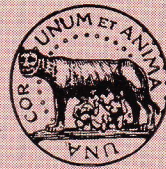


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THE ITALIAN MONTHLY REVIEW



SEPTEMBER
1930

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The coming meeting of the Council of the League of Nations at Geneva on September 8 will be memorable for two reasons. First, Briand's scheme for a federation of European states will be discussed; people will say that it is an encouraging sign that the idea has reached the stage of discussion, and then, through the probable onslaughts of England, Germany and Italy, all of whom, openly or secretly, are against it, no surprise will be caused if it is buried with all due obsequies.

At this meeting, too, there will be discussion as to the results obtained by French and Italian representatives in their efforts to find some kind of solution for the great naval and political questions that have caused a long period of strain between the two countries. These differences are deep, and no one but a confirmed optimist can see their solution in the near future. Yet it will be sufficient cause for optimism if national hatreds and inflamed passions are sufficiently subjugated to allow for a diplomatic, and not a military way by which attempts at such a rapprochement can be brought about. For undoubtedly the Franco-Italian tension is still (and may yet be for some time) the most important problem facing Europe today.

First, second and third places in an Irish race were won by Italians recently when T. Nuvolari, G. Campari and A. Varzi, driving Alfa Romeo cars, flashed over the finish line of the Ards circuit in Belfast and thereby captured for Italy (and conclusively) the 410-mile Ulster Tourist trophy. Each had an average speed of over 70 miles an hour for the long distance, and all sorts of records were broken.

It is generally well known that the men who really rule a country do not always do so openly. Because of their financial, press, public utility or other affiliations, these men exert more influence in the shaping of national policy on the whole than the legislators.

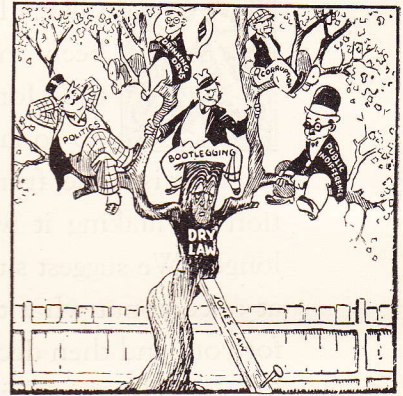
This is what James W. Gerard, former Ambassador to Germany, meant when he named 59 men, later increased to 64, (including A. P. Giannini) who he said "ruled the United States."

Naturally, everyone has his own private list of the men who he thinks "rule" the country. The New York Daily News, for example, thinks Al Capone, Bishop Cannon, and Dr. Clarence True Wilson should be added, and the fact that no educators, statesmen, clergymen, or scientists appear on the list makes it somewhat one-sided.

It seems somewhat unnecessary to point out that, theoretically, at least, all discussion on the matter is besides the question, for the United States is sup-

posed to be a Democracy, which any dictionary will define as "government by the people through representatives."

For the first time in Italian musical history, a woman has been picked to direct an important opera house. To succeed the late Signor Scandiani, Signora Anita Colombo, who was active in the preparation of the New York Philharmonic's concerts in Italy, has been appointed directress of Milan's world-famous Scala Theatre.



*Another Endurance Contest
From the Philadelphia Record*

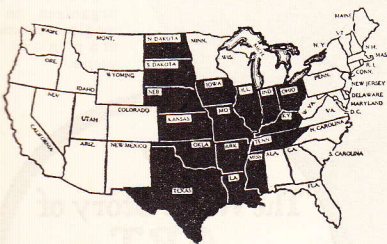
In the matter of immigrants' remittances from the United States to their home countries, Italy still heads the list, with a total recently estimated by George E. Anderson in the New York Herald-Tribune at \$46,170,000 for the year 1929. This is almost twice as much as the next nearest country, Greece, with \$25,269,000.

Besides the natural decrease in these remittances due to the restriction of immigration, another change is to be noticed. Before the war the character of our immigration was largely transient, composed of those who intended to go back to their home countries, and were sending money back as fast as they could make it, to provide for the time when they could go back and retire. But now the restrictive quota system has tended to prune out the majority of this type, making immigration worthwhile only for those who intend to stay.

When the word "tourist" is mentioned, we think immediately of American tourists abroad. Yet few people realize that there is an army of European tourists who come to this country every year.

Observatory

No less than \$180,000,000 was spent by such tourists in America last year, according to Dr. Julius Klein, the United States Secretary of Commerce. While this sum does not compare with the \$878,000,000 spent abroad in the same year by Americans, it shows that tourists' expenditures are not all in one direction.



Where the drought hit the United States hardest

In spite of the short-sighted tariff policy of the United States ("Whenever I look across the ocean to see the American eagle, all I see is the back side of an ostrich with its head in the ground," said the Englishman) big business manages to keep its head above water.

One of the neatest of tariff evasions is that brought about by the Ford-Isotta Fraschini rapprochement. By this agreement, Fords will be manufactured in Isotta's Italian plant, and Isotta Fraschini will pour out from Ford's Detroit plant. To handle the plan, a new \$5,000,000 company is said to have been formed in Italy, 51% owned by Isotta Fraschini Company and the Banca Commerciale Italiana, and 49% by Ford.

Schemes of this kind are mutually profitable to the contracting parties, and perhaps if enough of them are brought about, the consequent emasculation of the tariff may lead to its being tempered down.

It was three decades ago, in 1900, that Victor Emanuel became His Majesty, King Victor Emmanuel of Italy. He was 30 years old at the time. Last month, when he observed his 30th anniversary as Italy's monarch very quietly, he was in a saddened mood, the result of just having spent three days in the earthquake area, which deeply affected him. However, a strong and youthful Italy has emerged undaunted from the ruins of the catastrophe, and reconstruction in the affected zone is proceeding apace, under scientific organization. This surging spirit of Victor Emmanuel's people, in the face of adversity, must no doubt have warmed his heart, and mitigated the effect of the calamity.

Italy's third triumph in as many years in the university Olympic games, held this year in Darmstadt, Germany, is an important indication of the great strides that have been taken in recent years in promoting Italian interest in sports. Italy, in competition with ten other nations, made one point more than Germany, who was second, but two and a half times as many as Hungary, who came third, and three times as many as France, who came fourth. Italy placed first in fencing, football, tennis and rowing, and second in swimming.

Contributing largely to this rise to supremacy of Italy is the way Italian universities are now requiring of their students, upon their entrance, some preference in sports to which they can devote themselves while at college. This so-called "sporting levy," already practiced in America, has been effective, especially at Naples University, which has won itself a prominent place of late among Italian universities.

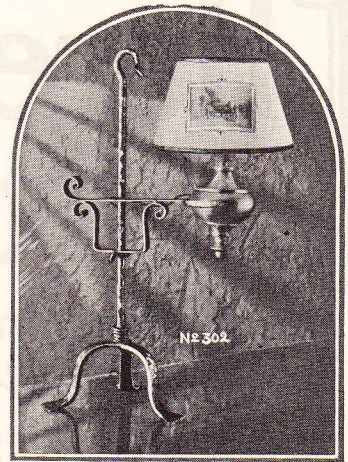
Unemployment, one of the worst consequences of the present economic decline, which is deeper and more world wide in scope than many people imagine, has been discussed quite often, in all its phases. But the fact that it has caused a drop in the number of recent marriages is not generally known.

In New York City, during the first six months of 1930, there were almost a thousand less marriage licenses issued than in the corresponding period for last year, with 15,739 this year, as against 16,710 for last year. Significant, too, is the fact that during the first half of this year, only 4,601 couples were married in the city chapel of the Marriage License Bureau, whereas 6,031 performed the act last year during the corresponding period. It is a bad year, this 1930, for love's usual aftermath.

In a few, but significant words, here is how the Annalist, in a recent issue, describes present financial conditions in Italy:

"Imports of the first six months of the year totaled 9,528,000,000 lire in value, as against 11,938,000,000 for the corresponding period of 1929. Exports of the first six months totaled 6,513,000,000 lire, as against 7,559,000,000 for the first half of 1929. The balance of foreign trade, therefore, January-June, 1930, was adverse by 3,015,000,000 lire, as against an adverse balance of 4,379,000,000 lire for the corresponding half of 1929. The improvement is due to decline of wheat import, in consequence of the 1929 bumper crop. And now comes splendid news. In contradiction to early indications, it now appears that this year's wheat crop is not likely to be much inferior to last year's.

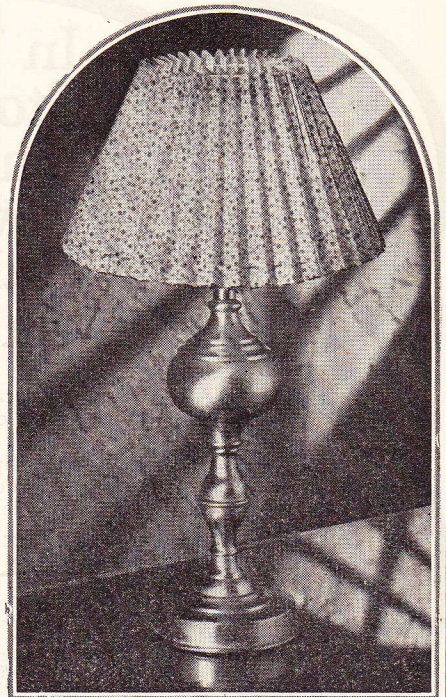
"The gold reserve of the Bank of Italy continues to increase."



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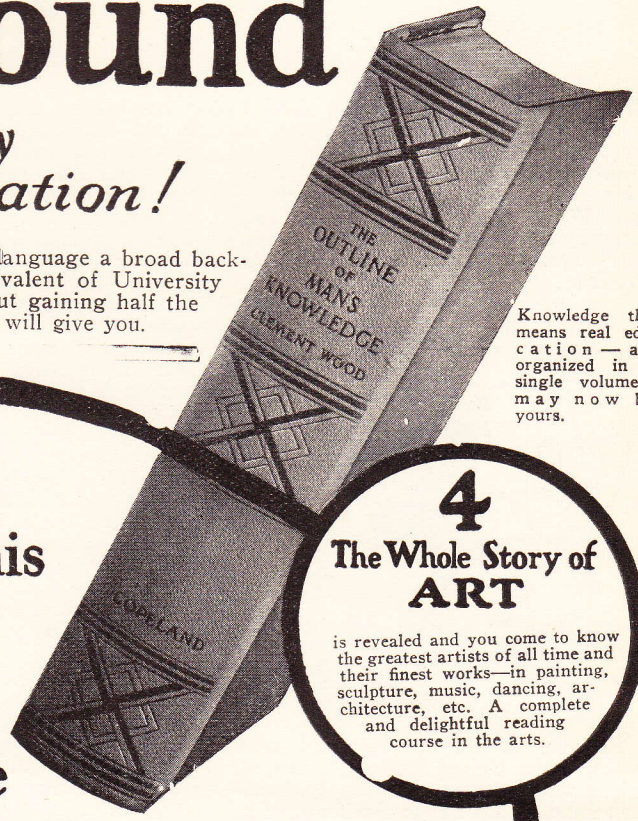
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ATLANTICA

The Italian Monthly Review

Founded in 1923

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ATLANTICA

The Italian Monthly Review



GEORGE EASTMAN

The \$1,000,000 dental clinic donated by George Eastman, millionaire Kodak king, to the Italian Government, to be erected in Rome, has passed an important stage. Final plans for its construction have been approved, and on the 28th of October of this year it will be formally inaugurated.

More Power to Italy!

Through Hydro-Electric Development

By Dominick Lamonica

THERE is a song which the Italians sing with great feeling and gusto. To this song—"Ai nostri monti" (To our mountains)—there is even more than the ordinary Italian feeling attached, for, quite unknown to the innocent songster, the phrase has come to stand for the industrial regeneration of Italy.

It is to her mountains that Italy is now turning for the industrially necessary motive power which will enable her to take her place among the great powers. One by one, overcoming difficulty after difficulty, the water power of the mighty Alps and the Apennines is being harnessed, and these giants of the earth are turning the wheels of Italy's humming industries, are driving her railroads, and illuminating her incomparable beauties at night.

Waterfalls, glaciers, streams, mountain torrents, lakes at high altitudes, tremendous quantities of water diverted from their original sources and gathered behind colossal dams—from all these is Italy extracting the hydro-electric power which has now become necessary to her industrial life. Italy, a country industrially behind many of the great powers, has performed the astonishing miracle of forging to the front of the hydro-electric industry, a field in which she has been unquestionably a pioneer.

To understand Italy and its present-day struggle to achieve

greatness by sheer will and Fascism, one must notice first the simple fact that the amount of coal produced in Italy annually is less than one tenth of her annual fuel needs. This means that in this respect Italy is at the mercy of her neighbors, especially England and Germany, from whom she imports most of her coal.

Now it is an axiom of the modern industrial life that two factors are necessary to the industrialization of any country. Briefly, these are the presence in the country of Fuel and Raw materials. If only one of these factors is lacking, it can be imported, to be used in conjunction with the other. Thus England, with plenty of coal and iron, imports its raw materials from its colonies and elsewhere, and turns out the finished product from its own shores. And China, with her immense coal and iron reserves still comparatively undeveloped, is now importing machinery and skilled labor to take advantage of her rich natural resources.

COAL IS LACKING

BUT the fundamental fact in Italy's regeneration is that she has neither of these two items working for her. She is poor in coal, iron and wood. By a whim of Nature Italy is almost the only large nation lacking fossil and liquid combustibles of any importance. Her actual reserves (and pre-

sumable) of anthracite and lignite do not equal in calorific value the production of coal of a single year in the United States.

In the past Italy has been an agricultural country. In 1861, 62% of the population was engaged in agriculture. Now the movement toward industrialization is shown by the fact that this percentage has been reduced to 52%. Italians are coming to realize that their country's high percentage of rocky, mountainous territory, which is either unproductive or of a low productive value, is a handicap that cannot be overcome. The territory must be set to other uses.

ITALY, it can easily be seen, is not trying to keep down her population, strength in which she regards as necessary to the greatness she has set as her goal. Her solution is in the accommodating of this surplus population.

Now a country that can develop flourishing industries can support a population two or three times as great as a country of equal size which is purely agricultural. Industrial expansion is therefore a natural means of solving a great demographic problem of overpopulation. England resorted to it centuries ago, as well as other countries, but in Italy it has been delayed up to recently by a lack of adequate financial resources.

And now "white coal" steps forward as Italy's champion. Turning "to her mountains," Italy has discovered the substitute for the coal and petroleum supplies she lacks, and which are essential to this program of industrialization which she has mapped out for herself as the way out for her great problem of overpopulation.

ITALY today has advanced the utilization of electrical energy from water power more than any other country in Europe. She is second only to the United States and Canada in the matter of installed hydro-electric power, with 3,500,000,000 kilowatts at the beginning of 1930.

Italians have reason to be proud of the discoveries of their electrical experts, such as Galileo Ferraris and Pacinotti, the courage and enterprise of numerous Italian manufacturers and engineers, and the intelligence and industry of the skilled workers who made electrical equipment on a large scale possible. Count Volpi, one-time Italian Minister of Finance, was justified in a statement he made regarding it in a speech delivered in Venice on February 7, 1927. On that day he said:

"In this branch of industrial endeavor (hydro-electricity) we are now acknowledged to rank with the first, in both the quality and number of our plants, in our capacity to erect new ones, and in the skill of our experts. In electrifying our railroads, we have achieved more than any other country, yet we are only in the initial stage of what we can and shall in time accomplish in this field."

Italy's engineers, who occupy no mean position in their own right, have a tradition behind them. They are the heirs of the classic engineers who built the ever-enduring Roman

roads and aqueducts. It was in keeping with this engineering tradition of ancient Rome that Italy built the first long distance transmission line and the first interurban electric railway in Europe.

The first central electric power station in Italy — and in Europe — was the power station of Santa Radegonda, constructed in 1882 by the Edison Society, to light up the city of Milan. A young Milanese engineer, Corniani, had travelled to the United States the previous year to see for himself this wizard of the New World called Edison. Back to Italy, in Milan, he brought the first hydro-electric machinery to be set up anywhere in Europe. It was from that small beginning that there has grown the huge Edison Electric group of hydro-electric companies which supply Milan and its vicinity, and the other vast enterprises and merged corporations which serve the other sections of Italy.

Italy also claims priority as a pioneer in the long distance transmission of power. The first long distance trunk line for transmitting electrical power was that between Tivoli and Rome, dating from 1892, covering a distance of 25 kilometers, and transmitting 2,000 horsepower. The power for this historic project was derived from the falls of the Aniene at Tivoli.

SUPPLY IS NOT THE ONLY FACTOR

THE presence of waterfalls in great quantities or the blessing of a high degree of rainfall which can be caught in huge basins and stored up as potential water-power is not sufficient. If it were, Africa would be a flourishing continent in that respect, for its waterfalls and rainfall are unexcelled in number, size and power. There is another little

item which makes all the difference in the world between the favorably situated country for hydro-electric development and one not as fortunate. This is the factor of the proximity of these hydro-electric stations to great industrial regions capable of absorbing and utilizing large amounts of electrical energy.

Electrical energy turned out from hydro-electric plants cannot be transported as easily or as far as coal. Hydro-electric power plants therefore cannot be situated too far from the country's industrial centres. For this reason, countries like Italy, France, Switzerland and Norway, which have adequate rainfall, a boldly contoured country, and industrial centres close to favorable hydro-electric sites, have been the ones to make the most of this type of motor power.

IF IT were possible to store electrical energy in great quantities, hydro-electric problems would be vastly easier. Science is still trying to evolve a method of storing electricity that is cheaper and less bulky than the present storage cell, but it is at present yet a practical impossibility. Electricity must be used as made, fresh from the turbine. A waterfall which is a torrent when the snows are melting or the rains falling, and only a trickle at other times, is of very little use to the hydro-electric engineer unless his plans can face the cost of storing the water in dams to secure a constant source of power, and still get energy at a cheaper rate than coal can provide. To counteract this, streams which are almost dry in summer are collected in artificial basins so as to be available all year round. Some rivers have been diverted into new channels so as to secure a sudden drop, as in the case of the Volturno, whence

Naples draws a large part of its electrical power.

The important engineering feat which has lifted hydro-electric activity in Italy into a class by itself is the way the greatest variables in supply and demand have been made to cancel or equalize each other in great part.

The water flow from the Alps, for example, is ample, when calculated in annual totals, to operate many more plants than have been built, but this water comes down for the most part during the summer. In the winter the Alpine streams are icebound, and the flow is not sufficient to turn the turbines now available. In the Apennines the situation is exactly reversed. The heavy flow is in the winter during the rainy months, while in the dry summer the run-off is negligible.

This has led to great mergers of hydro-electric plants and the companies back of them, and this movement has been encouraged by the Government, which realizes that it is the best solution of the problem of variability of supply. Power lines are now hooked up in great networks so that the summer surplus of the Alps can be distributed throughout the Apennine regions during their dry season, and the Apennines can supply the Alpine distributing system during the colder months.

IT MUST not be thought that Italy's coal bill will be eliminated in the near future. That is an impossibility, for a hydro-electric station must have a coal steam station as auxiliary, to produce electrical energy when water power is too low. At least 20% of Italy's present electric power is obtained from steam, while 80% is generated by water power. In the United States this ratio

is one-third water power to two-thirds steam.

Italy's coal requirements have not fallen below the pre-war level; there is even a tendency for them to increase, in spite of the remarkable development of hydraulic power, with the erection of additional steam-power stations, the heavier railway traffic, the growing use of gas, and the general development of productive activities. Yet without the present hydro-electric development, Italy would today be paying for more than 7,500,000 tons of coal annually, and it would not have the \$8,000,000,000 which has been added to her national wealth in the last 10 years.

CENTRALIZATION

THE great tendency in Italian hydro-electric development has been toward greater and more powerful stations. Though small stations still exist, favored by geographical and demographical conditions and local needs, the movement has been for some time toward great central stations, capable of turning out energy at a lower unit cost, which can be carried almost anywhere throughout Italy over the intricate network of high-tension transmission lines that have been developed for the purpose.

This is brought out graphically by the following figures, which hold good for the beginning of the year 1929. In this tabulation, all the hydro-electric generating stations are divided into three classes, Group 1, composed of stations of under 1000 kilowatts of installed power, Group 2, stations between 1001 and 10,000 kilowatts, and Group 3, all those above 10,000 kilowatts.

Group	Number of stations	Percentage of total number	Power	Percentage of total power
1	850	75%	500,000 kw.	15%
2	209	18%	839,000 kw.	26%
3	74	7%	1,867,000 kw.	59%

As for the part each district plays in producing hydro-electric

energy, there is an important point to add. Throughout the valley of the Po, the rivers are broad and their speed moderate, but to the west and the east of the Apennines the water courses are more in the nature of torrents than rivers. In Piedmont, Lombardy and Venetia huge electric works have been erected, generating thousands of horsepower, whereas in the rest of Italy, generally speaking, moderate sized plants are the rule.

This explains the development of hydro-electric activity in Italy, and indirectly that of Italian industry as a whole, which has prospered in the North while the South has remained largely agricultural, and poorer. This phenomenon led in the South to an exodus of the rural population, driven by poverty to seek better paid work in America, which in turn aggravated the agricultural conditions in that part of Italy, hindering the introduction of improved methods of farming. The only solution for this state of affairs is the gradual electrification of that section of the country with cheap power, which is already being attempted.

THE percentage of hydro-electric production by districts at the beginning of the year 1929 was as follows: Northern Italy 75%; Central Italy 13%; Southern Italy 9%; the Islands 3%.

A glance at the uses to which this power has been put, and in what industries, is useful. The metallurgical and chemical industries, which received a great impetus during and after the war and now constitute two of Italy's foremost industries, are large users of hydro-electric power. The Montecatini works, Italy's greatest chemical concern, in which American investors have put their confidence and in which they are es-

pecially interested, alone requires more than 1,000,000,000 kilowatt hours annually in its various plants throughout the peninsula.

The distribution of electric power in Italy is characterized by the fact that, unlike France, Germany and England, where it is used mainly for lighting purposes, in Italy it is required mainly for motor power. The distribution of total consumption, approximately, is as follows, as of 1926.

Lighting	9%
Traction (rail and tramways)	8%
Electrochemistry and metallurgy ..	11%
Textile trades	12%
Milling	8%
Food industries	8%
Mining industries	8%
Metallurgy	9%
Engineering	13%
Miscellaneous	20%

These industries in 1929 accounted for the consumption of 10,700,000,000 kilowatt hours, almost three times the 4,000,000,000 required in 1920. The tremendous jump in Italy's needs is here glaringly apparent.

In comparing hydro-electric energy as a source of motor power with coal, petroleum and other fuel oils, undoubtedly it will be found that hydro-electrically developed energy is more expensive than that derived from coal. The costs of financing have been the chief handicaps to Italy's water power development, and, not being overly rich, she has had to borrow large sums from abroad, notably the United States, to carry on the work. The large amount of money required to erect storage reservoirs, dams, and headworks, as well as for the installation of generating stations sufficiently large for economical operation, not to mention the enormous cost of constructing and maintaining high-tension transmission lines and sub-stations, act as a strong deterrent to the more rapid growth of power generation by hydro-electric plants.

Yet Italy is making her hydro-electric power investment pay, and she is doing it not by shifting the cost on to the government, but by making it a really profitable undertaking, which gives power service at a lower figure than can be obtained elsewhere. That hydro-electric energy is efficiently produced in Italy is attested by the fact that, calculated on a good basis, its price has been for years lower than in any other country.

The Edison General Italian Electric Company of Milan, founded in 1884, constitutes the largest combination of hydro-electric interests in Italy, producing 30% of the total Italian output. For the year 1929 it reported gross earnings of 291,537,391 lire as against 249,038,051 lire in 1928, and 208,512,873 in 1927. Certainly this is encouraging for the operators; not only is Italy's "white coal" hope materializing, but it is doing so in greater quantities than ever every year.

GREAT MERGERS

One aspect of the hydro-electric industry in Italy that is important is the way it has awakened the country to the need of amalgamations and mergers to eliminate small wastes and integrate industry. Thus the Italian Edison (mentioned above) which in 1926 absorbed the Conti, in 1928 incorporated three more northern peninsular companies, forming a combine with a total capital of 237,000,000 lire. This Edison group of companies is now the great co-ordinating force in the industry. Allied with it, the three companies which it annexed in 1928 (each of which controls several smaller companies) are the S. I. P. (Societa Idroelettrica Piemonte), the Adamello group and the Adriatic group, which is active in Venetia and supplies electricity as far south as Bologna.

THE integrated character of the industry, with its needs of central coal and water, makes its present organization necessary, based as it is on regional interdependence, and gives rise to financial, technical and operating problems of extreme complexity. Isolated plants are no longer justifiable, but must form into groups and be part of more important organisms, which combine technical management with financial control. Thus the whole organization has gradually centered in a few hands, and this has become one of the country's most important economic manifestations.

Without American capital, which has been drawn upon in the form of loans with regularity and frequency, the Italian hydro-electric industry would not and could not be at its present stage. The services of such American banking houses as J. P. Morgan, the National City Company, and the International Power Securities Corporation have been essential.

According to C. Mathews, clerk to the commercial attaché at Rome, about four billion lire of new capital was issued in Italy during the first six months in 1929. In 1928 capital issues for the corresponding six months totaled 2,409,542,102 lire, and for 1927 it amounted to 1,582,519,814 lire. Of the new capital issues for the first six months of 1929 electrical undertakings accounted for 960,000,000 lire, the largest single absorption of capital by one industry, and almost twice as much as the next nearest — banks, with 533,000,000 lire. It is almost one quarter of the entire sum of four billion.

The whole Italian electrical industry has been stimulated by the importation of about \$5,000,000,000 lire in American

capital, according to a report prepared for the International Power Securities Corporation by the Edison General Italian Electric Company of Milan. This American investment represents half of the total raised for the industry since 1921 and is nearly one-third of the total investment of about 17,000,000,000 lire in the industry.

LEGISLATIVE AID

SINCE 1915 the government has taken an active interest in the progress and expansion of the hydro-electric industry, for the fundamental theory guiding its participation and regulation is that all the hydro-electric sites are part of the public domain and will in time revert to the government from the private companies that are now operating them under lease, so to speak. This intervention of the government has led to a series of administrative measures which fall into four groups:

(a) Measures to facilitate the establishment of new sources of electrical supply, to intensify production, to establish new distribution lines, and to subsidize new plants.

(b) Measures regulating lighting, reducing consumption, and rationing the supply of power.

(c) Fiscal measures dealing with the taxation of electric power.

(d) Measures fixing rates and the sale price of power.

One of the most important measures concerning the hydro-electric industry is that enacted by the then Minister of

Public Work, Sig. Bonomi, and which was later called the Decree of Oct. 9, 1919. Its principles are as follows:

(a) Almost all rivers are considered as belonging to the public domain.

(b) In granting concessions the best total use of the water must be the goal aimed at.

(c) All concessions are temporary, and on their termination the State enters into possession of the hydraulic plants with the right of pre-emption on the electric plants connected therewith.

(d) Important derivation works and electric transmission lines are considered as public works which may be carried out by expropriation for the public utility.

(e) A Superior Council on Rivers (Board of Waterworks) and a Court of Water Works are established.

It can be seen by the above that the State has no small part in hydro-electric development, which it supplements by granting a subsidy of 80 lire per kilowatt of installed power for a period of fifteen years. It consists basically in the fact that the State reserves for itself the right to take over the plant upon the expiration of the concession. The State, in other words, is working for itself through the medium of lessees.

THE AESTHETIC ANGLE

It is a far cry from hydro-electric energy, conduits, turbines and kilowatts to the abstract ideal of beauty of shape and form, governed by purpose. Yet, for our purpose, they are really close to each

other. For the Italians have come to the point where the hydro-electric stations that generate their light, heat and power must not only be efficient, they must also be beautiful, or at least, inoffensive to the eye. In the early days of hydro-electric development criticism was justly levelled at the inaesthetic nature of these plants. But in recent years, especially in Italy and Switzerland, more attention has been paid to the architectural possibilities of the structures.

IT HAS been realized that these are more or less permanent fixtures, and the Italian love of beauty, so often referred to, probably could not bear to have to look at ugly, black, spindling plants. In Switzerland they have gone to the extent of passing a law making it a species of crime to erect a structure in the midst of the marvels of scenery that are the Alps unless it does not offend the eye, but blends in color and form with its surroundings of a more natural kind, as much as is humanly possible.

At present the hydro-electric stations usually stand at the foot of a mountain overlooking the plains, or in a beautiful setting of solid rock at the mouth of a narrow gorge, and not only would it be sinning against aesthetics to mar the landscape with ugly and unsightly buildings, but—and perhaps more important in the Fascist economic Italy of today—it might spoil the tourist trade, and that is a very grave concern indeed.



Language and Patriotism

By Dr. Vittorio Moncada

Associate Professor of Romance Languages, Butler University

IN THE March number of ATLANTICA the Hon. Ciarlantini wrote an article on "The Italian Language in the United States" in which he took delightful pleasure in ridiculing the language spoken by the Italians of America.

It was an easy target and Ciarlantini seemed extremely amused at the distortions that our language suffers in its struggle for supremacy — survival, better — against the English language.

The article as a whole was the result of observations and impressions, but there were also many admonitions and exhortations for a strong defense of the purity of our language.

Lacking explanations for such conditions as they were deplored by Ciarlantini, the article caused an answer in the May number of ATLANTICA through the pen of Giuseppe Cautela, a representative of the newer generation of Italo-American writers, as the editorial note indicated.

In his article "Deplorable Heritage" Cautela expressed his resentment that Ciarlantini had criticized the condition of our language in America without taking into consideration its original causes, namely, the tragedy of emigration itself.

Now Mr. Ciarlantini writes

again in the July number of our magazine, this time on "Italian in American Schools." Allow me to quote the conclu-

The controversy over the Italian language in America, begun several issues ago in ATLANTICA, continues apace. This time Dr. Vittorio Moncada, Associate Professor of Romance Languages at Butler University, expresses his views on the subject, saying that Italian should be made a subject of study not only on the part of Italo-Americans but also Americans.

Dr. Moncada, graduated in political science and economics at Genoa in 1922, came to America the following year and obtained a Master of Arts in Latin languages from Columbia. Since 1925 he has taught at Rice Institute, Houston, Texas; Denison University, Granville, Ohio; and now at Butler University, Indianapolis, Indiana.

sive paragraph of Ciarlantini's article: "If the awakening of patriotic sentiment in the Italians resident in the United States does not bring them their own treatment for the diffusion of our language, and involve some sacrifices, even pecuniary, in order that it may become at least the subsidiary language of all the sons of Italians in this country, every declamation of Italianity will be, besides useless, ridiculous."

Would God grant that all Italian parents in the United States who claim to be ardent patriots decided to impose upon their children the study of the Italian language in order to escape Ciarlantini's accusation of ridiculousness!

It seems to me that nothing

pleases our fellow countrymen at home when they observe, on an occasional visit to this country, the manner in which the

Italo-Americans express their patriotism. Is there a standardized way in which every Italian should express his Italianity? Is it the Italian language? If so, how can one be blamed if he does not know this language? Are the people of Sparanise, Bronte, Roccacannuccia, Genoa and Naples better patriots than the Italians from those places who emigrated to America? The majority of Italians in America speak the same dia-

lect of their native towns. It seems that speaking the dialect at Sparanise, Bronte, Roccacannuccia, Genoa and Naples would not be considered a sin against patriotism, while it appears to be a sign of ridiculous patriotism when the same dialect is spoken in America.

It is a great blessing that the majority of Italians abroad always feel a burning love for Italy, in spite of the wide variety of dialects with which they express their Italianity.

The dialect is the only thing they received from their native land. Most of them, if not all of them, never went to school, and even if they did, the tragedy of emigration and the hard toil for a piece of bread are good reasons for anyone's not

being careful and perfect in his language.

Speaking of Italianity, we ought to remember that we forced the Germans in our Tyrol to learn Italian not because they spoke German, but because they were spreading an anti-Italian propaganda. Fortunately for Italy, this is not the case with all Italo-Americans who do not know and, consequently, cannot speak the Italian language.

THE argument that we should—first of all—ask all young men and young women of Italian origin to take up Italian seems to me somewhat weak. Has Italian value only for this small group of the American people? If so, then we should assume that English is taught in Italy only for the benefit of the children of British and American consuls and tourists. The comparison may seem paradoxical, yet it is very sound. Advocating the teaching of our language for the benefit of the children of Italians in America might cause among American students the impression that only those of Italian descent should be interested in the study of our language. Moreover, it would mean taking care of the first generation only, for—whether we like to admit it or not—with the second generation it becomes quite difficult to trace the nationality of our students.

Immigration restrictions are helping prodigiously in the amalgamation process of the foreign element already here. Italian colonies were strongest in the period of greatest immigration. They are already beginning to weaken for lack of fresh blood from Italy.

It is my firm belief that we should particularly be concerned with the growth of the study of Italian in American

schools, *independently* of the fact that there are many Italians or Italo-Americans who should study it. It is our duty to prepare for the future of our language in the curriculum of American institutions of learning.

We have been convinced to satiety—should I say to nausea?—that Italo-Americans in general are not interested in the study of Italian. Let me illustrate this statement with an episode worthy of mention. The son of an Italian consul was attending the university in which I had the honor of teaching our language. This young man not only did not study Italian, but neither did he approach me to tell me that he was the son of the local consul. When the consul and I first met, I expressed my regret at not having even seen his son, and told him that it would give me great pleasure should the young man come and talk to me now and then. At which the consul answered in an apologetic manner: "*Che volete, o vaglione se mette scuorno!*" ("What would you, the young man is ashamed!")

LET us conclude. Is Spanish taught in America primarily for the children of Spanish-American descent? Not even by mistake! This is not the place to tell history of the growth of Spanish in American schools, but allow me to mention the fact that enthusiasts of that language went so far, during the World War, as to spread the slogan "*The War Will Be Won by the Substitution of Spanish for German in Our Schools.*" While others attacked the popularity of Spanish with the following words: "*Why study Spanish? Why not Hottentot? Why not Choctaw? Why not Italian—from which through the Ren-*

aissance we derive our culture? . . . Heaven knows how Spanish got in—but we have it. And Heaven knows how long it will stay!"

Let us not forget that Spanish has reached the growth and popularity it now enjoys, not through propaganda on the part of Spanish or Spanish-American people, but because American students in general have convinced themselves that it is advantageous to study that language. Of course people high in political positions, such as Roosevelt, Coolidge, Hoover and Kellogg, have strongly endorsed it, but no pressure from Spanish or Latin-American colonies has been exercised to introduce instruction of the Spanish language in American schools.

THERE are cases in which Italian has been happily added to the curriculum of some high schools and colleges as a result of pressure and demands of local Italian colonies. While activities of this nature are commendable, we must not forget that they take care of the present only. For should the influence of the Italian colony weaken, the Italian language would naturally suffer some crisis and would eventually be dropped from the curriculum.

We are earnestly interested in the acceptance of Italian on the part of all students as a language worthy of study on its own merits, so that it will be taught from Maine to Texas and from Maryland to California *without depending* on the influence and power of the local colony.

Once Italian has been accepted by the students as they now accept Spanish and French, it will not be difficult for our recalcitrant Italo-Americans to fall in line and study our beautiful language.

The Temples of Rose-Less Paestum

By Geraldine P. Dilla

Associate Professor of Fine Arts, Hollins College, Virginia

TAWNY with yellow plants and thistles, burned with the August sun, lies the wide plain that surrounds the temples of Paestum in grand desolation on the Gulf of Salerno. The summer season is the most fitting time of year to visit Paestum and to feel the singular profound fascination of these monuments and of the desert around them.

From their solitude and silence the hundred fifty columns of these temples seem to emerge like bare stalks of stone whose sculpture-flowers have been wasted and withered by ages of winds and suns, or plucked by despoiling admirers centuries ago. As Alberto Capelletti once wrote in an Italian paper, on this almost uninhabited landscape in whose background shines the steady luminous line of the sea, these Greek columns in harmonious accord seem to multiply themselves like a forest, to fill the horizon of the picture as well as of our thought. For this forest of fluted stone between the mountains and the sea leads our fantasy to the ex-

panses of the blue heavens, and stirs in us long silent memories as well as dreams.

Two thousand years ago the



One of the ruins at Paestum

city of Paestum was beautiful and rich, alive with merchants and full of joyous life. Its distinction was its perfumed girdle—an endless expanse of meadows of roses bordering the sea. This level radiant expanse of white, pink, and red flowers spread the fragrance of their keen pollen on the wind until it sweetened the redolent salt waves on one side and softened the slopes of the clear mountains on the other. Such was the highest pride of Paestum—that it had made itself the happy and generous dispenser of roses even to distant cities for weddings, banquets and funerals.

Spreading over the walls, the houses and the temples, this floral splendor of roses be-

came famous afar and excited the imaginations of lovers and poets. Propertius, who had seen the roses of Paestum

droop in the fierce north wind, used to be saddened by the remembrance. To Martial these roses used to suggest the paragon best adapted to praise the color of lips. Virgil hoped to be able to celebrate the gar-

deners who cultivated Paestum's roses so marvellously well. Ausonius "watched the rosebuds that luxuriate on Paestum's well-tilled soil, all dewy in the right of the rising dawn-star." Even Tasso in the sixteenth century alluded to them; and a traveler less than a hundred fifty years ago described small damask roses shooting up amidst the ruins and flowering both in spring and autumn as Virgil had described them.

THE CITY OF NEPTUNE

This rose-girdled City of Neptune was the Poseidonia founded in the sixth century before Christ. It was one of the splendors of Magna Graecia with its many Greek colo-

nies, built about the same time as Cumae's new town Neapolis, which is now the modern Naples less than sixty miles northwest up this loveliest Italian coast. But its history has been far different from that of Naples; this Greek Poseidonia had its name Latinized to Paestum when it came into the hands of the Lucanians two centuries later; and in 273 B.C. it was taken by the Romans. It was at this time and later that it was so noted for its flowers, especially the roses. Martial spoke of sending violets and privet to Paestum as an Englishman today speaks of carrying coals to Newcastle.

NOW IN RUINS

BUT the centuries brought the ravages of malaria to begin its depopulation, and still worse, the devastation and plundering of the Saracens, the Normans, and the Lombards. In 871 A.D. the city was destroyed by the Saracens. In the eleventh century, Robert Guiscard carried all its portable sculptures off to Salerno. There and at Ravello and Amalfi, the Christian churches are ornamented still with shafts of green marble and sculptures stolen from Paestum. Far off in a hundred museums and collections of art are admired its great basins of fountains in porphyry and granite, beautiful coins and bright vases of Hellenic grace.

As if all that were not enough, there came the work of the climate to reduce Paestum to a cemetery of stones scattered here and there, stumps of columns, broken capitals, miserable ruins of walls and streets. Nothing today remains of those magnificent rose gardens; in their place wretched buttercups straggle with wild thistles. On the immense parched plain,

only the temples arise from a few maimed vestiges of the theater and the circus and the closely set foundations of houses within the circle of the city walls. But the Greek temples do arise today; they are left to us and they surpass all other Greek temples in noble simplicity and excellent state of preservation except only those of Athens. Almost alone they stand in this arid plain—still intact in their clearly defined and majestic framework, and perfect in the continuity of their design. They form a unity with the mountains and the sea around them; they make a picture in whose beauty our modern souls seem to find a true rebirth and purification. They even transform this desolate and solemn landscape, for they annul the graceless line of a chimney on a modern building near. Such miracles are wrought by three Greek ruins—the temple of Neptune or Poseidon, the so-called Basilica to the left, and the temple of Ceres or Deneater a little farther to the right.

THE LARGEST OF THE TEMPLES

Of these the largest and the finest is the temple of Neptune. It extends its clear and vigorous line with the graceful balance of music and the measured precision that no word can ever accurately describe. For anyone who does not know Athens itself, this temple is the unrivaled manifestation of perfection, beauty, and harmony,—the glory that was Greece. For every other more rich or refined and complicated building still shining from remote ages pales before this Doric temple in the majestic style of the fifth century before Christ. Look at the simple and clear moulding, vigorous and decisive, of these Doric columns rising from

their triple stylobate without a base, and gently sloping to their well-shaped capitals; look at the powerful entablature, the pediment which now touches vast and bare on the deep blue weight of the August sky. From the top, from the sides, this peerless blue of Italy invades the temple, within which the azure luminosity without hindrance of roof or walls spreads itself between the columns to disclose veils starred with the sun's gold or to unfurl impalpable wisps of sky. This pervading blue melts into the tawny almost rosy color of the travertine to make a most exquisite harmony of color. Between the double line of columns inside, another architrave rises from another line of columns, smaller shafts of which only eight remain, pale like old ivory symbolic of Poseidon's spray on high.

SHELLEY'S ADMIRATION

AND all the while through the end beyond sparkles the rose-less meadow land and the emerald streak of the sea without a flutter of sails. It was this view framed in the colonnade that made Shelley express his enthusiastic admiration in a letter when he visited Paestum in a different season but with no less appreciation than do connoisseurs today: "The scene between the columns of the temple consists on one side of the sea, to which the gentler hill on which it is built slopes; and on the other, of the grand amphitheater of the loftiest Apennines, dark purple mountains, crowned with snow and intersected here and there by long bars of hard and leaden-colored cloud. The effect of the jagged outline of mountains, through groups of enormous columns on one side, and on the other the level horizon of the sea, is inexpressibly grand."

NEPTUNE'S BASILICA

Nearest the Temple of Neptune stands the so-called Basilica, the earliest or oldest of Paestum's temples, with its fifty fluted columns, shorter and more rapidly tapering than those of Neptune's shrine. This difference in style is fascinating for these older columns show their curvature plainly; and their widely projecting capitals have the bulging lines that suggest the kinship of Greek with Egyptian architecture. The plan of this sixth century temple was unusual in that its interior was divided into two aisles by a row of eight columns, of which only three remain now. From that fact some people have thought this temple belonged to two deities; yet this hypothesis seems to be contradicted by the remains of a great altar at the east end, just as at the east of the other temples. Other people, notably in the eighteenth century, named it a Basilica, which is surely an inaccurate label, but this name holds even today. To this uncertainty of purpose and name, and to the fact that the third temple is called that of Vesta as well as Ceres, Rogers refers in his lines:

"They stand between the mountains and the sea,
Awful memorials, but of whom we know not!
The seaman passing, gazes from the deck.
The buffalo-(ox) driver in his shaggy cloak
Points to the work of magic and moves on."

THE third of these Doric temples is between the other two in age or date. It is not nearly so Parthenon-like as its more famous neighbor dedicated to Neptune. But it has many points of interest, as its deep raking cornice, and its

more unusual frieze, which in fact might be a good argument for those scholars who try to prove that Greek Doric is a translation into stone of an early timber construction. In spite of its ample capitals with a most substantial abacus, its slender tapering columns seem too slight to support a complete entablature and higher pediment of such size and thickness as are the broken remaining parts. This temple of Ceres has stability, yet scarcely an evident or obvious stability like the other temples. Perhaps one could say that its daring superposition of weight over slender columnar grace is what gave rise to the earlier peasants' belief that magic inexplicably poised these marvels of sculptured travertine upon their lonely waste.

ITS LAST TRACES

It seems now to stand more lonely than those others, though the earth about it shows more vestiges of the ancient city. Not far off, indeed, is one other column still almost intact from another building, the Stoa, which originally had twenty-six columns. Traces of stucco or terra-cotta decorations can occasionally be found here, but scarcely enough to reconstruct any vision of the colors that the Greeks understood how to use on their architecture, and that we understand so little today. Some excavations were made here in 1907, and some wise restoration done so that we can see the varied designs of masonry as well as the stucco decoration. But it is not easy to identify even all the remains we can trace in the deep grass and piles of broken stones. We must take mostly on faith from archaeologists the street of tombs outside the north gate, the Porta Aurea, and the other three gates and towers.

WHAT PAESTUM MUST HAVE BEEN

Yet we can conjecture the general appearance of ancient Paestum, for careful investigators have determined that this city was enclosed within rectangular town walls about three miles around, with four gates and several towers; that it had its two main streets—the *Cardo* and *Decumanus*, crossing at right angles in the Roman style; and that the Roman amphitheater and a so-called temple of Peace have left some practically concealed remains. To less learned visitors, the very evident end of a street seems familiar with its paving of large blocks of limestone and its borders of curbs. The most nearly human object however, among the foundations of the houses, seemed the large oil jar half-buried in the earth and broken at the top, yet eloquent to recall the intimate life of a long-dead city, whose really imperishable part—whose soul, may we say, or spiritual life—is its three Greek temples of immortal beauty.

TWO centuries have now passed since Paestum rose from its long death to the vision and memory of men. For after the impoverishing war, the decay, the abandonment, and the pillaging of this fragrant gem of *Magna Graecia*, it had been beaten down by oblivion—the still more sad and inexorable sign of fate. After the destructive fury of the *Saracens* passed over it, and *Robert Guiscard* had completed his ferocious spoliation, it can be said that toward the thirteenth century Paestum had finished living. For from that time its grand remains lay at rest through varied centuries in the most complete forgetfulness of men.

A SOURCE OF INSPIRATION

Around them the land was insufficiently cultivated; deserted was the sea, once thick with ships; even the farm work near there had about submerged, between the heaps of sheaves and the hedges, the columns and the great facades of the three temples. Toward these the country people bent with hard fatigue and never thought to raise their eyes. It was in 1725 that a young student of painting from the neighboring village of Capaccio, wandering about in the fields saw these antique marvels among the rustic works. He stood as if dazed by these miracles of beauty, and he filled his memory with the harmonious lines he had re-discovered. Then he hastened to Naples to tell his master of the

spectacular vision, and to urge him eagerly to betake himself to these temples. Here his master came; here came other painters; and from that majesty of ruins, exalted and moved, they drew quickly a hundred motives for their pictures. Thus art served to consecrate these solemn remains for the spiritual joy of man. Finally the King also went there, inspired by the descriptions of the Count of Gozzala, chief commander of the Neapolitan artillery. It was in this way that Paestum commenced again to be the goal of a pilgrimage which is no more interrupted, and will never be interrupted as long as beauty is for men a promise of true joy.

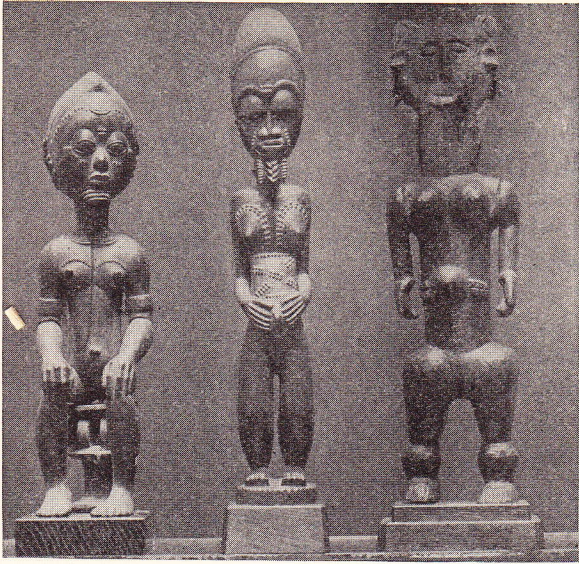
25 CENTURIES OLD

So these three monuments,

having endured for twenty-five centuries, still rise majestic and graceful to charm our modern world. Now midday is high in the heavens so that the sun's heat has made everything white. The Temple of Neptune flashes in the fairness of its travertine, while from the burned plants and summer flowers of the meadow there rises the cutting chirp of crickets, answered by the cicadas from the elms and olive trees bent here and there among the stubbles. The incessant tumult of their voices becomes silent in our spirit; and our thoughts made light and serene by this vision of ancient architectural beauty, become gentle dreams, swayed and held by the wide plain as by the rhythm of a sweet melody.



The Temple of Poseidon



Three contrasting examples of the black man's art.

African Sculpture

By William J. Wilders

THE EXHIBITION of African Sculpture recently on view at the Valentine Gallery on East 57th St. gave the art loving public a reasonable time to enjoy an introduction to this country of a force that has been exercising itself strongly for many years now in modern art. We had heard such a lot about the effect of this influence that it stimulated our interest and curiosity to have produced before our eyes a collection of those very objects that represented a part of the many that have been, and still are, a feeding source for a wide current of the modern movement. We were conscious that we were being shown objects that had played their part in inspiring the growth of modernism and, apart from the many other considerations that made them interesting and valuable, this fact was outstanding. It was just as entertaining, for instance, to look on these sculptures and to think that they inspired men like Brancusi and Epstein, Matisse and Picasso as it was to gaze on the paintings of the Englishman, Turner, and to recollect that they gave birth to Manet and Monet, Renoir and Sisley.

The exhibition was a revelation of the influence of negro sculpture several centuries old and not that of negro sculpture of today. This was due, as Paul Guillaume remarks in his admirable book on the subject, to the fact that the most original work of the African primitives was accomplished in the centuries preceding the nineteenth because, except on rare occasions, they were untouched by the spoiling forces of civilisation and were consequently able to develop a Grecian and Renaissance cycle of their own full, not of beauty and charm it is true, but of distinct native characteristics and native art that unfortunately declined with the advent of the white man in the nineteenth century. During that century, and in our own, negro sculpture became decadent and lost the soul of its early art just as the art of early Greece declined under the domination of the Roman Empire. A decadent academicism followed in the tracks of the white man and after the close of the eighteenth century negro art became mere imitation. The exhibition, therefore, has really been one of antiques including, as it did, objects that

dated back to the sixteenth and succeeding centuries.

Those who came in the expectation of finding beauty were disappointed if by beauty was meant the Venus de Milo, the frieze of the Parthenon or the Sistine Madonna of Raphael. The exhibits resembled none of these and had little or nothing in the way of idealism. Indeed, the first impression a sensitive mind gained from them was liable to be one of shocked dismay and probably brought an old, old saying to the lips—"This is not art." If first impressions were lasting ones, however, there would be no artists and no art and the old saying quoted has had the honour—the unique honour—of being thrown in the faces first of the Romantics, then of the Realists, next of the Impressionists and now of the Modernists, each in turn, being proved a lie on each occasion by the triumph of the particular school so that its utterance now is the best testimony that what was called false was really true. But if the saying that came to the surprised lips should have been "This is not beautiful" then there was unanimous agreement if we

took the standard of beauty referred to above. Fortunately for art, however, all the beauty the world has ever known has not been Greek nor has it been ideal. If primitive African art was like the Greeks, which it certainly was not, there would have been little room in the world for individuality. These sculptures had a soul of their own, the African soul, and they expressed it in difference of style according to the development of the particular tribe just as European art is expressed differently according to the individual nation. The standards of beauty were dictated by religious utility and, as the religion of the tribes that make up the West African coast in a semi-circle from Guinea to Gabun is, in general, the same one of fetichism and nature and ancestor worship, with fear and terror ruling over all, the utility of their art reveals itself in hideous masks and in fetiches carved in honour of the departed dead, whose glory must be commemorated in wood or in ivory, or in statues and statuettes of the imagined gods of Nature which are supposed to protect the owner or the wearer from all harm. There could be little ideal beauty in an art which was the outcome of such an unbeautiful creed. The true beauty of the exhibits lay in the composition and not in the results, although the results in many cases were fascinating from the grotesque and fantastic points of view. A careful eye soon learned to distinguish the work of one region from that of another. There were local characteristics between Gabun and the Ivory Coast, the Sudan and Guinea as there were between France,



"Untouched by the spoiling influences of civilization"

Italy, Germany and England. Generally speaking, Gabun was richest with modelling values and there was a rhythm and natural shapeliness in the exhibits from this region that was not found so often in the others, except the Ivory Coast. Fat arms and legs, short, squat bodies and beautifully



Negro sculpture dates back as far as the 16th century

modelled heads were indicative of Gabun and the fetich statues had frequently a dignified appearance that was astonishing when one considered their ugly features. A typical Gabun was Number 10 of the Catalogue. The leading quality of the Soudanese work was evidently elongation and the principle was opposite to that of Gabun—slender form in place of compact mass. In particular, Number 4 was a fine example of the Soudan with its long body, arms and legs all flowing into one another and expressing marvellous plastic force. In the work from this region, too, there were undeniable traces of Egyptian influences such as the slanting poise of the features in Number 56 and the familiar beards reminiscent of the Egyptian Kings. The Ivory Coast was conspicuous for its extremely fine ornamental qualities and with these it combined the modelling of Gabun and the elongation of the Soudan, the result being well illustrated in Number 8 of the Catalogue. It was in these products of the Ivory Coast that the dignity of the negro art fully revealed itself and a sympathetic observer could sense the higher note that goes with creative endeavours in many of the objects from this section. The art of Dan might almost be termed scientific so precisely mechanical were its component parts. From head to foot in the statues and from forehead to chin in the masks all the portions were fitted together like the sections of a machine. Plastic values disappeared in favour of planes and projections and the object of art in the finish resembled a kind of Cubistic sculpture with sharp lines,

flat planes (rendered remarkably attractive in the masks) and short, abrupt masses.

In addition to the art of the exhibits was the primitive atmosphere of romance, if it might be called that, which surrounded them. They suggested grim scenes and strange stories in themselves—especially the masks which conjured up visions of dancing and yelling natives springing madly to the beat of the tomtom around the blaze of sacrificial fires and terrifying, one can well imagine, even the spirits of darkness with the unearthly hideousness of their appearance. With such a vision in one's mind and with

such genuine art as the objects displayed before one's eyes, it was difficult to reconcile the two. The howling savage revelling in the sacrifice of one of his own number and the quiet, docile carver of rhythmic and plastic form seemed so incompatible.

The effect of the exhibition must be to broaden the appreciation of sculpture by uneducated African natives who have had their great epochs of art just as we have had ours and who have, within their limits, produced their own Michelangelos and their own Della Robbias although their great artists remain known rarely in name to us. They had no idealistic philosophers

to aid their muse as had the Greeks or no organised Church to inspire their minds with visions of heavenly beauty as had the artists of the Renaissance. On the contrary, they had to create their hopes and their fears, their loves and their hates from the narrow confines of narrower superstitions and beliefs and the result was an art of terror and fear—almost of savagery. The marvel is not that they accomplished so little under such handicapping circumstances but that they accomplished so much. If we would do them justice, as we ought, we should judge them by their standards and not by our own.

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A thoughtful and vigorous presentation of some facts of high importance.
- The Italian Praesepio, or Italian Mediaeval Group** by **Margaret Whittemore**
Every Italian will read with delight the history of this essentially Italian religious custom.
- Rossetti's Influence in Art** by **Julia W. Wolfe**
Of all his acquaintances, Ruskin thought that Rossetti had done the most "to raise and change the spirit of modern art."
- The Wall Street of Old Rome** by **John A. White**
A stock exchange is nothing new. This article shows how the old Romans used to invest in securities, even as we do today.
- The Orient in Venice** by **Giacomo Bascapè**
The most interesting features of the little-known gallery of Oriental art collected by Prince Henry of Bourbon are herein described.
- It's the Climate** by **Eliot Kays Stone**
It is not the climate, says the author in this article, setting forth why Americans, in spite of Prohibition, are drinking more than ever.
- The Father of American Decorative Sculpture** by **Edoardo Marolla**
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THE ROMAN FORUM, by Frank Gervasi

A Double Apprenticeship to Art

By Joseph Magliozzi

A YOUNG MAN of 22 was pursuing his art studies diligently in New York in 1917. His touch, according to fellow-students and other critics, showed considerable promise, and a fair future was foreseen for him in his chosen field.

Then the war broke out. Laying down his brush, Frank Gervasi joined the 71st Regiment of the 27th Division, and handled more formidable weapons instead. After the usual period of training in this country, he was sent, along with hundred of thousands of others, to the front-line trenches in France. No chance there to sketch or admire landscapes—a more urgent business was at hand. Besides, the small outfit he had brought along with him was taken away by his superiors.

But Gervasi looked forward to the time when the war would be over, to the time when he could return to his canvases and colors. Then, in September, 1918, just two months before the Armistice, his right arm, his invaluable painting instrument, was shot off. The shock was a terrific one for him.

It took some time for him to

realize that he no longer had the services of the hand he had been accustomed to use all his life—habit is strong. Would he have to give up painting? No, determinedly no. His sense of independence caused him to face squarely the fact that he would have to learn to paint with his left hand—he would practically have to learn his art over again.

And, after two or three years of constant application and painstaking habit-formation, he did reach his old level. Now he is doing better work than he ever did before, when he had the services of both his hands at his command. In his New York studio he now paints quietly and unobtrusively, preferring to depict landscapes, although he also makes a specialty of decorative work of all kinds. A goodly part of his work in this field has been bought by residents of many palatial homes in Palm Beach, Newport, and other fashionable resorts.

Mr. Gervasi has only recently come back from an extended sojourn of three years in Italy, France, and Belgium, where he painted indefatigably. Hundreds of water-colors, miniatures, and small

sketches—the artistic results of his trip—are now piled around his studio. One of the paintings, larger than most of the others, is of particular interest. It presents the cemetery in France, at Bony, where many of his former “buddies” now lie entombed. It is a peaceful thing, with soft, light colors predominating, formal and stately in its appearance. A warm golden sunlight suffuses the whole, and a majestic sweep of clouds in the background brings into relief the tall, slender flagstaff that is the center of the composition.

EVERY artist has some particular and special aim toward which his painting is aimed, and the great aim of Frank Gervasi is the portrayal of “light in air”—the realizing of an object through the intervening atmosphere, the air between object and spectator by which the latter is enabled to see the object. It is difficult for the layman to comprehend that this interposed air has substance and quality as much as the solid object itself, but to the artist it is an actual reality. Perhaps that is why he prefers the painting of landscapes,

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which, being seen outdoors, contain more of this indefinable quality of air, and enable him to pursue his favorite aim.

It is really a pity that the illustrations herein printed can only be reproduced in black and white, for the chief charm of the paintings of Mr. Gervasi lies in their delicate, aerial coloring, the effect of which is almost completely lost in a photographic reproduction.

He has no particular preference for any one school of painting. "Of course I worship at the feet of Rembrandt, Velasquez and the other great men who really rise above their schools, but it is my opinion that the constant admiration of one type of painting will come to blind one to the merits and qualities of the many other kinds that exist. In art as in any other field of life, the broader one's foundational basis, the better structure it is possible to build upon it, and therefore I have always tried to keep my mind open so that I can appreciate the work of diverse schools; the idolization of one type of painting only would narrow and crystallize one's esthetic views."

SLIGHTLY built, Frank Gervasi has small regular features, with dark hair and small dark mustache. His eyes have a friendly twinkle in them, one that seems an effort to put himself into the background, for he is modest and unassuming personally, as even close friends (one of whom was present the day I spoke to Mr. Gervasi) have told him. He will talk about himself only in answer to direct questions, but otherwise he is of a quiet and reserved nature.

Born in Palermo, Sicily, in 1895, Gervasi came to this

country as a boy of 12. Even before that time he had an inclination toward art, and in New York it passed from inclination to positive desire. Thus, he took the various art courses that were then being offered at Stuyvesant High School at night, while he worked at odd jobs for a living during the day. After Stuyvesant, still studying at night, he attended classes at the New York School of Industrial Arts. Inevitably, too, he gravitated toward the Art Students' League, that centre of art study on 57th Street where most artists, at one time or another, have studied. Gervasi was there for two or three years, till 1923, since which time he has been entirely on his own. He has only praise for that institution, which is run by a body of the students themselves, the League proper, of which Mr. Gervasi is still a directing member. He has also been a member of the Architectural League of New York. Just at present he does no other work besides his painting, for he is already successful enough to be able to live on the fruits of it, and this income is added to by a small pension he receives from the Government for his war service and the loss of his arm.



EX-LIBRIS, by Frank Gervasi

In prizes and honors he has had but small interest. For one thing, before the war, he was still in the art-student state, during the war itself and a few years after, painting was impossible for him, and his three years' absence in Europe also precluded any exhibition in this country. Now, however, after he pauses to get his bearings again, he will have an exhibition of his work at the Aguilar branch of the New York Public Library during September and October of this fall.

GERVASI has an interesting hobby of collecting insects, especially butterflies, which appeal to him because of their beautiful and varied color formations. Mounting them in pleasing combinations and arrangements is to him "a lot of fun," and he already has a large collection. An added source of enjoyment and interest, he confided, is the looking up of the names of the various specimens in his possession. And too, insects mean outdoors, and outdoors means landscapes, and all three of these does Frank Gervasi like.

During his recent travels in Europe, Gervasi had opportunity to observe continental art and form some opinions concerning it. One of his opinions, he replied in answer to my question, was that Europe's art today was not as progressive as that of the United States because many Europeans, in large part, are content to rest on the laurels and traditions of the past, whereas in this country the artists are "up and coming."

"There will be an artistic Renaissance here," he concluded, "the time is getting ripe for it. And when it comes, it will be broader than just modernism, it will have something of the old traditions and something of the new."

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Military Operations on the Italian Front in 1918

By Major Edgar Erskine Hume

Medical Corps, U.S. Army, Lt. Colonel, Commanding U.S. Army Hospitals with the Royal Italian Army, 1918

Part II

THE plans of the Italian Supreme Command for the offensive now known as the battle of Vittorio Veneto, were elaborately worked out. It was decided to begin by a feint on Mount Grappa followed by the main effort across the Piave.

The position of the Italian armies was as follows: The Sixth Army under General Montuori was on the Asiago Plateau between the Brenta and Piave Rivers. It included the British Forty-eighth Division. The Twelfth Army, including the French Thirty-third Division and commanded by the French General Graziani, lay along the Piave as far south as the Montello. The Eighth Army under General Cavaglia was on the Montello. South of it was the Tenth Army, including the British XIV Corps (consisting of the Seventh and Twenty-third Divisions), and commanded by General the Earl of Cavan. South of Cavan to the Adriatic was the Third Army under H. R.H. the Duke of Aosta. The Fourth Army, under General Giardino, held the Grappa while the Ninth Army, under General Morrone, was in reserve.

The arrangement of the Austrian armies was: On the left wing was the Piave Armee commanded by Field Marshal Boroevitch von Bojna, and con-

sisting of the Sixth Army and the Isonzo Army (sometimes incorrectly called the Fifth Army, from which former organization it was in part built). The Isonzo Army held the line along the river from the sea to Ponte della Priula. The Sixth Army continued the line of the river from the Ponte della Priula to above Valdobbiadene opposite Monfenera. Next came the independent command known as the Gruppe Belluno under General von Coglia, which held the line as far as the Brenta and separated the Piave Armee from the Trentino Armee. The Trentino Armee, commanded by the Archduke Joseph, consisted of the Eleventh Army under General Scheuchensteuel and the Tenth Army under General Krobotin. The Eleventh Army held the line between the Brenta and the Astico on the plateau of the Seven Communes. The Tenth Army stretched from the Astico to the Swiss border.

IN their plans for defense the Austrians had counted first on the Piave itself. Secondly, on a well prepared belt of positions extending a mile and a half deep, called the *Kaiserstellung*, or Imperial Position. In rear of this, extending some two miles back, was a less well prepared line known as the *Königstellung*, or Royal Position.

AS might be expected, there is a disagreement between the Italian and Austrian writers as to the number of troops that were engaged on each side. The report of the battle made by the Comando Supremo of the Royal Italian Army says that there were 57 Italian Divisions, or 709 Battalions against 63½ Austrian Divisions consisting of 827 battalions. The fifty-seven Italian Divisions included three British, two French, and one Czechoslovak Division and the one American regiment. The Austrian account states that there were 57 Italian Divisions consisting of 850 battalions opposing 57½ Austrian Divisions. Furthermore, the Austrians claim that their divisions were so greatly reduced in numbers, that they were some two hundred battalions under strength, while the Italian Divisions were at full strength. While each side had twelve battalions to the division, the Austrians had in addition, a battalion of storm troops to each division, while the Italians had one to each corps. Each Austrian Battalion had four rifle companies, and one machine-gun company. The Italians had one less rifle company per battalion. Austria had, of course, a much larger population from which to draw. Probably the most accurate statement of the com-

position of the Austro-Hungarian forces available at the moment that the offensive began, is to be had in the confidential British report. This document states that the Austrians had: 54½ infantry and 6 dismounted cavalry divisions. Of these nine of the infantry (the 5th, 16th, 74th Honved, 10th, 39th Honved, 27th, 38th Honved, and 44th Schötzen), and four of the cavalry (the 1st, 8th, 11th Honved, and 12th divisions, owing to sickness, mutiny and the transfer of troops of Hungarian nationality to Hungary, were so reduced in strength as to be each only equivalent to about a single regiment. On the whole front during the course of the battle, every infantry division except the Fifty-seventh, and every cavalry division was thrown into the fight, making a total engaged of 53½ infantry and 6 cavalry. Of these, 32½ infantry, and 2 cavalry divisions, were either captured or rendered useless as combatant units.

THE ITALIANS had a slight superiority in guns, with 8,929 to the 7,000 of the Austrians. One of the most important preparations for the offensive was the massing of the artillery and ammunition. The Italians located 5,700 guns and some 6,000,000 rounds of ammunition in the main battle line of 62 kilometers. Of these, about 2,600 guns, and 3,300,000 rounds had to be brought up as reinforcements. The Austrians had plenty of ammunition, but were unable to use it.

There were tactical objections to a plan requiring an attack in an easterly direction. If the Italians were to penetrate into Austria, Italy itself would be exposed, for its safety depended on the defense in the mountains against a

hostile counterstroke. Bridges and roads in the East were at all times menaced from the air, and the maintenance of communications would be exceedingly difficult. Equally weighty were the objections to an attack in a northerly direction for the mountain altitude of 9,000 feet would almost surely mean a snow covering as late in the year as October. Thus the physical difficulties confined the attack of the Asiago Plateau and the mountains dividing that plateau from the Val Sugana. For these reasons, the Italian Supreme Command decided to strike at Vittorio Veneto on a line bisecting the two lines of difficulty, and at the same time dividing the two Austrian Armies, separating them from each other and from their base. The Earl of Cavan holds that General Diaz is entitled to much more credit for this plan than he is generally given.

The attack was to begin with a feint on Monte Grappa by the Fourth Army, then the main blow to be struck by the Twelfth, Tenth, and Eighth Armies against the Austrian Isonzo and Sixth Armies, driving a wedge between them. The Twelfth Army was to fight up the Piave to Feltre whence an important road led to the Trentino. The Eighth Army was to make good the water shed of the Valmarino on the line of communications of the Sixth Austrian Army, and to drive the Austrians northward. The Tenth Army was to move due east to the Livenza, protecting the flanks of the two armies on its left in their northward drive, and at the same time driving the Isonzo Army in a different direction of retreat from its neighbor.

ONE of the reasons for the battle starting with a feint on Grappa, was that the Piave was high and still ris-

ing, so that the attack could not start on October 15 as it otherwise would have done. The river had gone down considerably by the night of October 26-27. Lord Cavan cites the devotion of the Grappa Army for its work in drawing the Austrians from the main effort on the Piave. "This duty was performed with a devotion worthy of a great place in military history."

The battle began at dawn on October 24, exactly one year after the tragedy of Caporetto, by an attack of the Fourth Army on Monte Grappa as planned. Opposite the Fourth Army the Austrians had massed no less than eleven divisions with an additional ten and a half divisions in reserve. On the other hand there were but twelve divisions with practically no reserves opposing the Eighth and Tenth Italian Armies. These dispositions alone show the importance of the feint attack on the Grappa. The attack of the Fourth Army was supported by the left wing of the Twelfth Army and the artillery of the Sixth Army. A thick fog, later turning to pouring rain, limited the artillery action on both sides in effectiveness. The Austrians resisted stoutly and their machine-gun fire was most effective. Certainly the enemy showed no signs whatever of dry rot. Like most holding battles it was costly to the attack. Some of the wounded from the first moment of the fight were admitted to the U. S. Army hospital unit attached to the Grappa Army. The peaks of Monte Asolone, Monte Pertica and Monte Spinoncia were captured from the Austrians, but could not be held against the violent counter-attack.

THE left wing of the Twelfth Army, supporting the Fourth, descended from Monte Tomba and Monfenera

into the basin of the Alano where it succeeded in occupying the north bank of the Ornic. The Austrians, as has been shown, held the commanding positions so that the Italian troops were faced by almost perpendicular walls of stone which were further defended by machine guns. In one of the sectors on the right of the Grappa, some of the Italian assault units prepared the way of the attack by the use of electric and hydraulic drills which were used to cut foot holds in the solid rock of the precipice. Thus the Italian Arditi and others scaled the cliffs, and took centers of resistance which could have been captured in no other way. One battalion of the Arditi, or shock troops, without any artillery preparation climbed the steep slopes, surprised the enemy, and captured an important position on the Col di Baretta. It was a common expression in the Italian Army, that every kilometer forward, meant also a kilometer upward.

The strong resistance on the Grappa, while not altering the design of General Diaz that this should be a feint to conceal his real plans for the advance on the Piave, was perhaps more than he had expected. The First Army in the Val d'Astico and the Sixth Army on the Asiago Plateau now made fierce attacks with the object of engaging the enemy in those sectors and preventing his sending reinforcements to the Grappa region. The Italian attack on Grappa continued with the object of causing the enemy to throw in his reserves. The crossing of the middle Piave which had been fixed for the night of October 24-25, had to be deferred for a few days longer on account of the condition of the river. Thus the maintenance of the fight on Grappa continued to be highly important. Af-

ter the Armistice, it appeared that the Austrians had to the end thought that the Grappa was the point of the main effort, and even some of the Austrian histories written after the war, mention this as a separate battle.

THE first attempts to cross the Piave were made by the Tenth Army. The utmost secrecy as to the projected movement had been maintained. General Diaz held it of the greatest importance that the enemy be kept in ignorance not only that there was to be an attempt to cross the river, but that there had been any change in position of the British troops. To insure this secrecy, the British Forty-eighth Division on the Asiago Plateau, passed under the command of the Italian XII Corps. No British gun was allowed to fire on the Piave, and all British officers and men were clad in the Italian grey-green uniforms. The Tenth Army consisted of the Italian XI and the British XIV Corps. The former was already holding a sector of the Piave from Ponte di Piave to Palazzon. The British XIV Corps was concentrated near Treviso.

The Tenth Army was faced by a difficult problem. The Piave, by this time in full flood, was nearly two miles wide with numerous channels dotted with islands. The current measured more than four feet per second. The largest island in the Piave is the Grave di Popadopoli, about three miles long by one wide. In the main channel, the river flowed at about ten miles per hour. This island was held by the enemy as an outpost.

On October 21 the British XIV Corps was moved up in line with and to the north of the Italian XI Corps from Salettuo to Palazzon. On the night of October 23-24, two

British battalions, without previous artillery preparation, crossed the main channel, surprised the Austrians, and occupied the northern half of the island. The movement, skillfully arranged by the Italian engineers, was by means of flat bottomed boats, holding six men and rowed by experienced Italian boatmen. On the following night the rest of the island was occupied by the British Seventh and Italian Thirty-seventh Divisions. Thus with the main channel behind, it was comparatively easy to lay bridges and prepare for the main attack in relative security. After an artillery preparation lasting practically all night, the Tenth Army attacked on the morning of October 27, the Italian Corps on the right, the British Corps on the left. Two bridges were put up under great difficulty, and the enemy overwhelmed after a hard fight. Many men of the Tenth Army were lost by drowning.

ON THE left of the Tenth Army, about ten kilometers distant, the Eighth Army managed to throw across two of the seven bridges that they had expected to construct. The accuracy of the Austrian artillery fire on these bridges was marvelous. Such was the difficulty of the work, and so great were the losses, that it was decided to attach the Italian XVIII Corps to the Tenth Army under Lord Cavan in order to pass it across the river on the bridges of the latter army. On the night of October 27-28, parts of the XVIII Corps passed across and took over the front from Borgo Malonotte to Col Tonon. As a result of the many broken bridges it was not possible for the XVIII Corps to deploy all its troops required, but it attacked nevertheless on the morning of October 28. The remainder of the Eighth Army crossed dur-

ing the night of October 28-29 in the vicinity of Nervessa and on the following morning the Italian XVIII Corps again passed to the Eighth Army.

THE Twelfth Army threw one bridge over the river in the Pederobba region at Valdobbiadene. The crossing, like others scheduled to take place earlier, was delayed by the orders of the Italian Supreme Command on account of the sudden rise of the river. The crossing was actually made during the night of October 26-27, the remarkable achievement of passing an army of three divisions over a single bridge under heavy enemy artillery fire having been accomplished. The French writers claim the lion's share of the credit for this for their division, though it is not apparent that it was more skillful than the two Italian divisions. The Austrian account laments their failure to exert a slight pressure on the bridgehead which, they say, would have been sufficient to have held back the Twelfth Army.

Once the Italian Armies were across the river their successes followed each other rapidly. During the day of October 29, the Tenth Army advanced up the Montecano River to Fontanelle and on to Ramiera. The Northamptonshire Yeomanry, the British divisional mounted troops, acted vigorously and pushed forward so rapidly that it was able to secure the bridgehead over the Montecano between Vazzola and Cimetta intact, though it had been prepared for demolition. This saved many hours of delay in pursuit. On the same day the 23rd Bersaglieri Division passed to the Third Army with a view to clearing the front of that army by attacking southward. It was replaced by the Tenth Division in the Italian XI Corps. At the same time the 332nd United

States Infantry joined the British XIV Corps. The Twelfth Army pushed up the Piave as far as Alano. The Eighth Army swept on to Vittorio Veneto and entered Conegliano.

On the morning of October 30, the Twelfth Army was on Monte Cesen, and Feltre was under fire. Thus General Diaz had fairly driven his wedge between the Austrian Sixth and Isonzo Armies.

The capture of Monte Cesen by the Twelfth Army was doubly important in that it made possible the accomplishment of the second mission of the Eighth Army. The latter army was, after reaching Vittorio Veneto, to turn to the north and secure the bridges separating the plains from the Piave in the Val Sugana, thus reaching the rear of the Grappa pass. Not only did the Twelfth Army thus protect the left flank of the Eighth Army, but at the same time it denied maneuver to the enemy in the gorge of Feltre.

BY THE evening of October 30, the Tenth Army reached its objective, the Livenza at Francenigo, and Sacile. The next day that river was crossed between Motta di Livenza and Sacile. On that day, the Italian XVIII Corps was again transferred from the Eighth to the Tenth Army. From this time on, in the words of the Earl of Cavan, the retreat became a rout.

The crossings of the Livenza caused the enemy to weaken on the front opposing the Third Army, and the latter was able to cross the Piave on the afternoon of October 30, and advance rapidly to the Livenza. Even so, however, it met with a rather surprising degree of resistance from rear guards until other troops crossed at Salignareda, Romanzio and Santa Dona di Piave, after which

there was little opposition.

November 1 was given over to bridging the Livenza so that the Cavalry Corps under H. R. H. the Count of Turin, could pursue the enemy. The advance was resumed and on November 2, the Tenth Army reached the line: Villota-Praturlone-Riverna east of Pordenone-San Quirino-Aviano.

MEANWHILE, in the area of Monte Grappa, the enemy was becoming more and more involved. On October 27 he counter-attacked eight times against the Monte Pertica, but each time was repulsed. For six hours the fight about the summit was terrific. Service was rendered by the American Army hospital units with the Fourth Army and all their installations were rapidly filled to overflowing. On October 28 and 29 mêlée continued. Italian columns advanced from the Asolone to the Col della Baretta to assist in the occupation of Monte Pertica, Monte Prassolan, and Monte Solarolo. The enemy resisted stoutly and threw his last reserves into the fight. Thus it was that the Fourth Army, though unable to cut the Austrian communications in the area of the Dolomites and in the plain, rendered the desired assistance to the other armies since it effectively involved all the enemy's reserves of the Feltre area so that they could not be sent into the gap that had by that time been opened by the Eighth, Tenth, and Twelfth Armies. Both the immediate and general Austrian reserves were brought up.

The retreat of the Austrians opposite the Grappa Army began on the night of October 30-31. Their rear guard was unable to hold back the Fourth Army, which now forged ahead, realizing that while it had heretofore fought for the advan-

tages of other armies, it now had a chance to join in the general advance on its own account. By the following evening, the left wing of the Fourth Army was in the possession of Monte Roncone looking down on the Val Cismon with patrols thrown out towards Fonzaso. The center had pushed through to Feltre and the right was able to reach Monte Tomatico and cut off the Austrians who were still resisting the right of the Twelfth Army north of Quero.

The Twelfth Army passed the Quero defile toward Feltre on October 30, as stated, and the enemy seeing his rear menaced, gave orders to retire on the Fonzaso-Feltre front on the night of October 30-31. Defenses for such a purpose had been prepared in advance at the San Boldo Pass and the Fadalto defile. The Fourth Army attempted to follow at once, but the strong rear guard fighting off the Austrians, held them back. The enemy were not only numerically stronger but they had excellently prepared artillery and machine gun positions from which a heavy fire was directed against the Italians. The rear guard was finally overcome, but not before the enemy had withdrawn into their desired position.

THE Sixth Army while supporting the Fourth in its advance, moved into the Brenta Valley and occupied Cismon, surprising here an entire regimental headquarters. With the occupation of the Feltre basin, the Austrian occupation of the Asiago Plateau weakened. On October 28 the enemy troops in the Seven Communes (the Eleventh Army) had withdrawn into the so called *Winterstellung*, north of the Asiago basin. They announced a "voluntary withdrawal." "Taking into con-

sideration the resolve so often expressed to bring about the conclusion of an armistice and peace, putting an end to the struggle of nations, our troops fighting on Italian soil will evacuate the occupied region." They were of course too late, for it was hardly likely that General Diaz, already sure of a great victory, would listen to their proposals based on such withdrawal.

NOW the second phase of the Italian plan was everywhere to be put into operation, and the whole Austrian positions in the Trentino were threatened. The enemy's retirement showed that he too understood the threat and would endeavor to save in this way a part of his forces. The whole Italian Army was therefore to advance in a great wave, extending from the Stelvio to the Sea, and make good a victory already assured. The first Army was ordered to advance on Trent. The Sixth Army was ordered to advance towards the Egna-Trent front. The Fourth Army was to advance toward the Bolzano-Egna front. The Eighth Army was to advance beyond the junction of the valleys at Belluno by the Cadore road (Upper Piave) and the Agordino road. The Seventh Army was to advance toward the Mezzolombardo. The Twelfth Army was to concentrate in the Feltre basin and await orders. The Tenth and Third Armies were ordered to advance to the Tagliamento and the Cavalry to push beyond so as to forestall the enemy at the Isonzo bridges. Each of these armies did what was expected of it.

The Tenth Army reached the Tagliamento from San Vito to the north of Spilimbergo, little opposition being met. On November 4, the 332nd U. S. Infantry had its baptism of fire when forcing a passage of the

Tagliamento, "an operation," says Lord Cavan, "which they carried out with the same dash as had always been shown by American troops." The regiment captured about a hundred prisoners and suffered a few casualties, many of its men being bitter at being thrown into the fight when an armistice was expected.

The armistice was signed on November 3 at Villa Giusti, to become effective at 3:00 P. M. the following day. The line, which reached from the Stelvio to the Adriatic was the following: Sluderno—Spondigna and Prato Venosta in the Val Venosta—Male and Cles in the Giudicarie—Passo della Mendola—Rovare della Luna—Salorno in the Val d' Adige—Cembra in the Val d' Avisio—Monte Panarotta in the Val Sugana—the Tesino basin—Fiera di Primiero—Chiapuzza—Domogge — Pontebba — Robic — Cormons—Cervignana—Aquila—Grado. Of course before this time the Italian troops had occupied Trieste by sea.

THE consequences of the battle were of course the annihilation of the Imperial and Royal Austro-Hungarian Army. The number of prisoners taken is uncertain but General Gathorne-Hardy, the British chief of staff, says that at least one-third of the Austrian infantry and practically the whole of their artillery were in the hands of the Italians at the finish.

Vittorio Veneto was one of the most important battles ever fought. It was the greatest decisive victory of the World War, and in point of numbers of men engaged on the both sides—almost two million—the largest battle of all history. It was essentially an Italian victory, for more than 90 per cent of those engaged on the side of the Allies were Italians. There has, nevertheless, been

a tendency for those who do not love Italy, to belittle the Italians' victory, and indeed their part in the war. Austria's weakness is stressed by the French even more than by the Austrians themselves. Even in the description of the passage of the Piave by the Twelfth Army, Normand calls it the crossing by the "Franco-Italians"—this, despite the fact that there was but one French Division in that army to three of the Italians. This is but poor return for Italy's help. In the first few days of the war, Italy's attitude of benevolent neutrality enabled the French to leave unguarded a frontier of 240 kilometers, and quickly transfer 200,000 troops to the north to oppose the German advance, troops which arrived in time to participate in the battle of the Marne. When, despite the efforts of the Germanophile, Premier Gioiotti, the German economic grip on the country, and the financial difficulties growing out of the costly war in Libia, Italy entered the Great war, it was at a dark moment for the Allies. The Russians were in full retreat in the Carpathians and almost without munitions. From this time on the eastern front was practically transferred to Italy, instead of to France, as must otherwise have been the case. Almost the entire Austro-Hungarian Army was immobilized in Italy, only four divisions reaching the French front during the entire war, while six German divisions served in Italy. The importance of this to the allied cause is often overlooked. Let us remember what happened on the French front when the German troops were released from the Russian front.

WHILE the Austrians were undoubtedly badly in need of food supplies, their army, as always happens in

such cases, was supplied, though the civil population was in want. This was true also in Italy. The Germans give Italy credit for her share in the final victory. Ludendorf said that one of the chief causes of the German defeat was the lack of support from Austria, "gripped more tightly than ever at the throat by Italy." It does not lessen the credit of Italy that the Austrian Army was weakened just before the battle of Vittorio Veneto, for if such were the case, it was the Italians that had brought it about. The World War was not won in a day, and the criticism that Italy won over a demoralized enemy may also be made of Foch's victories of 1918.

It is perhaps worth while in this connection to mention that at no time were there as many troops of the Allies in Italy as there were Italians on other fronts, including the French. The foreign troops in Italy, to repeat, consisted of three British, two French, and one Czechoslovak Divisions, one American regiment and three companies of Roumanian volunteers.

Italy's losses were very great. The Battle of Vittorio Veneto cost her more than 35,000 dead. The proportion of her dead to her population was 1.5—greater than the percentage of British dead to her population (white only). Of the Fourth Army seven Italian Divisions alone lost 20,000. But at the Armistice she held half a million Austrian prisoners. Of a population of thirty-four millions, Italy mobilized five millions. She lost in all about half a million killed and more than a million wounded, about half of whom were permanently disabled.

The sufferings of the precipitate Austrian retreat are said to be comparable to those of Napoleon's army on the retreat

from Moscow. Great masses of men waited for hours to move a few feet or a few hundred yards and then had to halt anew on a road littered with the carcasses of horses and parts of matériel. Many Austrians died of fatigue or even hunger. The wounded were unable to receive attention in the disorder. Many of them were brought into American hospital units days afterwards in pitiable conditions. The only food that many had had was from the bodies of horse carrion along the roads. The plight of groups of nursing sisters was particularly miserable, though treated with great consideration by the Italians. One group of these nurses, some of whom were members of religious orders, were brought to the U. S. Army hospital at Vicenza where they remained quartered with the American nurses until they could be sent home. Personnel from the American Hospital Center, after the Italo-Austrian armistice, assisted in the administrative and professional work of captured field hospitals, our officers and men working side by side with their late enemies.

BY THE outcome of the war, Italy secured the watershed of the Alps as her national frontier. Few people realize how thin was this fringe of mountainous ground formerly held, and how it was commanded by the higher Alps to the north. The Treaty of 1866 had established these artificial and vulnerable bounds for Italy. The Austrians stood along the southern scarp of the Carnic, Cadoric, and Julian Alps, and there was ever present the danger of a descent into the plains of Lombardy and Venetia.

At last Italy was "*redenta*" and the dreams of the Italian patriots of half a century before, of Mazzini, Cavour and Garibaldi, had come true.

Alessandro Stradella

By CARTER WARRINGTON BLAIR

Illustrated by A. W. Marano

Part II

BEATRICE, do not sin so against us both. Place not your love so low. Leave off this cruel jest; be mine—the adored wife of the most blissful singer!”

“You err,” she replied, catching her breath, and loosing her hand from his. “I will suffer no rival in the house and heart of my husband. But you will sacrifice your art for me, Alessandro? Look about you! Wealth and luxury surround you; your wife shall be your chief attendant; your mother shall live like a princess, but you must cease to be the singer Stradella, whom every fellow in the streets can hear; you must cease to adore other divinities when you have me. I cannot sing; I hate your violin—I hate your music.”

And then, Alessandro sent forth a hollow cry of anguish, pressed his face against her garment, and faltered: “May all the saints in Heaven forgive you and me! You will have it so; we are parted.”

And without another word, he rushed from the room.

Scarcely ten years had passed away before all Italy knew the name of Alessandro Stradella, and Mother Giovanna lived to feel the happiness

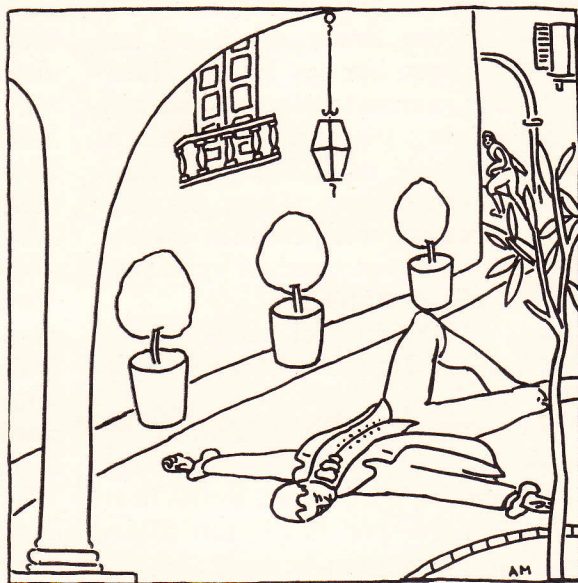
of seeing her son loaded down with honor and glory. Seldom is a composer and singer so appreciated during his life as

over many a sweet flower that longingly turned its innocent face towards him; but he rejoiced over them after the manner of the butterflies, for days and hours only. The Apollo della Musica, with his magnetic eyes and magnificent form, with his charming smile and earnest brow, seemed only bound to one lady, and that was St. Cecilia herself.

For almost three years, particularly during his residence in Venice, Alessandro Stradella had devoted himself exclusively to composition, and nothing was more delightful than to listen to a madrigal composed and sung by him. He worked with

great zeal upon an oratorio: “San Giavanno Batista,” and it was permitted his mother to hear the first representation of this noble creation of her son. It was at Rome, in the church of the “Holy Apostle.” The beautiful halls were filled with the most distinguished clergy—indeed, it was even said that the Holy Father himself listened behind a grating—and an innumerable multitude of people, of high and low degree. Madame Stradella sat in the center of the church, in anxious expectation.

Leaning against a pillar near her was a young man attired



“He had been found murdered in the garden of the Marchese Memmo”

was Stradella. The people would listen to no one else when he was to be heard; they called him not only the first violinist in Italy, but also the first singer, and prophesied for him as composer the greatest future that God and His Saints ever ordained mortal—or immortal—to achieve. His beauty acquired for him the surname of “Apollo della Musica” and by-and-by, they came to call him this alone, as though they had entirely forgotten his real name. The women all fell in love with him at first sight; he enjoyed his young life, too, and rejoiced

after the fashion of the Venetian nobility, and closely muffled in a black cloak. His deathly-pale, foreboding face at first alarmed the good woman. He seemed very restless, too, constantly muttering incomprehensible words between his teeth, and every now and then, clutched at his breast as though being overpowered by a feeling of suffocation. A deep pity filled Giovanna's heart, so much so that, finally she turned to him, and said, in a gentle voice: "If any burden lies upon your heart, be it a sorrow or a sin, wait patiently awhile; the tunes which will come down from above will make your heart free and ease our soul. Alessandro has already played and sung consolation to many."

THEN the stranger smiled in a ghastly fashion, and said: "Waiting will be somewhat hard for me, my good woman; but since you say it will reward me for the trouble, I will quietly keep my place. Afterwards, I will deliver my thanks in person to Alessandro Stradella, and, as you seem to know him, you can lead me to him."

"Willingly, dear sir."

Just then, the first notes streamed forth, the voices were lifted up, a violin sang—the oratoria began. Like the fragrance of fresh roses, the voice of Stradella moved through the solemn halls; like a golden day the splendid work of tones unfolded itself ever clear and clearer to the enraptured auditors, and passed over. As the last notes died away, there arose a rushing and roaring—a universal shout of gratitude, unmistakable signs of joy and wonderment. And the rushing and roaring sound would not be stilled; it increased constantly, and no one stirred from his place; it was as though the auditors could not leave the

church without a last benediction of music. Then Stradella arose once more; the instruments were still, the organ played a solemn Ritornell, and the singer gave the most beautiful church aria that ever master wrote. It commences with the cry of supplication of a bruised and contrite soul:—

"Se i miei sospiri

Oh, Dio! placassero—"

Perhaps no mortal voice has ever sung it as he sang it, for it was the darling of his heart—his dearest creation.

Giovanna melted into tears of the highest maternal bliss. She gazed up at the choir in an ecstasy, her hands tightly clasped, and would not have felt the least astonished had she seen her son in the glittering garments of an angel, with shining pinions. A groan at her side caused her to start. There stood the singular stranger, with his face covered up, like one crushed by sorrow and repentance.

"Do you feel better now?" asked Madame Stradella joyously.

Then he drew himself up, and a little, sharp-pointed dagger fell with a ring to the floor. She stooped down and picked it up, saying gravely:

"He, up there, has undoubtedly taken a great sin from your heart by his music. Give me the murderous weapon in token of this hour, and as a pledge that you will not forget what a miracle has been performed on you. And in order that you may understand wherefore the courage came to me to speak thus to you, know that I am the mother of Alessandro Stradella."

THEN the stranger seized the speaker's two hands, kissed them as reverently as though his lips were touching the image of a saint, and whispered:

"Since you are his mother,

you must hear my confession, so that I may go forth from here entirely cleansed. Step behind that pillar with me, that the people may not crowd past us."

When this was done, he continued:

I CAME thither to murder your son! You shudder. I cannot speak otherwise—you hear the truth. When Alessandro Stradella left Venice, the dearest, most beautiful woman in the world, Hortensia, my affianced, followed him. Look! there she stands on the left side of the church, opposite the choir, leaning on the arm of her old nurse. In spite of the concealing veil, I recognise her face, her form. Her eyes are upturned; she seeks *him* who has bewitched her. I have cursed this magic—*now* I comprehend it; it has taken the dagger from out of my hands, and hatred from out of my soul. Through me shall no hair of your son's head be touched. Go, Signora, tell him so; and may all the saints in Heaven be with him! Adios!"

No words were adequate to depict the rapture with which the mother pressed her son to her heart an hour later, or the emotion with which she related to him the occurrence in the church. She never parted from the Venetian's little dagger even carrying it with her to the grave, which opened to her before many moons had come and passed.

The history of the marvelously beautiful, distinguished young Venetian lady made quite a stir in Rome, particularly through the circumstance of the charming fugitive returning home with her betrothed shortly after the representation of "San Giovanni Batista."

After the tragic death of his mother, Alessandro Stradella

resided alternately in Rome, Florence and Bologna; only Naples he never touched upon again. Did he know that the love of his youth, who, shortly after his separation from her, was entitled the "most beautiful maiden in Naples," had after years of seclusion, bestowed her hand upon an elderly, peculiar Marchese of Genoa, a man known by the name of the Music-hater?

IT WAS in the Spring of 175— that the celebrated singer and composer yielded to the repeated entreaties of the city of Genoa that he should himself conduct his new opera, "Le Forza dell Amor Paterno" at the carnival. The Apollo della Musica was received as a king, the most distinguished citizens contended for the honor of lodging him; the men feared and hated him; the women loved and adored him; fetes thronged upon fetes. The people crowded round him in the streets with the cry, "Evviva il divine," and besieged his dwelling to hear him sing. He would open his window in the still hour of the night, and sing all his songs and play his violin to the poor, to whom the glittering theatre doors were closed. He received an invitation for the evening before the opera, to the house of the richest man in Genoa, the Marchese Memmo. Stradella's friends were astonished at this, and related many strange anecdotes about the old man, whom they called the "Music-hater." They said that since his nineteenth year, when he had been jilted by a beautiful singer, he had not heard a single note of music, and that he would flee from every sound in the least degree resembling it. His palace was built in the centre of an immense garden, so that the song of the street musicians and the hum-

ming of the children could not reach his ear.

"And his wife?" asked Stradella, half astonished, half amused.

"She is said not to be outdone by him," was the reply. "and is as proud and misanthropic as beautiful. She is seldom seen; only goes to church even during silent mass. She hates music as much as he; why, about a year after she was married, she snatched the instrument from the hands of a poor fiddler who stood begging at the church door, and trampled it under her feet. She afterwards, it is true, threw a valuable trinket into his hat; but nevertheless, the poor fiddle was destroyed. The Marchese, her husband, seldom gives a ball, but when he does throw open his salon, palace and garden resemble the abode of some mighty magician."

THE Marchese Memmo had extended his invitations this time to a wide circle. It was, at bottom, a fete of revenge, a humiliation to that "*Bold, strolling player*" who had dared stir up such tumult in proud Genoa. He declared to his acquaintances—friends he had none—that he intended to show the love-sick women of Genoa how unmoved his own wife, the most beautiful of them all, would be by the charms of this "fiddling Apollo"; how she alone would have pride and courage enough to repel the bold adventurer who had dared to force his way into the highest circles. Beforehand, he rejoiced at the idea of the surprise and indignation his wife, who for some time past had been more intolerant and more violent than ever, would feel at seeing a musician stand before her. She had no suspicion that any one would dare to invite an "Apollo della Musica" to a fete at her

house, and she never would permit it.

The evening of the fete arrived at last. Alessandro Stradella betook himself to the Palazzo Memmo. The darling of the nobility had already seen much splendor and magnificence, he had long been at home in the palaces of the great, and familiar with the brilliance and luxury of their life—yet, upon his entrance into the showy apartments of the Marchese, he was astonished. A world of fabulous beauty opened before him—he stood a moment as one dazzled; richly adorned ladies and cavaliers swayed to and fro in the enormous rooms which were bright as day. The pictures on the walls were almost entirely covered with the strangest, rarest flowers, which looked down oddly and dreamily with their flower eyes upon the merry throng. Valuable marble statues arose from the grass, vases of precious stones and golden vessels of artistic form were judiciously distributed about; fountains of perfumed water glittered between the flowers, the cupboards groaned beneath the weight of the sumptuous plate and refreshments, which seemed to have been gathered from all parts of the world. The folding-doors stood open into the garden, which was illuminated with globes of diverse colors; marble steps, on which were laid velvet coverings, led down to it, and wave upon wave of fragrance and cool air were washed into the halls.

THE host, a tall figure with the air of a veteran and the eyes of youth, approached the celebrated guest immediately upon his entrance, bade him welcome with a courteous smile, and bowed low in token of acknowledgment when Alessandro requested the honor of being presented to the Marchesa. With a scarcely perceptible

arching of the bushy brows, he asked the singer to follow him, and walked slowly through the suite of sumptuous apartments. As they moved along—the Marchese attired with more brilliancy than taste—Alessandro Stradella in simple black velvet, his rich, chestnut hair falling in curls upon his shoulders, his faultless form proudly erect, advancing like a prince with his victorious eyes flitting over the assembly, and with an enchanting smile returning the greetings showered upon him from all sides—there was no man's heart but Memmo's that did not fear *this rival*; no woman whose glances did not hail with ecstasy the Apollo della Musica. Finally, his guide stopped, and from amidst a group of tropical plants and blooming orange trees, a lady stepped forth, dressed in a simple white satin robe, a bouquet of pomegranate blossoms at her bosom, and pomegranate blossoms in her dark hair.

MARCHESA, I bring you a far-famed singer and violinist," said Memmo, in his hard, dry voice, "a singular guest in our house."

She raised her eyelids and looked upon the newcomer, but she gave him no greeting—only gazed at him, whilst face and neck grew white as marble; and then she laid her hand upon her heart, with a quiver of pain about her lips. He, too, grew pale as death, took a step backwards as though awe-struck, then stretched out his hand towards the beloved of his youth, grasped hers, which she extended to him as though in a dream, and, bending over the cold fingers, impressed thereon a kiss, while he whispered in the deepest emotion of which man is capable:

"It was your will, Beatrice!"

Often, it happens that a

single word, yes, and even a single gesture, will break asunder the bonds which have confined the poor tortured human heart for long years. The Marchesa Memmo breathed heavily, and murmured:

"It was my will—you are right; but I have been severely punished for it."

THEN she cast a freezing glance at her husband, who, at a little distance, watched the movements of the two, apparently perfectly calm, and she said aloud:

"You have been so kind as to bring me, in the person of your guest, the dearest playmate of my youth; accept my thanks for it, Marchese. Alessandro Stradella resided close to the Palazzo Luigi in Naples."

Without awaiting a reply, she took the singer's arm and went slowly down the marble steps into the fragrant garden. He walked beside her as one in a dream; the years of separation, the bitterness of the parting hour, the anguish of soul, disappeared in a sea of blissful sensations; *she* was once more the little capricious Beatrice, *he* her playmate and friend. But the pomegranate blossoms did not glitter as then upon the tree in the little yard; they bloomed now upon the proud bosom of a queenly woman. He begged her softly for a flower; she loosened one from her bouquet and then handed it to him.

"That flower at parting did not kill us, after all," said she, with a laugh of a child.

"Not our bodies—but your heart," he replied mournfully.

"Why, does yours live?" she asked.

"I feel now that it lives, for it loves you! Do you not know that true love can never die?"

"And you? Have you forgotten that true love can awaken the dead? My heart arose from the dead when your eyes

met mine, Alessandro, and it will not easily fall asleep again."

They remained together during the entire evening, in spite of the whispering around them, in spite of the smiles and glances of astonishment and derision. Careless of all, they gave themselves up to the exquisite bliss of finding one another again—and—to their love.

It was as though they had a foreboding that death would come upon them on the morrow, and that only one intoxicating night upon earth was awarded them. The usually pale, stern Beatrice now looked fresh and blooming as a rose, or like a young maiden by the side of her betrothed; and the Apollo della Musica had never been more beautiful than upon this night. The breath of melancholy was blown away from his brow, and he sat there beside the only woman he had ever loved, happy as a young God.

THE hours rushed by; already weariness, the destroyer of all earthly joys, stalked through the throng of guests, the candles seemed to burn less brightly, the faded flowers and drooping ringlets denoted that the height of the fete was past—when suddenly the Marchesa, with glowing countenance, and looking around her with a contemptuous smile, begged for a song.

"Give us just one of your songs, so that this evening may be memorable to us all," she said.

The noise caused by this request was like a storm. Music—song—in the Palace Memmo! Did not the walls tremble? Were not the marble divinities precipitated from their pedestals? Did not the earth open to swallow up the offender who dared make such a request within such sacred precincts?

All eyes sought the master of the house. He had disappeared, and now the guests ventured to crowd around the Apollo della Musica, with fresh entreaties. He took his stand upon an estrade opposite the Marchesa; they fetched him a mandolin from the palace of the beautiful Countess Grimani, which was not far from the Palace Memmo, and, after a sweet, simple Ritornell, Alessandro Stradella, with the full magic of his incomparable voice, struck up that song about the star who loved the sun. His eyes were turned towards Beatrice, who answered his glowing gaze with a smile of perfect bliss. She had in this moment forgotten everything—her whole life, full of the bitterest grief, her gloomy husband, whom she had followed, once in a moment of despair, into that solitude which then had seemed so alluring; only one thing but not forgotten—HER LOVE. HE was there, and with him a whole heaven; and these minutes, these hours, belonged to them! Who could have thought of the events of the morrow?

THE song had died away—she did not ask for a second one. Yet a stolen pressure of hands, yet a few softly breathed words passed between the lovers, then she whispered:

“Addio! After the presentation of your opera tomorrow, do not forget your promise! I will await your coming at the garden gate.”

Then they parted—the halls were empty—the Marchesa retired to her chamber without meeting her husband.

The next morning she awakened, and her maid brought her word that her husband had

been compelled to undertake a little journey, that he hoped to be with her again the next day, and would then explain to her the mystery of his sudden departure. Beatrice’s heart rejoiced; she drove to mass to return thanks for the happiness of the past evening, and to implore protection for her beloved in all his walks.

IN THE evening, the great theater at Genoa was crowded as never before. The house beamed rather with the forms of those who filled it than with the candles intended to light it; the new opera of Alessandro Stradella had attracted all the elite of Genoa. In the box of the Marchesa Memmo sat a single person—Beatrice. She was dressed in black velvet, and carried a bouquet of pomegranate blossoms in her hand. When the Apollo della Musica appeared, great rejoicings arose. The pale face of the Marchesa brightened. She saw the beloved one, radiant with beauty, honored, adored by the exultant multitude; she heard melodies of charming grace which only God put forth into his soul to gush forth again; an inexpressible rapture overflowed her.

The opera was received with enthusiasm, the applause increased with every scene, and at the finale, a storm of joy broke out, which raged through the house as though it would crack the walls. From every box, flowers and laurel wreaths were cast upon the stage, the women waved their handkerchiefs, the men cried, “Bravo! Lvviva l’Apollo della Musica!” And through the open door the people crowded in from the streets, and echoed, “Lvviva Alessandro Stradella!”

It was a scene of passionate

delight—such a scene as can be enacted in Italy alone.

Beatrice’s cheeks were flooded with tears of joy. Deeply affected, she leaned forward, and the brilliant bouquet of pomegranate blossoms dropped from her hand and fell at the singer’s feet. And of all the flower offerings, the hero welcomed this one, and, pressing it to his heart, bowed low before the box of the Marchesa Memmo.

The next day, a frightful rumor ran through the city of Genoa. The celebrated singer and composer of the opera, “La Forza dell Amor Paterno” had been found murdered in the garden of the Marchesa Memmo, but a few hours after the most brilliant celebration of his life. The deceased wore a bouquet of pomegranate blossoms on his bosom, and around his mouth still hovered the smile of happiness.

IN SPITE of every investigation, the murderer was undiscovered. But the mad throng, infuriated beyond all power of human restraint, almost tore the favorite old servant of the Marchese Memmo to pieces because he approached the crowd of mourners with horrible grimaces and the words:

“Why all this disturbance? It is only a great singing-bird they have killed here. My master must have peace!”

Not only Genoa—all Italy deplored the loss of Alessandro Stradella. They bore him to rest with honors that were never accorded any king.

On the day of his interment, the unhappy Marchesa retired forever from the world and took the veil in the Convent of Santa Anna at Guastalla.

(The End)



BOOKS AND AUTHORS

PIETRO LORENZETTI, by E. T. DeWald. Illustrated. 33 pages. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. \$2.

ILLUSTRATED by 101 full page plates of the work of the great Italian artist, this scholarly and detailed work on the life and painting of Pietro Lorenzetti is well worthy of study by those interested in the history of Italian painting, especially that of the Trecento, to which period Lorenzetti belongs. Lorenzetti did not, like his predecessors, Pisano, Duccio and Giotto, emphasize dramatic movement, decorative color and emotional masses, but, choosing another tack, he "set aside all temptations toward prettification, in fact he chose homely types, and developed in them more simple and intimately human qualities."

It was after him that Siennese art became decadent: he stood on the borderline between this later period and the earlier pioneer generation.

THE CRITIQUE OF HUMANISM, a Symposium. Edited by C. Hartley Grattan. 364 pages. New York: Brewer & Warren. \$3.50.

A BLOODLESS but nevertheless bitter battle over Humanism has been going on these past few months among literary folk. Led by Paul Elmer More and Irving Babbitt in the pages of the *Bookman*, this movement toward a sane, solid Johnsonian point of view, as opposed to the unrestrained fulfilling of whims and vagaries that has been the vogue since the war, has been combatted tooth and nail, and the fray has extended even outside of the realm of

literature into after-dinner discussions.

The present volume, composed of the contributions of 13 eminent American writers, to a greater or less degree flays the new Humanism. "Are we," says the jacket blurb, "to worship order without progress? Are we to create our literature out of literature instead of life itself? Must we relinquish the world we live in and give ourselves over to meditating upon the classics?" As these questions are one-sidedly put, of course, the answer is No, but the reader should, to form an opinion on this most important present-day literary controversy, consult the opinions also of the Humanists themselves.

Included in this symposium are essays by Lewis Mumford, Edmund Wilson, Malcolm Cowley, Burton Rascoe, Henry Hazlitt, Allen Tate and John Chamberlain, besides six others.

VERDI, by Ferruccio Bonavia. 161 pages. New York: Oxford University Press. \$3.00.

NONE wrote the story of Verdi's life better than Bragagnolo and Bettazzi, says Mr. Bonavia in his preface, but since the publication of that work, however, "a collection of letters has appeared, *I Copialettere di Giuseppe Verdi*, which, if it does not affect our estimate of the artist, throws considerable light on Verdi's character." In this inclusion of new material is this biography distinctive.

Mr. Bonavia, though born in Italy, is a resident of England and a writer for the "London

Telegraph," and his book, a combined criticism and biography, is an extremely welcome addition to the literature on one of the greatest of Italian composers.

MAHATMA GANDHI'S IDEAS, by C. F. Andrews. 382 pages. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.00.

THE events of the past few months have focused the attention of the world on India and Mahatma Gandhi as it has never been focussed before. We of the western world have begun to know something of the profound philosophy of Gandhi's program of passive resistance to the yoke of British rule in India. The present book, which includes selections from his writings as illustrations, "is intended to explain the main principles and ideas for which Mahatma Gandhi has stood in the course of his eventful career."

The author adds that many efforts have been made to have Gandhi visit the West for consultation and discussion on problems of violence which lead to internecine war. "It might happen, that a visit from the one man in the whole world who has proved himself a creative genius in this very subject, making it alone his special study, day and night, for nearly a whole lifetime, would help as nothing else could do."

GOLDEN-FEATHER, by Capuana. Illustrated. Translated from the Italian by Dorothy Emmrich. 205 pages. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50.

"GOLDEN-FEATHER," a collection of sprightly and humorous Italian fairy

tales, has been charmingly translated by Dorothy Emmrich from the Italian *Raccontafiabe*, a book which has long delighted children in Italy. Kinglets, a princess as light as a golden feather, a plaster cat with marvelous powers, a cricket prince, a tailor's magic needle, a miller's horns of plenty—these and other ingredients, stirred and mixed and seasoned with the sly humor of the author, go to make up the stories with their old-time charm.

Luigi Capuana is also the author of "Italian Fairy Tales," of which it has been said that it is "so well known to Italians that it is almost a classic. It is one of Italy's gifts to the world." These stories are deliciously and altogether different from the northern brand of fairy tales. They have, besides the priceless endowment of native color and grace, the rollicking, hearty Italian sense of joy and fun.

For Italian parents whose children are being brought up exclusively on the orthodox fairy tales, these books should prove a welcome purchase, stimulating as it would their offsprings' interest in their ancestral country.

THE YOUTH OF VIRGIL, by Bruno Nardi. Translated by Belle Palmer Rand. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. \$1.50.

PROFESSOR Nardi's little book, here presented in an English version, deserves a wide circulation as one of the best brief accounts in existence of Virgil's youthful career and of the historical background both of the *Eclogues* and of whatever poetry had preceded that work. Another point of interest in the book is the occasion of the celebration of Virgil's bimillenary, which is being held this year the world over, and the controversies

over Virgil's birthplace, which is touched upon by Professor Nardi.



VIRGIL

From the Capitoline Museum in Rome

BEFORE AND AFTER PROHIBITION, by Millard E. Tydings. 131 pages. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

MR. TYDINGS, United States Senator from Maryland, is a "wet." In this book, however, crowded with information in the form of tables and graphs, compactly presented and then analyzed, the figures shown, as he says in his preface, are neither "wet" figures nor "dry" figures. The fact that he believes that the disadvantages of national prohibition far outweigh its advantages, has not deterred him from presenting figures solely on their own weight, and drawing a few conclusions. Statistics, of course, can be made to interpret and create bias just as efficiently, if not as easily, as words, yet the facts garnered by the author come from the most unbiased sources possible. Most of them have been obtained from various departments and agencies of the Federal Government; others from State government-agencies.

Many of the facts presented, he says, have never been obtained before, and some of them present a picture of pro-

hibition days which were even startling to himself.

FROM ORPHEUS TO PAUL, A History of Orphism, by Vittorio D. Macchioro. Illustrated. 262 pages. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$3.00.

DR. MACCHIORO, a curator of the Royal Museum of Naples and a professor in the University of Naples, has lived for years among the beautiful relics of the Orphic cults, and has become thoroughly acquainted with the literary sources of our information in this field. In "From Orpheus To Paul," containing the Schermerhorn Lectures in Religion which he delivered during the winter of 1929 at Columbia University, an account of what is known and what is imagined about this important phase of Greek mysticism is presented.

Especially interesting are the chapters that trace the merging of the Orphic cult into Christianity. All in all "From Orpheus to Paul" is a thoughtful and authoritative contribution to the study of the mythological origins of Christian theology.

J. GEORGE ADAMI, a Memoir, by Marie Adami. 179 pages. New York: Richard R. Smith, Inc. \$3.50.

THIS memoir of a man of many activities and broad activities will not only appeal to the diminishing band of his contemporaries and to his numerous pupils on both sides of the Atlantic, but will provide a permanent record of an exceptionally gifted leader in pathological and general education. For more than 20 years (1892-1914), J. G. Adami taught pathology in McGill University, Montreal, on new lines, namely by bringing the subject into close relation with other branches of science. In Canada he was an inspiring leader in the campaign against tuberculosis, his eloquence and literary charm making his enthusi-

asm all the more contagious.

All the aspects of a many-sided and charming personality are presented in detail in this appropriate memorial of a man who is rare among men.

SUNSET AND SUNRISE, and other poems, by Joseph B. Shadbolt. Boston: The Stratford Co. 50c.

UNDoubtedly the idea of placing before the public low-priced editions of some one poet's work is a good one. A reader cannot go wrong, for the book is of small enough price to enable him to throw it away if he does not like it after reading it, or if space in his apartment is too limited.

The poems contained in "Sunset and Sunrise" are orthodox—the type that appears when a contest is initiated for the most suitable poem commemorating some event. The subjects, too, have been written before, and in the same vein—mother love, death, glorious sunsets, allegory, etc., but of course, one cannot criticize a poet for his choice of theme. But the all-important matter of handling of the theme can be (and is, in this case) criticized.

OUR KNOWLEDGE OF OTHER MINDS, by W. Wylie Spencer. 145 pages. New Haven, Conn.: The Yale University Press. \$2.00.

MANY attempts have been made to solve the difficulty of demonstrating the existence of other minds. It is a basic question which has long puzzled philosophers. In this penetrating little volume, Dr. Spencer, a Professor of Philosophy at Yale University, attacks the problem afresh with a new argument and with a full sense of the importance of his subject. Back of his argument is the idea that the more complete our knowledge of the nature and activities of mind, the nearer we are to

proving the reality of other minds than our own; and the closer our individual relationships with other persons, the better we are able to know them as minds.

BAUDELAIRE: FLESH AND SPIRIT, by Lewis Piaget Shanks. 265 pages. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

WHEN the name of Charles Baudelaire is mentioned in literary discussions, the general opinion of him, based on his "Fleurs du Mal", is one of a sinister, unconventional and moral-defying French poet. Mr. Shanks, in his admirable biography of this famous (but little known as a personality) figure in literature, portrays him for what he was, "a sensitive and sentimental poet despite his struggle to hide his sentimentality beneath a mask."

Similar in many ways to the American poet, Edgar Allen Poe, his discovery of this, his spiritual brother whose career justified him, led to his translating the American's works into French, upon which, together with his "Fleurs du Mal" his fame chiefly rests.

Says the author in his preface: "His work has lived. Of all books of verse of the last century, it is 'Fleurs du Mal' which is most alive today. From it more than any other one book contemporary poetry descends, not only in France but also in England and America."

THE BULLS OF ROME, by Ludwig Huna, Translated from the German by Madge Pemberton, New York: Brewer & Warren. \$2.50.

"THE Bulls of Rome," a complete novel in itself, is the first of a trilogy concerning the Borgias, favorite subjects these days for novels of

dark and sinister doings. It presents the first of the infamous line: Rodrigo the Terrible, who, as Pope Alexander VI, established a reputation for corruption in a corrupt era. Its pages abound with the customary assassins and informers, adventurers and prostitutes, who play their parts against the backdrop of the times. Mr. Huna is well-known in Europe, having written several historical novels in the past.

COMES word to us from Italy that the latest work of Lauro de Bosis, "Icarus" (Milan, Alpes, 1930) has won the first and only prize for poetry at the recent Olympiad of Amsterdam.

Though de Bosis is famous throughout Italy for his translations of Sophocles and Aeschylus into Italian, which are generally accepted as about the best of their kind in Italy, this tragedy is his first attempt into creative poetry of his own. It is Greek in its construction and its modeling, but it cannot be confused with the classic works.

De Bosis, as the son of Italy's most ardent translator of Shelley grew up in an atmosphere of poetry, coming into contact with many figures in the realm of poetry. He holds a degree in chemistry, but early in his career he gave himself to the translating of great foreign works, especially the Greeks. He has even translated John Erskine and Thornton Wilder.

It is to be hoped that, fittingly enough, the works of de Bosis, at least "Icarus", will be translated into English, so that he may be made known to Americans, even as he has already made known to Italians the works of many Americans.

The Earthquake Region

NEW cities are beginning to show their modern outlines among the ruins of last month's stricken earthquake area in Italy, which took a heavy toll of lives and property. Melfi, Canosa, Villanova, Accadia, Montecalvo, Ariano, Lacedonia, Aquilonia, and many other centres have seen the beginning of the ambitious program by which the government will insure the lives of the Italian people of the regions in which in all modern times has lurked the menace of destruction.

From the Washington, D. C. headquarters of the National Geographic Society, comes information to the effect that Italy's recent earthquake was confined in its most destructive effects to the mountainous region known as the Apennines of Naples.

"Just north of Naples the mountain range that extends down the middle of the Italian peninsula loses its form of a definite ridge and breaks down into rather distinct mountain groups joined by cross ranges and elevated saddles. This area of elevated masses and deep defiles, where towns and villages perch on hilltops and cling to mountain slopes, has borne the brunt of the earth tremors. Farther to the east the tableland of Apulia has been shaken too, but not so disastrously.

Crowded City in Beautiful Setting

"Naples, situated where this broken section of the Apen-

nines slopes down to the Tyrrhenian Sea, and close to where Vesuvius has belched out cubic miles of lava, has been shaken severely as it has been many times before. The city is largely built of gray lava from Vesuvius and in its old part consists of low houses along dark, narrow streets and alleys. It is Italy's most populous community in one of the world's most beautiful settings.

"Vanosa, an inland town of 9,000 population which suffered damage, was the birthplace in 64 B. C. of Horace, best loved of Roman poets. There is buried Robert Guiscard, great Norman soldier-duke in the Church of St. Trinita, built by him in 1059.

"Melfi, another town in which the toll of life was large, lies near Venosa and under the pyramidal peaks of Monte Volturne which marks the southern extent of the Apennines of Naples. In Melfi Robert Guiscard set up his capital until he captured Salerno on the coast and made that town his headquarters. Melfi was practically wiped out of existence by an earthquake in 1851.

Tableland Once Sheep Pasture

"Foggia, farthest east of the towns to feel the marked force of the recent quake, lies near the Adriatic side of the peninsula. It is the capital of the great Apulian tableland that was once a huge sheep pasture, maintaining millions of the animals. The town is large (61,000) and with its low white houses, has a somewhat

oriental aspect. It was largely destroyed by an earthquake in 1731. The Apulian tableland that surrounds it has been called Italy's most dreary and barren area.

"Near-by is Lucera where Emperor Frederick II planted his famous Saracen mercenaries, 60,000 strong, in the first years of the thirteenth century. Frederick lived among these Moslems, dressed as 'the sultan of Lucera,' maintained a harem guarded by eunuchs, and used his Mohammedan forces in his struggles against the Christian soldiers of the Papacy.

One of Italy's Oldest Towns

"Benevento, where property was damaged and lives lost, is a thriving town, capital of the region between Foggia and Naples. It is finely situated on a mountain high above the Apian Way and its two rivers. There stands one of the most imposing of the triumphal arches outside Rome, erected to Trajan. It is one of the oldest of Italian towns and stood out against the Romans successfully until 276 B. C.

"Potenza, base of operations for some of the relief expeditions, was itself stricken by the recent tremors. It lies on a low saddle which cuts the Apennines and roughly marks the south-western limit of destruction. This town of 14,000 inhabitants was almost completely razed by the earthquake of 1857 which devastated the region of the Apennines of Naples."

Business Cycles

THE 1929-30 business decline has led many people to become interested in the phenomenon of business cycles. Business has swung through a number of great "cycles" with high peaks, as in 1881 or 1907, and deep troughs, as in 1897 or 1921. Since Civil War times there have been six complete "great cycles" and we now appear to be well toward the end of the seventh. These major swings, counting from low point to low point, were: 1865-78, 1878-85, 1885-97, 1897-1908, 1908-14, 1914-21, and 1921-(incomplete). The average length of these periods is between nine and ten years but there is no regularity, the range—so far—being from six to twelve years.

Next it will be noticed that each of these great swings has been divided into two to four minor cycles, averaging roughly three and one-half years in length. Thus from 1897 to 1908 there were three minor swings: 1897-1900, 1900-04, 1904-08; possibly even these periods might be broken in two, as 1904-06, 1906-08. In the current economic era, beginning in 1921, three definite periods can be traced: 1921-24, 1924-27, and 1927-30.

The nature and causes of these "cycles" are in dispute. It is often denied, even, that there is a business cycle. And, strictly speaking, the somewhat regular fluctuations above described are not cycles in the

scientific sense. A true cycle—like the swing of a pendulum, the ebb and flow of the tide or the flight of a comet around its unchanging orbit—is the resultant of the interplay of two or more forces. These forces may be isolated, defined and precisely measured. The same forces are always operative, their intensity is constant, the time period consumed in the cycle is fixed. Once its equation is solved the cycle is known and its recurrence can be foretold with mathematical certainty for indefinite periods in advance.

It is not so with the business "cycle." The "forces" are not physical forces (the meticulous might even dispute the use of the word). They are social forces, and we have no instruments for their exact measurement. The forces are multifarious and not all of them are discoverable by any sure method. They vary in intensity: wax, wane, and die out. The dominant forces of one cycle may play a minor role in the next.

At bottom there is perhaps just one valid reason why we have had, as far back as statistical records go, and always will have something resembling cycles in business. This reason is simply that human beings will never be able to make any set of economic machinery operate smoothly at all times. Prosperity will always generate weaknesses and abuses—

extravagance, over-speculation, graft and despoliation. Periods of depression will see these evils abated and foundations laid for a new advance.

The direct, active, causes of a business expansion and subsequent decline—as previously stated—baffle complete analysis. Yet some two or three influences stand out as dominating the major, or great, cycles of the past. These are (1) unusual accretions to the monetary gold stock; (2) opening up of vast new resources; (3) epochal improvements in industrial or financial technique.

The minor, three and one-half year cycles, which play about the path of the great cycles are the reflection of variations in the intensity of the major forces and of operation of many minor forces. Since 1921, for instance, they have coincided substantially with the fluctuations of the motor industry as it alternately expanded sales through the appeal of new models, lower prices and deferred payments; glutted its markets; then, was forced to await the appearance of a new crop of customers or of repeat orders from old ones.

The 1929-30 decline, however, has been more basic in character following a reduction in the monetary gold stock, the culmination of the building boom, marked over-expansion of automobile plants and definite approach to saturation in motor car markets.

and teaching of children, which fitted me as a prospective home-maker.

As a busy housewife and mother I avail myself of the unequalled educational facilities offered by our libraries, museums and beautiful parks. I find time to be an active member of our church. When possible, I help in the teaching of catechism to our parish children. I took vocal culture lessons to become a choir-singer, and piano lessons to superintend my boy's music. I read to illiterate neighbors and find pleasure in reading good stories to boys not fortunate enough to have their mothers do so. I make it my duty to help Americanize foreigners. Through the afore-mentioned sources I have learned to evaluate myself and others, my outlook on life has become broadened, and life itself made more appreciable and useful.

As a change from the movies, I attend an occasional opera or concert. I

go to the lectures offered by the Italian Historical Society to further learn about the beauties and culture of Italy, the native land of my parents. I gratefully accept invitations for parents' open-school week; for I am deeply interested in anything connected with the schools, and make it my business also to go to their entertainments and art exhibits.

As parents, we should be more interested in schools and co-operate wherever possible. We cannot delegate all obligations toward our children to the teachers. We should visit the schools, observe the modern methods and study our children's reactions towards their surroundings. A more fully developed Parent-Teachers' Organization would be a great help to this community.

I sought a means to further my education whenever need arose. After my first sick-tending experience, I resorted

to medical books and a Baby Health Station and have become practically proficient enough to co-operate with a doctor. Our evening high schools have offered me opportunities in sewing and language courses. Lately, I have joined a mothers' group to discuss the problems of child care, the practical side, facts and theories. My future aspirations are: Home economics, home decoration and clay modeling.

Therefore, I firmly believe in this new parent-education movement. We must keep pace with the new generation and try to meet its requirements. As social standards have changed, we need enlightenment on our numerous responsibilities.

This contest should awaken parents to new expectations and they should respond to educational opportunities. Thanks are due to institutions working for our welfare. Here's to their success.

The Chicago Tribune Falls From Its Olympus

By Giovanni Schiavo

To the Editor of ATLANTICA:

Chicago Italians upon whom "the greatest newspaper in the world" has so often vented its malevolence and prejudice, will find the following editorial, appearing in the August 7, 1930, issue of the "Christian Advocate, Northwestern Edition" somewhat impressive of their feelings on the self-proclaimed infallibility of the Chicago "Tribune."

(While ATLANTICA does not share the views of the "Christian Advocate" regarding such problems as prohibition, it considers the editorial reprinted below a vindication for Chicago Italians, who are often made the scapegoat for the corruption and inefficiency of local politicians and the easy target of the prejudices of ignorant xenophobs.)

The Chicago Tribune is a great paper. It would be still greater if it had left to others the hymning of its greatness. Its credo has been backed by its own claims of courage, super patriotism and a wisdom practically omniscient.

But just now the Tribune is not boasting. It is eating humble pie.

Recently the Tribune printed a long and most carefully prepared review of the Lingle case, written by one of its star men, Philip Kinsley.

In the closing sections of the Kinsley article there are admissions little less than phenomenally abject. Remember that they are made by the "World's Greatest Newspaper."

These are the amazing admissions:

To date no other employee of the Tribune has been found to be culpable with Lingle, or with other criminal or dishonorable pursuits. It is also stated that no one has yet been found to say that Lingle was known by any person

connected with the Tribune, before he was murdered, to have been dishonest.

The facts concerning Lingle, his large deposits of money, his stock market gambling and horse race betting, his expenditures of money, and what could be learned concerning the source of the money he obtained, have all been produced and made public by Mr. Rathbun through State's Attorney Swanson.

[Mr. Rathbun is the Tribune's own attorney, assigned to this investigation after Lingle was killed.]

Naturally, since this statement is part of a formal review of the whole case, it is to be accepted as intended to have the meaning which in fact, though with strange clumsiness, it conveys.

Consider the implications of what is quoted above. Here was a \$65 a week reporter, going about in high-priced cars, building a summer home, enjoying long and expensive vacations, one day needing large sums of money and the next having more cash on hand than the average millionaire finds it wise to keep within reach. He wrote little or nothing for his paper, and his telephoned stuff was insignificant in quantity and importance.

And now the whole Tribune staff in effect declares—and one must believe the declaration—that "nobody has been found to say that Lingle was known by any person connected with the Tribune to have been dishonest."

It is a magnificent tribute to the organization's simple-minded innocence; but what a devastating show it makes of that same organization's intelligence!

Among the hundreds of persons in the paper's employ not one had any knowledge of the facts about Lingle, one of its own family circle, though the

facts were fairly clamoring to be noticed.

A major scandal had been developing for months, right under the noses of these Tribune employees. When the fatal shot was fired, they spoke in hushed accents of Jake Lingle as a martyr to his profession. Apparently they had not been struck by his unexplained prosperity, his potent under-cover influence, and his continued holding of a job in which he actually earned less than the unimportant salary he drew.

For years the Tribune has been asking its readers to give unlimited faith and credit to the contents of its pages. It has always put the highest valuation on its own discernment and sound judgment. Part of its appeal for patronage has been: the Tribune knows.

But now we have from the Tribune a revised valuation of itself—revised in the light of an unhappy and revealing experience. It admits that in a situation where its own honor was deeply involved it was not observant, not disturbed by facts that should have troubled it, and that but for a sensational murder the unhappy truth about its own man would still have evaded its notice.

In a word, it now admits that it can be grievously mistaken.

Suppose that such a paper had been able to defeat the London Naval Treaty. Suppose it had convinced a great constituency that the Prohibition Amendment ought to be repealed. Suppose it had brought on, less than five years ago, a serious clash with Mexico. Suppose it should defeat American entry into the World Court. Suppose it should accomplish the silencing of the churches on moral issues.

Concerning Colonel Vigo

WE have received so many requests for additional information concerning Colonel Francis Vigo, whose invaluable aid helped George Rogers Clark conquer the Northwest for the United States, that it has been difficult to answer each individual letter. The article by Mr. Giovanni Schiavo, "Colonel Vigo's Contribution to the Winning of the Northwest," which appeared in the March issue of *ATLANTICA*, and was widely reprinted and discussed, can be supplemented by those interested, by the consultation of the following material, which Mr. Schiavo has graciously let us use from his files:

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Winners In Atlantica's Letter Contest

As Announced in the July Issue

FIRST PRIZE OF \$10

To the Editor of ATLANTICA:

One thing ATLANTICA is doing steadily, and which I think is extremely commendable, is to have an article in every issue on some little known Italian who has had an enormous part to play in the upbuilding of America. The articles of Mr. Schiavo and Mr. Marolla have opened the eyes of many Italians. Little did they know previously how important Italians have been to America.

Going back as far as the March number, with its article on the indispensable role of Colonel Vigo in George Rogers Clark's conquest of the Northwest, there has been an article of this kind in every issue, and to me, they are the most important and the most interesting that a magazine of the type of ATLANTICA could have. Then there are the others: General Francis B. Spinola; Father Joseph M. Cataldo; Antonio Gallenga and Father Giuseppe Rosati, the first Bishop of St. Louis. These men were all the subjects of individual biographical articles.

Yet it seems to me that there are Italians in this country right now who are almost as important and as powerful as the men referred to above. It would be a fine thing for ATLANTICA if it were to have articles about the strides taken by Italians in the last few years in business, finance, politics and art. Certainly there is enough subject matter to draw upon.

Then, too, it seems to me that Italy, as such, does not receive sufficient attention in the pages of your magazine. Why not comment editorially on Italian affairs, as you now do, more or less, on Italian-American affairs? Many Italian-American youths in this country tend to be ignorant of what is going on in the country of their ancestors, because of lack of reading material on the subject. If ATLANTICA reaches this younger generation (and I know it does) it would do well to keep before them the glory and the worth of their ancestry.

Paul Bruno
Camden, N. J.

SECOND PRIZE OF \$5

To the Editor of ATLANTICA:

9/30
There is no more important and useful section in ATLANTICA than that called "The Italians in the United States." Long have I felt the need of actual instances of the progress of the Italian race in this country, with which to confront those who shake their heads whenever they happen to come across a crime report with an Italian name contained therein, and who say something to the effect (what utter ignorance!) that immigration laws are a good thing and should be made more severe, to keep out these "unwelcome" elements in the American population.

The sober and conscientious Italian, which is to say, of course, the average Italian, knows quite well that the reputation of the whole Italian race is jeopardized by the appearance of in-

dividual Italian names in crime reports. But the assertion on this part of the comparative rarity of these occurrences is meaningless unless backed up by actual instances. This is where your admirable section comes in. I have already shown it to a number of my friends without any further explanation, and I can honestly say that they now have a new respect for me and my priceless heritage of Italianity.

Then, too, I myself had no idea of the extent to which the members of my race had penetrated into all fields of American life. It fills me with justifiable pride, besides keeping me acquainted with activities with which all Italians should be familiar. I think every Italian in the United States should have a copy of ATLANTICA on his parlor table. At any rate, it is priceless to me, and "Keep up the good work" is my earnest suggestion.

Miss L. Agoglia
Copiague, Long Island.

THE FOLLOWING 3 LETTERS RECEIVE A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO ATLANTICA

To the Editor of ATLANTICA:

"The policy of ATLANTICA is to keep the cultured, discriminating reader informed with timely and authoritative articles on the more important events of the day." The July issue of your esteemed publication proved to me that the articles published are in keeping with the policy you place before your faithful readers.

However, there was one article entitled, "Italy's Grievances. Toward France" by Dominick Lamonica, which, in my opinion, was the most timely, interesting and authoritative article yet published by ATLANTICA.

Mr. Lamonica, speaking on the importance of the question says, "The attention of the whole world has been brought to bear on the strained relations between Italy and France, a rivalry which touches on many spheres."

And then he goes on to explain his contentions in a most unbiased and calm manner. It is truly one article that I have read with the utmost pleasure and edification.

From the very outset Mr. Lamonica holds the reader's interest and he keeps it to the very end.

Just what are the grievances between Italy and France? Just what is causing Mussolini to come out so openly in his denunciations of the enterprises of some of the neighboring countries? What is it that is making editorial writers of some of our American dailies say of Mussolini that his speeches are "warlike"?

And the reader reads on and on, absorbed in the minutest details of the great question. The informative character of the article is such that the reader is capable of discussing this vital question with his friends should the occasion for argument arise.

Mr. Lamonica's article was interesting

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

in that he manipulated subject matter in such a way as to make it comprehensive in its entirety. Timely, insofar as it is the question, the one vital question, which has European politics in a tangle from which it seemingly cannot emerge without serious consequences. Authoritative, in that it presents facts—the truth—the all-important qualification which stamps a publication as trustworthy.

These, in brief are my reasons for choosing this article as the most interesting in the July issue of ATLANTICA.

Dominick J. Unsino
English Editor, La Follia di New York.

To the Editor of ATLANTICA:

There is something about ATLANTICA which no other attempt at an Italian-American magazine has been able to accomplish. That is the cultured standard of its articles and departments. It assumes, not without justification, that its readers are sufficiently educated and intelligent enough not to require bizarre page layouts or light, cheap trash such as is to be found in many American magazines. It places its emphasis on the worth of its articles and its writers, and not on eye-catching devices. And yet it is an attractive, tasteful publication, one which I display proudly on my waiting room table.

Merely by its higher standard ATLANTICA shows that its readers are also of good cultural calibre, thereby refuting the claims of cynics who believe that the number of cultured Italians in this country is small.

With articles like "Italy's Grievances Against France" and departments like that of "The Italians in the United States," ATLANTICA is a magazine that can compare in worth with Scribner's, Harper's and the Atlantic Monthly. That is my opinion.

Dr. Antonio Magliozzi
Somerville, Mass.

To the Editor of ATLANTICA:

Undoubtedly the best article in the July issue of ATLANTICA was that by Mr. Lamonica, on the subject of "Italy's Grievances Against France." Much had been said in the American press about the matter, but invariably it was with a pro-French bias. America, it seems, knows France more than she knows Italy, and probably, too, it believes everything that the artful Briand says. The consequence is that Americans are informed on the reasons why France does things, but not Italy.

Mr. Lamonica clears up the matter. Without heat, calmly and dispassionately, he shows the reasons why Italy is unsatisfied with present conditions, why she is the only country to have emerged a victor from the War with her just claims unsatisfied, and why at present she is tending to align herself with the defeated and also unsatisfied countries of Europe.

If ATLANTICA continues to have articles of this sort, I, for one, will read it with pleasure every month.

Edmund Ingersoll,
New York

The Italians in the United States

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

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

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

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

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

READERS ARE INVITED TO SEND IN ITEMS OF REAL WORTH FOR POSSIBLE USE IN THESE COLUMNS. PHOTOGRAPHS WILL ALSO BE WELCOME.

Public Life

With the time for filing designating petitions with the Board of Elections for New York City having expired, among the candidates who are running for positions on their various party affiliations are the following Italians, 18 in number. (12 Republicans and 4 Democrats):

F. H. La Guardia, Republican candidate to succeed himself as Congressman from Manhattan's 20th Congressional District, who will be opposed by V. K. Auleta, Democrat, from the same District. Another Italian Congressional candidate is M. R. Matteo, Republican, of Manhattan's 13th Congressional District.

For the New York State Senate, James Virdone, of Brooklyn's 9th District, and Joseph H. Ruffolo, of the Bronx's 21st District, both of whom are Republicans, are also entered.

There are nine Italian candidates for State Assembly positions. Of the Democrats, there are J. V. Mangano, of Brooklyn's 8th Assembly District, and J. G. Ambro, of the same borough's 19th District. The Italian Republican candidates for the Assembly are M. Romagnano, of Manhattan's 12th Assembly District; V. J. Tirabasso, of the Bronx's 1st Assembly District; Peter Ullo, John Gallo, Fred De Piano and Vincent P. Musso, of Brooklyn's 8th, 13th, 14th, and 19th Assembly Districts, respectively; and Anthony Corinna, of Queen's 1st Assembly District.

Then there are J. F. Caponigri, Democrat, of New York County's 6th District, who is running for Municipal Court Justice; and Leonard A. Galante, Republican, running for Alderman in the same county's 1st District.

Among the Socialist candidates there are Domenico Saudino, running for Congress in Manhattan's 13th Congressional District; and Joseph F. Viola, running for the State Assembly in Brooklyn's 17th Assembly District.

The town of Roseto, in Northampton County, Pennsylvania, can boast of being the only one in America whose popu-

lation is 100% Italian. And what is also remarkable, is the fact that the entire population of the town has either migrated from Roseto, a village of the same name in Italy, or is composed of children of these immigrants.

The entire administration of the town is in the hands of Italians—the Chief Burgess, the Community Councillors, the Justices of the Peace, the Police Department Chief and his subordinates, the School Director and the Board of Education, the Tax Assessor, etc.

The language most often spoken in the streets of the town is, of course, Italian, and no interpreters are needed in the courts, for judges, prosecutors, plaintiffs, defendants and witnesses all know and use the Italian language. The town also has a weekly paper of its own, "La Stella de Roseto" (The Roseto Star).

The Loyal Labor Legion of New York last month held its Grand Festeggiamento aboard the steamer Roma for the benefit of the Casa del Soldato de Roma. The affair was attended by Nobile Giacomo de Martino, Italian Ambassador to the United States, and Emanuele Grazi, Italian Consul General in New York. The Casa, an edifice in Rome, is to be erected at a cost of 1,000,000 lire in memory of the soldier dead of Italy. A special marble tablet will be placed in its wall to carry the names of New Yorkers who have aided the enterprises.

Dr. Arcangelo Lira, of Rutherford, N. J., was recently appointed president of the New Jersey State Board of Medical Examiners.

Among the promotions recently announced by the United States State Department in its Foreign Service was that of Alfred T. Burri, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., who was promoted from Class VI (\$4,500) to Class V (\$5,000) and John J. Muccio, of Providence, R. I., promoted from Class VIII (\$3,500) to Class VII (\$4,000).

Atty. Michael A. Fredo of Arlington, Mass., has announced his candidacy for

the Republican nomination for Congress in the 8th Congressional District of that State, comprising Arlington, Winchester, Medford, Malden, Cambridge, Watertown, Belmont and Melrose. He is the first Italo-American to aspire for Congressional honors in that district.

Born in Italy on October 23, 1890, Mr. Fredo came to the United States at the age of six, settling with his parents in Brooklyn, N. Y., and afterward working his way through Boys' High School, New York Preparatory School, New York Law School and the George Washington University Law School.

Mr. Fredo is a World War veteran and is regarded as an authority on immigration cases. He is a member of the American Bar Association, the Massachusetts Law Society, the Social Law Library, and Assistant Grand Venerable of the Sons of Italy in Massachusetts, as well as a member of the Boston City Club.

His campaign will be based on two issues, the unemployment situation and the prohibition question.

Another announcement of a candidacy is that of Vincent Garro for the office of District Attorney for Suffolk County, Massachusetts. He has already been Assistant District Attorney for the same county. Mr. Garro received his law degree from Boston University in 1908.

Mr. Luigi De Pasquale, of Providence, R. I., at present Assistant Attorney General and head of the Democratic Party in his state, will be a candidate, in the coming elections, for the office of Vice-Governor of Rhode Island, his running mate for the Governorship on the Democratic slate being T. F. Green.

During the past month a meeting of the delegates of 25 Democratic Italian clubs took place at the Hotel Garde in New Haven, Conn., presided over by Mr. Angelo Paonessa, ex-Mayor of New Britain, Conn., and attended by Archibald McNeil, National Committeeman, and State Chairman James Walsh, to lay plans for the coming fall elections.

Judge Amadeo Bertini, president of Court of Assizes of New York County, left last month for a vacation in Italy with his family.

The first Italian to have become Assistant United States District Attorney was Gasper J. Liota, now a New York City Magistrate. Born in Italy in 1881, he was taken to this country in 1892, where, after studying in the schools, he received an LL. B. from the New York Law School in 1903 and was admitted to the Bar in the same year. It was in 1917 that, after a successful law career, he became Assistant U. S. District Attorney, opening the way for the other Italians who are now Assistant District Attorneys in New York and Brooklyn. He was first appointed for his present position as City Magistrate by Mayor Hylan in 1921 for a period of 8 months, and then, in 1922, for the full period of ten years, which he is now serving.

In addition, Magistrate Liota has been a member of his local school board for two years, a County Committeeman, and a delegate for the Democratic Convention held in California which renominated Woodrow Wilson. He is also a member of the Brooklyn Elks, the Foresters of America, the Court of Garibaldi, and the Knights of Columbus.

Social Institutions

The Santa Maria Institute of Cincinnati, Ohio, reputed to be the largest Italian social center in the United States, recently commemorated the first anniversary of the death of one of its founders, Sister Justina.

The Massachusetts Grand Lodge of the Order of the Sons of Italy in America last month held its 18th Annual Convention in Salem, Mass. Over 160 delegates from the various lodges throughout the state presented their credentials to the committee in charge, presided over by Mr. Frank Abbadessa.

Mayor G. J. Bates of Salem spoke at the opening meeting, welcoming the delegates, and this was followed by a parade of over 3000 members of the Order. A prize was awarded to the Giuseppe Mazzini lodge, headed by Mayor Andrew A. Casassa, of Revere, Mass., which had the greatest number of members present.

The members of the Lodge's executive committee are: Vincent Brogna, Grand Venerabile; Michael A. Fredo, Assistant Grand Venerabile; Judge Giuseppe E. Zottoli, ex-Grand Venerabile; Joseph Gorrasi; Nazzareno Toscano; Joseph Baresi; Federico De Francesco; Alexander J. Drinkwater; Mrs. Adelina Ricci; John J. Rocco; Alphonse J. Gagliolo; and Mrs. Margherita Pastelle.

The Society of Vittorio Emanuele III of New Haven, Conn., presided over by Vincent De Laurentis, last month held a banquet to celebrate the 25th anniversary of its founding.

The Italians of the St. Ambrose parish of Ironwood, Michigan are making a special drive for funds with which to purchase silver bells for the new Church. The drive is under the auspices of the Societa Piave.

One of the first of Binghamton's (N. Y.) Italian immigrants, Mr. Peter T. Campon, who came to this country in 1887, has been making a series of weekly luncheon speeches in his community tell-

ing of Italy's contributions to world civilization. In a recent lecture, his theme was a plea for greater understanding on the part of American citizens for his countrymen. In another, before the local Rotary Club, one of his sentences was significant: "We never hear of an Italian being ridiculed by any American who lives on a high mental plane." Concrete evidence was offered by Mr. Campon to substantiate his statement that the great majority of Italians in this country are sober, industrious and loyal citizens.

Previous to his departure for Italy for a brief vacation, the Italian Consul General in Chicago, Mr. Giuseppe Cas-truccio, was the guest of honor at a banquet given by Messrs. Costantino Vitello and Pietro Maggiore, who offered the



MICHAEL A. FREDO

financial assistance of the Italo-American National Union for the earthquake victims of Italy up to the sum of 100,000 lire.

The Rev. Father Pietro Michetti, founder and pastor for many years of the church of San Donato of West Philadelphia, has been named a member of the chapter of the Basilica di San Pietro in Vaticano, by order of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI.

Business, Professions, Finance

The annual report of the Transamerica Corporation, the world's largest bank-holding company, founded by A. P. Giannini, issued last month to its 185,000 stockholders shows that its assets totaled \$1,167,116,000 at the end of its fiscal year. Its consolidated net profit for 1929 was \$67,316,000, equivalent to \$3 a share on stock outstanding on Dec. 31.

At about the same time, the listing of the stock of the Transamerica Corporation on the New York Stock Exchange, as requested by the corporation, was approved by the Board of Governors of the Exchange. The ruling applies to approximately 24,800,000 shares of Transamerica stock, with a par value of about

\$25 each. Only five other corporations have listed on the Exchange a volume of shares in excess of 20 millions.

A. P. Giannini himself, chairman of the board, recently arrived in New York from Europe, and set a record for fast travel between Europe and San Francisco, getting there a week after having left Cherbourg.

The Italian Stores Corporation, of Philadelphia, Pa., recently opened its 21st store in that city. Mr. Peter Campanella is president of the corporation, and it was only two years ago that he began his chain store enterprise. The stores deal in foods and groceries.

The Alba Grape and Fruit Company of San Francisco, founded 20 years ago by Alexander L. Podesto, who recently died while on a business trip to New York, has recently bought 310 more acres of cultivated land for \$250,000, from the Eastern Fruit Co. whose president is Mr. Fred Ferrugiario. This purchase brings the company's total land holdings in the San Joaquin Valley to more than 1800 acres, making it one of the largest companies of its kind in California. With the death of Mr. Podesto, the leadership of the company probably will devolve upon Mr. Dante Forresti, intimate friend and partner of the late president.

The Italian-American Business Men's Association of Bronx County has recently made public the report of its activities in the past year, together with plans for the coming year. Comm. Emanuele Grazi, Italian Consul General in New York, has been elected Honorary President of the Association.

The Niagara National Bank of Buffalo was recently established at Niagara and Hudson streets of that city. Their new building was designed by the Italian architect Pasquale Cimini and built by the Italian contractors Bellanca and Sorgi. The officers of the new bank are as follows: Carmelo Gugino, chairman of the Board of Directors; Charles J. Martina, President; August Lascola and Carl W. Wenger, Vice-Presidents; and Milford H. Whitmer, cashier.

Dr. Cono Ciuffia, of Chicago, who for the past two years has been Surgical Director of the Buffalo City Hospital, has been appointed as Professor of Surgery at the Medical School of Northwestern University in Chicago.

Dr. Frank W. D'Andrea of New Haven, Conn., has been appointed Director of the Stamford (Conn.) Hospital. Dr. D'Andrea was born and bred in New Haven, having made his studies at Yale University. He is 24 years old.

The Brunswick Clinic, of Jersey City, N. J., a hospital organized under Italian guidance, was recently opened. At its head are Drs. A. Cervone, G. D'Amico, Nicholo Arena and A. Roberticello.

The Italian Gardeners' Association of Stockton, California, recently celebrated the 28th anniversary of its founding.

For the construction of the new Fairfield State Hospital to be built at Newtown, Conn., the Abbadessa Brothers, well known New Haven contractors, submitted the lowest offer, the sum of \$870,000. The firm of Abbadessa Bros.

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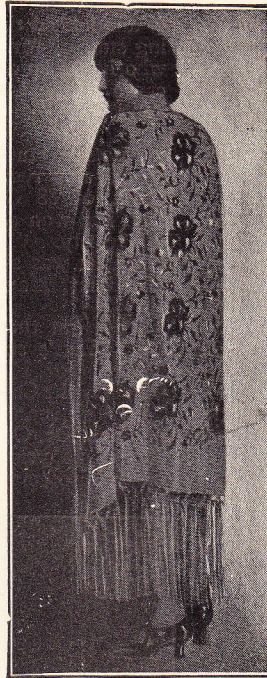
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Recently the seventh anniversary of the founding of Chicago's only Italian life insurance company was celebrated. The Modern Life and Insurance Co., of 51 Milwaukee Avenue, Chicago, has assets totaling \$6,134,000. Mr. Ralph Manno is its founder and president.

Dr. Pasquale Conca of Providence, R. I., was elected president of the Malpighi Medical Club, which is composed of Italian-American doctors of Rhode Island, at a recent banquet of the organization. Prof. Alfonso De Salvio of Brown University was the principal speaker of the evening.

Mr. Antonio Cavalli, secretary of the Queens North Shore Chamber of Commerce in New York City, was recently appointed regional director for the improvement of Queensboro. He succeeds to the office left vacant by the resignation of Mr. Clarence M. Lows, president of the Chamber of Commerce.

Education and Culture

The founder of the city of Buffalo was an Italian by the name of Paoli Busti, according to the researches of Mr. Ferdinando Magnani, which have been conducted over a long period of time, and whose evidence is well documented.

The eminent Italian writer and critic, Prof. Emilio Cecchi, recently arrived in New York on his way to the University of Berkeley, California, where he was invited to deliver a course in the history of Italian art. From California Prof. Cecchi will go to Mexico, where he has been invited by the University of Mexico City to conduct a course in art and literature.

Professor Enrico De Negri, of the University of Rome, gave a lecture last month at the Casa Italiana on "The Lyrical Motive in the Poetry of Gabriele D'Annunzio." Professor De Negri has conducted a course in Italian literature at Columbia University during the past summer.

Five Italian high school girl graduates of New York City have received the gold medal award of the Girls' Branch of the Public Schools Athletic League, for having participated in after-school athletics during their entire high school course. They are the following: Miss Lucia Formentali, of Evander Childs; Miss Ida Lamparelli and Miss Rose Colosimo, of James Monroe; Miss Liberta Costa, of Bushwick; and Miss Fulvia Mombello, of Newtown.

Among the recent graduates from Hunter College was Miss Linda Allegri, who won a scholarship for having obtained the highest honors in mathematics.

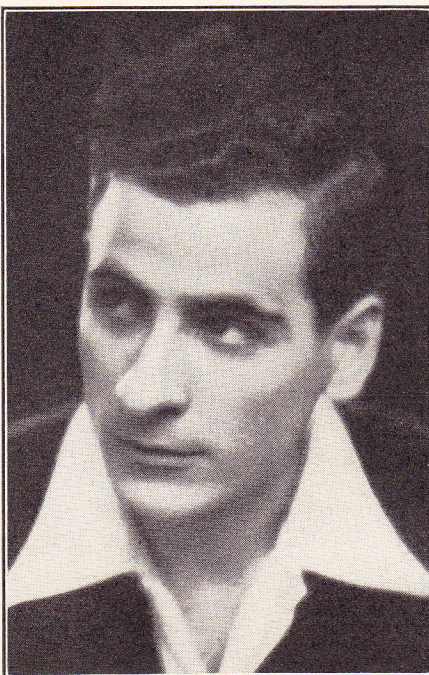
Mr. Giuseppe Quintavalle, who recently won a first prize gold medal for excellency in all his studies at St. Regis High School, has now won, in competition with other students, a scholarship for Fordham University.

Mr. Frank V. Itri, of Brooklyn, N. Y., recently won a first prize gold medal at St. John's College, where he is studying, for highest efficiency in all his subjects.

The Regents of the University of Washington, in Seattle, Wash., recently announced the addition to their teaching staff of Mr. Piero Orsatti, the tenor, who has been appointed professor of bel canto in the University's Department of Arts.

Another student to win a university scholarship recently was Mr. Nicholas Sano, of 58 Church St., Lynn, Mass., who has won a scholarship for Harvard University. When Mr. Sano received the news, he was at the C. M. T. C. at Fort McKinley, Maine, for the summer.

The first three volumes of Dr. Richard Offner's scholarly and authoritative "Corpus of Florentine Painting," published by the College of Fine Arts of New York University, will appear late this autumn. Dr. Offner began his Florentine studies 16 years ago, and the complete work is to comprise 30 volumes.



SEVERO ANTONELLI

Miss Galanti of Bloomfield, N. J., who last year won a popularity contest conducted by the New Jersey Italo-American, was recently awarded the first prize offered by the Italian-American Republican Club of Bloomfield for high marks in the study of Italian. Second prize was awarded to Miss Lena De Gennaro.

Fine Arts

Maestro Edoardo Sacerdote, of Chicago, has been appointed as one of the directors of the Chicago Conservatory of Music. Born in Turin, Italy, Mr. Sacerdote has been in this country for many years. He has been Assistant Director of the Chicago Civic Opera Orchestra, and for many years has directed the vocal school of the Chicago Conservatory of Music.

A new Italian opera entitled "L'Amore di Madre", written by two well-known Italians, will have its world premiere at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, in October. The libretto of the

opera has been written by Florio Mancini, noted Italian lyric poet, and the music by Maestro Carlo Nicosia, celebrated musical director and instructor.

Severo Antonelli, the noted artist-photographer of Philadelphia, recently held an exhibition of his prize-winning prints at the Photographic Guild of Philadelphia. At the private view he gave a lecture on photography and also discussed his photographs, giving information on his selection and arrangements of subjects, his manner of working and methods of obtaining the desired results.

Mr. Antonelli was recently awarded a Silver Medal at the Fourth International Photographic Salon of Tokyo, Japan. In competition with three hundred photographers, coming from different parts of the world, Antonelli's meritorious prints, which included pictorial, portrait and illustrative studies, were selected for the honorable award.

Last fall, in competition with a group of some two hundred exhibitors at the Third International Salon of Antwerp, Belgium, the young photographer was awarded their first prize gold medal in a field that contained over eight hundred pictures.

Michael Visaggio of Textile High School, Manhattan, and Maurice Zuberano, of Newtown High School, Queens, were two of the winners recently of art scholarships awarded by the School Art League at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The scholarships each provide for one year of study at either the New York School of Fine and Applied Art, or Pratt Institute.

From newspapers from Rome comes the information that the young Italian-American sculptor, Archimede Giacomantonio, was highly successful at the recent Exhibition of Young Artists, in which he was represented by four of his works, one in marble, another in terra cotta, and two in bronze. His Majesty the King of Italy was one of those who attended the exhibition and admired the works of Giacomantonio, whose parents live at 514 Jersey Avenue, Jersey City.

Acquisition of four plays by Luigi Pirandello, Italian dramatist, was announced last month by the Shubert office. The plays were secured by J. J. Shubert, who returned from a trip abroad last week. He met Pirandello in Paris.

Two of the Pirandello plays are completed and two are in the process of being written. The pair already finished, the English titles of which are "Tonight We Improvise" and "As You Want Me," will probably be produced here this season. The production date of the others depends upon the length of time required for their completion. Their titles are given as "The Giants of the Mountain" and "When You Are Somebody."

"Tonight We Improvise" uses a "planted audience" of actors to heighten its impression of extemporaneousness and causes them to voice their discontent with the performance.

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A slightly-built youngster weighing not more than a hundred pounds, but capable of driving a golf ball much further

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Specialità Italiane

than many of double his weight, Willie Turnesa, 15-year-old Fairview caddie, won the annual Westchester caddie championship at the Leewood Golf Club of Tuckahoe, N. Y., last month.

Young Turnesa, who is one of seven brothers, the most noted of whom is Joe, professional at the Elmsford Club and runner-up to Bobby Jones in the Open Championship at Scioto in 1926, led the field with a score of 156. His morning score of 73, only two above par, gave him a lead of three strokes in the field.

P. Delmarco, of Ardsley, finished second, one stroke behind, while Stanley Bielat, of Dunwoodie, was third. Those three, with C. Puccino, of Oak Ridge; N. Jones, of Rye; Joe Stasionis, of Leewood; A. Castaldo, of Mount Kisco and John Skibik, of Leewood, make up the Westchester team in the metropolitan caddie championship.

Baroness Giacomo Giorgio Levi of Rome, four times Roman champion and the second ranking woman player of Italy, won a hard tennis battle recently and gained the third round of the Eastern grass court championship at the Westchester Country Club in Rye yesterday, at the expense of Ethel Burkardt, of San Francisco, the eighth ranking player of the United States.

Signor Carraciola, famous Italian driver of a German Mercedes, recently won the second Irish international motor grand prix from nineteen cars representing four nations on the Phoenix Park course, of Dublin, which rain made very dangerous. Signor Campari was second.

On one occasion Signor Carraciola's car flashed past the stands at nearly 130 miles an hour and it was announced that he had covered the lap in the fastest time ever attained over the course, his average speed being 90.8 miles an hour.

Frankie Genaro, recognized by the National Boxing Association as the fly-weight champion of the world, recently defeated Willie La Morte in a ten-round bout at Dreamland Park, Newark, fighting before a crowd of 8,000 persons. Genaro emerged with the victory after a fast struggle, which provided many exciting moments.

Christopher (Bat) Battalino, of Hartford, Conn., who holds the world's feather-weight championship, recently knocked out Ignacio Fernandez, rugged Filipino fighter, in the fifth round of their scheduled fifteen-round championship struggle in Hurley Stadium, Hartford, and retained his title.

Battalino crushed Fernandez in defeat with a left and right to the jaw to end a bout in which the challenger was at no time equal in ability to the titleholder. Fernandez was counted out prostrate, lying flat on his back near a neutral corner.

Italian Joe Gans, of South Brooklyn, once a formidable and feared middle-

weight, but now past his heyday, was recently the guest of honor at a banquet for old times' sake given at the Shore Inn of Golden City Park, Carnarsie, by his old friends and admirers, including Humbert J. Fugazy, the Italian boxing promoter, Jess McMahan, Tony Martello, and Kid Chocolate.

Arthur Angelo of 108 Edward Street, New Haven, took second place at the athletic events recently held in Bremen, Germany. Mr. Angelo, who is 27, represented the United States. On his return to this country, the National Gymnastic Association gave a banquet in his honor, at which it presented him with a trophy.

Mr. Angelo has won many prizes for his gymnastic prowess, and next year he is going to Bremen again, this time, to win the first prize.

Miss Evelina Ferrara of Chicago won the first prize gold medal recently at the national athletic meet for women at Dallas, Texas. Miss Ferrara won over more than 72 competitors from 20 states.

Miscellaneous

The *Boston Traveler*, in connection with the earthquake in Italy, July 23, issued a special Italian edition whose front page carried the United Press story of the disaster in both English and Italian. Copies of this edition were rushed to the Italian colonies of Greater Boston.

Highlights in the Italian earthquake stories were also printed in the Italian language in the *Albany (N. Y.) Times-Union*. Wire bulletins, condensed by a staff writer, were translated by the pastor of an Italian church in the city. The translations were carried at the bottom of the first page in all editions.

An average of more than \$230,000,000 is remitted to the home countries by immigrants in the United States every year according to the League of Nations experts making a survey of the situation. The \$99,000,000 contribution of the Italian immigrants to this total is 33% less than it was five years ago.

Dr. Frank Mongillo, of New Haven, commander of Post 47 of the American Legion, has been promoted to the position of First Lieutenant in the Medical Reserve Corps. Dr. Mongillo, a graduate of Yale's medical school, is also a war veteran, and a member of several fraternities.

According to the recent census, the number of Italians in New Haven has grown to the figure of 70,000, which is almost half of New Haven's total of 162,612 inhabitants.

Assistant District Attorney Joseph A. Scolponetti, of Boston, was recently the principal speaker during the Catholic Truth period over Station WNAC. His

subject was Dante, whose spirit he said still lives, and whose teachings dominate the world.

"A poet, a seer, an educator, the genius of the 13th century and the inspiration of all succeeding years, he made peace with his God in the year 1321", said Mr. Scolponetti.

Dr. Leopoldo Vaccaro, well-known surgeon of Philadelphia, and a member of the teaching staff of the University of Pennsylvania, has returned from a trip across the United States, which he undertook partly for rest and pleasure and partly for the purpose of studying the country's different regions.

The *New Haven Times*, in a recent special number, spoke at length of the Italian colony in that city, from the days when, in 1872, there were hardly a hundred Italians in that city, to the present, with its 70,000 Italians. In 1880 the Italians of that city, about 500 in number, were mostly employed with Sargent & Co. The dean of the Italians in New Haven, Mr. Paolo Russo, who came to that city in 1872, was well spoken of, as were also Dr. William F. Verdi, director of St. Raphael's Hospital, and instructor in Yale University's Medical School, and Mr. S. Z. Poli, multimillionaire and former theatrical magnate.

The Theater of the Nations, which had its official birth in Cleveland on Dec. 2, 1929, represented an undertaking that was unique in the history of this country.

Acting on the knowledge that for years each nationality in the city has fostered drama groups presenting worthwhile productions in their own tongues, the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* had the idea of bringing them all together, so that Americans might become familiar with the valuable contributions made by these nationality groups to the cultural life of the city and the country.

Expressions of approval were forthcoming from Cleveland's cultural and educational circles, and the total response was such that the *Plain Dealer* has announced that it will sponsor the Theater for a second series to begin on November 2, 1930.

Thirty-six nationalities were represented, 1289 people actively took part in the performances, and an attendance of 20,000 was recorded during the course of the series.

The last play in the series was the only to have an evening performance at the Public Music Hall, when, on May 25, the Italian Filo-Dramatic Club closed the series with "Tosca," by Victorien Sardou, in a new Italian version by S. Gianluigi. The proceeds of the play were devoted to the promotion of Italian art, music and the study of the native tongue. It was the first appearance of the Italian organization, but a permanent organization has now resulted.

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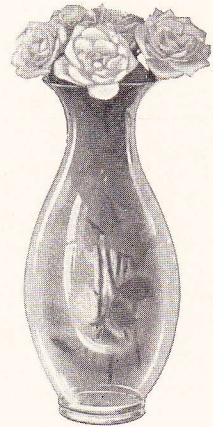
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