in one of the most pleasant of your asylums with his aloofness and theories that have unbalanced even some of our more credulous and greedy people, preached amidst applause, that eighty percent of the people could and would become rich (But what lengthy sentences these Italians construct!) (sic). It was some sort of promised land or earthly paradise inhabited by big, happy, healthy and fierce children who looked upon us in our European purgatory with the same amused compassion of the king's son who was watching the blacksmith's son chewing away on a hard piece of bread and said: 'Why don't you always eat sweet breads?' In order to defend America from the accusation of materialism Keyserling said that a child who has any respect for himself thinks only of his milk; while the English smiled indulgently upon hearing you (Americans) pronounce the word Europe, "You rope"; which last is good to hang ourselves on.

THEN came the war and the downpour of blood. Among the good American authors the optimistic ones were always very few even when these few, upholders of the healthy mind, were heralded as the torchbearers of an absolute national well-being. But after the war, even those men

who, like heavy-handed Dreiser, were no longer young, whetted their pessimism to such a point as to make a pretty sharp blade of it. The American novelists and essayists, sincere realists . . . were the only ones who saw the clay feet of the colossus; at a time when government officials, bank presidents and industrial lords, with the faith of 13th century saints, went on visualizing America firm upon a base of gold. No one heeded the reality. Theirs were mere literary whims, not prophesies. Even yet, while the all-powerful gentlemen are retreating in fear, it is authors like you who make it known that a better world, or at least the hope of a better world, can rise from the ruins. The hope of a more human America where to question and to wait will no longer be considered high treason, where discretion and moderation will appear the surest guaranty for well-being, and charity, no longer a public duty, will become the quickest means to break the loneliness which at times oppresses the strongest and most spirited of men, is already an encouragement today. It is a hope, in short, that America will rise from the present chaos, suffering and distrust a reborn nation, no longer a mosaic of peoples which will break into a thousand pieces with the first earthquake, but a body and soul—a civilization.

"Dear sir, I have also found an occasional Italian among the many characters you have created. They are no better than the others; but in the modern spirit of anxiety they have the ability which you have failed to note: the ability to realize from experience that mankind has traversed darker, more painful, and even longer periods of time amidst

war, famine, upheavals and pestilence, yet coming out of them. In the end, what helped humanity go on has been the good quality of recalling that which she had suffered."

OJETTI'S observations and judgments are not always original or clear; some of his generalizations are so sweeping that they are meaningless without further elucidation. Though he addressed the letter to John Dos Passos, whose style he characterized by comparing it to a perfect camera, perhaps he had only his Italian public in mind; hence the touches of malice, the quixotic offer of assistance, the statements that seemed to imply that European countries, if given the economic opportunities that America has had, would not wallow in prosperity because they are carefully guarded by a philosophical understanding of past experience. Ojetti's criticism has a kernel of truth in it, but it is essentially a poetic expression of hope that is ineffectual morally unless it becomes the faith of strong men who are willing to devote their lives to the mission of converting the American people from the anarchistic philosophy of rugged individualism and materialism. At present there seems to be little hope of the emergence of such men; nor will there be until conditions prove conclusively that this depression is a more or less normal state of affairs and not just a temporary slump. Whatever idealism exists today is of an economic nature, and even that has failed to make a dent in American optimism, since Prosperity is just around the corner.

(Translation of excerpts by
M. Randazzo).

PARIS-LADEN

They taxed me for the rare perfumes
And for each silken gown.
They taxed the blood-red jewel I
bought
In laughing Paris-town.

But the little bag of dreams I found
That evening in Montmartre,
I smuggled in quite nicely —
Where you locked them—in my
heart.

—Vera Cerutti

WHERE ATLANTICA MAY BE OBTAINED

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

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

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

B. Broggio,
849 W. Taylor St.

DETROIT, Mich.
Libreria Bonaldi,
3033 Gration Ave.

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

NEW BRITAIN, Conn.
E. D'Agostino,
480 Main St.

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

A. Martignoni,
166 Bleecker St.

S. F. Vanni,
507 W. Broadway.

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

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

The Woman in the Show - Window

A SHORT STORY

By Luigi Antonelli

(Translated by S. E. Scalia)



Luigi Antonelli

"MY DEAR Antonelli, I'll have you meet the wife."
"Oh, you're married? I didn't know it."

We were coming from the *Lungotevere* and were now walking down *Via Tomacelli*, headed for *Piazza di Spagna*.

"You didn't know because it's ten years you've been away from Rome, and we'd lost sight of each other. You were away, but I got married just the same. And it's almost three years now! My wife is very pretty and I'm very fond of her. I think she's fond of me, too. And I think that our bit of happiness, if I may call it such, will be everlasting, if I may say so. Also because we've got over our little scraps... Scraps in love are like a dog's glanders—either it's all over with him or it's immunity for ever after."

"Gosh, how can you say 'forever after?' You talk like a Professor of Agriculture... Love is an acute illness which has no convalescence. What you consider a relapse is altogether another disease. If you want other definitions, even contradictory to this one, don't stand on ceremony."

"No, thanks... You see, I understand where I am at fault. I am at fault for having taken my conjugal love seriously. But now it's too late to back out. We have given a certain rhythm, a certain tone, a certain color to our life's history—it's too late to back out. I'd have to get me another wife. Yet, in a certain sense, it's as if I had actually got me another wife. Or, to be more exact, I've taken over again the one I had..."

"I don't understand."

"I've taken over again my former fiancée."

"I understand less than ever."

"Let's sit down and have a cup of coffee. Here's a table on the sidewalk. So we'll be still on the street and surrounded by the crowd, with this advantage, though—the crowd will be pacing up and down instead of us. You know, for some time I've been building me a superstructure of fantastic life which adds a tremendous importance to my days and a sort of divineness to myself. That's why when I come out of the house I seem to be looking round about me to take cognizance of the great things which have been set in readiness for me—skies, seas, clouds, villages. And as a matter of fact I find that the sky displays my favorite color, with clouds which someone has had the good taste to gather on the horizon to please me. That certain coquetry of the trees on *Monte Mario*, aligned in comb-

Giuseppe Zucca once asked Luigi Antonelli:

"What, according to your way of looking at it, is humor?"

And Luigi Antonelli answered: "If a man arrives at the age of forty without having become a cynic, that means he will remain sentimental. If that sentimental one is a writer—or, better still, a great writer—he is a humorist. Humor is the candid interpretation of the human drama, sentimentally perceived."

Born in Atri, in the Abruzzi, in 1882, Antonelli has lived in Rome and most of his work has been written for the theatre. Primarily a humorist, he is one of the few constituting the group known as "Il Teatro del Grottesco," which is responsible for the new Italian theater of today.

His best book is "L'uomo che incontrò sè stesso," a play published in 1918, and another is "L'isola delle scimmie."

like formation, has been improvised for me. Also the city squares, which I often find washed by the rain that's fallen during the night, with that certain odor of newness and freshness—why, it's just the thing everybody knows I like. Do you see? All these things, renewed every morning in the show-window of the world, wait for me: I am therefore the center of the universe. I'll explain later the matter of the show-window. For the time being, I tell you that my divineness is lighter than the air. I'm not a god, mind you, but I feel within me the tremendous privilege of never becoming one...

"ENOUGH of that. Now, you want to know that part of my life's history which concerns my wife. Well, you must know that I fell in love with her a hundred yards from here. Every morning I used to walk down *Via Condotti*, indulging my hankering for window-shopping. I will explain some other time the reason for the spell that sort of thing has cast over me. Show-windows constitute the delight of my strolls, because they offer me the most convenient way of improvising an excursion through the countries of the world at any time. One goes from Turkey to Japan, peeps into Cairo, comes back to Rome; at Rome one takes in an aristocratic ball where one sees rich, bejewelled ladies who walk past, silent and solemn like *dogaresse*, followed by a stiff crowd of dolls...

"One morning walking down *Via Condotti* I stopped in front of a jewelry shop. A woman was dressing the window—a woman in flesh and blood who might well have been Venus Anadyomene if it

wasn't that she had a rose-colored dress on.

"Oh, how gracefully she, almost kneeling in the window, went about arranging the pearl trinkets! Simply, harmoniously, and gravely, she placed here and there each and every one of those trinkets—which were many.

"I stopped to look, spell-bound. It seemed to me that nothing had ever bloomed and sprung forth in the world with such spontaneous gracefulness. Her eyes were never turned to look, even stealthily, at the passers-by. The rareness of the spectacle was causing some people to loiter on the sidewalks. But for her the crowd did not exist at all.

"Every morning between nine and ten (the hour for cleaning and window-dressing), I would pass in front of the shop to see the woman in the window. And I would stop without seeming impertinent like any other window-shopper, and without being taken notice of. Three weeks were enough to make me fall in love with her. One day, this time in the afternoon, I unhesitatingly entered the shop, where I found the young lady sitting down. I walked in without knowing what I was going to say. But surely the expression on my face must have been funny. I said:

"'Miss . . . It's several weeks I've wanted to buy a pearl necklace.' I uttered these words in such an unnatural tone that she looked at me open-mouthed and burst out laughing. And you know very well that it's always after one of these irresistible and youthful bursts of laughter that a woman, hitherto unknown to you, becomes your wife for eternity."

MY friend sighed to make me understand that he had gotten to the sad part of his story.

"She became my wife, and for that reason quit her job, much to the dismay of her employer, who despaired of ever finding another young lady who could show as much good taste in dressing the window every morning.

"Ours was a mad and fleeting happiness. Then everything took on a subdued rhythm. By and by nothing disturbed, nothing thrilled our life. Those were days spent in domestic drudgery and the routine of married life.

"How queer! Every time I embraced my wife, I pictured in my mind the woman in the window whom I often stopped to watch and long for. I'd also picture her almost kneeling in her glass cell and smiling at me—when she was my fiancée—the minute I swung into view at the street corner.

"Two years went by. Two years is not enough to bury a passion in, but quite enough to establish between man and wife a tacit understanding as to many a petty and sensual compromise. Thus it happened that I began to betray my wife for the woman in the window. It was my wife just the same, but my wife as she was when I stood on the sidewalk watching and yearning for her. You see, she was mine again now, but mine as she was then, when she was not in my arms.

"Perhaps I had also become another person for her. I realized it one day when we paid a visit to her former employer, at the shop on *Via Condotti*.

"The employer said jokingly to me:

"'Why don't you let her come back here to work? She liked it so well here, and was so happy!'

"At this my wife looked at me smiling, and I caught in her look a vague shadow of despair. It seemed to me that, while sitting in the shop, she was looking at someone on the other side of the window; someone who was passing by, through the crowd, and she smiled at him (whereas she may very well have seemed to smile at her employer's strange proposal).

"'And why not?'—I said abruptly to my wife the following day.—'Go ahead, go back to your window, if you want to. I'll see you every morning on my way to the office; at night I'll stop for you on my way back, as I used to do when we were engaged'.

"She accepted my proposal with delight. She clapped her hands, jumped on her feet like a child, and imprinted two sonorous kisses on my cheeks—two kisses which must have been part of her childhood supply."

* * *

MY friend signaled to the waiter to come, paid the bill, and started away arm in arm with me.

"Look!—he said as soon as we got to *Via Condotti* — "It's that shop, there . . ."

Before my eyes there appeared, in fact, the most graceful thing ever—a young lady in the window, almost kneeling and all rosy: her dress, her face, her neck, her hands, smiling at her resurrected love who was coming by. My friend, the man whose love was dead, now superposed the woman who was still smiling at him upon the woman who was his wife.

Thus the four images, blurred and superposed, sought desperately to immobilize the two illusions on the street . . .

LOMBROSO'S PIONEER CONTRIBUTIONS TO CRIMINOLOGY

(Continued from Page 66)

LOMBROSO's theories regarding the physical characteristics of the criminal are to-day to a certain extent discredited. Many simply look at that one phase of his work and, not knowing very much else, believe that it was his main work.

Of course, it is only natural that some of the findings of the great man have been disproved. It happens with every great scientist

whose activities are many and varied.

Nevertheless, it would be hard to find many men whose activities have had such far-reaching effects all over the world. Today, the whole system of settlement houses, of delinquent farm colonies, of prison laboratories, of the psychiatrist and psychologist working

hand in hand with the law court, of treating the criminal as one needing help rather than merely punishment, and a hundred and one similar practices, all date back to Lombroso's first findings. So greatly has this one individual affected the point of view of society, that it has now adopted an attitude of seeking to cure and prevent, rather than punish.

The Theatre

By Frank A. Russo

PERHAPS it is a little too early to predict with any degree of certainty whether the new season will be good or bad. The "great" play of the year sometimes catches us unawares when winter is succumbing to the subtle salve of spring and we are already resigned to the desperate efforts of the playwright to amuse us with the permutations of three-in-bedroom and drawing-room comedies, with the melodramatic antics in criminal and mystery thrillers, and those nameless concoctions of sophisticated wise-cracks that have no beginning and no end.

It is not too early, however, to say that the season so far has been as bad as usual, if not worse. The most amazing thing about the New York theatre is the abundance of money, directors and authors available for dozens and dozens of plays that even in script must betray their lack of fibre. When producers say that it is impossible to predict the reception a play will receive they are proving but one thing, namely, that they are working on such a narrow margin of intrinsic value that they are willing to run the risk of lavishing money on the externals of a possible hit rather than be without a play to produce.

"SUCCESS STORY"

THE only new play so far this season that is a worthy competitor for the laurels held by "Counsellor-at-Law" and "Another Language," two of last season's survivors, is the Group Theatre's offering of Lawson's "Success Story." The title may be a little misleading since the irony intended is appreciated only in retrospect, after one has seen the play. And even then it is rather unsatisfactory: it smacks of the thin, newspaper comedies that come and go and are quickly forgotten. "Success" would be no less ironic and much more suggestive of the dynamic quality of the play.

This might seem like so much quibbling were it not for the fact that for the first time in the mem-

ory of this playgoer the title does not do justice to the play. It is not at all unlikely that Mr. Lawson started with an idea as hollow as the title, for, although it strikes a tragic note, it lacks the discipline necessary to sustain it. As a result, the subject gets out of control and ends in a melodramatic tour de force.

The fact that the action is built around the executive of an advertising agency does not preclude the possibility of tragedy in the best sense of the word; it does, however, introduce certain limitations which for two acts Mr. Lawson overcomes successfully. And it is to his credit if he was able to find the elements of real tragedy where least expected. But in the third act he avoids the issue by introducing an accident that sends the curtain down, leaving us to believe that he preferred not to pursue his theme to its tragic end.

"Success Story" has the sweeping rhythm, the dramatic intensity, the daring and overtones of a tale of adventure. It is the story of the soaring egoism and the mania for power of a radical young Jewish clerk spiritually suffocated in the statistical department of a big advertising firm. With extraordinary psychological insight Mr. Lawson lays bare the obsession of the neurotic Sol Ginsberg and shows us in all its chaos a mind that is torn between passionate idealism and an indomitable desire for power. His impatience compels him to speak his mind, and as a result he wins for himself an opportunity to try his hand at the game of writing copy, not however without the effective intervention of his Ghetto love, who is also his employer's secretary.

The rest of the play is the story of his climb to the top and his desperate effort to kill his former self in order to be absolutely free to attain his goal. He betrays every one, his radical friends, his sensitive, devoted fiance, his boss and later, his business associates.

He marries his employer's for-

mer mistress and lavishes upon her whatever her extravagant whim desires. He loves her because she is something else to conquer; but in his heart he hates her. She is willing to be Mrs. Ginsberg only as long as he will give her what she wants and not expect too much from her. In despair he takes refuge in the unselfish devotion of the secretary. The old love comes back in all its sensuous passion. But when his wife calls on the telephone he betrays (too obviously) his desire to keep his hold on her. His conversation over the telephone strikes so deeply that the secretary, without quite realizing what she is doing, shoots him.

Sol Ginsberg had the makings of a young Napoleon except for the neurotic quality that, at times, makes him out to be just a Ghetto boy with childishly uncontrolled passions.

"LILIOM"

EVA Le Gallienne has opened the sixth season of her Civic Repertory Theatre with a revival of Molnar's "Liliom", which after eleven years still retains its freshness and gusto. Miss Le Gallienne was very fortunate in her selection of Molnar's "suburban legend," for she has added to her repertory one of the most satisfying plays that has come out of the modern theatre. This revival proves conclusively that it is one of the few contemporary plays that in the future will not be confined to the limbo of dramatic literature.

"Liliom" is a sort of gay and rough and pitiful Divine Comedy. With unusual deftness Molnar unfolds the inner fate of Liliom, the Roughneck, the barker for a merry-go-round in an amusement park. He is a good-for-nothing, an outcast and a bully, with all the swaggering pride of a cavalier. Pride is all he has in the world. Nature has not endowed him with brains enough to think himself beyond the ordinary restrictions and demands of society. He seduces and exploits the servant girls who are taken in by his braggadocio. He steals and lives off the poor. Poor Liliom did not ask to be born with these imperious instincts into a tight, legalized, moral world. He gropes his way through life until he is conquered by the love of one servant girl who is willing to love him unconditionally in spite of his weak-

nesses. Her unconditioned affection, however, is not enough to change his ways; rather it is a challenge to his pride. He struggles with his body and nerves, but his mind is docile. He believes that he is a sinner. He doesn't doubt that there are police courts in heaven, that there are purgatorial fires and a last chance to be good. But his pride withstands these tests.

Julie weeps over his worthlessness and he strikes her—strikes her out of misery, to flee from self-abasement, to preserve some sort of superiority. When he learns that he is to become a father he rejoices, perhaps because it is a dignity which, in his mind, raises him to a higher level, or perhaps because of blind pride. For the sake of Julie and the child he accepts a thief's invitation to stage a hold-up, and when he is caught stabs himself to spare himself humiliation.

In the magistrate's court in heaven he loses none of that pride; and after fifteen years of expiatory fires he is allowed to visit the earth for a day, and his notion of a good deed is to steal a star from the sky for his daughter.

"Liliom" is a play of compassion and humor from beginning to end. One remembers for a long time the meeting of Liliom and Julie in the park at night, the amusing love affair between Marie and her captain, who turned out to be a doorman (but it didn't matter), the scene at the railroad bridge when Liliom gambles away his share of the booty before he even gets it, and finally the endearing humor of the trial scene in heaven.

"WHEN LADIES MEET"

IN her latest sentimental comedy Miss Rachel Crothers spoils an otherwise interesting play by obtruding moralizing generalities which in themselves are platitudes of the sort that one might expect and even enjoy coming from the pulpit. "When Ladies Meet" was favorably received by almost all the critics. Miss Crothers understands the modern scene; her plays, which number more than twenty-five (many of which have been successes), are an interesting commentary on modern life and it is rather a pity that she refuses to let them stand on their own, instead of drawing sweeping conclusions that detract from her plays and prove nothing. Miss Crothers has assumed the role of an enlightened guar-

dian of the conventional virtues. Some of her dogmas are that married men who make love to other women never really mean it, that women who believe that they can live with a man without forfeiting his respect are always wrong, that decent women and loose women belong to different worlds, that life is very simple, that with a few elementary principles mastered you can solve the problems of existence. Her latest play says all this, but it is convincing only in so far as it is an integral part of the play. The preaching leads to doubt.

"THE GOOD EARTH"

THE combined efforts of the Theatre Guild organization and one of America's most able technicians were not successful in the production of "The Good Earth." The difficulty of reducing a novel of some 200,000 words about the start and rise through generations and the disintegration of a "great family" proves too much even for the skilled hand of Owen Davis. It seems to us that the Guild should have been wary of dramatizations of novels, especially of a novel which, in the words of the author, portrays "the long, wave-like motion of family rise and fall . . . characteristic of the civilization of the Orient." A rather large order for the theatre to squeeze into its crucible.

Some of the most interesting by-products of the novel were the reviews of a Chinese Marxian, Mr. Ch'ao-ting Chi, and of Mr. Young-hill Kang, a Korean whose criticism is based upon the traditional standards of Confucianism. This conflict, which received comment in the editorial columns of "The New Republic," is amusing and significant if only because it typifies the sort of criticism that is inspired by misconceptions as to the "purpose" of artistic expression. Mr. Kang, the traditionalist, insists that the characters are falsified by the author's emphasis on romantic love, which reduces "all Confucian society to a laughable pandemonium." The hero, he believes, could not possibly start out as a peasant and end as a member of the feudal nobility. To Mr. Chi, on the other hand, the characters seem so real that he cannot resist the temptation to search for their prototypes among his acquaintances at home. But Mr. Chi, the Marxian, believes that Mrs. Buck shows no under-

standing of the Chinese land system, or of the usury which enslaves the peasants. Messrs. Kang and Chi agree on one point, however: that Mrs. Buck is limited by her missionary background. Somebody ought to undertake to start an international multi-lateral debate among Confucianists, Buddhists, Catholics, Marxians and any others that submit their applications.

O'NEILL AND MASKS

"**T**HE American Spectator" made its debut last month, edited and supported by the deities of American letters. It classifies itself as a literary newspaper and boasts of having no policy to offer, no panaceas to advocate, no axes to grind, no private list of taboos to foster upon the public. It has little of anything else above the grade of effete table talk. There is a note of liberated Puritanism in the articles on sex by Havelock Ellis and James Branch Cabell. The former's case studies and the latter's pleasant efforts in gentlemanly roguishness are far more interesting than all this moralizing defiance, grown stale with repetition. Until the cognoscenti of matters sexual have seen, or rather, felt the light themselves their messages will beget nothing but messages even as gnats. In the beginning was the word; but the beginning is long past.

Another case, Mr. Ellis. Another story, Mr. Cabell.

But there is still O'Neill and his masks, which he believes will be used for certain types of plays, "especially for the new modern play, as yet only dimly foreshadowed in a few groping specimens, but which must inevitably be written in the future." With religious conviction O'Neill insists that the use of masks is the freest solution of the problem as to how the dramatist can best express "those profound hidden conflicts of the mind which the probings of psychology continue to disclose to us." He must find some method to present this inner drama in his work, or confess himself incapable of portraying one of the most characteristic preoccupations and uniquely spiritual impulses of his time . . . For what at bottom, is the new psychological insight into human cause and effect but a study in masks, an exercise in unmasking."

His efforts in the shadowland of the subconscious are still "noble experiments" that put his best

works in relief. The masks in "The Great God Brown" were interesting only in the experimental way. The same might be said for the asides in "Strange Interlude." Whatever

is vital in these two plays is due to O'Neill's dramatic genius and his profound understanding of personality.

Glenn Anders, who was the Darrell of "Strange Interlude", gives an excellent performance as Stella's smug husband and Margaret Wycherly and Wyrley Birch show us that they understand what Miss Franken desires to reveal of stupid respectability in one phase of American life. Herbert Duffy and Maude Allan fill the parts of Jerry's parents with skill. Bruce McFarlane replaced Hal K. Dawson, who was ill, as Walter Hallam, the family jokester, but the part apparently did not suffer from the change.

Four Plays Reviewed

By Anthony H. Leviero

ONE of the most discouraging phases of American family life continues on exhibition at the Booth Theatre, in spite of the self-consciousness that many in its audiences must feel. But that is one of the paradoxes of the theatre. Insult the people, show up their faults, and most of them are too insensitive to realize it. They think that they should merely be amused, and they laugh. Often the laughter is tentative and ends abruptly. When that happens the play is uppercutting. And by its uppercuts, by the reality it conjures, "Another Language" is memorable.

The play is a penetrating social drama behind the walls of a middle-class American family's fortress of respectability, with its buttresses of philistinism and parental absolutism. Miss Franken has put a ladder against those walls and we gaze at a fettered soul trying to escape to some spiritual realm without.

Stella, a delicate, artistic soul, becomes affiliated with the Hallam family by her marriage to Victor. She is a gem lost in Hallam shale. This is one part that requires nuances of emotion and charm and Dorothy Stickney makes the most of it. It is a role that gains in brilliancy by contrast against all but one of the broader, coarser characters of Miss Franken's pen — three brothers-in-law, three sisters-in-law, Stella's husband and his parents. But this is to derogate neither from Miss Franken's character-drawing nor from the acting of the supporting cast. Both are only too real. The one fault in the play is structural. It is marred by a somewhat mawkish dénouement that does not seem to come from the hand that penned the faultless climactic scene when Hallam respectability is blasted.

Stella befriends her nephew, Jerry, who without credit to his parents, is also different. In him she sees what her husband was before seven years of wedlock in the Hallam tradition have flattened out

their romance. She does not see why the youth should not have his wish to go to Europe to study architecture. But Jerry must take up his father's hum-drum business because abroad he might get into a mixup with a woman. And in all the Hallam array Jerry finds only one human creature. He falls in love with his pretty aunt as only a youth of twenty-one can fall in love.

One evening in Stella's home she and Jerry are driven into open revolt. They shock the Hallams, who get their things and leave. Later Victor, sticking by the family guns, quits his wife and runs off to his mother's home, like a silly boy. He leaves Jerry with his wife. This scene has great impact and is acted with skill. The play is unfortunate, however, in its next scene: Stella confesses that Jerry has spent most of the night with her, and his father orders him to leave the country. Victor becomes pitifully abject over it, but then he defends Stella and Jerry, obviously because he fears the truth. He takes his wife in his arms and for once in a long time she is responsive. This sudden arrival at understanding and apparent reconciliation is too sudden to be convincing. One is not sure whether Stella still loves the lad or her husband or is surrendering to Hallam inevitability. This vital scene should have been more definitive. The reported good sales of "Another Language" in book form may partly be due to the play-goers' desire to more clearly resolve it.

As Jerry, John Beal gives the part the proper touch of adolescent sensitiveness. Margaret Hamilton stands out as Helen Hallam. She defines with color and vigor the hardened resignation proper to a member of the house of Hallam and gives us most of the humor in the play. William Pike made her a good husband. He accurately displayed the proper irritability for a man married to a woman who scratched her head and picked off grapes, as Miss Hamilton did.

* * *

WHATEVER one's predilections and prejudices may be concerning what to accept in the theatre, and we believe that most of us are pretty definitely made up that way, one should not neglect to see "Criminal At Large", a melodrama in the genteel manner by the late Edgar Wallace which opened on October 10. In this play the art of acting has been brought to consummation. Let Mr. Guthrie McClintic take the cash, and the credit too. The play is added evidence of his perception of what makes a successful play and of his directing skill.

The acting, combined with a well-constructed play bare of any obvious tricks, makes excellent entertainment at this stage of the season while the more intellectually-pretentious plays and predicted "hits" are still in the offing. The play is rather more powerful by the absence of spectacular and blood-curdling scenes, for the horror and mystery of the murders at Mark's Priory are achieved by what the cast puts into the acting. And by what it is made to feel rather than by what it can see the audience is gradually roused to fidgety excitement, until in the final scene the repressed tension mystery finally concentrated in two of the players, sizzles out as if from two over-charged boilers. But we shall not spoil things by revealing either the story or the criminal.

Mr. Emlyn Williams, a young Welshman brought here by Mr. McClintic, is a rare actor. As the gentle-looking Lord Lebanon he is a subtle dissembler, and he plays at cunning with equal skill. After nine years of retirement Miss Alexandra Carlisle returns to the stage with all her old virtues, and as Lady Lebanon, the lord's mother, acts an important role with the bearing and speech befitting a noble, though obsessed, lady. Mr. Wil-

liam Harrigan as Inspector Tanner of Scotland Yard begins rather weakly, but leaves nothing to be desired when the play really calls upon his talents. Sergeant Totty, played by Mr. Walter Kingsford, lets you down every time the play gets up too much steam. He is amusing, but the humor is English.

* *

"**THE Great Lover,**" which was revived on October 11 at the Waldorf Theatre, dropped last month into what we hope is final oblivion. Mr. Lou Tellegen showed us what he thought a great lover should be. But he gave us a lover created in 1915 by Leo Ditrichstein and Frederick and Fanny Hatton. Woe to our day, for now the gigolo has come on the scene. That leaves plays like "The Great Lover" for the sighs of unfavored members of female bridge clubs and matronly

figures who have read all about romance.

Mr. Tellegen, belonging to a certain mellow school of actors, played the role of Jean Paurel in the grand manner, which is to say that his bravura style and booming voice cannot ever make up for a lack of delicacy and subtlety. It must be said that the role is rather superficial, like most of the others in the play.

The cast did quite well for the little real acting the play demanded. As Maestro Cereale, Mr. William Ricciardi played the role he created with accuracy and humor. Ilse Marvenga, as Ethel Warren, and Mme. Marguerite Sylva, as Giulia Sabittini, rivals for Jean Paurel's maudlin love-making, took their parts seriously and made the most of them. Grant Gordon was a sensitive Carlo Sonio, Paurel's young

rival... Ah! for a faithful Cyrano!

* * *

THE flavor lasts at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre. The cast of the Pulitzer Prize play is still electioneering for John P. Wintergreen for president, and Alexander Throttlebottom for vice-president, of these United States. They have our votes, even if the sole issue is a squishy kind of love; for when the tumult and the shouting dies, what do our Hoovers and Coolidges get us? If you have not already seen "**Of Thee I Sing**," you must go if only to see Victor Moore as Throttlebottom. We suspect that his influence as vice-president predisposed the prize committee. He acts with all the unconscious humor and artlessness which one might find at a meeting of New York City's locality "mayors" or Rotarians.

The Art Galleries

By Maurice J. Valency

It is not easy to describe what you do not understand. It is not simple to express what you do not feel. And surely much of the difficulty of saying anything intelligent or even intelligible in or about art must be consequent upon these limitations. For it is doubtless true that a great many silly or meaningless things pass for criticism, simply for lack of something real to say. That there should be meaningless criticism of meaningless pictures is eminently fitting. Many pictures are shown, and many go to see them, but it would be better if it were more difficult to look at pictures, and more difficult to have them shown. There is not enough room in the artistic world to swing a cat in, so packed it is with odds and ends, and people who should be doing other things, but it would be just the thing for the artistic world at the moment to have a cat swung in it. From an economic point of view, one might well wish that some vast and devastating ogre of depression

might run amok through the galleries and lay waste what of dead matter encumbers them. A leaning wagon, said Nietzsche, thou shalt also push over. The artistic junk wagon is sadly overloaded, sadly out of plumb. And every time we go to see a new man's work, it is in the fervent hope that at last someone may have put his shoulder to the wheel and tumbled it over, and revaluated in terms of clearness and simplicity the things that the artist needs to say, the things that need saying, free from the burial-bands of doctrine and theory, and the shrouds of conventionality that adorn the last moribund expressions of the art of avant-guerre, that is to say, contemporary art.

GLENN O. COLEMAN

THE Whitney Museum has a memorial exhibition of the works of the late Glenn Coleman. It is a fitting tribute to the memory of one of the oldest associates of the Whitney Studio Club, but

it is not an inspiring show. There are oils, gouaches, lithographs, and drawings, and most of the work reiterates the artist's main theme, New York. It is a sad and dispirited city. There are little dingy squares and streets and open spaces that might be anywhere, but probably are in London or in the poorer sections of provincial cities in Spain or France. But over these little squares and streets of Coleman's there commonly towers a bridge or a building gigantic, and conventionally blocked in the style of the New York Building Code. Thus we may see that it is New York that is represented, but we see too that Coleman's love was not of New York, but of places. The artist painted the streets of New York with nothing particular in mind, and there is little indication that he had at any time any understating of the city in which for twenty-seven years he painted. But mindful that anyone who ventures to write about art may at any moment begin spontaneously to write nonsense, we hasten to wonder—was there anything to understand? On the floor below the two which temporarily house the Coleman paintings, hangs Hopper's "Sunday Morning," magnificently affirmative in answer.

In general, Coleman's painting seems to fall into two periods.

There are the many variations on the New York theme, in flat browns and emerald, low in key, by no means strident, hardly articulate, sentimental, and rarely coherent. "Brooklyn Bridge" is of this type, somewhat romantic if anything, in a clownish sort of way, and "Abingdon Square," quite successful, and aloof as it should be, one of the nicest of the paintings. And "Bridge Towers," which seems to have a soundness of observation denied to most of the canvases, and "Jefferson Market," really quite dull. And there is "New Church," utterly without insight, and very badly painted. But in another period must be put the half dozen bright canvases of the type of "Election Night Bonfire," very French and gay, and clear yellow and blue and rose, much less dull than the toned and grayed banality of the larger group, but still very far from the mark.

The foreword to the catalogue of Glenn Coleman's work says that "a salient characteristic of the exhibition as a whole is its amazing homogeneity." This salient homogeneity is more than amazing. As the result of a life single-mindedly and whole-heartedly devoted to art, it is appalling.

JOSEPH DE MARTINI

AT the Eighth Street Gallery, Joseph De Martini exhibits, for the first time, a group of twenty-one paintings and some drawings. This young Italian painter has undoubtedly technical ability of a sort, but clearly he has not as yet achieved any sort of distinction. It is not necessary to read the foreword to the catalogue to see that Mr. De Martini is a product of the National Academy. For "Admitted to Life on Probation" is all but stamped on his drawings, and the portrait "Young Girl" clearly entitles him to the "Life Class, in Full."

The artist has gone a long way from the "Young Girl" in his other paintings. He has stared long and thoughtfully, it would seem, at Rouault, and at sculpture, and at some of the more morose among the Germans. "Mask (yellow)" and "Mask (red)" and "Mother and Child" seem to the writer to show clearly the influence of this type of painting, while "Abandoned House" develops a similar mood in landscape.

"Abandoned House" is not ineffective, but it is superficial. The other landscapes are not so much sombre as muddy. To this writer it seems that "Young Girl" is the nicest canvas in the show. It is academic, it is not magnificent, but it is real, and soft, and promising, and here Mr. De Martini



"Young Girl"
by Joseph De Martini

knew what he was about. One would have wished him to have evolved his paintings from this first style, rather than to have jumped so far afield into the treacherous by-paths.

MARIN

ON November 7th, "An American Place" opens an exhibition of oils, water-colors, and drawings by John Marin.

Few living painters can handle water-color as Marin does. His spotting is incredibly deft and vigorous, his composition terse and dynamic, and his color deliciously cool and pointed.

Marin is now showing his first experiments with oils. It would be too much to expect perhaps that his every excellence as a water-colorist should be carried over into his new medium, with due regard for its exigencies. As it is, his most successful oils are thinly painted, with a strong suggestion of the water-color technique, while the least interesting barely escape flatness. There are some sea-and landscapes done

with the fuller body that oil affords, but without the compelling charm and suggestiveness of his aquarelles. A country home is painted boldly, with excellent brushwork, but without excessive originality, somewhat in the style of Segonzac, but with a greater sensitiveness to color. Then there is a group of city paintings, large and generous in sweep and very spirited. Here is chiefly brought out Marin's amazing receptiveness to rhythm and movement. The composition is linear, direct, and swift. The coloring is adequate in cool blues and slates with the emphasis restrained and subtle. A fine show, but we looked in vain for what we had come to see, the splendid glimpses of sky and sea, and boats and ships in movement, which are Marin's special province.

KRAUSHAAR GALLERY

THE Kraushaar Gallery has an excellent exhibition of French masters, in various media. There is a magnificent Braque, a still life in his best manner, and thence the history of French art is more or less sketched back as far as Delacroix and Ingres. One of the most charming things the writer has seen in a long time is the "Landscape" of Soutine, a painting full of the rich and sloppy good-humor, the wistful and inimitable wit, which invests this artist's best work with its peculiar flavor—a handful of red-roofed houses huddled together on the slope of a hill, beneath the sky, like a pudding adorned with parsley, and withal so warm and delicious that one could wish to have been a mammoth to gobble up such a landscape. Odilon Redon's "Peonies" would look well on the cover of "House and Garden," and "Andromeda" has already become part of the architecture of upper Fifth Avenue. Besides these, there are to be seen two paintings of Matisse, rather inconsequential, a Rouault, two excellent landscapes of Segonzac, and specimens of the work of Pissarro, Toulouse-Lautrec, Forain, and Daumier.

AMERICAN WATER COLORISTS

THE water-color show at the Gallery 144 West 13th Street is eminently worth seeing. Tucked modestly away between two

old brick houses on the west side of Sixth Avenue, this gallery has in the past year been putting on some of the most interesting exhibitions in New York, and the present one is by no means below its standard. The large "Self Portrait" by Esman impressed us most,—the exquisite head of a girl modeled in pale planes of color, the head atilt and the eyes very wide, as if a little astonished, but very much pleased that someone should have given her the flower she has in her hair. Esman's art is singularly personal and intimate. The critical and

satirical aspects of her more serious work in oils is here mellowed in a mood ineffably light and gay, and in color as subtle and bright as as April morning.

Milton Avery has true water-colors in a style somewhat different from the rather sombre work he usually shows. All three are in a lighter, more summery mood, and "Mother and Child" is an excellent piece of work, rich in color and in design, and altogether satisfying in technique. Eilshemius is represented, as guest artist, by three excellent landscapes, placid and generous in mood. Ben Benn's "Nude" is

nervous and somewhat heavy, like much of his work, but it is clearly the work of a competent artist, while Waldo Pierce's "Bulls at Pamplona" exhibits a cynical virtuosity which does not detract from the interest and informativeness of the painting. Foshko's "Landscape" is neither very imaginative nor entirely interesting, yet it is agreeable, solid, and sincere, and it wholly escapes the banality of his "Peddlers." The show includes also work by Ann Brockman, Emil Holzhauser, who handles his brush a little cleverly, and Paul Rohland.

A Review of the Reviews

FOREIGN AFFAIRS publishes in its October issue, in abbreviated form, the closing chapter to Croce's *Storia di Europa nel secolo decimonono*.

Croce gives a picture of Europe from the liberal point of view. He finds that pre-war Europe and the Europe of today, "so dissimilar in appearance, have continuity and homogeneity."

"The same proclivities and the same spiritual conflicts are there, though aggravated by the general intellectual decay which was to be expected after a war which counted its victims by the millions, accustomed its survivors to violence and destroyed the habit of critical, constructive and concentrated mental labor."

"Impatience with free institutions has led to open or masked dictatorships, and where dictatorships do not exist, to the desire for them. Liberty, which before the war was a faith, or at least a routine acceptance, has now departed from the hearts of men even if it still survives in certain institutions. In its place is an atavistic libertarianism which more than ever ponders disorder and destruction, gives rein to extravagant impulses, and produces

spectacular and sterile works. Indifferent and contemptuous, its followers scorn meditative and loving labor, labor with a reverent affection for the past and a courageous mastery of the future. They scorn actions which spring from the heart and speak to the heart, speculations which hold the germs of truth, history based on a realization of all that man has achieved by painful struggle, poetry which is beautiful.

"All these facts, and it is useless to deny them or to say that they are true only of certain people in certain countries, like the situation from which they spring, are common to all Europe and all the world."

Communism is condemned as a sterile thing which kills thought, religion and art. It is not practised as communism but as a form of autocracy—as its critics always predicted would be the case.

Maintaining the inefficacy of nationalistic, communistic and Catholic creeds, Croce believes that the World War may well be considered by future historians as the *reductio ad absurdum* of the first and augurs well for an internationalism based on reciprocal understanding amongst the nations.

FRANCO - ITALIAN relations are always a timely topic. Maurice Colrat re-examines various aspects of these relations in *La Revue Mondiale*.

"What about Franco-Italian relations? What are they? What could they be? What should they be?"

"If I held the position of minister or occupied the post of ambassador, I should doubtless answer that we have a perfect understanding with Italy, as witness the photographs taken at Lausanne — Mr. Grandi smiling at M. Germain-Martin. I should add that the clouds that sometimes pass between us do not obscure the horizon, and that our misunderstandings, if they do not pass, need not trouble the affectionate relationship of sister-Latins.

"But since I have neither rank nor office which obliges me to sprinkle sugar on bitter truth, I will dare to say that Franco-Italian relations seem to me to be mediocre, that they could be worse, that they should be better. Even though they do not obscure the horizon, the clouds that pass between sometimes carry the potential destruction of the fairest hopes and the noblest memories. Even though the relationship is intimate, it is not necessarily affectionate. Since Cain and Abel there have been fraternal dramas—even in Latin countries.

"As for misunderstandings, let us leave them to diplomatic language. Every misunderstanding supposes a preliminary conversation. I do not recollect that France and Italy have chatted much these

last few years, except to have nothing to say. A policy of recrimination and watchful waiting has been preferable to a policy of explanation. It is sufficient merely to glance at the transalpine press to know in detail what Italy holds against us and what she wants.

"But the French public rarely reads anything but French papers, and these papers seldom comment on articles in the Italian press, in order to spare their readers from disagreeable facts. For this reason the French public is in general ignorant of all elements of a problem which it considers—wrongly, I think—of only secondary importance.

"Mussolini has in France passionate partisans and adversaries. No group has any great knowledge of the New Italy, his handiwork, and they judge his personality according to historical analogies which are debatable.

"Nevertheless the majority of Frenchmen are persuaded that Fascism is at the root of the misunderstanding which they vaguely suspect between France and Italy. Italian statesmen have never tried to dissipate this error. Nor have French statesmen. I am among those who regret it because it may have grave consequences.

"But I regret still more the fact that the governments of the two countries have never approached the basis of the problem in order to solve it. But I think it is absurd and dangerous to believe that it will solve itself all alone. Gallantry does not go that far."

* * *

CURRENT HISTORY publishes in its October issue an article by William Martin on "Mussolini's Ten Years of Power" which purports to show the essential unity of Mussolini's views and activities in spite of apparent contradictions.

"To the outside observer Mussolini's career is full of contradictions—he has been internationalist, then nationalist; Socialist, then dictator; an advocate of the people's welfare, then a reactionary.

"But through... this varied career there runs a guiding thread which gives it much greater unity than one would expect. Mussolini has not changed; only his environment is different.

"Mussolini has never believed in

democracy. . . . He has sought the people's good, but in spite of them; he has never believed that the public is capable of recognizing its own best interests. . . . Mussolini has always had a profound belief in force.

"If, as a socialist, Mussolini was not a democratic socialist, but a revolutionary advocate of direct action, the same Mussolini as dictator is anything but reactionary. . . . at heart he has remained determined upon social reforms, and the boldest of such reforms do not frighten him. . . . There is one domain which he controls exclusively—that relating to economic organization and social reform.

"Attention should be directed to three outstanding phenomena which have appeared in the chaos of modern society—first, the American experiment of high wages; second, the Bolshevik experiment in the dictatorship of the proletariat; and third, the Fascist experiment in coordinating the welfare of the state with the interests of both workers and employers. . . .

"And this is the creation of Mussolini, who is more socialistic, more preoccupied with the welfare of the people and more in contact with the proletariat than is often believed.

"Under the name of the *Istituto Mobiliare Italiano*, Mussolini has founded an organization which has taken over all the industrial activities of the Banca Commerciale. . . . acting with full knowledge of what he was about, Mussolini has thus attained what it has taken bolshevism years to accomplish—the seizure by the state of the country's economic life.

"In foreign affairs. . . . Mussolini has never had but one idea—the greatness of Italy. What has differed according to time and circumstance has been merely the best means of attaining that end.

"In domestic affairs the end likewise justifies the means. . . . Yet there is no evidence that some day, when domestic affairs seem favorable, he will not return to the idea of a normal government of which we once heard so much in his speeches."

* * *

NOTED opponents of the Fascist regime write leading articles in various American magazines in occasion of the Tenth Anniversary

of Fascist government. Among these we note Count Carlo Sforza's "The Fascist Decade in Foreign Affairs" and Gaetano Salvemini's "March on Rome: Revised Version" in the October *Current History*. The opinions voiced in these articles have been expressed before and are pretty generally known. Aside from their efficacy or lack of efficacy it would be of little consequence to pass them in review again.

* * *

RUTH Katherine Byrnes writes an interesting article on "Columbus and the Norsemen" in the October *Catholic World*:

"Racial pride and unenlightened emotion have distorted the historical attitude and put the search for evidence to support a theory in the place of a search for facts to bring the truth to light. In many instances loyalty to Leif has been won by casting an unfavorable light upon the character and achievements of Columbus; on the other hand these same criticisms have kindled interest in fair-minded Americans and led to a new appreciation and respect for the man and the navigator, Christopher Columbus.

" 'The settlement founded by Leif Ericson built the first Lutheran church in America,' professes one of Leif's followers, exuberant with Nordic nonsense. Why spoil the flavor of the thing by reminding him that Luther did not found his church until five hundred years after Leif's saga-sung visits to Vinland? . . .

"It may be that America was visited before the year 1000 by Irish sailors but if so, nothing came of the Irish discovery and a real knowledge of it was lost to the world. It is probable that Nordic expeditions reached the North American continent around 1000 but the discovery was fruitless and transient as far as the history of mankind is concerned. Possibly other European ships visited America by accident or by design, between the days of the Norse sailors and the end of the fifteenth century, but any such visits had little significance then or now. Columbus remains the true discoverer of America for the peoples of Europe: it was his bravery and constancy of purpose that linked the old world

with the new; it was his life work to find America, the haven of refuge and resource for the thousands who have followed him across the Atlantic."

Sane words these and they speak truths which can be understood even by those whose minds are but poorly trained. They cannot help but clarify the notions of many

whose sense of historical perspective is sadly lacking.

A. M. G. & J. De S.

Atlantica's Observatory

RECOGNITION

AN interesting suggestion by a distinguished economist, Walter R. Ingalls, contained in a recent letter published by the to Page 28, where the headline "When New York Hailed Garibaldi" heads an article based on the article by Francesco Moncada in our October issue: "Incidents in Garibaldi's Life in America." Almost an entire column is given to the article, which was written by Walter Littlefield, whose name is not new to these pages, for ATLANTICA was privileged to publish a year or so ago an excellent article by him on Dante, or rather, what the world would have been without him. Mr. Littlefield's interest, enthusiasm and service to the cause of things Italian has been recognized, and he now deservedly possesses the title of Cavaliere Ufficiale.

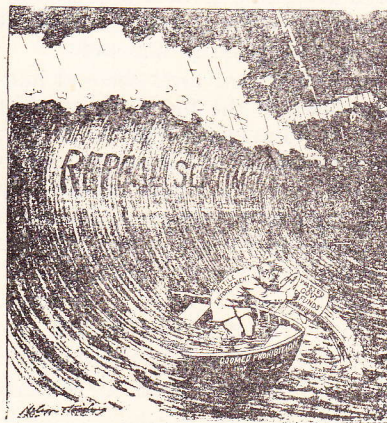
SUGGESTION

AN interesting suggestion by a distinguished economist, Walter R. Ingalls, contained in a recent letter published by the *New York Sun*, seems so simple and logical that it merits some attention and consideration. Briefly, Mr. Ingalls would link the dual problem of the United States: how to adjust our tariff so as to promote foreign trade without jeopardizing domestic industries, and how to have European nations pay their debts to us without sending us goods that would tend to dislocate our own production. The assumption he makes is that the nation has practically done an about-

face on the subject of prohibition, and this we believe the majority of Americans will grant him.

"This solution," in the proposer's own words, "would be a repeal of the 18th Amendment and an arrangement with Great Britain, France and Italy to pay us their annual accounts in the forms of ale, whisky, brandy and wine." The idea could also be extended to include Germany and her beer.

After citing figures to show that there would be an ample market in this country for those products, the trump card in favor of the proposal is presented: "This trade could be instituted without extinguishing any existing American industries except moonshining and bootlegging, and with an adequate safeguard for California wine. There is reason to believe that the several European countries have surplus producing capacities for these things, and we should save ourselves the capitalization of new industries that would be duplicatory, and in no way required for the national defense."



The irresistible tide

—From the N. Y. "Journal"

There are other ways by which we would gain under this suggestion. The cost of prohibition enforcement would be saved, assessments on the imported goods could be made, thereby providing some much-needed revenue, and we might even be able to bargain with foreign countries to use our own cereal in the manufacture of the products they will sell to us.

Of course, before a matter like this would even be considered officially, the problem should be looked at from every angle, and all the available facts and statistics gathered, but its consideration certainly seems worthwhile on the face of it. Any suggestion that seems to offer a way out of the impasse and the dislocation brought about by war debts, and then accentuated by towering tariffs, is welcome, for the problem is probably the greatest of the decade next to disarmament.

LEGIONS

ONCE again is the attention of ATLANTICA called to the strides being made by the Junior Lodge movement of the Order Sons of Italy in New York State, under the the energetic and capable leadership of Cav. Stefano Miele, Grand Venerable of the New York State Lodge.

As recorded elsewhere in this issue, at the recent annual State convention of the order some 800 additional young men and women were initiated into this fast-growing group, now numbering over 4000, with some 23 lodges of their own. Though already great in numbers the junior lodges of today will no doubt be small compared to the potential legions of tomorrow.

What is the aim of the Junior Lodges? For one thing, the movement will mean the continuance of the life of the senior order itself. But in another and larger sense, as Italo Falbo of "Il Progresso" has said, these young, eager and enthusiastic young men and women "will be the defenders of Italian civilization, the apostles of our beautiful

language, the perpetrators of a sacred cult of the land and traditions of Italy. They will also be intelligent and active fighting forces at the service of their great country: America."

PINNACLE

ONE of the charges frequently made against America as a cultural center is that it has no universities of the higher type, as in Europe, where advanced students may follow their studies under the finest of instruction. Though the average of American colleges is high enough, it is said that there are no centers where, for example, Ph. D.'s themselves will go to learn.

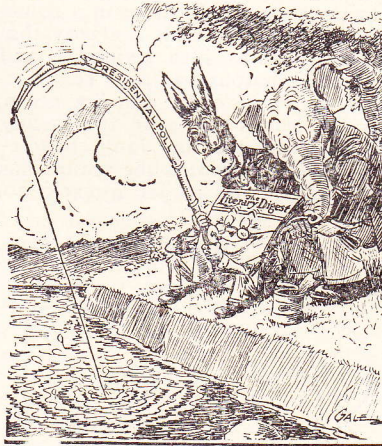
The Institute for Advanced Study, with an endowment of five million dollars and directed by Dr. Abraham Flexner (who himself is one of those to have made the above charge) seeks to fill that gap, if gap there is. Last month, Dr. Flexner announced that Dr. Albert Einstein had accepted an appointment as professor of mathematical and theoretical physics for life. No salary was specified, for he will receive all he ever wants; a home will be provided for him at Princeton (where the Institute will be located for the time being); and, as a last word in pedagogical liberty, he will teach only what, when, if and as he pleases. Another acquisition for the Institute is Professor Oswald Veblen, Princeton mathematician.

As a pinnacle for the American college structure, as a place for the most advanced students only, the Institute for Advanced Study certainly merits the interest and attention of those harboring an interest in American education.

POLLS

ONE of the most remarkable features of the recent Presidential campaign, aside from its political effects, undoubtedly was the prominent part played therein by polls and straw votes of all kinds. There have been polls taken

in previous campaigns, but never before have they provided the basis, as much as they did in September and October, for the calculations of both major parties, and for discussions on the part of voters. Because of the accuracy of the more important ones, notably of the *Literary Digest* and the Hearst newspapers, in past performances, few there were who took no cognizance of their value in showing which way the wind was blowing.



"How are they biting?"

—From the Los Angeles "Times."

Are we, we wonder, coming to the point where, by means of these pre-election polls, the results of an election are practically determined beforehand? It would seem so, and probably we had better accustom ourselves to it. As Kin Hubbard, the wit, once remarked:

"It's gittin' so a straw vote brings out more voters than a reg'lar election."

LEADERSHIP

AMERICAN colleges have given, and are giving some queer courses in their sedate and cultured halls, alongside of the really deserving ones, but an announcement by Long Island University recently would indicate that in this respect it should unhesitatingly be given first prize:

"Contending that the dearth of leaders is a basic cause of the present crisis in America, officials of Long Island University, Brooklyn, announced today that a course in the development of leadership

would be introduced this week as a feature of the extension division curriculum. . . . The new course will consider such problems as basic requisites of leadership, psychology in leadership and modern trends in leadership."

Think what would happen should this course prove popular. We would have the strange phenomenon of a nation of leaders, but with no one to follow them. Or would we need a balancing course on "The Fundamentals of Following?"

AMERICAN EMIGRES

THE United States, like other countries, has a large number of its citizens living abroad. These voluntary emigres, who prefer—or must, for business reasons—live in other countries, constitute a sizable group, numbering no less than 404,317, according to figures recently issued by the State Department.

Some interesting observations can be culled from the statistics on the subject. Canada, of course, has the largest number, 223,858, or more than half the total. Of those who live in Europe, France has the largest number, 23,913, and this also is to be expected, considering the freedom of thought and expression that is popularly associated with Paris.

Italy is third with 12,112, coming next to Portugal, which surprisingly enough, takes second place with 17,149. Of the latter, however, 16,949 are in the Azores and consist chiefly of fishermen and sailors who have been naturalized in the United States. To go on down the list would be a lengthy undertaking, but suffice it to say that there is hardly a geographical entity throughout the globe that does not have its quota, however, small, of Americans. And Italy is well among the first, in this respect.

Thus, while America has traditionally been the land of opportunity and the goal of other nationalities, these statistics would indicate that the migration movement is not as one-sided as it is commonly thought.



Books In Review

JULIUS CAESAR. By John Buchan. 158 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00

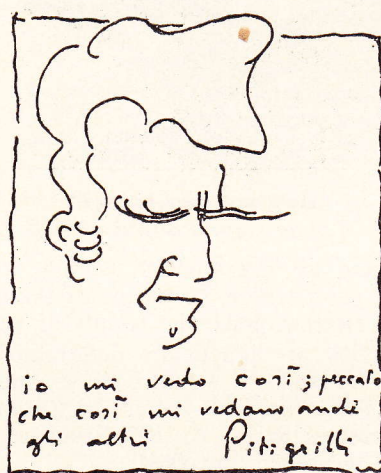
The unvexed shade of the great Julius suffers little at Mr. Buchan's hands. Through 149 pages, the pen of Caesar's latest biographer traces, or rather races, the years of Caesar's political life from his birth to his last magnificent gesture on the stage of history, without so much as ruffling the dusty laurels on the bald sculptured head. Mr. Buchan is much taken with the bust of Caesar in the British Museum which, "the noblest presentment of the human countenance known to me, tells us much, but not all. The broad, full brow and the sinewy neck we take for granted, but what of the strange contraction of the jaws, and the fine, almost feminine, moulding of the lips and chin? Caesar is the only great man of action, save Nelson, who has in his face something of a woman's delicacy. The features conceal more than they reveal. As in the hour of death at the base of Pompey's statue, he has muffled his face. It may be permitted to attempt once cloak."

But Caesar conceals himself behind the cloak, on the whole, successfully, and it cannot be said that Mr. Buchan's fingers have been deft to disentangle it from the mighty clasp of Caesar's hand. Thus it is with a somewhat stolid Caesar, whose conventional features betray no trace of color, whose heart is empty, and pulses stilled, that this work concerns itself. Yet this remote and stony figure undeniably beggars the slender volume.

Mr. Buchan's aim seems to be to present not the soldier, but the statesman, and for this purpose he has made some attempt to refurbish the ancient issues into some semblance of modernity. But the "cesspool of Romulus" in those turbulent times is best understood in its own terms. The conflict between Populares and Optimates, radicals and constitutionalists, the military and the Senate, is better stated as *sui generis* than as a function of any existing world order. It was a time of expansion on a world-wide scale, the beginning of stupendous experiment, which history has hardly dwarfed, and the feeling throughout Mr. Buchan's exposition is rather prematurely pessimistic. The realist in history will not arrive at a clearer understanding of the course of the empire of Rome, by dating its fall from its inception. The empire for which Caesar laid the foundations was based upon the needs of an ambitious and conquering people whose ends he served and to whose genius was sacrificed his own. He was a great sol-

dier, a gentleman, and a notable administrator, but it is as a tragic figure that he makes his strongest appeal, and as such, some insight into his character and his mystery is worth a world of detail. From this point of view, Mr. Buchan's book is nothing at all to the purpose. Written in a somewhat brittle style, with a clarity that seldom blossoms into vividness, and the more felicitous passages reminiscent of the style of G. M. Trevelyan, the book leaves one with the feeling of having read a rather long encyclopaedia article, in which the author has occasionally tried to let himself go, but not very far.

Maurice J. Valency



Pitigrilli as he sees himself.

THE MAN WHO SEARCHED FOR LOVE. By Pitigrilli. Translated by W. B. Wells. 283 pages. New York: McBride & Co. \$2.00.

This is, certainly, the worst of all worlds. Nothing is what it seems, but the very opposite, or perhaps something else. With this formula as his thesis Pitigrilli proceeds to hack and hew at all the traditional values with the bitterness of a college Sophomore who suddenly discovers that hypocrisy and dishonesty and selfishness play an important part in life. The story is a sort of stew into which Pitigrilli has thrown all the scraps of wit and cynicism that he could find in his intellectual kitchen. He must have put his tongue in his cheek when he had one of his characters say: "No. I never read anything but old books. Every new book is just a reshuffle of dates, ideas, facts and names borrowed from other books and arranged in a slightly different order." All his characters of any importance are either sophisticated cynics who mouth knotty

epigrams by the page or fools who behave like marionettes in a Neapolitan puppet show.

The story opens with a crash. Presiding Judge Pott, in reading the decision of the Court, refers to his colleagues as idiots, the reason being that they have forced him to sentence a woman whom he considers innocent. Whereupon he betakes himself to the office of the Attorney of the Republic and hands in his resignation.

In a few days Pott becomes famous. The newsboys shriek his name from every corner in Paris, vaudeville actors improvise songs about him and "The Two Idiots", photographers and reporters, storm his house, electric signs alternate advertisements of Prunier's lobsters and the summer models at the Galerie Lafayette with the news of the day, a new cabaret changes its name at the last moment before opening to 'Judge Pott', another across the street, not to be undone, displays a sign representing two judges in their robes, with monstrous goiters, under the inscription: 'The Two Idiots.' Paris is a madhouse and Pitigrilli paints it red.

Pott falls in love with a German girl, Jutta Schumann, whom he meets at the Sorbonne, where they both are taking the same course on "The Logic of the Infinite". We are treated to a sample of the academic Beau Brummel's wisdom: "Henry Poincaré recalls the example of Epimenides. A liar of the first order is a man who always lies, except when he says: 'I am a liar of the first order!' A liar of the second order is a man who always lies, even when he says: 'I am a liar of the second order,' but who would not be a liar if he said: 'I am a liar of the second order!' And so on. Therefore, when Epimenides tells us: 'I am a liar', we may ask him: of what order? Only after he has answered that legitimate question does his assertion have any meaning."

Jutta Schumann, the student of philosophy, turns out to be none other than the bare-back rider of the Cirque d'Hiver. She, like most of the other people in the book, delivers herself of lengthy disquisitions on everything from love to higher mathematics, and like them, too, she sprinkles the pages with epigrams and paradoxes, some of which are successful but most of which are either too heavy-handed or platitudinous. She is described as the girl who "had the calm of one who accepts her fate and has decided that destiny is ineluctable." And then she is made to say: "To believe that we can fashion our own fate is as ingenuous as to believe that it is we who make music when we touch the keys of a pianola. The music is already graven on the rolls." Mlle. Schumann is never at a loss for a profound observation. "Modern drama is the story of a man who goes to bed with somebody else's wife. If there is a question of money mixed up in it as well, then they call it the drama of ideas." Jutta is a clever girl—she can keep up the repartee for pages. "Circuses are sexual oases in the eroticism of capital cities." The poets are not neglected: they are "like perfumes; when they haven't got a trademark they have a bad smell".

Pott becomes a circus clown and in the company of Jutta Schumann travels all over Europe. Neither of them, however, loses the penchant for coining epigrams, many of which were stale ten years ago. "If Louis XI had not suffered from piles, perhaps he would not have been such a beast as he was"... "Yet Napoleon lost the battle of Waterloo because he had cramps in his stomach." Obviously Pitigrilli never got over the "new psychology" which has furnished so many of our modern novelists with ready-made dicta. As in Huxley's "Point Counterpoint" they stand out like sore thumbs.

The day of disillusionment comes. Jutta Schumann leaves Pott, but not before haranguing him for several pages on the definition of love. She accuses him of neglecting her simple, primitive self and of trying to impose upon her an idealized, intellectual pattern of love. And after enumerating some of the people with whom she has slept, most of whom Pott regards as fools, she takes her leave. The next thing we hear of her is that she is living with one of those fools in Germany.

Pott gets himself a job as a judge in the heart of Africa where he plays arbitrator in a village of some fifty negroes, with nothing but common sense as his code.

The conclusion of Pott's quest for love is that to understand love, one must restrict oneself to the method adopted by a romantic young girl whom he once met: "Plucking the petals of a marguerite".

In the course of this novel one is often tempted to repeat Dr. Johnson's exhortation: "Oh, spare me that vile bit of worldly knowledge and I will grant you anything you wish," or words to that effect. Pitigrilli seems to betray himself as a liberated sentimentalist, and until he learns to detach himself from his feelings he should avoid wit, a double-edged blade that cuts both ways if not handled with dexterity. Pitigrilli flies off the rails of Italian tradition and writes in mid-air. It will be very interesting to see what happens when he comes down to earth. In the meantime we can only hope that he lands on his feet.

Frank A. Russo

THE KING OF ROME, by Octave Aubry. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. \$3.50.

The Napoleonic epopee is so filled with gripping contrasts and rendered so brilliant by the light cast by the protagonists that it always suscitates a deep response from the lovers of that agitated period of European history each time it is evoked out of the past. Octave Aubry's "King of Rome" is not only a faithful and well documented biography of the son of the Corsican hero, but also an interesting picture of many personalities that flitted about the Viennese court. There is an abundance of episodes in the life of Napoleon, and the story of his marriage to Maria Louise is depicted with such color that Napoleon's naive amorous relationship with the dis-

dainful Maria Louise is amusingly rendered.

Rostand's Prince, who is held duke of the Reichstadt by the Austrians, feels the rebellious blood of the Bonapartes flowing through his veins, and does not resign himself to being surveilled by Metternich's dignitaries who respectfully bowed before his orders. Metternich, the animator of political questions of empire, fearing Napoleonic restorations, which at the time meant the restoration of liberal ideas and constitutions, kept the Eaglet who dreamt of rising to his august father's throne under his eye.

In this contest we see the Eaglet obstinate in his aspirations, desirous to learn the history of his father, and dauntless in his wish to break the bonds that restrained him continuously and which were to lead him finally to his death.

This story of the King of Rome, which by reflection makes us re-live the fearlessness of some characters and the baseness of others, is not the product of pure imagination, but the result of much and laborious research on the author's part in the Austrian archives and in many private libraries. The details of the life of this young prince are so profuse and well chosen, especially those after the death of his father, that at times our sympathies and feelings go out to him spontaneously and sincerely.

Napoleon's child, who might have become emperor of the French people, or King of Poland, if Metternich had not opposed himself to him, died on the 22nd of July, 1832, in the hateful golden prison Metternich had built for him. Fate willed it that even after his death, his body should remain a prisoner in the hands of the Hapsburgs.

Aubry's book is an intelligent and complete biography of the King of Rome and throws new light, by the help of new documents, upon the life of this romantic and unfortunate son of Napoleon.

L. Quagliata

FOR THE DELIGHT OF ANTONIO.
302 pages. By Beatrice Curtis Brown.
Boston and New York: Houghton
Mifflin Company. \$2.00.

Miss Brown does not properly foster the material of her book to achieve either the exciting adventure story or the penetrating characterization towards which she has apparently aimed. The wanderings, uphill and down, to right of here and left of there, of Richard Campion on his mission to Florence to warn the rebel Antonio, lack the moment by moment importance and suspense of adventure. And the character of this young English intellectual, thrown suddenly into the midst of the early 19th century uprisings against Austrian rule, remains nothing more than a mouth-piece and puppet of the author.

The thread that runs through the book, Richard's struggle between the contemplative life and the life of action, is an interesting enough theme, but its unconvincing presentation leaves the reader with no significant

values. During his travels, Richard stops at Ferrato to converse for a few weeks with the Contessa. "His talk with her," says the author, "—always on abstract matters, never tediously informative, never purely dialectic—was easy and flowing, giving, it seemed, great delight to each of them. It was trivial, graceful, personal, never artificial." But with this the reader is not quick to agree, for when Richard explains to her his feeling for the contemplative life, he says, "I mean that here is the setting for life, the pattern of living, for which the world has been educating mankind all these years. Only at a certain pitch of sensibility, only when restraint has conquered desire—greed, whatever you may call it—when knowledge has become as valuable as ease, and therefore as attainable, in fact only when men and women are very near perfection, fulfilling themselves as creatures but a little lower than the angels, are they worthy of this kind of life. . . ." It is Miss Curtis Brown speaking through an only too artificial Richard Campion. The Contessa, too, her daughter Barbara, Madame Florieri whom Richard loves with sophisticated passion for a time and then seems to forget through the inadvertence of the author, never emerge as full-blooded individuals with a life apart from the author.

It is Antonio, who has gone off to join the rebels,—Antonio, the bold and reckless, whose delight is in living in the thick of life, for whom even English intellectuals become bold and reckless, who breathes into the book whatever life there is. Unfortunately his appearances in the story are infrequent, for the other characters take on a vicarious vitality with any contact they have with him. But when the revolution comes to nothing in the end, when Antonio dies and his comrades are scattered, when Richard, "stripped for experience, deliberate, conscious, his senses sharpened by sorrow, . . . as never before, a candidate for joy," turns back to England, the book has already died and come to nothing in the end, leaving Richard stripped of all reality.

One hopes that Miss Curtis Brown will give her philosophies time for ripening and will write of England which she has unconsciously confessed here she knows and loves. For, although she has chosen Italy for her locale "because imagination could invent no lovelier place in which to set a story," the lovely passages of description give more of England than of Italy—"It was a still, close day. There would be a thundersorm before the evening. There was no health in the hard sunlight; there was no life in the plain. The grass and scrub were burnt grey green; no rabbit fled across the earth, no lark arose from its nest."

One hopes, too, that Miss Curtis Brown will allow her characters to escape, to get out of hand, to rebel against her domination, so that they may become living creatures, able to communicate themselves, what it is that Miss Curtis Brown would say.

Edith Witt

Literary Gossip

Luigi Pirandello, who has been spending the summer at Castiglione-cello, has just completed a new play, "Trovarsi," destined for Marta Abba, his favorite leading lady.

The heroine of the play is an actress who lives the lives of the characters she portrays not only on but also off the stage. One day, however, she meets a man who induces her to find herself and live her own life as a woman.

The conflict in this new play seems to bear comparison with that in his former play, "As You Desire Me," although the problems have been inverted.

Pirandello is also working on another play which, judging from advance indications, seems to be of a slightly autobiographical nature. It centers around the tragedy which befalls an author who cannot escape the picture which the public and the critics have so laboriously created of him.

* * *

The publication of Campanile's latest book, "Battista al giro d'Italia" makes us feel that one of his books ought to be taken up by an American publisher and issued in English. Campanile is at times interesting and amusing—one of the three or four humorists of contemporary Italy.

We recently saw Pitigrilli in English. Campanile, Bontempelli and Zavattini should follow.

Campanile's humor seems to be of the type that relies too much on word play and puns. He does not create characters, simply a string of comical and impossible situations.

A few years ago Campanile was practically unknown in Italy. One day he woke up, like Lord Byron, to find himself famous. That was after the publication of his first book, "Ma che cosa è quest'amore." As generally happens in such cases, this book had been rejected by practically every publisher in Italy; when it was finally published it sold over a 100,000 copies in a short time.

His present book is based on sport; that is, the favorite Italian sport—cross country bicycle racing. It takes him throughout Italy, giving him a wider field for his iconoclastic and ironic observations.

* * *

In the August issue of Pegaso there is an interesting letter which Ugo Ojetti addressed to John Dos Passos. Ojetti frankly states that he only knows the American author through his books—from "Manhattan Transfer" to his latest one.

Ojetti admires Dos Passos' stories with their "hundred characters" and for their "pitiless and incisive reality." He further adds, "I like them, they nourish me, they stimulate me, they provoke me, they stun me as no other American book from Howells to the present day."

This enthusiastic endorsement of Dos Passos' ideas coming after the caustic comments which his later books have received on this side of the Atlantic induces us to note the fact that domestic and foreign criticism of an outstanding author are usually in direct antithesis. Sinclair Lewis proved this fact a few years ago; Dos Passos proves it today.

To go back to Ojetti's letter which, by the way, deserves to be translated

in full, we note also a very remarkable observation: he thinks that America is only finding herself—her soul—today during these years of turmoil and strife. And, he concludes, that in going through this experience America is finally "becoming" Europe. This to say the least, is a very hazardous statement; but we won't quarrel about that.

Salvatore Viola

Books from Italy

L'UOMO SEGRETO, by Federico V. Nardelli. 296 pages. Illustrated. Cloth, Milano: A. Mondadori. \$2.00.

The numberless biographies that continuously appear show, in a certain sense, that contemporary taste tends toward an episodic recounting of actual men. This would lead us to believe that the novel has exhausted all its resources and that it no longer elicits enthusiasm. In reality, however, literary taste is not fundamentally changed even though the novel is undergoing a crisis (as so many other elements of our civilization), flying beyond all limits on the wings of a psycho-analysis that has forced it to take the form of a mere gymnastic exercise of the mind, removing it further and further from the true and spontaneous forms of art.

For the moment we have turned our attention to biography, which is not altogether a successful substitute. In these times of troubles and expiations the delightful biographer of Gabriele D'Annunzio, F. V. Nardelli, comes to refresh our memories of him with his "Uomo Segreto", which is a spirited account of the "miraculous"

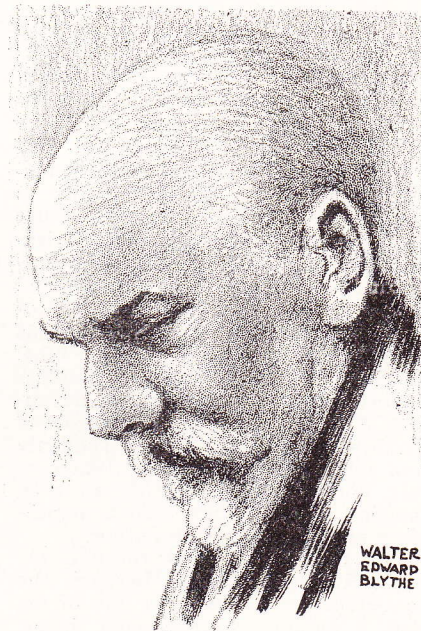
life of Don Luigi Pirandello. This reconstructor of living souls, fearing that some parts here and there might have produced either yawns or surprise, hurries to inform us that the matter of biographical study is a difficult art insofar as it has to do with the portrayal of reality; and it does not mean merely that it should be that of taking the dust off the great man as if it were just a matter of polishing shoes. As if the author fears he has frightened us, he adds: "Must we guarantee the authenticity of the story? Heavens! are the pages only checks which must be signed and collected upon when they are due? No guarantee is offered, therefore, for the anecdotes. After the reader has completed his reading he may cast them upon the floor as he would coins in order to listen to the trueness of their sound. If the tone be clear, it signifies that the facts are true."

But apart from Nardelli's wit in defining the art of constructing biographies, and his proclivity for humor, which at times carries him to excesses, there is present in this volume on Pirandello a developed scheme which depicts the man in the light of the most salient features of his life, which are closely related to the development of his extraordinary art.

Pirandello, in the tormented century of flat research in psycho-analysis as related to art, is the symbol of the theatre as a mirror of the soul:

"When one lives, one lives but does not perceive oneself. Make him see himself in a mirror, in the act of living, when he is a victim of his passions. He will be either stunned by his own appearance; or he will turn his eyes away so as not to see himself; or being disgusted, he will spit at his own image; or being angry, he will break it with his fist. If he had cried, he will cry no longer; if he had laughed, he will laugh no longer, etc. In short, something sad must happen: this is the basis of my theatre."

Pirandello's life with his wife was a veritable Calvary of torments, because of her exaggerated jealousy and mental disorders. As his consort became more and more bitter and violent, Pirandello expressed a feeling of infinite humanity and affectionate attention towards her. The constant conflict in his private life which might have harmed the creative ability in



Luigi Pirandello

others, is, for Pirandello, the force which gives him impetus and stimulates his genius towards the realization of the most complicated and fascinating creations. Pirandello, then, who seems to have his head in the clouds, has his feet solidly rooted in this earth. He has created a veritable gallery of strange characters, yet he has never lost his equilibrium, and, even when at times he thought of death in those moments when the tempest seemed on the point of overpowering him, he was able to free himself from the temptation, so as to depart from the scene victorious, unlike Adrian Meis, the hero of "Il Fu Mattia Pascal," who, fleeing from life, did not succeed in re-creating a better one for himself.

L. Quagliata

L'ESTETICA DI BENEDETTO CROCE. By Eugenio Colorni. Roma: Casa Editrice "La Cultura." 82 pages. \$1.00

It is a characteristic of modern culture to try to go beyond and beneath the so-called "systems" of philosophy, of esthetics, of methods, and to gather the more fundamental concepts in each system, regardless of whether they fit into a particular book of the structure as a whole. Colorni succeeds very well in separating the exterior organization of Crocian esthetics from those concepts which give it life and which have made Crocian thought such a vital element in contemporary Italian culture.

The great merit of Croce is his recognition of the continuous rise of new questions and ideas in connection with his philosophy and his willingness to lend elasticity to his thought by expansion and development according to the exigencies of the moment. He does not assume a dogmatic attitude regarding the first postulates of his theories. Besides, his open-mindedness is in keeping with the method of his philosophy, which is based on individual experiences rather than on a priori assumptions as it was with Hegel. However, the very merit of his method has exposed him to the danger of seeming incoherence and contradiction and to the accusation of empiricism veiled with professed idealism. Colorni shows that Crocian individualism is not necessarily in contrast to his idealism.

Croce establishes art, philosophy, economics and ethics as the four forms which the spirit assumes in its development and he imparts to each of these four forms an autonomy and distinction which involves him in many difficulties. Colorni makes a very penetrating analysis of these difficulties. He is especially interested in the relation of art as a form of the spirit with the other forms and points out that the weakness of Crocian esthetics is the desire to impart autonomy to art and in the difference between the definition of art and the function of art.

This criticism of the esthetics of Croce is very successful in its effort to point out its values and its deficiencies by means of a very com-

prehensive analysis of the successive positions which the problem of art assumes in its development.

Anna Taranto

COLLOQUI CON MUSSOLINI. By Emil Ludwig. Cloth. 350 pages, Milano: Mondadori. \$1.60.

Whether Ludwig is an appropriate biographer for a man like Mussolini is a question and whether Ludwig, in his interviews with Mussolini, framed his questions simply to obtain an objective view of the dictator is another question. One feels, in reading the biography, that one must always keep present the idea that Ludwig is democratic in point of view and, therefore, cannot understand many of Mussolini's viewpoints. There seems to be a tendency in the biographer to give relief especially to those ideas which are the antitheses of his own and in the exaggerated light they provoke a subtle attitude of irony on the part of the reader.

However, the book has the appearance of an objective and penetrating exposition of all the renowned doctrines of Fascism as embodied in its leader.

The nation in the Mussolinian conception is a spiritual and moral reality capable of disciplining the people and arranging them in hierarchies working for a single purpose, and in such a hierarchy patriotism becomes a natural sentiment by means of sacrifice.

Imperialism is not a material aspiration but a natural expression of vitality in man without which Nietzsche's theory of the will to power would have no meaning.

Mussolini, having obtained full political power, is well on the way, according to Ludwig, to obtaining a moral hold on the Italian people. How long such a hold will last in view of its dependence on strength is unpredictable.

Anna Taranto

ETICA DI GOETHE. By Adriano Tilgher, Rome: Maglione.

Adriano Tilgher, who does not care for the superficial glitter of an artist's personality but, rather, halts in order to penetrate its soul and the moments of its creation in its multiple manifestations, offers us, in this brief study, the Goethian vision of life and the ethical conception which emanates from it and which we could synthesize in the proverb: "Move and become". The author leads us to individualize the social limits which have impeded Goethe from advancing both the times, anticipating them, and his spiritual tendency in regard to Christianity.

In his brief researches the author succeeds in determining the traits of the real Goethe and in liberating him from the conventional ones which obfuscated him. These decisive observations demonstrate how clear and direct is Tilgher's thought.

One perceives in this study a certain poetic tonality which renders vivid the entire succession of critical passages and induces us to compare the author to the leading critics.

L. Quagliata

LA GUERRA D'ITALIA NARRATA AL POPOLO. Giuseppe Rigoli. Vallecchi, Florence, 1932. 364 pp. with many illustrations. Board. 35c.

As the title indicates, the purpose of the author is to give an account of the Italian activities on all sides of the front, having in mind a popularization of the facts so that even children could read and understand them. He begins quite pompously with a rather brief exordium which smacks of the Renaissance methods of introducing the action of a story. We have in mind the "Furioso" in particular. The author then proceeds to conclude this introduction with a line which has only the remotest Dantesqueness in it: "The way, however, is very long and arduous. Have courage and follow me." So we follow him patiently through a maze of militaristic terms and statistics. Much of the story is uninteresting; but this is due, no doubt, to the statistics. On the other hand, there is more than one passage which almost reaches literary, and, we might say, lyrical heights.

There is a great deal of partial feeling throughout which, if less insistent, would add much to the general palatableness of the book. Of course what has just been said is due to the fact that the author wishes above all to teach the desirability of nationalism and rabid patriotism to the younger generation. In fact, there is a chapter on patriotism which tries very hard to be philosophical. Sentiment is very evident from the first to the last. Here again the author could have helped the readability of his work by not evoking old sentiments of hate which were better left in the dusty vale of forgetfulness, now that it is all over and everyone is to blame. It is another of the ulterior aims of the author to justify Italy's entrance into the war on the Allied side of the fence. If the author had thought more carefully he would have limited himself to recounting the simple facts of the war as he had set out to do. One cannot do a good piece of justification in a very brief chapter or so. The simple facts might possibly have attained the rank of semi-history.

The book is kaleidoscopic in nature, bringing the reader from one point to another without delay. The result is an impression of choppiness, sketchiness, and abruptness. Many descriptions are excellent, however, and an occasional gleam of humor shines out here and there in the midst of the gunfire and carnage. It should also be said that this account is a ringside view of the war.

Michael Randazzo

TUTTE A ME. By Giuseppe Marotta. Milano: Ceschina. 312 pages. Paper \$1.

This appears to be the author's first novel, although this fact is not to be deduced from the manner of the book, which is excellent, nor from the observation that several of its amusing episodes are probably biographical.

It is the self-told story of Giuseppe, a youth who leaves his uncle's comfortable home in the country for Milan, where he seeks a literary

career, and of the comic adventures that there befall him. Obviously the author uses this plot-formation as a convenient (and ingenuous) device for transferring to his readers the countless funny anecdotes and stories of which he must have already been in enthusiastic possession. He engineers this by means of natural-like digressions from the immediate story plausibly arranged and by resourcefully pulling the strings guiding the destinies of his characters, so that we are not a bit surprised to suddenly find them in the most hyperbolic, laughable situations and under almost any set of circumstances. As is to be expected, these characters cannot be very convincing ones psychologically. For they are merely props for the story, and it seems that the author has an immense store-room filled with them from which he draws at a moment's notice. Thus, by these means we are enabled to meet Tommaso, an old eccentric who tells Giuseppe the extraordinary tale of how he had been forced for several years to be the living substitute of a widely-famed echo in his native valley ever since the day when the real echo had been suddenly discovered to have vanished, thus threatening the tourist-profits of the little town. And now from force of habit poor Tommaso was going sadly through life automatically echoing people's last words.

There is a fine mood of whimsicality which plays throughout the story, causing the reader to smile inwardly. We read this description of Giuseppe's memorable hunger: "My stomach was an empty pocket and within it an agile and nervous hand was feverishly groping." And what Giuseppe has to say about a meal which was served to him at "la pensione" is this: "In my home a plate of 'risotto' was a plate of 'risotto' as seen with the naked eye. Here, instead, I seemed to be looking at it through the wrong end of a pair of binoculars. Nor did the next course in any way ease my apprehensions. In the dimensions of the 'polpette' and in the quantity of the peas one sensed the same hand, the same talent for the miniature."

Often the whimsicality widens into genial good-humor which broadens the smile upon the reader's lips into a grin. There is, for instance, the scene in which Giuseppe has found a job peddling novels of a very glamorous nature from housewife to housewife. His health becomes very seriously menaced by irate husbands who

find their dinner-pots empty at night while their wives are raptly engaged in reading "Christine, la Perseguitata dal Destino" Once again, when Giuseppe and his friend, traditionally hungry, are about to be detected by their landlord prowling in his pantry in the middle of the night, Giuseppe asks Adalberto: "What will you say to him?"

Adalberto: "I'll tell him that I was in love with his wife and that tonight I had decided to play my last card."

Giuseppe: "In your night-shirt? . . . But he'll kill you! There will be nothing left of you!"

Adalberto: "Perhaps. But at least he'll never know about my being in his pantry, he won't think of me as dying from hunger! About a woman I can talk to him as man to man but not so about a plate of beans."

There are instances when the humorous mood becomes ludicrous. It expands into gargantuan comedy, into rollicking slapstick. Very excellently done is the episode in which Giuseppe and his aunt, in attempting to kill a chicken for their noon-day lunch, unsuccessfully try slitting its throat, drowning it, chopping its head off, hanging, electrocution, and finally poisoning. Then, after all, its gets in the way of the dog who makes a meal of it.

Besides its various comic situations the book is replete with way-laying little sentences, isolated here and there, each one a roguish observation on the ways of man, and brilliantly written.

Anyone will enjoy reading "Tutte a Me," for not only is there a high percentage of risibility but it is written in an efficient, well-knitted style which will please the lover of good prose.

Vera Cerutti

FRA DIAVOLO. By Piero Bargellini. Florence; Vallecchi. 284 pages. Numerous wood cut illustrations, board. 35c.

Piero Bargellini has given us in this recent book of his an interesting and vivid picture of the military career of that colorful figure, Michele Pezza, more familiarly known as Fra Diavolo. To most of us the name of Fra Diavolo immediately suggests a brigand and villain, but Bargellini, in his straight-forward and fast moving style, has chosen to show us both sides of this well-known character's nature, the villainous and the heroic.

The beginning of the book, in which the author speaks of Michele Pezza's life before he became leader of one of the bands raised by the Bourbon king Frederick IV against the French occupation, is very entertaining. Humorously, he describes the murders committed by Fra Diavolo in the Terra di Lavoro and the manner in which he escaped capture and he presents a novel theory as regards the origin of his subject's name. He dismisses the popular superstitions which invested Fra Diavolo with the character of a monk and a demon, choosing to present him as a normal person actively interested in the world about him. According to Bargellini, Michele was seriously ill in his childhood and his mother, being a religious soul and believing sincerely in the intervention of the saints, had promised them that her son would wear a monk's outfit if he should recover. One day at school his teacher became annoyed at one of Michele's mischievous pranks and in a fit of anger dubbed him "Fra Diavolo" and thereafter whenever his companions wished to humiliate Michele, they would call him by this provocative name. Gradually, however, Michele developed an attachment to his nickname and even went so far as to refer to himself as Fra Diavolo.

The remainder of the book is interesting historically for the most part. It is confined to a description of Fra Diavolo's success in interrupting the enemy's communications between Rome and Naples, the reaction of the king and his subjects to the French occupation, and a vivid and humorous account of Fra Diavolo's evasion of his pursuers (Joseph Bonaparte had put a price on his head and his final capture).

One could not say of Bargellini's "Fra Diavolo" that it is strikingly illuminating, but it is an easily-read book which cannot help but provide a certain amount of entertainment and relaxation from the documented and lengthy biography.

Maria Luisa Cottone

The above Italian books can be obtained at the Permanent Italian Book Exhibition, Inc., at 2 West 46th St., New York City.



TOPICS OF THE MONTH

(Continued from Page 52)

change does not come as a result of violence born out of desperation.

President Hoover's last word should be everybody's word. The coming winter months promise to be cold and hard. But they must be weathered. The great heart of the American people will respond, for the Republic must endure.

THE TUMULT AND THE SHOUTING DIE

WELL, it's all over now—even the shouting is over. Best of all, the speechmaking is over. What a relief it must be to millions of radio fans to know that now they can tune in their favorite stations and get some real entertainment. For doubtless the worst part of a Presidential campaign—of any political campaign, in fact—is the enormous quantity of speechmaking inflicted upon a bewildered public with such impunity. Speeches, speeches, speeches! Thank God, it's all over now.

Perhaps no words better describe the political orator than Shakespeare's characterization of Gratiano: "Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing; more than any man in Venice." Time and again, after hours of political talk on both sides of the questions by opposite speakers, the poor listener has been forced to exclaim: "What's it about, anyway?"

However, it was my good fortune to listen to one good speech during the campaign. It was delivered from a soap-box by a spell-binder for the Hobo Party. For candor and humor, it deserves to be immortalized. Here it is:

"Psychologists say we must get plenty of sleep to be beautiful. That's how I got my beauty. We hoboes, my friends, have been abused as lazy. It isn't true. But we do love leisure.

"At the National convention of the Hobo party, somebody suggested a three-hour day. Somebody else suggested a one-hour day. I put in an amendment giving 45 minutes in that hour for lunch, but my amendment was lost.

"Our platform is simple. Free rent, do away with the landlord — he's a bum—free food, free clothes, free beer, free whiskey, free love, and no work. My friends, work is a disease, and it's catching.

"We demand upholstered benches in the parks. We get rheumatism sitting on them.

"Then there is too much water. We demand beer ponds in the parks. Abolish elevateds and subways. Why not have moving sidewalks?"

"I have no animosity toward Surrogate O'Brien. He's a fine healthy fat boy. But our candidate for Mayor is no relation to him. He is Dan O'Brien. Look at his picture. There's a face only a mother could love. He knows more about unemployment than millions; he's been out of a job for 47 years."

I needn't tell you that this Hobo speaker was warmly applauded by the large open-air audience. But you say the speech was crazy. I agree with you. Yet — yet — were the others any better?

WANTED, A GREAT POEM

PRESIDENT Hoover made the following remark recently to Mr. Christopher Morley, the noted writer: "What this country needs is a great poem, something to lift people out of fear and selfishness. We need something to raise our eyes above the immediate horizon. A great nation can't go along just watching its feet. Sometimes a great poem can do more than legislation."

Coming from our President, who is neither a poet nor a man of letters, this is really a remarkable statement. Up to now the watchword has been the famous dictum of the late Vice-President Thomas Marshall who once said that what this country needs is a good five-cent cigar. But times do change.

It is indeed refreshing to read such high tribute to those perdurable qualities of the spirit which form the essence of poetry. We are too much beset by the curse of a mechanistic age where everything is measured by material standards. Here in America especially there are times when one is forced to think that, in these things at least, we are not become of age.

Think of it! Joyce Kilmer was paid \$6.00 for his "Trees" and

Vachel Lindsay \$20.00 for "General Booth Enters Into Heaven." It can't be said that we are too enthusiastic about our singers and our prophets—at least not while they are alive.

Yet there are unmistakable signs that the American people are responsive to higher spiritual stimuli, as the success of Edwin Arlington Robinson and Miss Millay clearly prove.

"*Muor Giove e il canto del Poeta resta*"—said Carducci. Long after the material splendor of America is gone the songs of our poets and the visions of our seers will remain and will live in the consciousness of an immortal people.

LET'S LEARN ENGLISH

RECENT census figures released in Washington show that the State of New York leads all the other States in having the greatest number of foreigners who are unable to speak the English language. Of the 14,000,000 foreigners who live in the United States more than 1,000,000 do not speak English.

Unfortunately, the greatest number of these non-English-speaking people in the State of New York is furnished by the Italian population. In our State, according to these census figures, there are 1,769,705 Italians. Of these, 277,010 do not talk English.

It is impossible to say, of course, how many of these people are illiterate. It is also impossible to say to what extent they are incapable of using the English language.

At all events, there should be here just cause for alarm. It is true that they are very reluctant in learning the English language and in accepting American ways. But we have agencies which can and should exert their efforts along those lines.

The Italians in this country must be made to realize the necessity of learning the speech of their adopted country. They must be made to realize that it is a duty on their part to do so. The Italian dailies together with Italian-American publications like *Atlantica*, should help immensely.

But the best place for such a thing is in the home. Let the young people inspire the older folks to grasp the fundamentals of our language. Let them use English oftener than they do in the home and maybe the next census figures will be cut down considerably.

The Italians in the United States

THE PRESS

One of the features of the arrival of the "Rex" in New York on its maiden voyage was the active part taken in Italo-American social life by the Italian journalists who covered the initial voyage. They included Giuseppe Cavaciocchi, of the Italian Premier's Press Bureau, Dr. Valentino Piccoli of the "Popolo d'Italia" of Milan, Curzio Mortari of "La Stampa" of Turin, Luigi Barzini, Jr. of the "Corriere della Sera" of Milan, Giacomo Guiglia of the "Corriere Mercantile" of Genoa, Comm. Antero Belletti of the "Gazzetta del Popolo" of Turin, and with them Comm. Thomas B. Morgan, head of the Rome office of the United Press.

Dr. Piccoli, during his stay in New York, was the guest of Atlantica at an informal gathering held in the publication offices.

Volume 1, Number 1 of the "Niagara County Review," an Italo-American Monthly of 26 pages, recently made its appearance in Lockport, N. Y., with the October issue. Half in English and half in Italian, the magazine is edited by A. De Angelis, and the manager is N. Fagiani.

The "Sons of Italy Magazine" of Boston, published monthly by the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts of the Order Sons of Italy in America, contained in its October issue a leading article: "G. V. Brogna Finds Italy in Healthy Condition—Describes Audience with Italian Premier from Whom He Brings a Message." The article is based on a address by Mr. Brogna, who is the Grand Venerable of the State order.

A new Italian weekly, "La Tribuna Italiana," made its first appearance Oct. 12th in Los Angeles. It is published by Joseph S. Parisi, and Amelio Colantoni is managing editor.

The Dallas Morning News of Oct. 15th contained the following editorial under the title "Italians of Dallas":

"The book which undertakes to prove for all time that Christopher Columbus was Italian and only Italian has been duly and graciously presented to Dallas by the Roma Society. But the heart of Dallas is so intertwined with the present and so bent upon the future that it is touched more by the spirit of the presentation than by the book itself. A great man born of a great people long ago did better than he hoped and Texas is a part of the results of his deeds. But what concerns Dallas most is that it is a city beloved by an industrious, loyal and contented group, representative of the land that Columbus called his own.

"Human relations of our own time, that is to say, overtop the fame of

the illustrious dead. In taste for music and the other arts, in patience and skill at productive labor, in kindness and fidelity in home life and, above all, in the capacity for high good humor, Dallas has a continuing and living contribution which has become its very own.

"In all the years the love of the transplanted Italians for sunny skies that match our own and for a soil more ancient than our prairie earth has never clashed for a moment with loyalty to the Lone Star or to the Stars and Stripes. Italy has become Texan without reserve, yet without forgetting. There has been enrichment for the life of the city and of the State because of that. The Roma Society does us a service in reminding us of it."

SOCIETIES

The Italy America Society of New York inaugurated on November 2nd its annual series of "Conversazioni," which are held every Wednesday afternoon at 3.30 P. M. at the homes of various members. The schedule is as follows: On November 2nd, Dr. Beniamino de Ritis spoke before those gathered, at the home of Mrs. Frank E. Hagemeyer; on November 9th, Miss Maria Theresa Scalero spoke at the home of Mrs. E. J. Walter; on November 16th Mrs. Carla Orlando spoke at her own home; on November 23rd Mr. Gabriele Gianini will speak at the home of Mrs. Henry Burchell; on November 30th, Dr. A. Logoluso, at the home of Mrs. William Ogden Wiley; on December 7th, Prof. A. Arbib-Costa, at the home of Mrs. Joseph Di Giorgio; and on December 14th, Dr. Elio Gianturco will be the speaker, at the home of Mrs. Carla Orlando.

During the recent electoral campaign, at a meeting of Italo-American Democratic organizations of Greater New York, Gr. Uff. Generoso Popé, publisher of Italian dailies in New York, was elected chairman of the executive committee by acclamation, upon the proposal of former Assemblyman Auleta. Maurice Geronimo was elected secretary, with the remainder of the committee composed as follows: Hon. Vincent H. Auleta, Paul Poveromo, Paul P. Rao, Hon. Alberto Marinelli, for Manhattan; Atty. Albert H. Vitale for the Bronx; Alderman Isilius Gardella for Staten Island; Alex. L. Frontera for Queens; and Matthew J. Abruzzo and Salvatore Sabbatino for Brooklyn.

The Circolo Italiano of Philadelphia recently held its annual nominations for officers for the year 1933 with the following results:

President, John Alessandrone; first vice-Presidents, Dr. V. Angelucci, Adrian Bonnelly and Edmund D'Am-

brozio; second vice-President, Albert E. Rosica; Secretary, Alfred Chiurco; Treasurer, Anthony F. Chiurco. Eighteen members were nominated for the board of directors, nine of which number are to be elected. The elections will take place on the first Thursday of December.

On the 14th of October the Italo-American Democrats of San Francisco gave a banquet in honor of Roosevelt, Garner and McAdoo. The chairman for the occasion was A. J. Zirpoli, Assistant District Attorney and among the speakers were Atty. Angelo Scampini, J. B. Elliott, Nicola Giulli and Atty. C. Tramutolo.

At a recent monthly meeting of the Unico Club of Waterbury, Conn., the following were elected officers for the coming year: President, Atty. P. De Cicco; Vice Pres., J. Fava; Secy., L. De Vito; Treas., F. Moreschi. The meeting was also the occasion for a Columbus commemoration with speeches by Prof. P. Zampieri, and Frank Fasanelli of the Unico Club of Bridgeport, Conn., while Dr. A. Vastola spoke on the late Miss Mary Hillard, founder of the Unico-Hillard scholarship fund.

Italian political, social, and ecclesiastical organizations of Detroit united to observe with due solemnity the four hundred and fortieth anniversary of the discovery of America by their illustrious compatriot, on Sunday, Oct. nine.

The celebration began with a parade in which about 5000 persons and several bands marched, dispersing at the statue of Columbus in the heart of Detroit, where floral tributes, donated by Frank Bagnasco, Frank Loverde, F. Calcaterra, and B. G. Lauri were laid, and where an additional 15,000 listened to the addresses in both the English and Italian languages.

The official address in Italian was delivered by the Rev. V. A. Castellucci, pastor of the Italian Methodist Church, and in English by Attorney Louis Miriani. Shorter speeches were made by Hon. Wilbur M. Brucker, Governor of Michigan; Hon. Frank Murphy, Mayor of Detroit; Count Ugo Cav. Berni-Canani, Vice Consul; Congressmen Robert H. Clancy and Clarence J. McLeod; Rev. P. Bertucetti, of Our Lady of Help Church; and the Rev. Dr. Amedeo E. Santini, pastor of the First Italian Presbyterian Church.

Dr. Vincent S. Mancuso was Honorary President of the celebration, Ass't. Pros. Attorney Cosimo M. Minardo, head of the Executive Committee; and Attorney Cav. Anthony Maiullo, chairman of the Committee on Arrangements.

Atty. Vincent A. Giudice of Corona, L. I., has formed an Italian-American Citizens League in Queens County of New York, with himself elected as executive member. The purpose of the organization, as set forth in its Preamble, is:

"To unite Italian-American citizens of all political affiliations into a non-partisan political unit that will work for the advancement of Queens Italian-Americans; to inculcate upon every Italian-American citizen his duty to vote; to urge and assist every Italian to become an American citizen; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our compatriots in the development of this glorious United States; to combat the prejudices of the classes and place all citizens on the same footing regardless of their precedents; to safeguard the principles of Justice, Freedom and Democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our brotherly love by our devotion to mutual helpfulness; to uphold and defend the Constitution and laws of the United States."

The initiation of 800 young men and women of Italian extraction into the junior lodge of the Order of the Sons of Italy featured the recent session of the annual state convention of the order at the New Yorker Hotel in New York, which lasted for three days.

Cavalier Stefano Miele, grand venerable of the order, remarked that it was the first convention to be attended by members of the junior organization and the first time that women were allowed upon the convention floor. There are twenty-three junior lodges in the state. One of the prevailing distinctions is the use of the Italian language in meetings of the senior lodges and of the English language among the juniors.

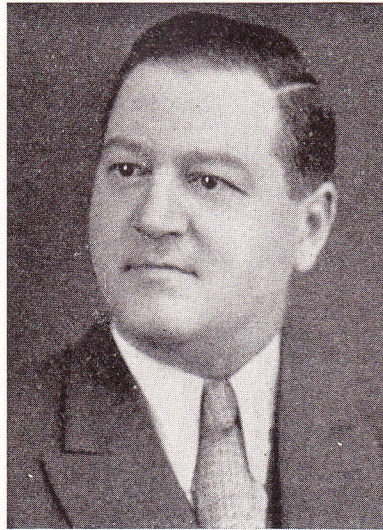
A race of supermen for America, whose loyalty to their adopted country will overshadow their pride in the success of Premier Mussolini in Italy, is the principal aim of the order, Mr. Miele said.

"We are trying to make the Italian-American a better American citizen", he said, "by making ourselves living examples of loyalty and affection to the United States. This is our country and we want to show our appreciation for the privileges we have been accorded here."

Although the order is non-political, Surrogate John P. O'Brien, Democratic candidate for Mayor, was invited to speak. He referred in complimentary terms to the work of the Sons of Italy and of his personal friendship with many Italian-American citizens. Other speakers were Generoso Pope, owner of Italian language newspapers in New York and Philadelphia; Judge John Freschi of General Sessions, Justice Leopold Prince of the Municipal Court, and George W. Loft.

More than 400 guests attended the annual banquet of the Italian Club of Baltimore, held recently at the Southern Hotel. Among the speakers were Mayor Howard W. Jackson, the Ital-

ian Consul, Cav. Mario Carosi, Congressman Vincent L. Palmisano and State's Attorney H. R. O'Connor. Besides the speakers, those at the speakers' table included Atty. Samuel R. Di



Joseph A. Tomasello

(See "Public Life")

Paula, Asst. City Solicitor; A. Rettagliata, S. Celotta, Lieut. Maggio, Attache at the Italian Embassy at Washington; V. Flaccomio, M. Bandiere, Atty. Joseph Patti, Jr.; J. Vizzini and A. Di Paula. The committee was headed by Vincent Flaccomio, and Joseph Patti, Jr. is president of the Club.

PUBLIC LIFE

A farewell banquet in honor of the retiring Italian Ambassador, Nobile Giacomo de Martino, was held last month by the Italy America Society at the Bankers Club in New York City. Besides the Ambassador, those at the speakers' table included Marshall Field, president of the Society, Paul Cravath, chairman of the Board of the Metropolitan Opera Company, the Acting Italian Consul in New York, Dr. A. Logoluso, and the banker, Thomas W. Lamont. In his address, Ambassador de Martino paid a tribute to the work of the Italy America Society and of its cooperation with the Embassy.

At the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, an event of the same character was held by the Washington branch of the Italy America Society, attended by the entire Embassy staff, members of the Society, and distinguished guests of official and Italian-American life.

Early in October, there was a move in Boston to draft Joseph A. Tomasello, well-known Boston contractor and chairman of the Boston Board of Appeals, as a candidate for mayor. Among those active in his behalf were Louis Barrasso, assistant secretary to Mayor Curley, and P. A. Santosuosso, editor of a Boston Italian newspaper. Mr. Tomasello is president of the Road Builders' Association of the United States, a director of the Banca

Commerciale Italiana and a active worker in many charitable organizations.

Mr. Tomasello was acclaimed at a gathering of Italo-Americans in Boston toward the end of the month when he charged Governor Ely with discrimination in not having recognized the Italian element in Massachusetts, a charge which Governor Ely himself later admitted, promising to rectify it if re-elected.

"The Italian News" of Boston joined in the discussion, showing how the last four Democratic administrations in Massachusetts appointed not a single Italian to office, whereas only two Republican governors appointed two Italians to judgeships and another to the State Industrial Accident Board, in addition to minor appointments.

Comm. Emanuele Grazzi, formerly Italian Consul in New York and who was recently promoted to the position of Italian Minister to Guatemala, was the guest of honor at a luncheon given at the Biltmore Hotel in New York last month. The affair was initiated by Gr. Uff. Giuseppe Gerli, and in addition to the entire Consular staff, many leading Italian-Americans of New York City attended.

One of the many Italian candidates for public office during the recent electoral campaign was Anna Brancata, the Democratic candidate from a South Philadelphia district for the State Assembly.

Atty. Romulus P. Rimo of Trenton, N. J. not long ago was appointed commissioner of the New Jersey State Supreme Court.

The Democratic candidate for Secretary of State for Rhode Island, as selected by the State Convention, was Atty. Luigi W. Cappelli, a graduate of Brown University and the Yale Law School.

EDUCATION & CULTURE

"Your address before the Kiwanis Club of New York City today was one of the most inspiring and instructive that we have had during the entire season.

"We have had no one who held our audience better than you did and never in my experience have I heard so many interesting facts presented in the same space of time.

"The comments that I have heard from Kiwanians and guests are un-animously enthusiastic. We hope you will return to us in the near future, and I assure you that a warm welcome awaits."

This was the text of a letter received last month by Peter T. Campon of Binghamton from Daniel Chase, Executive Secretary of the Kiwanis Club of New York City. Mr. Campon had delivered an address before the Club on Columbus Day eve, speaking on the same program with Representative F. H. LaGuardia. His topic, which enormously interested the audience, was the great contribution made by Italy to civilization through the ages, and his command

of the subject was remarkable, citing as he did scores and scores of Italians to whom the world owes a large part of its advances in all fields. He was heartily applauded at the close of his talk. Jean Campon, brother of Mr. Campon, and head of the vocal school in New York that bears his name, also sang some selections to an appreciative audience.

Mr. Campon, in addition, has spoken at many other gatherings since, among them the Kiwanis Club of Scranton, Pa., the Jewish Community Center, of Binghamton, where he was introduced by the Mayor, the Zonta Club of Binghamton, the Wilson Memorial Hospital Nurse's School of Johnson City, and two assemblies of the Binghamton Central High School.

Arthur Della Giustina, a third-year student at Boston University, has been made editor of the Law Review of that institution. Mr. Della Giustina, a native of Springfield, Mass., is a graduate of the Springfield Technical High School.

Before a gathering of members of the Federation of Italian War Veterans of San Francisco last month, Prof. Rudolph Altrocchi of the University of California initiated the annual cycle of lectures by an address on the subject: "How people lived at the time of Dante." He was introduced by Cav. Uff. Roberto Paganini president of the Federation.

The Circolo Italiano of the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, composed of more than 40 students of Italian origin, held elections last month with the following results: Nicola Luongo, pres.; Luisa De Marco, vice-president; Ada Canetta, sec.; Eugenia Giacomponella, treas.; Professor Domenico Vittorini, faculty adviser; and Professor Ugo Donini, assistant faculty adviser. Plans are being laid for the presentation of several Italian plays, all the actors to be members of the Circolo. Last year the membership was 25.

Giacomo de Martino, retiring Italian Ambassador, recently presented the gold distinguished service medal of the Italian government to Dr. George J. Ryan, president of the Board of Education of New York, at a reception and tea on board the new Italian liner Rex. About 200 friends and school officials were present at the ceremony, at which Justice Charles C. Lockwood presided.

Ambassador de Martino said the Italian government was conferring the medal upon Dr. Ryan "as an expression of appreciation of your work in the interest of education, an interest which we interpret as an interest in the high aim of the betterment of humanity."

The Circolo Italiano of Hunter College in New York, early in October, commemorated the memory of the late Professor Clara M. Byrnes, friend, adviser and encourager of the Circolo for many years. She had a keen enthusiasm for everything that

was Italian, and her indefatigable efforts were at the basis of the success of that organization. At the commemoration, addresses were made by Prof. K. Kunz Schmidt, Dr. Geroni and Prof. Claudine Gray.

FINE ARTS

A group of distinguished men and women met last month in the Board of Education building in New York to honor Attilio Piccirilli, the sculptor.

He was awarded the gold citizenship medal of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation. Among those present were Governor John Garland Pollard of Virginia; W.



Attilio Piccirilli

S. Goffin, president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; Dr. George Serafini, Vice-Consul in New York; Representative Fiorello H. LaGuardia, Justice Salvatore Cotillo, of the Supreme Court; George Gordon Battle, Stuart C. Gibboney, president of the Jefferson memorial board, and Joseph Miller, secretary, and Dr. George J. Ryan, president of the Board of Education.

The foundation had selected Mr. Piccirilli for this distinction. Mr. Gibboney said, because it knew of no other citizen who, in the last generation, had done more to foster the ideals of Thomas Jefferson than this sculptor who came long ago from Italy and settled in the Bronx.

Governor Pollard spoke of Piccirilli's statue of Jefferson in the capitol at Richmond and of the statue on the lawn of the Executive Mansion which Mr. Piccirilli had given the state. "Mr. Piccirilli," Governor Pollard continued, "you will live on at the Executive Mansion along with Patrick Henry, with James Madison, James Monroe, Thomas Jefferson and with Henry Lee, father of Robert E. Lee."

"He belongs to one of the most unusual families in New York," Mr. La Guardia said. "There are five brothers—Attilio, Getulio, Maso, Ferruccio and Horace—who have been in the Bronx for thirty-five years, working away at their sculpture. Their studio is at 467 East 142nd Street. Attilio has been an outstanding sculptor for years, but the things he has done during the last five years have been exquisite. Take his War Memorial at Albany—it almost makes the tears come. There is hardly a monumental building in the United States that has

not the work of one of these brothers in it. Each brother is a specialist."

Mr. Piccirilli, addressing Dr. Serafini, said: "Mr. Consul, I had the honor to be in Rome at the time the Fascist State was established and I had the honor, along with Bacon, the designer of the Lincoln Memorial, and Anderson, the architect, of Chicago, to be the first of those whom Mussolini received after he came into power.

"Mussolini said to me: 'Piccirilli, when will you return to Italy? In six months?' I told him: 'Oh, no, sir, that would not be possible.' When I told him perhaps in two years, Mussolini said, 'Two years is too long, Piccirilli, but that does not matter. If you cannot come before two years, you come then—you will still find me here.' Mr. Consul, Mussolini told me that when the Fascist State was only two days old."

A group of students from Thomas Jefferson High School attended the ceremony with Elias Lieberman, their principal, and there also was a delegation from the Leonardo da Vinci School, founded by Piccirilli.

The 48th regular season at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York and the 25th under the general management of Giulio Gatti-Casazza will open on Monday evening, November 21st, with Verdi's "Simon Boccanegra," with Lawrence Tibbett (as was the case last winter) in the leading role, supported by Mme. Mueller, Martinelli, Frigerio and Pinza. Maestro Serafini will conduct.

As the season's first novelty the Saturday matinee of December 3rd, the "Elektra" of Richard Strauss will be given for the first time here in German, with Mme. Kappel in the title part and Mr. Bodanzky conducting. Rossini's one-act opera "Il Signor Bruschino" will be the second novelty of the season, and its premier will be during the third week of the season, as a curtain-raiser for "Elektra." Giuseppe de Luca will have the leading part and Mr. Serafini will conduct, while the cast will also include Pons and Tokatyan. The third novelty will be Eugene O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones," with music by Louis Gruenberg, which will have its world premiere in January. Lawrence Tibbett will play the Emperor and Mr. Serafini will conduct.

Among the new singers engaged for the season are Tito Schipa and Richard Bonelli.

Tito Schipa, lyric tenor, was born in Lecce, Italy, in 1889 and showed musical talent at an early age. When seven years old he was a member of a boys' chorus, and while still a boy composed a mass, whose merit led the Bishop of Lecce to have it performed in the cathedral. While he was studying at a seminary the Bishop, hearing him sing, offered to meet the cost of his musical training. He studied for five years with Alvesta Gerunda, while studying the piano, theory and composition at the Lecce Conservatory. While at the seminary he had been studying for the priesthood, but on the completion of his

vocal studies, it is said, the Bishop heard Schipa again and said that he would do more good in the world outside.

After a year's further study with Emilio Piccoli, in Milan, Schipa made his debut in "La Traviata" at Vercelli in 1911. In 1914 he sang at the Constanzi, in Roma, and the San Carlo, in Naples, in 1915 at Barcellona and Madrid and in 1916 at Seville. During the next two years he was heard in South America and then came to the United States to make his debut with the Chicago Opera in 1919 as the Duke in "Rigoletto." He was a member of the Chicago Opera up through last season and was heard here with that organization when it used to visit New York up to ten years ago.

Richard Bonelli, American barytone, was born at Port Byron, N. Y., where he attended public school, and pursued a variety of occupations before taking up singing, as a career. He worked his way through high school and into the University of Syracuse to study engineering but the dean of the College of Fine Arts advised him to give up engineering and cultivate his voice. A breakdown in health made him suspend his studies and go West, where he mined zinc in Arizona. Regaining his health, he met Arthur Alexander in Los Angeles; he accepted Mr. Alexander's invitation to study with him, and also studied with William Vilonat. He first sang in opera in a performance of "Faust" at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on April 21, 1915, but pursued most of his early operatic career in Europe, where he first sang in Monte Carlo, then in Italy, Germany, France and Cuba. He was a member of the Chicago Civic Opera from 1925 through 1931.

Luigi Lucioni, American painter, again has been honored by an American museum through the purchase of his still-life painting "Arrangement of Light" by the Rhode Island School of Design, at Providence. The purchase was made by L. Earle Rowe, director of the museum, from the Ferargil Galleries, 63 East Fifty-seventh Street. Works by Lucioni already hang in a half dozen art museums and in the collections of many private owners. He is in his early thirties.

"Arrangement of Light" is considered representative of Lucioni's work at its best. Painted in 1930, it was exhibited first at the Corcoran Biennial Exhibition, in Washington. Later it was shown at the Ferargil Galleries and was invited for an exhibition of American paintings at the Carnegie Institute last year.

Mr. Lucioni won the attention of the art world last year when his painting "Dahlias and Apples" was purchased by the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The annual series of "Artistic Mornings" at the Hotel Plaza will begin Thursday morning November 17. The later programs of the series will be given on November 29, December 8, 15, 22, 29, and January 5 and 12.

The artists announced by Samuel Emilio Piza for these concerts are Maria Jeritza, Charlotte Boerner, Nina Koeshtetz, Ruth Peter, Gina Tennyson, Rose Tentone, Claire Clairbert, sopranos; Conchita Supervia, mezzo-soprano; Richard Crooks, Nino Martini, Andre d'Arkour, tenors; Richard Bonelli, Nelson Eddy, barytones; Mischa Levitzki, Myra Hess, pianists; Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson, two-piano team; Efrem Zimbalist, violinist; Georges Barrère, flutist, and Alberto Salvi, harpist.

The Italian State Tobacco Monopoly, through its New York office, the Italian Tobacco Regie at 257 Fourth Avenue, has mapped out a program for the exportation of its most popular brands for sale in the United States. Their products are many and varied, and they include the following:

Macedonia Cigarettes, made of selected, high grade Oriental tobaccos. Only pure water is used in their treatment and the paper used is of the finest rice quality, mechanically sealed, thereby eliminating paste and gummy substances.

Guibek Cigarettes, one of the most widely used brands in Italy, are mild, made entirely of aromatic Oriental tobacco, and come in packages of ten.

Eva Cigarettes are primarily ladies' cigarettes. Made of high grade Oriental tobacco of an aromatic and agreeable nature, they are small in size, with gold tips. They come elegantly packed in boxes of twenty.

Eja Cigarettes have an oval form and metallic blue tips. Twenty per box, they also are made of high grade selected Oriental tobacco.

Serraglio Cigarettes, somewhat similar to the Eja cigarettes, with the exception of the tips, come in boxes of ten.

Savoia Cigarettes are aristocrats in their field and famous throughout Italy. Made of extra fine Oriental tobacco, oval form, they come packed in boxes of twenty.

Regina Cigarettes, a real delight, are one of the latest creations of the Italian State Tobacco Monopoly. Gold-tipped and of the finest Oriental tobacco, they contain twenty to the box.

Cigars are also included in the export program, among them the following: **Toscani Fermentati Cigars**, made of seasoned Kentucky tobacco, specially prepared for export; **Virginia Scelti Cigars**, made, as the name implies, of the finest selected Virginia tobacco; **Virginia Foggia Cigars**, specially blended of Virginia and Havana tobacco, with straw tips; **Regalia Londres Cigars**, made of extra fine Havana tobacco with a faultless and delicate aroma, and which come in boxes of twenty-five; **Trento Cigars**, packed 50 per box, are made of Havana tobacco.

In addition, the Tobacco Monopoly also will export **Trinciato Italia**, a pipe tobacco packed in cans of 50 grams each, and **San Antonio Snuff Tobacco**, a well-known brand which comes in packages of 50 and 100 grams.

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ATLANTICA

in Italiano

VERSO LE 40 ORE DI LAVORO

del Sen. Giuseppe De Michelis

LA GROSSA questione degli orari di lavoro adoperati con uniformità d'intenti e d'indirizzo nell'ambito internazionale per cooperare al riassetto economico, sarà esaminata e discussa in questi giorni dal Consiglio d'Amministrazione dell'Ufficio internazionale del lavoro.

L'aggravarsi del disagio economico ha dato un nuovo ed imprevedibile orientamento agli sforzi che la legislazione operaia dei singoli Paesi e la legislazione sociale internazionale duravano per procurare ai lavoratori un regime di ore lavorative razionale ed equo.

Sino ai primi del 1931 il principio a cui si ispiravano cotesti sforzi rimane pur sempre quello biologico-umano del risparmio di energia umana e di un più conveniente tenore di vita delle moltitudine lavoratrici. Il movimento per la istruzione e gli svaghi dopolavoristi era connesso strettamente con siffatta esigenza primordiale, che fu consacrata a Washington nel 1919 dalla prima Conferenza del Lavoro con la Convenzione sulle 8 ore per giorno e 48 ore per settimana che, d'altronde, fu ratificata ed attuata solo da pochi Stati.

Il movimento di origine recente è legato alle vicissitudini della crisi economica e soprattutto al dilatarsi della disoccupazione.

I sistemi assicurativi, che in conseguenza del vasto disimpiego di mano d'opera hanno avuto cosí largo svolgimento ed applicazione, alleviano bensì i mali dell'operaio senza lavoro, preservando la sua vita e quella della sua famiglia, ma sono causa di svantaggi non lievi per i singoli e per gli Stati. Basti accennare al sovraccarico delle finanze pubbliche e al fatto che, nessun deciso e forte incentivo all'aumento dei consumi individuali può derivare da tali sistemi i quali tendono anzi a irrigidire la domanda.

Si comprende, quindi, come rapidamente dovesse prender piede dapprima la pratica dello "short time", cioè del disimpiego parziale, che alleggerisce l'aggravio dei pubblici bilanci e nello stesso tempo permette ai capi d'industria di mantenere il potenziale numerico delle maestranze, specie di quelle più addestrate, in vista "dell'in-

defettibile" ravvivarsi degli affari, e poi il movimento di idee e di iniziative inteso alla riduzione sincrona e razionale degli orari di lavoro decretata nel foro internazionale di Ginevra ed attuata con criteri uniformi nei vari Paesi.

* * *

E' LECITO anticipare sulle discussioni e deliberazioni che seguiranno in questi giorni a Ginevra?

Senza arrischiare presagi si può tuttavia affermare che la massa italiana — la quale ha avuto vasta risonanza politica — porterà sul terreno realistico la grave questione delle ore di lavoro e la spoglierà di tutte le incrostazioni sofistiche che possono già avervi fatto nascere le fallacie degli interessi particolari, per metterla sotto la luce dell'utilità comune; comune ai varii gruppi produttivi nazionali e comune ai diversi Stati del mondo.

Si può inoltre prevedere che alcune essenziali premesse di fatto e di principio raccoglieranno forse l'unanimità dei consensi. Indichiamole brevemente.

1. La disoccupazione va trattata, ormai, non solo come sintomo, ma come grave minaccia del dissesto economico e sociale odierno. Bisogna ridare alla popolazione lavoratrice la capacità di consumo atta a smaltire la massa dei prodotti sovraccendente. Non basta: la cura deve essere energica e rapida. Se le vie consuete tracciate da testi e patti internazionali sono lunghe e inadatte, bisogna aprire vie nuove.

2. Il disimpiego parziale — o "short time," che dir si voglia — lasciato alla iniziativa degli imprenditori, non può sortire l'effetto voluto. La disparità dei criteri e la diversità dei tempi, la difficoltà di riscontro nei riguardi dei sussidi di disoccupazione, l'insufficiente ampiezza d'applicazione, fanno sì che il rimedio sia assolutamente inadeguato al male da curare.

3. La riduzione permanente, generale e uniforme dell'orario lavorativo, sancito dall'organo internazionale competente di Ginevra ed applicata dalle autorità pubbliche nazionali, è il rimedio che solo potrà riclassificare per il consumo grandi masse di popolazione.

4. Visto che si va preparando la Conferenza economica - finanziaria mondiale, cui spetterà avvisare i miglioramenti da introdurre nel regime della produzione e degli scambi — il che implica altresì la questione del regime e degli orari di lavoro — è necessario che quanto sarà deliberato nei prossimi giorni e nei convegni che seguiranno in proposito, abbia in sé la virtù organica e la passibilità pratica di innestarsi fruttuosamente all'opera della futura Conferenza universale.

5. A tal fine sembra indispensabile e logico che il Consiglio deliberi: di iscrivere la questione delle ore lavorative nel programma dell'annuale conferenza ginevrina del Lavoro per il 1933; investa della medesima questione una Conferenza speciale "tecnica" tripartita, il cui compito sia non solo di studiare e chiarire le possibili soluzioni ad uso della detta assemblea annuale, ma di preparare un compiuto programma a uso della più vicina Conferenza economica mondiale, per modo che questa non sia gravata dall'assunto di ulteriori studi ed elaborazioni per ciò che riguarda il regime lavorativo. Alla Conferenza del Lavoro non si può riservare altro compito che quello della formazione dei testi contenenti le provvidenze che avranno stabilite i più competenti convegni tecnici. L'urgenza dei rimedi dovrà, se occorre, liberarci dall'ingombro delle vecchie formule e sospingere l'Istituto ginevrino verso procedure più snelle. Non sarà difficile mettersi d'accordo su questi punti.

* * *

IL PUNTO arduo, invece, sarà quello sostanziale di conciliare le esigenze contrastanti nei rispetti del salario.

I voti delle rappresentanze operaie sono, come si può comprendere, per il mantenimento delle mercedi vigenti anche nel regime di ore ridotte. La parte padronale, all'incontro, depreca un provvedimento che aggraverebbe i costi di produzione.

La soluzione di questa difficoltà non tocca al Consiglio dell'ufficio ginevrino, e potrà essere proficuamente deferita alla Conferenza tecnica preparatoria. Sembra, però, difficile che nella risoluzione da votare non ne sia fatto cenno; probabilmente ci si atterrà alla tesi più saggia: "quella tendente a conciliare gli opposti interessi." Si potrebbe forse fin da ora considerare che il maggior costo del nuovo sistema — se dovrà esservi — sarà inevitabilmente eliso col tempo e che nel primo periodo d'applicazione esso potrà venir equamente ripartito tra imprese, maestranze e Stati, col risultato di un minore aggravio per questi ultimi, atteso il decrescere delle indennità di disoccupazione.

Comunque sia per essere, l'opinione pubblica italiana, convinta della bontà di una causa autorevolmente asserita, segue con simpatia ogni iniziativa innovatrice per tradurre nei fatti, con la prestezza che il momento richiede, una provvidenza di sicuro sollievo alla depressione economica e al disagio dei lavoratori.

LA DONNA IN VETRINA

NOVELLA

di Luigi Antonelli

MIO caro Antonelli, ti farò conoscere mia moglie...

— Ah! sei ammogliato? Non lo sapevo

Venivamo dai Lungotevere e passavamo per via Tomacelli, diretti a Piazza di Spagna.

— Non lo sapevi, perchè da dieci anni tu non venivi più a Roma e ci eravamo perduti di vista. Tu eri lontano, ma io mi sono ammogliato lo stesso. E son già passati quasi tre anni! E' molto carina, mia moglie, e io le voglio molto bene. Anche lei credo che mi ami. E credo che la nostra piccola felicità, se così è lecito chiamarla, sarà eterna, se così è lecito dire... Perchè abbiamo anche noi avuta la nostra crisi. Le crisi dell'amore sono come il cimurro dei cani: o non se ne parla più, o è la salvezza per tutta la vita.

— Dio mio! Come fai a dire tutta la vita! Tu discorri come un professore di agraria. L'amore è una malattia acuta che non ha convalescenza. Quella che tu giudichi una ricaduta è assolutamente un'altra malattia. Se vuoi altre definizioni, anche contrarie a questa, non fare complimenti.

— Ti ringrazio. Vedi, io capisco il mio torto. Il mio torto è di aver pre-

so il mio amore coniugale sul serio. Ma ora è impossibile tornare indietro. Abbiamo dato quel certo ritmo, quel certo tono, quel certo colore alla nostra storia: non è possibile tornare indietro. Dovrei prendere un'altra moglie!... Eppure, in certa qual guisa, è come se ne avessi presa un'altra. O, per dire più esattamente, ho ripresa quella che avevo.

— Non capisco.

— Ho ripreso quella che avevo da fidanzata.

— Capisco meno di prima.

— Sediamoci e beviamo un caffè. Ecco un tavolino sul marciapiede. Così si rimane egualmente in istrada, si è circondati egualmente dalla folla, con questo vantaggio: che la folla passeggia per noi. Devi sapere che da qualche tempo io mi vado creando una sovrapposizione di vita fantastica che dà alla mia giornata un'importanza enorme, e quasi a me stesso una divinità. Ecco perchè quando esco di casa ho l'aria di guardarmi intorno per osservare le grandi cose che hanno preparato per me: cieli mari nuvole paesi. E trovo infatti che il cielo ha il colore che preferisco con delle nuvole che qualcuno ha avuto la finezza di accumulare sull'orizzonte per farmi

piacere. Quella certa civetteria degli alberi su Monte Mario, allineati a forma di pettine, è stata improvvisata per me. Anche le piazze, che io trovo spesso lavate dalla pioggia che è caduta durante la notte, con quel certo odore di nuovo e di fresco, è proprio la cosa che tutti sanno che mi va a genio. Capisci? Io sono atteso ogni mattina da tutte queste cose rimesse a nuovo nella vetrina del mondo, e sono perciò il centro dell'universo. Ti spiegherò poi la faccenda della vetrina. Per ora sappi che la mia divinità è più leggera dell'aria. Non sono un dio, ma sento in me l'enorme privilegio di non diventar mai tale.

— Basta... Tu vuoi conoscere quella parte della mia storia che riguarda mia moglie. Ebbene, sappi che m'innamora di lei a cento metri di distanza da questo tavolino. Attraverso tutte le mattine via Condotti con la curiosità che ho sempre avuta di passare in rassegna le botteghe. Ti spiegherò un altro giorno le ragioni del fascino ch'esse hanno sempre esercitato sul mio spirito. Le botteghe sono la delizia delle mie passeggiate, perchè mi offrono il mezzo più indipendente per improvvisare a qualunque ora una scorribanda a traverso i paesi del mondo. Si passa dalla Turchia al Giappone, ci si affaccia al Cairo, si ritorna a Roma: a Roma si prende parte a un ballo aristocratico dove si vedono ricche dame ingioiellate che passano mute e solenni come dogaresse, seguite d'una rigida folla di bambole.

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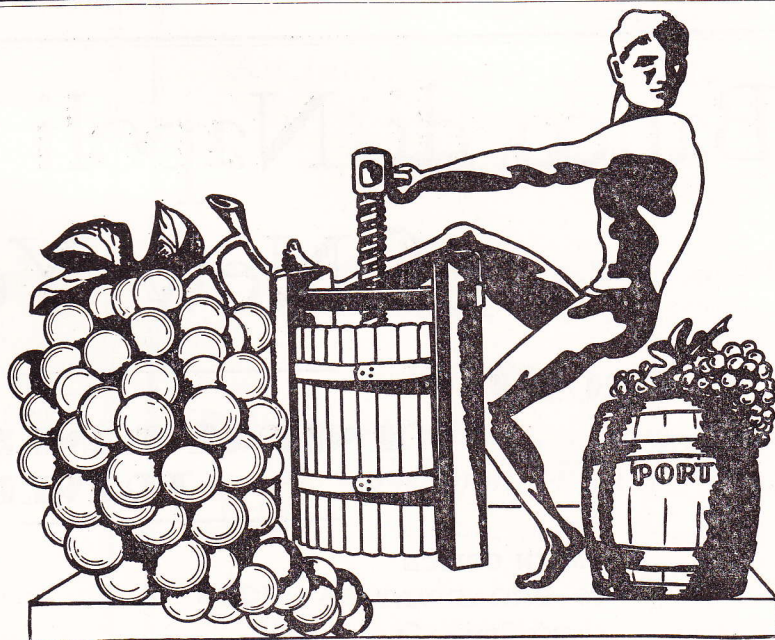
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dotti mi fermai dinanzi a una bottega di gioielli. E nella vetrina c'era una donna che li metteva in ordine: una donna vera e viva che sarebbe stata la Venere Anadiomene in persona se, per sua vaghezza, non avesse indossato un leggiadro abito rosa.

"Oh! con quanta grazia ella, quasi in ginocchio nella vetrina, disponeva in ordine i vezzi di perle qua e là! Di tutti i vezzi, ch'erano tanti, ella era la ordinatrice armoniosa, semplice e grave.

"Mi fermai a guardare incantato. Nulla mi sembrò che fosse mai al mondo fiorito e apparso con una grazia così improvvisa! I suoi occhi non si volgevano mai a guardare, nemmeno fuggevolmente, i passanti. La curiosità dello spettacolo induceva qualcuno a fermarsi sul marciapiede. Ma per lei la folla non esisteva affatto.

"Tutte le mattine, dalle nove alle dieci (l'ora dei vezzi e della pulizia), io presi l'abitudine di passare dinanzi alla bottega per vedere la donna in vetrina. E potevo fermarmi senza apparire indiscreto, come uno spettatore qualsiasi, senza essere notato. Tre settimane bastarono a farmi innamorare di quella donna. Un giorno (quella volta fu nel pomeriggio) risolutamente entrai nella bottega in un momento in cui la signorina era seduta dentro il negozio. Entrai senza sapere precisamente che cosa avrei detto. Ma certo l'espressione del mio viso fu assai comica. Dissi:

— Signorina; è già da parecchie

settimane che io devo acquistare un vezzo di perle.

"Pronunziai queste parole con un tono così fuori del naturale ch'ella mi guardò a bocca aperta e poi scoppiò a ridere. E tu sai bene che è sempre in seguito a una di quelle risate irresistibili e giovanili che una donna, sconosciuta fino a ieri, diventa nostra moglie per l'eternità."

Il mio amico sospirò per farmi capire che era arrivato alla parte malinconica del racconto.

— Diventò mia moglie e per questa ragione si licenziò dal negozio, con grande rammarico della padrona che disperava di trovare un'altra signorina che sapesse con altrettanta eleganza rinnovare la vetrina tutti i giorni.

"Fu per noi la felicità pazza e fuggevole. Poi tutto prese un ritmo pacato. A poco a poco nulla turbò e nulla esaltò la nostra vita. Furono giorni inabissati nella comunità e confusi nel macero universale della convivenza.

"Che stranezza! Tutte le volte che io abbracciavo mia moglie mi raffiguravo la donna in vetrina che io mi fermavo a guardare e a desiderare in mezzo alla folla. Anche me la raffiguravo nel momento in cui — essendo già fidanzati — ella mi vedeva spuntare dall'angolo della strada e mi sorrideva, quasi in ginocchio nella sua custodia di cristallo.

"Passarono due anni. Due anni son pochi per seppellire definitivamente

una passione, ma sufficienti per stabilire tra marito e moglie una tacita intesa di piccole vigliaccherie sensuali. Io cominciai dunque a tradire mia moglie con la donna della vetrina. Era sempre lei, ma lei di quel tempo, quando io ero fermo sul marciapiede e la guardavo desiderandola. Ed ecco: ella era mia, ora; ma mia di quel tempo, quando non era tra le mie braccia.

"Forse anch'io per lei ero un altro. Me ne accorsi un giorno che andammo a far visita all'antica padrona, nel negozio di via Condotti.

"La padrona disse per ischerzo a me:

— "Perchè non me la fate tornare qui al negozio. Stava così bene, ed era così felice!

"Allora mia moglie mi guardò sorridendo, e io colsi nel suo sguardo una disperazione vaga. Mi parve che ella, seduta com'era nella bottega, cercasse qualcuno oltre la vetrina: qualcuno che passava in mezzo alla folla della strada, e gli sorrisse! (mentre poté sembrare che sorrisse alla strana proposta della signora).

"— E perchè no? — dissi il giorno dopo, bruscamente, a mia moglie. — Torna pure alla tua vetrina, se ti fa piacere. Io ti vedrò ancora la mattina mentre mi rehero' in ufficio; e la sera passerò a riprenderti, come quando eravamo fidanzati. — Ella accolse la mia proposta con giubilo. Battè le mani, saltò sui piedi come

(Continued on Page 96)

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Art & Music

Morelli, L. — "La Casa che Vorrei Avere", 1 volume, 16mo., 620 pages, flexible cloth, Milano — Hoepli \$3.20

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

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

Classics

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

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

Russo, L. — "Antologia Machiavelliana" (Il Principe, pagine dei Discorsi e delle Istorie) con introduzione

e note — 1 volume, 16mo, 270 pgs. — Firenze, Le Monnier\$1.00

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

Religion and Philosophy

Bertetti, G. — "I Tesori di San Tommaso d'Aquino" (copiosa raccolta di studi dommatici, morali, ascetici, sociali ricavati dalle opere dell'angelico e volgarizzati), 1 volume, 8vo., 725 pages, Torino — S. E. I.\$3.00

Those who find the Latin of St. Thomas Aquinas difficult to read or his works too numerous, will certainly welcome this volume which contains the best of the Saint's philosophy translated into modern Italian. The compiler of this volume seems to have spent a considerable portion of his life in the difficult task of making St. Thomas accessible to every cultured person. He has divided the material included in the present volume into subjects such as Adorazione, Anima, Castità, Conoscenza di noi stessi, Dio, etc., alphabetically arranged so as to make research very easy.

"La Sacra Bibbia" — 1 volume, 12mo., 1630 pages, India paper, full leather Firenze — Libreria Editrice Fiorentina\$5.00

This edition of the Catholic Bible is the first ever published in a small handy volume. The previous editions have all been large 4o. Whether it was because, as some have insinuated, the Church did not care to have it circulated among the poorer class, or whether it was because publishers would not venture into the publication, we do not know. The fact remains that the Catholic Church has authorized this new translation, and a publishing house has issued the volume

in a handsome edition. This translation has been conducted by the Compagnia di San Paolo under the general editorship of Rev. Dr. Giovanni Castoldi.

Fiction

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

In this volume the compilers have covered the best of contemporary Italian poets and novelists. A larger space is given to the younger authors, of whom 74 are herewith represented with selections from books which, in many cases, are already out of print. This volume is recommended to those who are interested in post war developments in Italian literature.

Drama and Poetry

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

Capasso is one of the youngest of Italian poets. Although he has written one or two books of criticism, especially on

French modern literature, this "Passo del Cigno" is his first book of poetry. His aim seems to be to combine a modern poetic sensibility with the traditional form of Italian lyrics, particularly that of the pre-Dantesque period. Awarded, in conjunction with De Michelis, the Italia Letteraria Prize, 1932.

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

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

Political and World Problems

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

The Italian philosopher and sociologist, who was for a time Minister of Finance, sets down in this volume the Fascist point of view on the present day situation and the possibility of a new war in the near future.

History and Biography

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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LA DONNA IN VETRINA

(Continued from Page 92)

una bambina, e mi scoccò sulle guance due baci sonanti che appartenevano ancora alla riserva della sua fanciullezza."

Il mio amico fece cenno al cameriere di avvicinarsi. Pagò i due caffè e s'incamminò tenendomi a braccetto. — Ecco, vedi! — mi disse quando

fummo in via Condotti. — E' in quel negozio là.

Apparve infatti dinanzi ai miei occhi la cosa più aggraziata che si potesse vedere al mondo: una giovane donna in vetrina, quasi in ginocchio, tutta rosea nell'abito nel viso nel collo e nelle mani, che sorrideva al suo amore risuscitato che passava. E' il mio amico, che era l'uomo dell'amore defunto, sovrapponeva a sua volta, alla donna che era la moglie, colei che tuttavia gli sorrideva dalla vetrina...

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VARIETIES AND PRICES

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

Delivered free in Greater New York and vicinity

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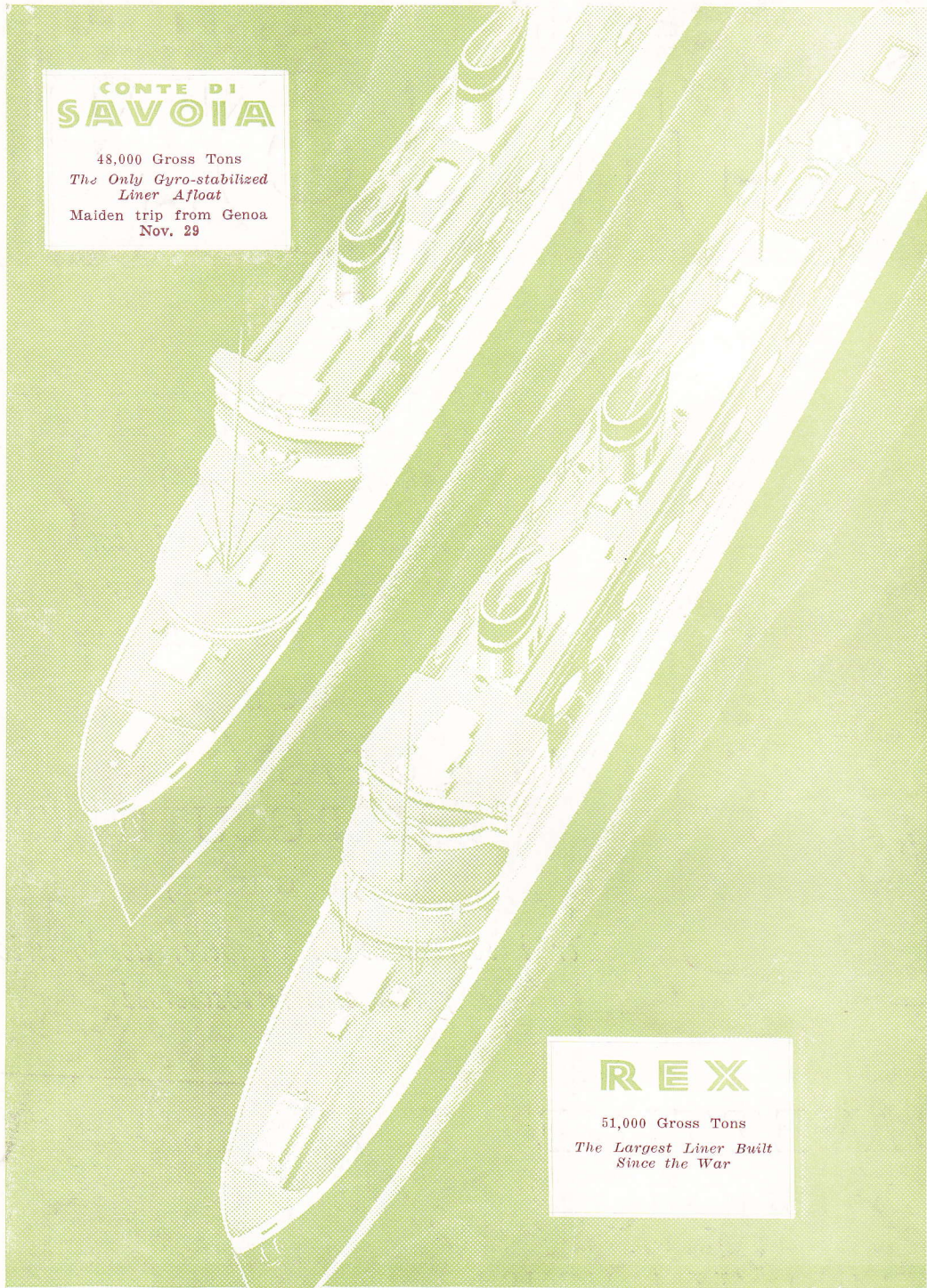
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