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ATLANTICA

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CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1933

La Guardia the Man... <i>Edward Corsi</i>	195
NRA and the Corporative State... <i>John A. Donato</i>	197
Americanization: Two Styles... <i>Anthony M. Turano</i>	199
The Era of Conferences is Dead!.....	201
"Ship Ahoy!" The Italian Cadets See New York... <i>Mary Iacovella</i>	203
The New Education in Italy... <i>Ernesto Codignola</i>	205
Felix Comes to See Me... <i>Giuseppe Cautela</i>	207
What of the Jews in Italy?... <i>Mario Soavi Decellys</i>	210
*Padre Topes, a short story... <i>Grazia Deledda</i>	213
Thirteenth Century Landmarks: Influence of Invasions on Italian Architecture... <i>Muriel Osti</i>	216
The Educational Horizon... <i>Peter Sammartino and Sylvia Scaramelli</i>	217
The Theatre and Cinema... <i>John A. Donato</i>	221
Italian and German Composers... <i>John Lione</i>	223
The Lure of Travel.....	224
Italian Eighteenth Century Design Returns.....	226
Our Feminine Gallery.....	228
The Italians in North America.....	230
Things Italian in American Periodicals, a Bibliography.....	233
Atlantica in Italiano.....	234

*Asterisk denotes that article appears also in Italian in the section "Atlantica in Italiano."

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Comments on the Contents

No introduction is needed for Hon. **Edward Corsi**, lawyer and newspaperman, erstwhile director of Harlem House and recently confirmed in a Republican appointment by the present Democratic Administration at Washington. A close friend of Major La Guardia, he now presides over Ellis Island as Commissioner of Immigration and Naturalization.

The name of **Anthony M. Turano**, besides having appeared before in "Atlantica," has been seen some seven times in "The American Mercury" and once in "Forum," both of them nationally eminent magazines. A practicing lawyer in Reno, Nevada, Mr. Turano is also the author of "Marriage and Divorce" (Little Blue Book No. 1461).

For details concerning **Ernesto Codignola**, the reader may turn to Page 205, where a preface will introduce him to both the subject and the man.

Jewry in Italy and its history is set forth by **Mario Soavi Decellys**, an Italian-American newspaperman for the past fifteen years and at present City Editor of the newly-organized daily, "La Tribuna" of New York.

Grazia Deledda, whose short story is reproduced in this issue in both the original Italian and in a translation by Mrs. E. Lenore Shaw, of Hastings-on-Hudson, is internationally known as having won the Nobel Prize for Literature a few years back with her novel "The Mother."

An admirer of things Italian, and married to an Italian, **Muriel Osti** is an American and has lived for some time in Italy. She is a free-lance writer who has written extensively for American magazines.

Friend of Gigli, Schipa and other renowned opera singers, **John Lione** is the former director of the Columbia Opera Company, which flourished from about 1925 to 1927 in New York City. He has also staged a number of benefit performances and has contributed to the magazine "Music and Musicians."

As for the other contributors in this issue, such as **John A. Donato**, **Giuseppe Cautela**, **Mary Iacovella** and others, they are already familiar to our readers.

In addition to the regular features, a number of new departments, the reader will notice, have been begun, including **The Lure of Travel**, **The Feminine Gallery**, and sections on **Music**, and **Arts and Decoration**.

The New Books

NOTEBOOK OF NOTHING, by Dina Ferri. 145 pages. Translated from the Italian by Josephine Robins and Harriet Reid. Boston: Bruce Humphries, Inc. \$2.

That such lovely bits of prose and poetry could be written by a girl so young, so untaught and so inexperienced as Dina Ferri was, is certain proof that they came straight from the heart of a natural poet.

After reading a number of these "fragments" it occurs to one that the themes and phrases are singularly repetitive. The trees, birds, flowers, home and flocks, these are her subjects. But when one realizes that Dina Ferri's life was that of a poor shepherdess, that her simple life's philosophy was culled from hours of quiet contemplation of nature while she tended the sheep, one is amazed and moved by her penetration and minute observations. It brings to mind the fact that travel and worldly experiences are not necessary to arrive at profound truths, and her simple language is as eloquent as that of any learned man. Uninstructed in the art of metrical composition, her poetry is spontaneous and lyrical. It expresses joy seldom. She was acutely aware of human suffering and it distressed her. Consequently, most of her poems express sadness and question the reason for it.

Dina Ferri was born on September 29th, 1908, at Anqua, in the farm property known as Prativigne at Radicondoli in the province of Siena. A few years after her birth the family moved near Ciciano. Their house was a rude shepherd's cottage, but the surrounding country was of a noble and austere beauty. As a child Dina was sent up the mountains to pasture the sheep. Between nine and twelve years of age she passed through the first three elementary classes, and then once more tended the flocks. But her interest in studies had been awakened and she studied sometimes in secret with a companion, and always carried her notebook, in which she began to confide her thoughts. Thus while listening to the songs of birds, remaining for hours absorbed in contemplation of the fields and sky, she began to form verses and rhythms.

She never dreamed of becoming a poet. Her desire was to become a clever needlewoman and to help her mother around the house. But on January 11th, 1924, while cutting herbage for the cattle with a sickle, she cut three fingers from her right hand. In order to console her because she could never again hope to do needlework, her parents allowed her to return to school. Between 1924 and 1926 she passed through the fourth and fifth classes under Giuseppina Cairola, walking six miles back and forth every day. When Professor Barni, Inspector of Schools, visited Chiusdino and was shown the nineteen notebooks containing Dina's diary, he was so astonished

at the vigour and style that he was instrumental in persuading her parents to let her attend the Institute of Santa Caterina. By the end of three years, already threatened with the disease which proved fatal, she passed through the four classes of the Corsi Magistrali.

On holidays she returned to the hills and herded the sheep. She loved her books, but her great source of inspiration was Nature. Sometimes she wrote of heroes and valiant deeds, for she deeply loved Italy and admired Mussolini and the Fascist youth.

Aldo Lusini was the first to call the attention of the Italian public to her work by publishing some of her "fragments." Her immediate success did not concern her, and in 1929 she entered the Magistrali Superiore, but her strength was already failing and the energy required to prepare for the examinations seemed too much. On February 14, 1930, she was taken to the City Hospital of Siena, and the long cruel agony began. At first she was apathetic, but one morning the song of a bird aroused her and from then on she endured everything, entrencing herself in simple faith. She grieved only because she was a burden to her parents, because after all their goodness to her she had done nothing for them. She died in the late summer of 1930 of intestinal tuberculosis, asking forgiveness for her death.

—M. Grochan

THE MEDICI. By G. F. Young. With 32 Full-page Reproductions in Aquatone. 824 pages. New York: The Modern Library. \$1.00.

The glamorous Medici will beyond a doubt rest easier in their several crypts in the sacristy of old San Lorenzo, the "Ambrosian Basilica" of Florence. For the exhaustive history first published by Colonel Young in 1919 has been placed within the limits of all pocketbooks through the resourcefulness of the Modern Library. The result is another literary "giant," an attractive volume ably supplemented with reproductions of the Medici portraits by the masters of that time.

Three and one-half centuries of these pioneer patrons of the arts (who could be termed an Artists' Aid Society in this day) pass in review. They are presented with enough authenticity and earnestness of purpose to prove of more than passing interest to art lovers and students of medieval Italy, or more especially of beautiful Florence. The fact that this volume is a new printing of an established classic places it in the category of play revivals, where it is not so much the substance of the opus but how the actors present it. Therefore it makes the reviewer's task rather uncertain—whether to expound the book's

virtues after years have bridged the gap between printing; or, to recommend it as is, taking all for granted. However, to steer the middle course, as has been our custom in an impasse of this kind, we'll say: for those who, it is infinitely possible, are ignorant of the existence of the Medici; and for the benefit of those who boast but a fragmentary acquaintance with the family's history, Colonel Young's volume should prove an entertaining and instructive one.

Other histories of members of this remarkable dynasty of politically powerful Florentines have been written, both in English and Italian, "but there is none," the author's preface avers, "of the family as a whole, the history of no less than nine out of thirteen generations having remained hitherto written."

Aside from its intrinsic interest, this comprehensive and intimate album glows with the revival of Learning and Art, in the thick of which could be found the Medici, playing a significant role in making their native Florence the focal point of artistic and intellectual endeavor in the 14th century. It is well to note that this revelation of the Medici secrets, unlike those of many of its severest critics, is motivated by neither the idolatry that seeks to "whitewash" historical characters nor the prejudice that sees in the ambitions of a long-lived name a tendency to nefarious ends. The very references to a myriad sources stamp the history as an unbiased account of the important events that befell the Medici family, no more, no less.

Without too thick an application of varnish veiling our senses, we can muster some sort of collective portrait of the Medici: sharply ascetic, almost cruel features; a suggestion of the dominant conquering trait; the mark of political greatness, and over all, like a redeeming virtue, the splendid championship of the cause of Art hidden in the dreaming eyes. Reluctantly, as the long line of standard bearers reaches an overripe condition and bogs down in the middle, Colonel Young lays them tenderly away, decadent yet unforgettable, into the limbo of families of hallowed memory.

—J. A. Donato

A PRIMER OF NEW DEAL ECONOMICS. By J. George Frederick. 322 pages. New York: The Business Bourse. \$2.

In a concise, extremely able presentation of the vital elements embodied in the National Industrial Recovery Administration policies, the "New Deal Economics" is carefully interpreted for the benefit of both the layman and the student of the newer economics alike.

The volume, in its entirety, delves exhaustively into practically every aspect of this silent and peaceful, unprecedented

(Continued on Page 229)



—From a caricature by Massagner in the
N. Y. American

The
opposing
candidates:
O'Brien and
La Guardia



—From a caricature by Hendrix in the
Literary Digest

La Guardia the Man

By Edward Corsi

SHORT, stocky, dynamic and magnetic, Major Fiorello H. La Guardia, the Fusion designee for Mayor, is easily one of the most picturesque figures in the whole field of New York politics. Born on the lower east side and raised in a Western army post, he is a curious mixture of the city man and the frontier product. He combines in strangely appealing fashion an urban immigrant mentality, typical of New York, with a breezy and determined aggressiveness, which is peculiarly Western.

In East Harlem, where the "fighting Congressman" has become an institution, indomitable and untamable, he enjoys a popularity which transcends party lines and has nothing to do with race, creed or nationality. Though of Italian blood, a non-conformist, and a Republican in a Tammany stronghold, his votes come mainly from Jews, Irishmen, Catholics and Democrats. He usually wins whether the tide be with him or against him, and either with or against his party. In 1922 he won in spite of a heavy Socialist opposition, and in 1924 he trounced his own party with the aid of the Socialists. In 1926 and 1928 he emerged a victor notwithstanding that on each occasion the district went

solidly Democratic and every other Republican candidate was buried under an avalanche of Smith votes.

This popularity, which has increased with each passing year despite his recent defeat caused by the Presidential sweep, is due to two reasons, his personality, which grips his foes as well as his friends, and a firm reputation for honesty, which few of his constituents question. Whether in Congress or at home in his district, and particularly on the platform, La Guardia is an appealing, impressive, likeable figure, extremely convincing and persuasive. He has the air of a crusader fighting desperately for what he thinks is right. One may disagree with what he says, question the soundness of his views, and even doubt the consistency of what he stands for, but it is impossible not to be carried away by the firmness of his conviction, which he conveys to his hearers with true Latin fervor. Like Senator Borah, he loves to stand against the tide and seems ill at ease in the company of the majority.

That he is fundamentally honest, there can be no question. In fact, they say in his home district, where his private as well as his public life is an open book, that he is fanatically honest. I have heard local po-

liticians complain bitterly of his unwillingness to play the "game." Not only is he honest himself, but he is pitilessly intolerant of dishonesty in others. He has a very high conception of the standards of public life. His fight for the removal of Judge Winslow, accused of corruption in office, was indicative of La Guardia's attitude toward men who are in politics for private gain. There is a story current in Harlem to the effect that he once threatened to imprison a Republican city employee who had accepted a 25-cent gratuity from a local storekeeper. That employee had been very active in one of the former Congressman's campaigns for election.

PUBLIC office as a public trust has meant for La Guardia a career of strict and wholehearted attachment to public duty. He is to-day, after a quarter century in politics, a comparatively poor man. Though an able trial lawyer, known the city over, he has completely neglected his practice, devoting all of his time to politics. His home in Harlem is a small four-room flat in a congested Jewish quarter. He once owned a home in the Bronx, but sold it in order to meet the loss sustained in a publishing enterprise, for which he himself was not legally responsible. He lives a very simple life and has very few friends, who, incidentally, are not politicians. His hobby is music, and in the summer he spends his evenings attending the Stadium concerts. The evening following his nomination for Mayor he sat alone listening to Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, which he considers one of the greatest of all musical compositions. In sports, he is fond of baseball and boxing, and is himself a handy man with the gloves. Since the war, in which he served in the Aviation Corps, he has become an air enthusiast, often flying to his out-of-town speaking engagements.

In Fiorello La Guardia the people of New York have one of the greatest campaigners in the country. He is a master in gauging the mind of the masses and his methods are spectacular. A Congressional campaign in East Harlem, with La Guardia in the running, is in the nature of an Italian holiday. He covers every nook and corner of the district, delivering an average of six to eight speeches a night, most of them on soapboxes. He addresses his audiences in Italian, Yiddish, and even in German. He challenges his opponents to debate him. He flies over the district, imports speakers, actors, musicians, attends weddings and christenings and leads the march at every local ball. As a stump orator, he is witty, humorous, brilliant and, when occasion demands it, savagely aggressive. He gives no quarter and asks none.

He organizes his own campaign, distributes his own workers and handles his own publicity, at which he is an old hand. He is one of the greatest publicity agents in politics, breaking through the press with an ability reminiscent of the elder Roosevelt.

THE Mayoralty has been Major La Guardia's ambition since his election as President of the Board of Aldermen in 1919, and it is even more so now, notwithstanding his defeat of 1929, a defeat due to factors wholly absent in this campaign. That victory, the first scored by the Republicans on a city-wide basis in almost a quarter of a century, confirmed in La Guardia's own mind a conviction he has always entertained and entertains even more strongly to-day, that, given a progressive platform and an organization confident of victory, Tammany can be defeated.

"The main issue in this campaign," La Guardia told the writer recently, "is not the vague Tammany we have been hearing so much about, particularly in State and national campaigns, but the actual definite Tammany you and I see at work every day. In other words, the system solidly entrenched in all branches of the Municipal Government, which operates for the benefit of a few to the detriment of the many. Who are the beneficiaries of this system? Contractors, district leaders, ward politicians—a petty crew of favorites interested solely in jobs and contracts. There is not a department of the City Government which has not been converted into a private monopoly of graft and special favors for the patrons and hirelings of the Tammany we know. In New York to-day the standards of public service have fallen so low and government waste and extravagance have become so pronounced that even the people themselves have come to take the fall for granted.

"The time has come for a new deal. Public Opinion, fully aroused, demands an end to extravagance, favoritism and downright stupidity in municipal affairs. And this new deal will be brought about in November by honest citizens who are willing to forget party lines and party allegiance for the good of their city."

The Mayoralty, according to La Guardia, is an opportunity not only for service and administration, but leadership. It is not enough that the Mayor be an efficient administrator and an honest guardian of the public treasury. He must be a leader in the movement for a cleaner, healthier, progressive city, ready to strike at the very roots of the evils that beset the everyday life of the people.

"In other words, important as it may be to reduce the budget, eliminate waste, provide funds for relief and stop racketeering, political and otherwise, and I assure you all this is imperative and urgent, it is equally important to solve even more fundamental problems affecting the life and health of our citizenry.

"Take housing for instance; a paramount problem with our people. It is perfectly all right to erect skyscrapers and monuments and gilded casinos in Central Park. But I am not proud of my city when it tolerates old law tenements which are a disgrace to any civilized community. A Mayor vitally interested in making the life of his people healthier and better belongs in the front-line trenches of the fight for housing reform. When I am Mayor I shall place the whole weight of my office back of the effort to redeem the black spots of this town. Let us enforce our present housing laws, and where these fail let us enact others. Let us have a city beautiful in the real sense of the word. There is no reason at all why an intelligent progressive Administration should not carry to its logical conclusion the better housing movement begun by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the Rockefeller Foundation and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

NOR is there any reason why an up-to-date Department of Health should not be made to avail itself of the examples for better health given by private agencies. In my own Congressional district there is a Health Centre which has worked miracles in that congested community of workers. Why shouldn't the city build health centres of its own all over town, and not leave to private philanthropy alone the task of guarding the health of the citizens?

(Continued on Page 202)



N R A

and the

Corporative State

By John A. Donato



THOSE who have gone about gasping for their collective breath, marvelling at the antics of this American NRA, perhaps are not aware that Italy has been experiencing an almost identical system of governmental industrial control. For some time now, the Fascist "Corporative State" idea has been given the opportunity to practice its theory of the subordination of conflicting economic groups to the public welfare by State authority.

A comparison of the two systems would show that the American scheme is almost a replica in fundamentals, despite the wide difference in the machineries of the two governments, politically. A brief study, therefore, of the respective organizations might serve two purposes: first, to emphasize the gradual sympathy toward a new social order as propounded by the Fascist plan; and second, to afford some opportunity to ruminate upon the possible success of governmental control in this country, based on the experience of Italy.

Although at present the NRA blanket codes tend to be an expression of purely voluntary co-operation, there is more than a hint of the "big stick" in the zealotry of the officials concerned in its projection. Until the permanent codes introduce a compulsory element, the question of success must remain merely speculative. In Italy, however, the entire organization is based on a rigorously disciplinary management.

What strikes one most forcefully are numerous ramifications of the "Corporative State," an extensive "checking-up" on each other of the component parts of the system. In effect, what corresponds, in the Fascist idea, to the industrial codes here are the syndicates. Italy's trade units, however, seem to include more territory, to reach much further into the very bowels, so to speak, of the industries; whereas the industrial codes of the NRA are single, gigantic, all-embracing, obviating the retention of the old labor unions, which, though possibly constructive, have nevertheless been the sources of numerous evils.

In the Fascist plan, each section has two syndicates for each profession, trade, or occupation, one for the workers and one for the employers. These sectional groups are all united under provincial unions and national federations, respectively, and these, in turn, into thirteen National Confederations which are kept in mutual co-operation by the National Council of Corporations with the Prime Minister as chairman. These, finally, are subject to the Ministry of Corporations. The NRA, although equally ramified, is not

as country-wide, having for its central point only Washington.

The hand of the government, then, can be discerned spreading over every nook and cranny of the collaborative workshop. What the NRA proposes is a relation somewhat closely akin to this. But the blanket codes, from their implications, promise not nearly as exhaustive a representation as yet. Of course, geographical dissimilarities bear importantly on the relative facility of brotherhood of control. However, in their principal tenets, in their kindred objectives, the syndicates and our codes are virtually identical. Both stress the rigorous maintenance of balance between capital and labor; between the "free play of economic forces" on one hand and, on the other, Communism, which recognizes solely the rights of the workers. Both seek to destroy the existing evils of class distinction and haphazard competition, while suppressing, in like firmness, the dictatorship of a single class, as the proletariat now prevails in Soviet Russia.

IN relation to membership, the Italian and American system maintain a similar attitude toward shirkers. Membership is not compulsory, but all representatives of any industry are subject to the stipulations of their respective codes or syndicates. Penalties have been instituted by the "Corporative State," but as yet the NRA proposes only a form of licensing, i. e. threatening delinquent firms with the necessity of obtaining a license to operate, a process of "freezing out," as it were. Further, the NRA, while providing for uniform wages and working hours, does not as yet render the making of labor contracts a stated stipulation in the various codes.

There are two points which preclude any exact comparison of the two systems, however. These are manifestly principles of Fascism, more than just lines of clear delineation between two economic systems. The first of these is the important role the "Corporative State" plays in Italy's politics. The second, more important in an industrial interpretation but connoting fully as much the complete and inviolable governmental control, is the special provision for labor courts. Though the composition of the Senate remains unchanged, the Chamber of Deputies is elected in such a manner as to give the syndicates the place formerly held by geographical constituencies. The exact balance which the corporative system effects applies also to this legislative body. Thus representation is distributed evenly between

worker and employer.

Would such a plan be feasible in our own House of Representatives? It may be argued that the very composition of that body implies a very local representation. Still, there is ostensibly no balance between capital and labor indicated. It may also be advanced that the House operates on very democratic lines, and yet, there is no assurance of non-partisanship. It is not the purpose of this article to embark on a lengthy discussion concerning the relative merits of the two legislative chamb-



Some Job to Make 'Em All Play in Harmony!
—Darling in "The Rotarian"

ers. I mention these points merely to clearly define the modus operandi which makes balance imperative and incontrovertible in Italy and purely hypothetical and speculative here.

The labor courts are a necessary part of the economic scheme of Italy, and as such suggest the obvious advisability of labor tribunals independent of other judicial departments. Although America provides legal opportunity for settling such disputes, it singles out no special judicial division with as close government supervision as exercised in Italy. Moreover, solution of labor disputes in courts is compulsory, for the Fascist state is intolerant of suspended production due to unsettled conflicts. The composition of these labor courts is such as to assure swift, impartial decisions. They exist in each Court of Appeal and contain three judges and two "assessors." One of these latter is an expert on labor problems and the other on problems of production. They represent neither side but form part of the court and are chosen from a panel in each district. Awards dictated by them have compulsory force. Strikes and lockouts, passively tolerated in America, are considered illegal and are punishable by fines and, in the event of violence, by imprisonment or heavier penalties. A significant vote in its favor is the fact that it has

seldom been necessary to apply these penalties, since the rulings have elicited no great dissatisfaction. Such is the collaborative spirit, the awe of Fascist intolerance, that motivates the economic forces of Italy.

ABOVE all, the State has a dominating, decisive voice in all matters pertaining to industrial relations and controversies. Also, more brazenly immersed to the hilt in the very blood of industry and commerce, the State has enacted stringent legislative measures for the protection of individual firms: for instance, the law enabling 70% of the capital engaged in any productive enterprise to form an obligatory majority, to prevent troublesome minorities from disrupting the smooth tenor of production. There are also expropriation laws on lands that have fallen into disuse, and laws pertaining to the expansion of plants and factories. Cooperation, pure and simple, is the keynote that reverberates from every movement of the system, however imperceptible.

A final important similarity to the American scheme is found in the *Istituto di Credito Mobiliare*, a sort of Reconstruction Finance Corporation of Italy. It has made the government a shareholder, over 4 billion lire of stock in the principal industries having been taken over in 1931.

What, then, of the NRA, in the light of Italy's experience of industrial control? Naturally, the vastness of American industry erects a prohibitive barrier to even so progressive a program. With some 7000 separate industries to foster, the problem of the United States invites serious consideration and casts a measure of doubt on the expediency, much less the success, of such an undertaking. Again, what of the possible difference in the reception of a national economic parentage? National temperament, past prosperity, disinclination for government unionization, and the confidence of progressive employers in their own abilities to see through adversity—all have a tremendous bearing on the outcome.

Italy's experience has been one of pleasurable excitement under Mussolini's guidance. The man has under his control as his greatest asset a people traditionally impressionable by leadership of the sort. American dictatorship of a similar nature is not apt to achieve the same unquestioning faithfulness. But, basically, the economic systems have been shown to be strongly similar. Already the blanket codes have given gratifying assurances. Italy, under her Fascist system, with the "corporative" idea taking hold, has had moderate success. What will two years of our permanent codes do?

It is possible that the community of feeling growing out of the business depression has made conditions propitious for a successful future for the NRA drive for reemployment here. But re-employment is not all. With preliminary pledges disposed of, the codes will become mandatory. Hence, it remains to be seen, when the permanent agreements are introduced, what will be accomplished, and whether things will have righted themselves sufficiently to warrant a discontinuance of the codes. Or should they, like Italy's syndicates, be made a permanent legislative adjunct and guidance to industry and commerce? Italy has shown what government supervision can do. There is really no sound reason, admitting the discrepancies in national tendencies; no drastic difference in the human stuff involved, to doom the NRA to a less fortunate fate than that which smiles on Mussolini's "Corporative State."

Americanization: Two Styles

By Anthony M. Turano

WHAT must be done by the Italian immigrants to bring about their more comfortable adjustment in the American scene? The question is frequently pro-



Anthony M. Turano

pounded, both in English and in Italian, with an intonation that suggests some kind of impending calamity. But as a general problem of practical behavior it seems to be no more important than the scholastic wrangles of the medieval doctors. For assimilation is an inevitable process of growth; and each individual will make the best solution compatible with his circumstances, with-

out pausing to consider a *modus operandi*.

Nevertheless, a great deal of advice can always be had, even without the asking, as to the most approved behavior that will insure early and painless adaptation. The most persistent admonitions emanate from the middle-aged *prominenti* of Little Italy, who are among the least soluble nuggets in the great crucible. The burden of their nostalgic homilies is that the best kind of Americanization is brought about, paradoxically enough, according to the sound theories of Italian patriotism. They insist, in effect, that the immigrant must move toward his American coming of age through a sort of mass action, while his fellows sing jingoistic hymns in laudation of the native land.

From their viewpoint, the various Little Italies in America are to be regarded as so many San Marino republics within the borders of an adopted protectorate. Hence, they conceive many schemes, invariably impractical, for alien group action, whereby these "racial minorities" are to win special political recognition. However, the specific tenets of these proposed unions are never disclosed. And indeed, it is difficult to imagine any specific political demands of an Italian community, that differ in any sense from the general needs of other citizens, unless it be the free importation of olive oil, macaroni and salami.

IT may be that Italian names are still somewhat scarce in the register of American political celebrities. But it is by no means certain that political success is a true standard of assimilation. It is not even certain that politics is an enviable occupation. If other national groups have a greater representation, it may be due simply to the fact that, as in the case of the Irish, they are older immigrants, and have produced a richer crop of politicians. If the principle of proportional

representation be sound, its universal application should present a reasonable picture. But we would be confronted, on the contrary, with a Jewish bloc, an Irish conclave, a Danish section, and a German whatnot; and instead of representation by geographical districts, we would have a sort of conglomeration of nations.

It is obvious that these clearly separationist proposals are inspired by vicarious homesick resolutions to resist assimilation. For such needless clannishness would seem to be just as sensible as taking your family to dinner at a neighbor's house, and then insisting that your portion in the common pot of roast beef must be served to you separately, as a family, at a special table.

Of course, it is easy to predict that as one of the incidents of complete assimilation, there is likely to be an increase of Italian names, not only among the ward councilmen, but also in the wider political firmament. Any other result would indicate that the process has been prematurely halted. The great city of San Francisco seems to have suffered no damage through the orthographical change in its mayoralty from Rolph to Rossi. It is even conceivable that a few decades hence, the political fates may even tenant the White House itself with an American who spells his name with a final vowel. But it is ridiculous to expect that his election will be due to any group action on the part of other Americans with similar names. For by that time, there will have been a general scrapping of hyphens, and national origins will be no more significant than bald heads or blonde complexions.

II

THE colonial virtuosi also insist that their co-nationals should carry the message of Italian culture into the Anglo-American camp. They propose to reverse the process of Americanization by installing a few private melting pots in Little Italy, so that the rougher native ores may be submitted to the subtle refinements of an older civilization.

It is not to be denied that the native stock, as a whole, would be improved by such a system of parboiling. Heretofore, America has been boasting of a purely mercantile set of values. Ignoring the ancient admonition, we did not bother to evolve a full man, or a ready man, or a complete man: if he was a merely "successful man" we stood ready to present him with the loving cup. The ideal type of *homo Americanus* has been a sort of money-making fire-eater, whose sole pride was his material accomplishment in a land where opportunities were equal, and where the best man was rewarded, invariably, with a plenitude of shekels.

In short, it was a primitive conception of personal worth, evolved by the isolated pioneer who had small need of the historical promptings of his European progenitor. The obvious remedy, often pointed out by

intelligent Americans, is less insular smugness, and a warmer hospitality toward those broader and older traditions that link all nations into one human family. But such a revaluation of values cannot reasonably be brought about through the propaganda of European groups. For it would seem to be nothing short of boorish and presumptuous, after all, for a few handfuls of adopted children, comparative strangers in the American household, to undertake the cultural revamping of the older native-born offspring.

Furthermore, the Anglo-Americans themselves are rapidly discarding the older theory of American excellence. The symbolic Babbitt has been pretty completely deflated, at the hands of such highly civilized Americans as Sinclair Lewis, H. L. Mencken, and a host of their indigenous disciples. They do not argue, of course, that Americans should resort to a simian mimicry of the cultural qualities of any particular European nation. They merely predict a broader intellectual horizon, transcending not only the much derided Corn Belt and Bible Belt of the interior, but also the financial belt of the metropolitan areas. The American has been commodity-conscious, in accordance with a long succession of mercantile slogans. He got nothing for his pains except his full share of the World Depression. It is now plausibly suggested that he should finally become also anthropo-conscious.

III

UNFORTUNATELY for the foreign-born citizens, however, this broad conception of Americanism has not yet been accepted by all classes of natives. It is still utterly unknown to such queer gentry among them as the Americanizers. So that if the ear drums of the Italian-American have not been already cracked by the equivocal shouting of his conational educator, they must endure further violence from the native-born cousin. The English-speaking lecturer proceeds on the assumption that the new citizen cannot become persona grata, without performing a series of grotesque contortions that will, presto! change him into a pre-conceived American pattern.

He must renounce all so-called radical ideas, until they are adopted by Congressmen and Senators; he must show the negroes their places, and treat the foreigners with condescension. He should forgive Germany, but never forget; insist upon full payment of the war debts, and affirm that the native-born American is, ex-officio, the greatest person on earth, except for an occasional foreign duke or a Hindu messiah. He must eschew all "highbrow" things from abroad, save Parisian fashions and Florentine wrought iron. He must accept, without inquiry, a hundred and fifty slogans, observe the Sabbath, remember Mother's day, and celebrate national poetry week. He must "buy American," see America first, and turn pale when Patrick Henry is being quoted. He must possess, in brief, a thousand notions that are no more indispensable to a true American creed than a hood to a monk or a monocle to an Englishman. He must cease to be an individual, suppress his temperament, forget his racial traditions, and become an olive-skinned imitation of his American-born uplifter.

Thus the poor immigrant is between the Scylla of too much Dante, and the Charybdis of an overdose of George F. Babbitt. As usual, his safest course lies somewhere about the middle. Since he did not come to these shores as an official plenipotentiary of the Italian

Government, and his landing was purely an individual undertaking, it follows that the solution of his problems in the New World cannot depend upon his patriotic fervor for the land of his origin. And since his new environment will not radically change his fundamental racial reactions, his final adaptation cannot proceed upon the specifications set forth by the average Americanizer. So the Italian-American of the more intelligent sort usually solves the riddle by invoking a plague on both camps, and by continuing his journey, as he first undertook it, in the nature of a strictly private adventure toward economic progress and personal development.

IV

CONSEQUENTLY, the ultimate results of assimilation cannot be the same in every case. Perhaps a few immigrants will give ear to the professional uplifters, by embracing a Protestant faith, disowning their grandparents, bleaching their hair into a respectable Nordic hue, and attempting to trace their lineage to the Mayflower. Still a smaller number of them may even heed the eloquence of the intra-colonial adviser, and return with him to the native shores. But it is easy to predict that the great majority of them will remain here and contribute really important elements towards the cultural and temperamental variegation of American life.

In the meantime, is it seemly that an Italian should be proud of his race? Emphatically yes! For the simple reason that a moderate amount of ancestor-worship is a natural and legitimate source of self-respect; and every person may well be proud of his race, as one of the attributes that make up the synthesis of his personality. The human chin, after all, whether domestic or imported, presents its most graceful aspect when tilted at a right angle with the neck. It is to be remembered that the Adam's apple is directly under it, as a constant reminder of the common origin of all nationalities. No amount of apologetic chin-bending will completely hide it; while too much chin-raising may unduly expose it.

This is another way of saying that the true measure of personal dignity stands about half way between snobbishness and humility; and that immigrants, no less than natives, should depend upon their own worth as individuals, without bolstering themselves up by too insistent an identification with George Washington or Garibaldi. If it is agreed that Americanization is a private concern for each individual, it follows that the various tenders of the melting pot would do well to discard their pokers, and go about their own business. Once the great crucible has accomplished its limited purpose of shifting allegiance, it seems to be the demand of American liberty to turn out the gas, and let personal destiny work out the various patterns required for an interesting New World.

If the immigrant loves and reveres everything that is sound, great or genuine in his adopted country, he should not be suspected of treason when he joins the older citizens in denouncing that which is brummagem, bogus or ridiculous, not only in America, but also in Italy and even in Indo-China. If he becomes an American not only in speech but also in all of the genuine elements of a true allegiance, it should not be insisted that he assume all of the transitory vagaries of his older neighbor. He should not incur the epithet of "un-American" if he is guilty of nothing more than retaining his personality.

The Era of Conferences is Dead!

*So Says Premier Mussolini in an Article,
Reproduced Below, in the London Morning Post*

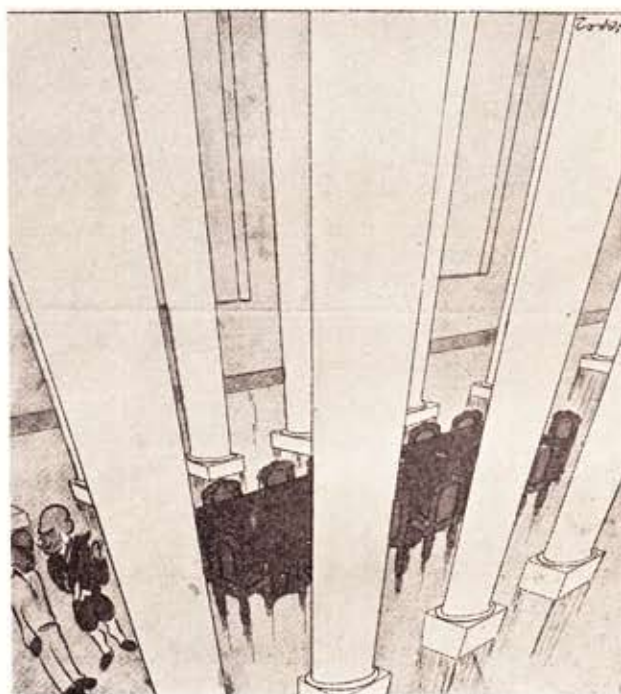
THE London Conference, on which so many hopes had been concentrated, is ended. But I believe that, with the London Conference, the conference system is also ended. It is not quite correct to think that this system was born only after the War. Even before the War there were long and memorable conferences, where very important European and world problems were discussed.

But such conferences were rare. They were very minutely prepared through the normal diplomatic channels, and were limited in their discussions to one question, in order not to turn the Universe upside down. They were also limited to the countries directly interested in the question at issue.

THE present procedure is absolutely erroneous. Conferences are not prepared. That of London much less than all the others. When scores and scores of nations are participating, the conference inevitably assumes the aspect of a parliament, with all the inconveniences generally known and deplored. How could any illusions be entertained on the results of a conference at which were present two thousand delegates from over sixty countries? It is the eternal pretence or conventional falsity for which it is necessary to burn incense to democratic equality, which exists neither in Nature nor has ever existed in history.

Instead of convoking scores of countries which, for objective circumstances, have no great influence in determining the course of life, it would have been much better to call together those countries which have world interests, and which do not count more than a dozen. When those countries reached agreement, economic peace would be given to at least 75% of the total population of the globe. This fact would have had the most effective repercussions even in the other minor countries. In this I do not wish to ignore or diminish the importance of certain States. I mean to say that they have legitimate interests, though limited, and can only be properly cared for if the great States, which have the major responsibilities and the greater number of inhabitants, first come to agreement. Besides, conferences are destined to fall when, added to the danger comprised in the excessive number of delegates, there is added the uncertainty of agenda. In such a case, conferences slide into academic discussions. That is what happened in London, where the inconsistency in the work provoked, after so much hope and despite MacDona'd's tenacious efforts, a sense of universal boredom.

It must still be thought that these conferences do



"This is the meeting-room for the Commission to save the world from starvation. There's nobody here now, because it's time for tea."

—From "Il Travaso delle Idee" of Rome

not arrive at determining precise responsibilities. They do not have men who make decisions, but men who talk, argue, and report to their respective Governments. This is the reason why, instead of decisions, they make "recommendations." And the latter are usually shelved.

* * *

TWO conferences are now dying and it is not given to me to prophesy by what miracle they can be called to life: that of London and that of Geneva. Two noteworthy and dangerous failures in European policy can, therefore, be spoken of.

Without the Four-Power Pact, Europe would have had the feeling of standing on the edge of an abyss and on the eve of war. With the Four-Power Pact, Europe has a breathing spell. There is a feeling now of respite in all Europe and the first, though not too certain, signs of economic resumption are noticed. The Four-Power Pact, in fact, anticipated the eventual failure of the two conferences and pledged the four States which had signed it to collaborate in disarmament and in the economic field.

As I said in my address in the Senate on June 7, there is no need, not even in regard to the Four-Power Pact, to indulge in excessive illusions. The importance of the Four-Power Pact consists in the fact that it averts the formation of antagonistic blocks in Europe, and it, too, has offered to the four countries of Western Europe, who represent with their colonies a third of the population of the globe, the possibility of collaborating in the aims of peace. This collaboration will not always be easy, but it will always be helped by a better atmosphere with a true and real relaxation of nerves, an atmosphere which has been noticeable in Europe now for the past two months. The idea that for ten years Europe will be quiet constitutes a strong incentive for the improvement of the general situation. Not two thousand delegates will meet about a table to argue, but representatives responsible for the four units, whose work will have been previously elaborated in the Chancelleries and through official contacts.

* * *

I believe that, for the benefit of the moral and political prestige of nations, it would be advisable to place an embargo on conferences. For some years this word must disappear from the dictionary of contemporary international politics. It must be forgotten. Only by abstinence is an abuse corrected. I have had some curious political experiences in this

matter. Today the conference idea is in disrepute. In a few years it will be of interest again, and may be of some use, though always limited to determined problems and determined countries, particularly if it will consummate in solemn form the agreements already reached beforehand. Even here it is a matter of correcting the abuses and degeneration of a misunderstood democracy according to whom not the pilots should steer the ship, but the ignorant who do not know even how to read a compass.

It is time to speak out and say that these systems lead States to certain ruin, and with them their peoples. This is the parody or travesty of democracy. At another time, in answer to an inquiry by the great Socialist, Gustave Le Bon, I defined it "as the doctrine and regime in which the intermittent illusion of being sovereign is given to the people."

Thus, in London it was the intention to create the illusion for a crowd of men, more or less prepared, that it was possible to direct the destinies of humanity. Democracy, in the last analysis, can only talk. It lives by and for words, but in times of crisis people do not ask to be propagandised. They wish to be commanded. The time of useless argument must then surrender the pace to the tempo of ready obedience. History, even in this case, is the teacher, but men are often very negligent and incorrigible pupils.

La Guardia the Man

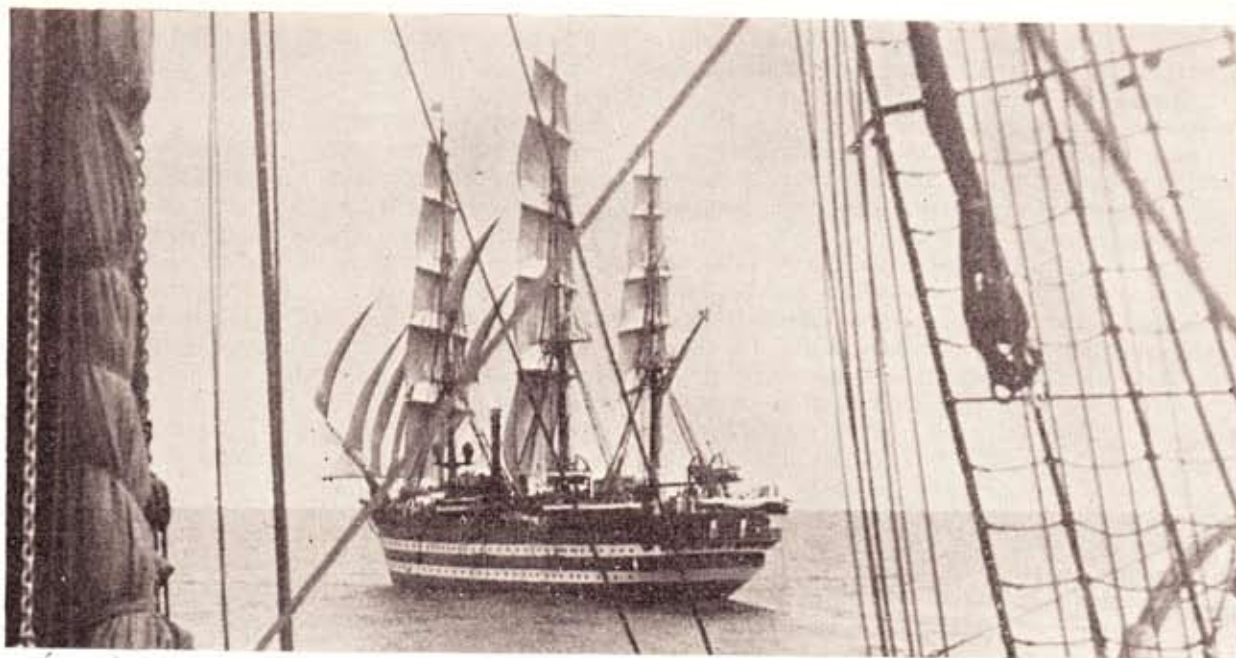
(Continued from Page 196)

"And then there are the schools, paralyzed by politics and favoritism, and a Police Department sadly in need of discipline and reorganization. I have great faith in the police of New York. There is not a finer body of men in this country. But so long as the patrolman on duty is subject to the interference of the district boss and the man at the top is but a decorative tool in the hands of those who control his appointment the department is bound to be worthless. There is nothing the matter with the man in uniform. The trouble is at the top, at the City Hall, and to be more specific at Union Square."

La Guardia sees New York essentially as a city of workers. He is like Gov. Smith in his human understanding of the people and their needs. What certain conservatives, who unfortunately know little of the man himself, describe as his "radicalism" is but a sincere, even if sometimes misguided effort to express the feelings and aspirations which animate the inarti-

culate mass. La Guardia is a Republican who is striving hard to exemplify the Lincoln tradition in his party, which might explain his so-called irregularity. His sympathies are clearly with the man who works—the immigrant, the factory employee, the garment worker, the clerk. As a product of the east side, it is but natural that he should be the spokesman of the masses, reflecting in his utterances and policies the aspirations of the many as against the pretensions of the few.

If elected Mayor, and at this time of writing there are more than ordinary possibilities that he will be, La Guardia will provide the initiative and leadership to lead the city back to administrative efficiency, sound economy and the reform of its vital functions. He will be one of the best Mayors New York has had in many years—another Mitchel, a practical administrator trained in the intricacies of government and yet a reformer of vision and courage capable of far reaching changes for the public good. New York needs just such a Mayor.



"A filagree of cables, the nervous tentacles of gigantic masts . . ."

"Ship Ahoy!"

The Italian Cadets See New York

By *Mary Iacovella*

FLUNG against the summer sky, the tall masts of the Italian cadet ships, garlanded with folded canvas and irradiating spidery cables, recently brought a fantastic touch to New York Harbor.

The cadet ships, "Amerigo Vespucci and Cristoforo Colombo," were moored in New York after a long cruise in the waters of the New World. From their home port at Livorno where the Royal Italian Academy is located, the gallant ships, manned by their youthful crew, had been steered proudly toward new lands and a practical knowledge of seamanship.

Built along the harmonious lines of another age, these sailing ships recalled that glamorous period of America's naval history when her famous clipper ships sailed the China Seas with their cargo of precious stuffs and their mighty sails aspread in the sunset.

"A young lady to write about the ship!" cried an officer to those above, "You may go up," he said courteously.

And up I went, feeling the zest of my educational adventure. Another young officer, gently but firmly, required a few explanations. Cadets and young muscular sailors stared at me amicably. "Kindly wait here, Miss," said the young officer smiling. My eyes roved about the ship. Thick, coiled ropes rose in mounds. Muscles of steel were required to handle them, I guessed. A filagree of cables, the nervous tentacles of the gigantic masts, stretched over my head like a serpentine canopy. I turned around, and saw a dashing, bronzed young man who beamed a very warm smile on me. "Luogotenente Monterisi, at your service." He had a blue sash and his epaulets were studded with stars.

"Nautical matters are my forte," I explained gaily.

"In that case," said Lieutenant Monterisi, "we had better go up on the bridge, where I can give you all the details you want. How are you going to remember my words?" he inquired.

"By engraving them in my iron mind."

"Amazing." He was polite but puzzled. On the bridge we found no seats. He sent for two wicker chairs and they came in a jiffy.

"This is a replica of an old ship?" I asked, "How sturdy it looks!"

"This shows how advanced mankind was even then in vessel construction," he said, "Only in those days propulsion was by sail power. These ships, the "Vespucci" and the "Colombo," have been equipped with powerful electric motors. There are two Diesel engines on every ship. Of course, no wicker chairs were on the bridge in those days, nor had they our modern appointments. Exact in every detail to ships of another age, these require great skill and endurance in seamanship. And though equipped with motors, life on the cadet ships is one of rigid discipline. All the comforts of modern life are curtailed as much as possible; they hardly exist for the cadets and sailors. Even water is scarce on a long voyage. Thus the cadets lead a strenuous, active life and are initiated to the hardships endured by sailors. Electric propulsion is used only when entering port. The cadets wash their own clothes and sleep on a four-hour shift, sentinel duty being required by them. After three years on the Academy's ships the cadets become "Aspiring Officers." They get sea training in winter, learn target shooting, witness two "campagne," close their naval training with six months

on a battleship, and then become Officers. As I said before, the regime is one of discipline."

"Why such ancient methods?"

"It trains them to face danger unflinchingly, and teaches them to face life in the raw. Because sleep is uncomfortable and the food frugal, the young men soon become accustomed to life's asperity. Each ship has three masts. The cadets are responsible for one and the sailors for the other two. Thus 'sail work' is one of their duties. Velocity is rather a dangerous task. A battleship goes quite fast, but we go slowly. The cadets learn to know the directions of the winds and how they affect our course. When they climb on a mast they have to be fearless. A weak hold, a moment of indecision, a slip, and they will plunge into the sea. Steady nerves must be acquired gradually, Physical endurance is made a character-building feature."

"Why are such dangerous chances taken?"

"The possibility of losing their hold makes them aware of dangers and fear is eliminated when steady application to the task at hand becomes of paramount importance. We are concerned with the building up of fearless officers. This cruise has lasted five months, touching the Antilles, Martinique, Havana, Key West, Baltimore, etc. We ran across two storms and missed a cyclone. The cadets study Mathematics, and also take lessons in English and French."

From the bridge or upper deck, I could see the towering "Vespucci," her hull studded with sunshine, her dull gold trimmings aflame, her masts straight as monoliths.

"The latest modern technical improvements stand side by side with the most primitive methods. We have two bridges equipped with electric control. We do not fear storms."

"I guess I have all the details I want." Nautical matters I was finding rather intricate. I had been scribbling furiously trying to get down every detail.

Said the Lieutenant, seeing my ornate writing, "I trust that your mind will be retentive enough." Then he paused. "I believe there are many Sicilians in New York," he added looking straight at me, "You are a Sicilian."

"Why! How did you guess?"

"There are many Sicilians aboard ship."

His acumen impressed me greatly. "How do you like New York?" I asked.

"The skyscrapers are formidable. The American people strike me as dynamic. Great builders. They are also very practical. How many Italians live here! How many races are welded together in this immense continent!"

"And the American girls?"

"The girls are fine," said this very handsome lieutenant, with a real southern smile.

"You are Neapolitan," I said calmly.

He was thunderstruck. "How did you guess it?"

"There are many Neapolitans in America," I answered. And this made us even.

"Let's go exploring." He led the way, and we went downstairs. He pointed to wooden buckets in which the cadets and sailors wash their clothes. He flung aside a canvas curtain and rows of hammocks tightly rolled came into view. The ship was alive with cadets and young sailors.

"They are getting spruced up and going ashore," he explained as he handed them instructions about uniforms, "The sailors are mostly from southern Italy." Up we went to the upper deck "al ponte di comando."

I saw the control room. So many decks and so many things bobbed up that I fared badly in those practical tests of my nautical reporting.

"You surely are going to get your decks mixed," suggested the amused Lieutenant. So I gave up being an expert. It was my only solution. I saw a gyroscope and a huge steering wheel, rifles, cannons, the Commander's reception room, the officers' cabins upholstered in red velvet and gold fringe, the dining halls, and the efficient kitchens. Boats bright as rainbows, which were now on deck, are hoisted with a metal cable into the sea and remain afloat during the voyage. We went around a narrow balcony, circling the bow of the ship, paved with narrow wooden strips. On the yellowish water nearby the "Vespucci" loomed like a burnished vision. Her gay hull glistened. The mighty masts made the outlines of New York appear almost spectral, like a futuristic panorama.

We met a young doctor with a serious face and kind, thoughtful eyes. "If you want to visit the Hospital, the Doctor will show it to you."

The Doctor showed me the "Ambulatorio" equipped with every modern convenience. Operations are performed at sea. He pointed to a cabinet littered with shining medical tools and explained their surgical possibilities to this humble reporter. He opened a huge porthole in the walls. It was a sterilization apparatus. We visited the hospitals with their spotless metal beds. The cadets and sailors are not pampered in the Naval Floating School, but they certainly have the protection of modern science in their quasi-primitive existence. What a contrast! Up we went.

Lieutenant Monterisi was giving more orders. The "Roll" was being called. The cadets were alert and the sailors had dark lively eyes. How many Italian names!

"Would you like to see the students' and sailors' quarters?" asked a patient Bolognese lieutenant nearby to whom I was introduced, and he piloted me to the dining halls. They were exactly furnished in the style of a bygone era. "There is a spirit of comradeship, youth, a lack of cold atmosphere," I confided to the lieutenant.

"The military atmosphere is relaxed, but discipline is rigid. But we must also remember that this is a school. The cadets and sailors are learning to love their life's work."

The public-at-large was already climbing the gangplank. I took leave of the generous, courteous lieutenant. "Thanks for the interview." We shook hands twice and I waved a farewell. "Do not forget to send us copies of your article. But I am still wondering how you can remember my words."

"It's all written up in my iron mind," I answered

(Continued on Page 209)



The New Education in Italy

By Ernesto Codignola

Ernesto Codignola, Professor of Education and Principal of the Regio Istituto Superiore di Magistero in Florence, collaborated in 1923 with the then Italian Minister of Public Instruction, Giovanni Gentile, in the school reform which bears the name of the latter and which has affected and radically transformed the whole Italian educational system from the elementary schools to the universities.

Mr. Codignola has been especially interested in secondary instruction and his contributions to educational thought have been significant and extensive. Noteworthy among his works are: *Il problema dell'educazione nazionale in Italia, Florence, 1925*; *La riforma della cultura magistrale, Catania, 1917*; *Per la libertà della scuola, Florence, 1919*; and his contributions to the Educational Yearbook for 1929 and 1930, which have presented to the English-reading public aspects of Italian educational thought and practice.

The following excerpt from Mr. Codignola's article in the 1930 Educational Yearbook was translated for it by Anthony Gisolfi, and it is hereby reproduced by special permission of the International Institute and the Bureau of Publications of Teachers College, Columbia University.

THE basic change which the Gentile Reform had embodied in the reform, which is evidenced in the new courses, from which there has been eliminated as far as possible every tendency toward mechanization of teaching. Direct reading of the classics in literature and philosophy, actual practice in languages, and scientific experiments have replaced as far as possible outlines of grammar, style, histories of literature and philosophy, and the fragmentary compendia of scientific manuals. The State examination known as the *esame di maturità* (maturity examination) for secondary schools of liberal education was thus understood as a test of personal culture, a culture concrete and organic, acquired during the entire course of studies.

In reorganizing secondary institutions the Gentile Reform sought to meet more serious shortcomings. The Decree of May 6, 1923, for example, divided secondary schools into three types:

a) Schools restricting themselves to an integration of elementary school instruction and thus being an end in themselves (the three-year *scuola complementare*). The following were the subjects taught: Italian, history, geography, mathematics, natural sciences, accounting,

drawing, one foreign language, stenography, and penmanship. It was a well-organized school but the pressure brought to bear upon it by fathers who did not want their children barred from the higher secondary schools forced Gentile to grant graduates passing some supplementary test admission to higher studies. Since then this school has been subjected to numerous changes. It was transformed into a vocational school by Minister Belluzzo and at present is being completely reorganized by Minister Giuliano. His bill, which is now before the Chamber of Deputies, is well planned and may provide a definitive arrangement for the post-elementary school having an end in itself. Recently, all secondary vocational schools have passed under the Ministry of National Education, and the Giuliano Bill seeks to coordinate the technical school (known from time to time as the technical, supplementary, and vocational school) with the other secondary vocational schools which up to this time had been under other ministries.

According to the Giuliano Bill, after spending three years in vocational schools (*scuole di avviamento al lavoro*) pupils may continue either in the *scuola tecnica* for a period of two or three years with agricultural industrial, commercial courses, with specialization in one of these fields; or in the three year vocational school for women with some specialized work; or in the two-year vocational school for women. The last two schools aim to train the greatest number of girls possible in women's occupations and home economics.

b) Schools aiming to prepare for certain vocations: the *Istituto tecnico* of eight years' duration, for commerce and accounting and for surveying; the *istituto magistrale*, for teaching in elementary schools.

Gentile subdivided both institutions into two four-year courses: the lower, purely cultural and including Latin in its curriculum, and the advanced, both cultural and vocational in the *istituto magistrale*. In fact preparation for teachers was not based on an acquisition of supposedly instrumental and professional knowledge but on a comprehensive and full development of personality. Thus the *istituto magistrale* was brought nearer to the *ginnasio-liceo*.

IN the Giuliano Bill the *istituto tecnico* is still an organic whole, subdivided into a lower cultural course including Latin and into an upper four-year course subdivided in turn into five sections corresponding to the main branches of economic activity and certain State services or professions: agricultural, industrial, nautical, commercial, and drafting. Thus the *istituto tecnico* will absorb the agricultural high schools, the industrial school, the high schools of mines, the commer-

cial institutions, and the nautical institutes, which up to the present have existed autonomously side by side with the principal secondary schools.

c) Schools of liberal culture preparing for the higher professions through disinterested study: *ginnasi-licei* respectively five- and three-year courses, and four-year scientific *licei*. In the scientific *licei* Greek is not taught but the sciences are, much more extensively than in the classical school. Further, their curriculum includes a foreign language and literature and drawing.

The *licei femminili* (women's *licei*) are included under this category. They were to educate girls who were not preparing for a profession and did not intend to pursue university studies. These schools did not meet with the approval of parents and after a brief and troubled existence were suppressed.

Religious instruction had been introduced by Gentile in the elementary schools but had been excluded from the secondary schools. Later decrees have introduced it also into these schools, at first on the elective basis, but obligatory after the Lateran Treaty. Whether the alliance of dogmatic teaching with studies which can only live and thrive in an atmosphere of free and unprejudiced investigation of truth be possible will be shown by the events of the next few years. Any judgment at present would be premature.

The Gentile Law has abolished examinations for promotion from one school to another and for the conferring of diplomas at the completion of a course. It has substituted in their stead, entrance examinations to the various schools and the state examinations at the completion of a course of studies. The latter are held before an external board of examiners and are known as the maturity examination (*maturità*) at the end of the classical and scientific *licei* and as the qualifying examination (*abilitazione*) at the end of the technical and normal courses.

The examination for the conferring of diplomas is retained only in the *scuola complementare* and in the *liceo* for women. By means of the maturity examination admission is gained to the universities and other institutions of higher learning. Graduates of the scientific *liceo* are excluded from the faculties of philosophy and law. Graduates of normal schools must take an entrance examination to be admitted to the higher normal schools (*istituti superiori di magistero*). Gentile gave these latter schools university rank, opened them to men also, and entrusted them with the training of normal school graduates who look forward to teaching in the secondary schools and of principals and

supervisors who constitute the administrative body for elementary schools.

DIPLOMAS at the completion of the classical and scientific *licei* have been abolished in order to prevent those cultural institutions from being attended by pupils who look forward to the attainment of a diploma for reasons of a purely practical or professional nature.

The Gentile Reform has drastically changed secondary school life. Pupils study longer and study with greater profit.

Certain schools, as, for example, the normal schools, have been given new life. And if the Ministry of Instruction, recently transformed into the Ministry of National Education, had followed with greater coherence and constancy the spirit of the 1923 reform, the results would have been better. Interest in physical education and sport has greatly increased. These activities have been fostered by the *Opera Nazionale Balilla* and by the new social and political atmosphere in which the nation lives since the War. The grave economic crisis which has affected Italy and the limitations of the governmental budget have brought their fatal influence to bear upon the secondary school. In this last year or so, less spirit and diminished interest in vital school problems are evident among secondary school teachers assailed by economic difficulties. But every cloud has its silver lining and it is probable that out of this crisis due to readjustment and this period of meditation and depression, a stronger educational spirit may arise.

The country is not suffering from any lack of teachers. The supply always exceeds the demand. Even in quality the new teachers are at the height of their ability. Nevertheless, the number of men in the profession is continually decreasing, though recent decrees have excluded women from the more important positions in secondary schools. This exodus of men from the teaching profession has caused much concern on many sides for the future of the secondary school.

Parents are wont to bewail the burden imposed on their children and find the new programs, especially those of the classical school, too heavy. But intelligent teachers can easily temper school requirements with the exigencies of youth. On the other hand, the classical curriculum presupposes exceptional mental attitudes which only a small intellectual minority can possess.

On the whole, the present generation, notwithstanding the mistakes that it has made and the illusions that it has suffered, is not unworthy of its fathers in its devotion to this essential part of national life.

A NEW CIGARETTE

We cannot let this issue go by without informing our readers of a curious and pleasurable coincidence that recently took place.

When General Italo Balbo's trans-Atlantic air squadron returned to Italy, recognition was evinced in some unusual ways.

The government tobacco monopoly, for example, was ordered to begin manufacture of a new cigarette to commemorate the flight. It will sell at popular prices and will be gotten up in packages designed to catch the eye of the young sporting public.

The name of the new cigarette is "Atlantica."

A NOBLE FAILURE

As though to emphasize that long distance flights are still extremely hazardous attempts, and that they cannot all succeed, the tragic death of the Italian air ace, General Francesco De Pinedo, shocked and grieved the world early this month out of its complacent acceptance of the onward march of aviation.

Individual and group exploits, when successful, add to man's knowledge of aeronautical science. But the price must be paid.

General De Pinedo's name must be listed among the leaders in that brave band of those who dared, in the name of country and science, and paid with their lives.

Felix Comes to See Me

by Giuseppe Cautela

IT took thirty years to meet Felix. Felix moves slowly and deliberately. He is inevitable as fate. I never believed in fate until I met Felix. He walked into the place where I worked with easy step and an air of finality. He sat down and waited. No one could have stopped him. He had to sit down and he had to wait. Men like Felix always sit down and wait—then the world goes to them.

"That's the man I spoke to you about," said the manager to me. I looked at him. He seemed quiet, cool. He kept viewing the place with unconcerned expression. I walked up to him. "The manager told me," I said a little shakily, "that your name is Felix Cautela."

"Yes," he answered promptly, getting up at the same time.

"Well, my name is Giuseppe Cautela."

"No!" he interrupted me, not meaning it.

"Yes!" I confirmed smiling; and we looked at each other.

"What is your father's name?" I asked him.

"Raffaele. And yours?" he came back quickly. "Michele."

"Then you're Uncle Michele's son!" he exclaimed excitedly. That was the only time I saw Felix excited. We shook hands vigorously. I don't remember what we said for a while until he told me that he was thirty years old, married and had five children.

"Felix," I said seriously and quite humiliated. "I have four; and I am ten years older than you are."

"What can I do?" retorted Felix apologetically, "my wife is very old-fashioned."

"So is mine," I said assuringly, trying not to embarrass him. I was mistaken. You cannot embarrass Felix. We agreed to go to each other's home even if it took all night.

"We go to my house first," said he, "my wife prepares dinner as if always expecting half-a-dozen visitors. She tells me it was a habit of her mother in Italy, for no reason at all."

"Maybe it gives her a feeling of munificence," I remarked.

"I never thought of that," answered Felix, drily. "Its too bad I am not rich, for she certainly loves to spend money."

"Mine too, Felix," I said consolingly.

UP we climbed to Felix's castle. I don't remember if it was the fourth or fifth floor; midway we stopped, sat down and continued our conversation.

"Felix," I asked, how did you get up here?"

"Why?" he demanded, and how calm he was.

"The people in this building are all Irish," I said.

"Oh, I get along very nicely with them," exclaimed Felix.

"I don't know why," I said. "I have been always afraid of Tenth Avenue."

"No, lots of fine people live here," Felix assured me.

FELIX'S wife greeted me with simplicity and warmth. Her smile soothed me. I saw that she had beautiful white teeth, and that her five children had not sapped her beauty. I sat down willingly, and while she set the table she spoke to me about her home town perched up on a hill overlooking the Gulf of Naples.

"I have been there," I assured her.

"Did you visit the place?" she exclaimed. She was delighted. I began to notice how inferior I was to Felix, in things of home. He had started to wash his children in the most natural way in the world. He seemed to have almost forgotten me, so methodically and patiently he went about his task. Felix seemed to possess those patriarchal virtues of which there is no trace in me. Only men like Felix should be fathers. What infinite patience, what exceptional skill he displayed in making out portions for them. His wife watched and smiled. I began to feel that after all life had a purpose and a meaning. It was rich there, wholesome. It had a flavor that strengthened the body and vitalized the mind. And all was simple and direct. There was no sociological problem to solve in Felix's family. Life flowed in the most natural manner.

Felix was a wonderful host. He seemed to guess just what I liked. He made me eat until I felt sleepy. When dinner was over the children came to cluster about their new-found uncle. What a strange feeling it is to find a family of relatives for the first time all grown up and about you. And how surprising to see that those children resembled mine. The same forehead, the straight nose, a family mark in every one of them. They all wanted me to stay and sleep with them, which would have not been a bad idea. But, Felix had to meet my family and they knew that we had to arrive at some time of the night.

THE thing was almost unbelievable to my mother. "After so many years, so many miles away, you should meet." But she was convinced, seeing Felix. She knew his father, and to her it was just like seeing him thirty years ago.

Felix sat in my house as if he had been born there. His voice brought echoes that were familiar. And he seemed to have sat always in the same chair. My wife was impressed with his calmness the same as I was.

"Any one who is thirty years old and has five children has to be calm," I remarked.

"If I am not mistaken another one is on the way," answered Felix with terrible sang froid.

"How lovely!" exclaimed my wife.

"Yes, indeed," said I.

OUR identification then continued still further with the help of my mother about certain things she never told me since my father died. Of three brothers he was the youngest. He did not take very kindly to the family trade—that of cabinet makers, for which reason he was not liked by his mother. However, he was born to be a rebel. He came and went whenever he pleased. At times he stayed away for weeks. He seemed to have inherited the wandering spirit of my grandmother's family, the same intolerance of authority, the same courage, and a scrap was always welcome to him. Strange that my grandmother should not have liked him when she herself was the same way. She was merciless with him. My grandfather instead was affectionate, kind to his son. But she was the boss, it seems. One night in winter during a terrible snow storm my father came home late. They refused to open the door to him.

Having no place to go he remained seeking shelter behind the door of his home. Finally sleep overtook him. In the morning while shoveling away the snow they found him almost frozen to death. At length he got well. His mother remained as hard as always, so he left home never to return. He married and established a family in a town far away from his people. He died young, at thirty-five. None of his people saw him. Years later I heard that my uncles were in America.

II

DURING his yearly vacation Felix gets his family together and comes to see me. It is as much as to say that it takes a year of logistic preparation to dress half a dozen children. Then the work is more mental than physical. The trip is in the crowded subway; it takes one hour and a half from Felix's house to mine. Once Felix resolved the problem by hiring a taxi. Now his children do not want to travel anymore by subway. "It is surprising how quickly they changed taste," said Felix. "I must buy a car," he concluded. His wife smiled. She knows that Felix moves slowly but surely. And so let us come to Felix's latest visit.

My house had been in an excitable state for about a week. When I gave the news that he was about to come a fanfare of yells rang from cellar to attic. My children wanted to know if they were going to stay overnight, and tried to show me how comfortably they could sleep three, four in one bed. Or by putting a mattress on the floor. The discussion continued for a week without conclusion. Then we decided to wait until the caravan arrived. Meanwhile I watched the state of beatitude in which the news of Felix's visit had thrown my wife. She loves company. That is, she loves a certain kind of company. And nothing pleases her more than to have Felix's wife in the kitchen with her and chat about one thing or another. The only subjects that do not enter their conversation are politics and equality of sex. Gastronomy finds a good place along with affairs of the home. You should see then how teeth

glisten and eyes sparkle while a music of plates fills the atmosphere. And the dear children? Ten of them—where are they? They talk, they yell, they scream, they laugh, they cry. That's where the experience of Felix's comes in. I am simply vanquished. I sit in a corner and wait for a respite. I was not born for the great battles of family life. I become confused and only babble like a baby. At times I turn red thinking how far my mind is from the battle ground, and how inadequate and empty are my answers. But Felix remains impassive, as if saying: "I know, old man, how strange you feel, leave it to me." And I leave it all to Felix. The last time he came over to see me I found him home. He was holding a conference on the sidewalk with my stepfather and a neighbor. It was a hot night and

they were all in shirt sleeves. I was tired and wished I had been in shirt sleeves too.

"HELLO Joe," shouted Felix.

"Hello Felix, how are you?"

"Fine!" answered Felix. Felix is always fine. As I started to go indoors I saw the dining room prepared as if for a banquet. For a moment I felt nervous. I did not know if I should go right away or remain outside to get up courage. The house hummed, it buzzed, it shook, the lights danced before my eyes; I got the impression of a ship in a tempest. A glimpse of my wife in the kitchen assured me. She was smiling and her teeth shone like in the middle of a full moon. Felix's wife smiled too. Then it was not a ship in a tempest. I entered, rather uncertain as to the route to take. But the children came forward with a football rush, my hat was knocked off my hand and they pinned me on a chair.

"Hello pa." "Hello uncle." "Hello, hello, hell . . ." embraces, kisses, pulls, pushes.

"Felix!" I called, "help me, will you?" but Felix only smiled. I gave up hope, and waited until the storm would be over.

"Are you going to take a bath?" asked my wife, knowing my nightly habit.

"Should I?" I babbled. I did not know what to do. Finally I decided not to. I had taken one. So I took my coat off and tried to make myself at home. As the dining table would not hold all of us the question arose: where should the children eat?

"In the kitchen," said my mother.

"That's right," confirmed Felix.

I said nothing. I began to hear grumbings. I felt that in a very few minutes a revolution would break out, and I would not be the one to quell it.

"Here is where I'll have an opportunity to study how to manage a large family," I said to myself.

"Put them down in the cellar," bawled my stepfather. "I made that large table just for such occasions." There was a rumble, and sniff, sniff, sniff. I saw Eleanor Duse the Second, as we call Felix's third child, edging her way towards me with tear-stained eyes and broken voice. "Uncle," she cried, "I want to eat with you."

"Yes, sweetheart, you shall," I said, giving way to the tender appeal. And she remained clinging to my neck.

"DON'T listen to her, Joe," said Felix severely. "She'll make you believe anything. I know what I am talking about. She has fooled me many times." Felix is right, you never can tell when Giu-

stina is acting or not. But, she's so lovely that I could never have the heart to say no. She'll be a woman who will make men always say yes.

"Come Maria," called my wife, "let's set the table here." She meant the kitchen. I didn't believe dinner would ever start. The reflection of the lamp from the ceiling on the white empty plates on the dining table was beginning to make my head swim. It's one of the afflictions of modern homes. Why should there be a lamp in the center of a table?

"Felix!" I thundered.

"What, Joe?" and he jumped up startled.

"This lamp annoys me, help me fix it."

"Sure; how, Joe?"

"The chain is too long, we have got to take a couple of links out."

"All right, Joe," Felix says always—"all right." I think Felix and I could go to the end of the world. But my stepfather began to protest that that was not the time to fix lamps, that we had better sit down and have dinner. And so my wife announced that dinner was ready. During the brief debate the insurgents had all slipped in the dining room and taken seats around the table. They were all ready, waiting for the attack.

"Well, for the love of" exclaimed Felix. "What's this?"

"Sit by me, Felix," I said. There were about three chairs left. While we sat down the insurgents were taken away one by one amid tears and crying.

"It's a shame, Felix," I commented.

"Yes it is, Joe," agreed Felix, while he began to eat his soup.

It was ten o'clock and dinner just beginning. I don't know how it began. I felt that it would never finish. My mother had not sat down, my wife was still dishing out food, and Maria, Felix's wife, was battling with the children. Some sat and some were still bickering. The chairs being insufficient, a board was used between two chairs. Three of the riotous sat on it. We were just about to forget that it had been a hot day. A faint but refreshing breeze was coming in from the front part of the house, and the whole business was about to set sail when we heard a crash and the table in the kitchen almost toppled over. We heard cries, and then laughter, but we had to stop eating. Giustina, the actress, went into one of the most natural faints I have ever seen in my life. Felix took her in his arms winking at me. He brought her over to our

table, and after she was seated and assured that she would finish dinner with us she opened her eyes and began to eat. Now I felt called upon to do my part. It took all my diplomacy and eloquence in convincing the others why Giustina had to remain with us. Then Felix got up and with great authority began to make portions. I thought he had forgotten it. But, no, Felix never forgets anything. He loves to play the father to my great chagrin. My wife never fails to notice it, saying that I should do the same. And I tell her that we cannot all be gifted with such paternal care.

III.

IT was twelve o'clock when I don't know by what gift of memory Felix announced that he wanted to go home. It was the signal for another insurrection. I saw signs this time that it would be victorious. His wife had joined the ranks.

"You stay with me tonight, Felix," I said. "We have plenty of room."

"No, Joe, we must go home."

I was stunned. It was the first time Felix had said no to me.

"Yes, pa," begged his children, almost weeping. "Yes, pa, tell him to stay," urged mine.

Everyone began to clear the table, and while Felix and I were talking an ominous quiet began to settle about the house. It began to soothe Felix and me. My father and my mother had said goodnight. I felt that the night was going to be comfortable. A couple of cool bottles of something kept sentinel between Felix and me and as we gradually poured out their contents in fine tall glasses we began to talk about national and state affairs.

I looked around: everyone had found a berth. The most grotesque figures slumbered on chairs and divans. Felix's wife herself had disappeared. We located her on the veranda.

"I think I'll call a taxi and throw them in," said Felix thoughtfully.

"Come Felix, let's have a little recreation," I said. "we will throw them in bed."

And after they had been taken one by one to their room we sat down again.

"Felix," I said, "we very seldom have time to talk like this."

"That's true," said he quickly.

"Well, then, as I was saying"

"SHIP AHOY!" THE ITALIAN CADETS SEE NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 204)

and I went down carrying in my eyes the wonders of my explorations.

May the weather always be friendly to the mariners who are born to roam the seas! May the outlines of the mother country always greet the intrepid sons of the high seas! The marvelous ships stirred our imaginations. Their names, symbols of heroic pioneers, are engraved in the hearts of every lover of the billowing main. The power age has received a lesson of endurance

under self-imposed hardship. In New York City as elsewhere, the crews were greeted by the highest personages. Seldom has such a spectacle been offered to the seacoast cities of America. Appreciation has been genuine. An aura of good will and lasting remembrance hovered above the majestic crafts. And when the last of their sails was seen no more on the sluggish waters of the North River, our wishes still followed them on the high seas, as our nostalgia considerably deepened.

What of the Jews in Italy?

by Mario Soavi Decellys

IT is the impression of many Americans, and many Italians too, that since Italy is the home of the Papacy and the historic seat of the Catholic Church, all Italians are Catholics. It has never occurred to these people that just as we have German Jews, French Jews and English Jews, we have Italian Jews. The writer of this article is frequently compelled to explain that while he is an Italian of many generations, and proudly so, he is an Italian of Jewish blood and ancestry.

The reason why people know so little of the Italian Jews is because in Italy the Jews seldom advertise themselves as such. Being Italians, they prefer to be classed as Italians and nothing else. This does not mean that they are ashamed of their Judaism. On the other hand, they are very proud of it. It simply means that they are more conscious of their nationality than of their blood or creed. Another reason is that the Italians, unlike the Americans, are not given to racial and religious differentiations. It may be said without fear of contradiction that modern Italy is one of the few countries of the world where the Jews are accepted on a perfect basis of social, political and economic equality. The Italian Government has always displayed the greatest tolerance toward the Jews. And so have the people.

Naturally Italy is not entirely free of prejudice. There are certain small centers, particularly in the South, where the Catholic population, mostly peasants, is inclined to be hostile. This is due more to envy than to bigotry. The few Jews in those centers are enterprising and prosperous, and this tends to encourage a certain animosity on the part of the masses. To be sure there are Italians who still think of the Jews as the murderers of Christ and the enemies of the Church, but they are few and far between. Most of these Italians know nothing about Jews except what they have read in books. This local animosity, however, does not compromise the integrity of the race, nor does it interfere with its activities. In the large centers of the country, in the south as well as the north, the Jews are solidly entrenched and their standing is enviable.

IN spite of the fact that Catholicism is the religion of the State in Italy, the Jews enjoy all the rights, and share in all the responsibilities, of Italian citizenship. Government offices, university posts, business directorships, military and naval commands, and all other places of power and authority are open to Jews who qualify. Nathan's election to the mayoralty of the capital of Christendom was supreme proof of this fact. Further proof was the elevation of Baron Sonnino to the high office of Minister of Foreign Affairs at the time of the Conference, Fortis and Luzzatti to

the Premiership, and Mortora to the Presidency of the Court of Appeals.

There is just one honor in Italy which no Jew can ever hope to win and that is the decoration of the *Collare Dell'Annunziata*, which makes the wearer a "cousin" of the King. While every Prime Minister is automatically awarded this decoration, Fortis and Luzzatti were disqualified because of their faith.

If we accept the historic classification of the Jews into Sephardics and Ashkenazics, then there can be no doubt that the Italians belong to the former, a fact of which they are very proud. The Ashkenazics are the Slav, German and Polish Jews, many of whom became converts to the faith during the Fourth and Ninth Centuries after Christ. The Sephardics are in the main Latins, particularly Spanish, Italian and Portuguese.

After the fall of Jerusalem, 70 A.D., when Titus and the Romans destroyed the ancient city with its great temple, part of the population fled to Spain and Portugal, while many of those who remained, especially the officers and soldiers of the defeated army, were taken to Rome and there sold as slaves to patrician families.

The story of the Italian Jews, which goes back to the Empire, is filled with discriminations and persecution. The odyssey of the chosen but unfortunate people was extremely painful in the days of the early Emperors, especially under Domitian and later under Theodosius, who looked upon the Jews as "a lower order of depraved beings, a Godless and dangerous sect." The Romans and their successors imposed numerous restrictions on their Jewish subjects. They forbade them to hold public office, buy property, own slaves, employ servants, and in any way interfere with the activities of the State. Under Domitian proselytes to Judaism were condemned either to death or to forfeiture of their belongings.

IT was only during the Renaissance that the Jews experienced a certain measure of justice, sharing in the change that the great artistic and literary revival had effected in Italy. Robert D'Aragon, the Vicar General of the Papal States, supported them, we are told, in their literary and scientific ambitions. "Men like Kalonymous and Emmanuel," says the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, "the latter Dante's friend, shared the versatility and culture of Italy."

The tolerance of the Renaissance, however, was only temporary. The rule of persecution was soon resumed with traditional brutality. In the face of Christian hostility the Jews sought refuge in their ghettos, where they huddled together like a defeated army at the mercy of the enemy. The most famous of these ghettos is still to be seen in Rome. The one story houses,

with badly lighted and airless rooms, recall the poorer quarters of old Jerusalem. Hundreds of Jews inhabit this ghetto, in spite of the fact that the more enterprising of the race have long counseled its abandonment.

Toward the Middle Ages the Church forbade Christians to engage in money lending, and the result was that this trade became the exclusive activity of the Jews. In fact, the Jews were forced by law to become the sole bankers of the time. While this seemed to be a concession of no small value, and materially it was, morally and socially it proved to be a disastrous handicap. It exposed them to the contempt of the Christians. A fair rate of interest was rendered impossible by the excessive demands made upon them. The charge of usury became a formidable weapon in the hands

of the end of the Temporal Power in 1870. Among the many Jews who took part in the war of independence may be mentioned Daniel Manin, Isaac Pesaro Marogonato, Finance Minister in Venice, Isaac Arton, secretary to Count Cavour, L'Olper, counsellor to Mazzini, Ernesto Nathan, later Mayor of Rome, Luzzatti and Senator Salvatore Barzilai. "The names of Jewish soldiers who died in the cause of Italian liberty," says the Jewish Encyclopaedia, "were placed along with those of their Christian fellow soldiers on the monuments erected in their honor."

After the unification of Italy, past oppressions were forgotten, and measures of the most liberal sort enacted as law of the land. The reign of Victor Emanuel II marked the end of anti-Semitism in Italy, and the begin-

On the
March
Again



(From "Le
Gingoire"
of Paris)

of the Jew-baiters, and not infrequently they suffered for practices that were directly encouraged by their rulers.

Incidentally, the so-called banking "genius" of the Jews, illustrated by such examples as the Rothschilds, may be traced to this ancient practice. The story of Shylock, known, unfortunately, to every schoolboy, represents a Christian conception of the Jewish money lenders of early Venice.

THE French Revolution and the rise of Napoleon seemed to herald an era of emancipation for the Jews of Europe, including, of course, the Jews of Italy. Mirabeau and Napoleon displayed unusual tolerance, and while their rule lasted the Jews enjoyed a wide measure of freedom and protection. In 1816 a reaction set in and the Jews were forced to return to their ghettos. For thirty years there were pogroms, expulsions, arrests and barbarities of the most vicious sort, with the governments themselves contributing in no small measure.

The revolution of 1848 marked a turning point. King Charles Albert's Constitution, one of the great liberal documents of history, extended religious freedom to the subjects of the Kingdom of Piedmont and Sardinia—though it recognized Catholicism as the religion of the State. Even greater freedom came with the annexation of Tuscany, Modena, Lombardy and Romagna in 1859, Umbria and the Marche in 1860, Sicily and Naples in 1861, Venice in 1866, and finally Rome and

ing of an era of good will which has lasted to this day.

THE total Jewish population of Italy has increased from 34,000 in 1900 to more than 50,000 in 1927. The principal Jewish communities of the country are Rome, Turin, Trieste, Leghorn, Milan, Vicenza, Padova, Venice, and Florence. Though the Jews are comparatively few, in a country of over forty million souls, their influence is enormous. Their activity is spread over the whole of the Peninsula and reaches into every fiber of the country's life.

The nineteenth and twentieth centuries have been a golden era in the life of the Jews of Italy. It has been an era of peace, prosperity and achievement. Some of Italy's greatest patriots have been Jews, among them Daniel Manin, the great liberator of Venice and one of the giants of the war of independence; Luigi Luzzatti, one of the greatest statesmen of his generation, and an economist of the highest rank. In one of his splendid war articles to the *New York Sun*, the late William J. Guard of the Metropolitan Opera Co. wrote: "Little as Luzzatti may be known to the American public, it is no exaggeration to say that this septuagenarian of Jewish origin has one of the finest intellects and is one of the most broadminded patriots of the present time in Italy. Many times a Cabinet officer, he was once a Prime Minister, and it was during his rule that the basis of the plan to grant universal suffrage to the nation was established. A believer in the democracy, ardent as Thomas Jefferson, he shares

A sweet odor of violets and narcissus enwrapped the brother, who smiled happily. Ah, how glad he was to travel! He would visit so many beautiful churches, would see the bishop of Nuoro, solemn and beautiful as an apostolic saint.

Having arrived then, at the foot of the mountain before the village, dark and silent as a cave of schist, the brother rested under the low branches of an oak, near which murmured a fountain. At a short distance was the first house of the village and a girl, tall and handsome, dark but with blue eyes, came out of this house, approached to draw water at the fountain, and greeted the little brother, smiling at him graciously.

He looked at her and was not at all disturbed by her presence and by her lovely smile; on the contrary he asked her to whom he should turn for the horse. She named a rich villager. He found the horse, departed, made the rounds of the villages, visited many beautiful churches, arrived at Nuoro, and saw the bishop, tall, solemn, and immaculate as a living apostolic saint.

The weather was marvelous, warm and mild; the sun, already bright, but veiled by milky vapors, inundated with voluptuous waves of heat the green fields, of vivid freshness, flowered with marguerites, ranunculus, pennyroyal and gentian.

The little brother traveled joyfully, saluting with childish pleasure all those whom he met; sometimes he plunged into the tall, warm weeds, while the horse grazed, and felt a melting sweetness, like the ecstasy he experienced in the convent when he prayed and dreamed of paradise.

One evening, then, he arrived late in a village. The night was clear, warm, sweet and fragrant as a night in June. Brother Topes would have liked to sleep in the open, but he had sacks already full and feared that they might be robbed. The times were sad; in the world were many good people, but also many bad. And yet he felt tired, sleepy, needing rest and security.

HE knocked at the first door that he saw. It was opened to him by a woman tall and beautiful, dark with blue eyes, who resembled the girl he had met at the fountain.

"What do you want?" she asked brusquely, looking at him in wonder.

He explained at length what he wished.

The young woman hesitated a moment, knitting her thick, black eyebrows; and led into a courtyard adjoining the house, the brother and his laden horse.

"I am a woman alone," she said, aiding to unload the sacks, and smiling a little derisively, "but I hope that people will not talk if I have you sleep here."

"No, surely," replied Brother Topes, smiling. "Anyway, I shall go away before dawn. I will sleep, of course, here in the courtyard."

"God forbid; for the servant of God is always reserved the best place in the house. But how heavy are these sacks! Have you made a good search?"

"Yes, in all the sheep-folds they have given me new cheese, and for that may the Lord bless the flocks. And they have also given me oil, the good housewives, bless their hearts!"

"Amen!" said the woman, laughing.

Her manner was strange; and her radiant glance and her derisive laughter roused a certain fear. At

first Padre Topes thought her a bit mad. She made the brother enter into the beautiful blue room and offered him *dolci*, wine and liqueurs.

"No, No."

He refused everything; but she insisted with such grace, caressing and insinuating, that he ate a *dolce* and then drank a glass of wine, sweet and strong as the aromatic shrubs that surrounded the convent; then he drank another, then a cup of liqueur as red and glowing as the heavens at sunset seen from the window of his cell; then still another.

"And tell me then, from what convent are you? Where have you been?" asked the woman, standing near him.

She was carefully dressed; she had a bodice which gleamed in the reflection of the light with pearls and threads of gold. Her black hair, parted on her forehead and twisted about her ears, shone with perfumed oil; and finally she exhaled an odor of violets that stunned the brother.

HE was conscious of sweetness never felt before, an infinite joy. Sitting in abandon on the seat near the bed, it seemed to him that all his nerves were shattered, and that his body could not move again; and he felt an indescribable pleasure at that enervation, at the undoing of all his physical faculties. Meanwhile he recounted his affairs to the listening woman.

"Ah," she said, amazed, "you are the son of that bandit. And why did you become a brother?"

"To expiate the sins of my father," he replied.

And at once he felt great grief on account of his confession which he had never made to anyone; but the woman in a moment stunned him with a mocking laugh.

"Why do you laugh?" he stammered.

"Because you are stupid!" she said, leaning over and caressing him. "You are an innocent child; are you innocent or not?"

"Yes," he said, pale and trembling, weakly pushing her away.

At that moment was heard a knocking at the door, but the woman pretended not to be aware; and bent over the brother again, took his arms, drew them about her neck and pressed the poor dismayed creature on his lips.

He closed his eyes and two tears coursed down his quivering cheeks. "Kiss me," she said with a kind of wildness. "Come, do not weep, do not weep, do not be afraid. Sin does not exist. What is sin? Kiss me."

He kissed her. And he remained two nights and two days in the fatal house.

He often heard knocking at the door, and trembled, but the woman laughed and reassured him.

"When I do not open the door, they see that there is someone here, and go away," she said boldly.

The third night she sent him away.

"Go," she said to him. "You will return again. Go, now."

HE left her all that he had in the sacks. To tell the truth, she refused at first; but then, she easily allowed herself to be persuaded and accepted everything.

Brother Topes arrived at the convent the evening after. When Fra Chircu saw him he made the sign of the cross.

"In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, what has happened, Padre Zuanne? You look like an old man of a hundred years; you seem to have entered and departed from the inferno."

"Ah," said the wretch, in a weak voice, "robbers have attacked me; they have robbed and beaten me."

Padre Chircu, half drunk, fell on his knees and began to cry against the wickedness of the world; then he arose, and clinging to the wall, he asked:

"And the horse? That too?"

"No. I returned that safe and sound to the owner."

"Very well, man of little faith, you should have made the journey again. And you will make it; when they hear that robbers have attacked in you Jesus Christ himself in person, they will double their offerings."

Padre Topes, already pale as a corpse, became livid and began to tremble.

"Father," he begged with clasped hands, "do not send me: No, do not send me. They will attack me again, I am afraid. Have pity on me, send someone else."

"They would not believe another; they would say that we were engaging in a speculation. Go, Padre Zuanne; when they see your face grown old and your eyes full of fear, they will double their offerings."

In vain, the little brother begged and prayed. Padre Chircu knew his business too well to desist from the happy idea that had dawned in his mind; however, he allowed Brother Topes a week of rest.

IT was a week of martyrdom. The splendid spring of the mountain flooded with light and fragrance the old convent green with dampness and with moss. The magpies whistled with joy in the woods perfumed with violets; every blade of grass trembled and gleamed in the warm breeze. Padre Topes was in a frenzy, his blood burning with an unconquerable obsession of remorse, of memory, and of de-

sire. And they wished that he would depart again! No, rather die; because to depart meant inevitably to take the road to sin. And he did not want to sin again; now, he wanted to live a hundred years and then other hundreds of years, in the convent, in a cave, on top of a rock, like Saint Simeon on the pillar, to expiate his sins and those of his father. After a week, however, he felt calmer and set out. A thread of hope guided him; a merciful God would help him.

This time, too, the sky curved like a silver vault above the twisted branches of the woods, and a sweet odor of violets and mignonette perfumed the fresh air of the dewy dawn.

But Padre Topes began to be disturbed in breathing again the fragrance of the woods; he remembered the perfume of that woman; and he felt his heart contract, contract, become small as a holly berry. A mortal sadness seized him.

Arriving at the foot of the mountain, he stepped as before, under the great oak with the low branches, near the fountain.

Seeing the brother, she smiled graciously and said to him in a caressing tone, as if speaking to a child:

"They attacked you then, the robbers? They will go to the inferno." The little brother did not reply; but looked at her like a madman—Ah, yes, God holy and terrible, she was like that other one, and in looking at her, Padre Topes felt a dizziness of desire which dimmed his eyes. He was lost; lost through all eternity! He felt that he would not take a step except to go to that place, and he did not move. When the girl had gone away, tall and beautiful, and with the amphora on her head like the Samaritan, Padre Topes followed her with his eager look, then he removed the gray cord that girt his waist, and threw it over a branch. Climbing onto the rock that served as a seat he made a sliding knot in the cord, cast it round his neck and flung himself into space.

THE SPREAD OF FASCISM

Whatever the reasons behind it, it cannot be denied that fascism, in one form or other suited to special needs, has made great strides as a movement during the past two or three years, identified with a strong surge throughout the world of nationalism and youth.

The "fasci" organized by Mussolini 14 years ago now have their counterpart, official or otherwise, in Germany, where the Nazis hold the country in their grip; in Great Britain, where Sir Oswald Mosley's organization recently claimed over 157,000 members; in Ireland, where the "blue shirts" are expanding under General Eoin O'Duffy's leadership; in Austria, with its Heimwehr or home guard, which may soon control that country; in Hungary, where Premier Goemboes was formerly a member; in Argentina, where they are called the Legion Civica Fascistica; in Peru known as the Militia Republicana, numbering 30,000; in Rumania, Bulgaria, and even in Japan, with its "Black Jackets" and China, with a body of green-shirted fascists.

MARCONI COMING HERE

Marchese Guglielmo Marconi, inventor of wireless telegraphy and one of the world's great scientists, will visit America within the next two weeks. At the invitation of Rufus C. Dawes, President of A Century of Progress in Chicago, Dr. Giuseppe Castruccio, Italian Consul at Chicago, and the Radio Corporation of America, the eminent inventor and his wife will be guests at a celebration in his honor at the World's Fair on October 2nd, which will be known as "Marconi Day."

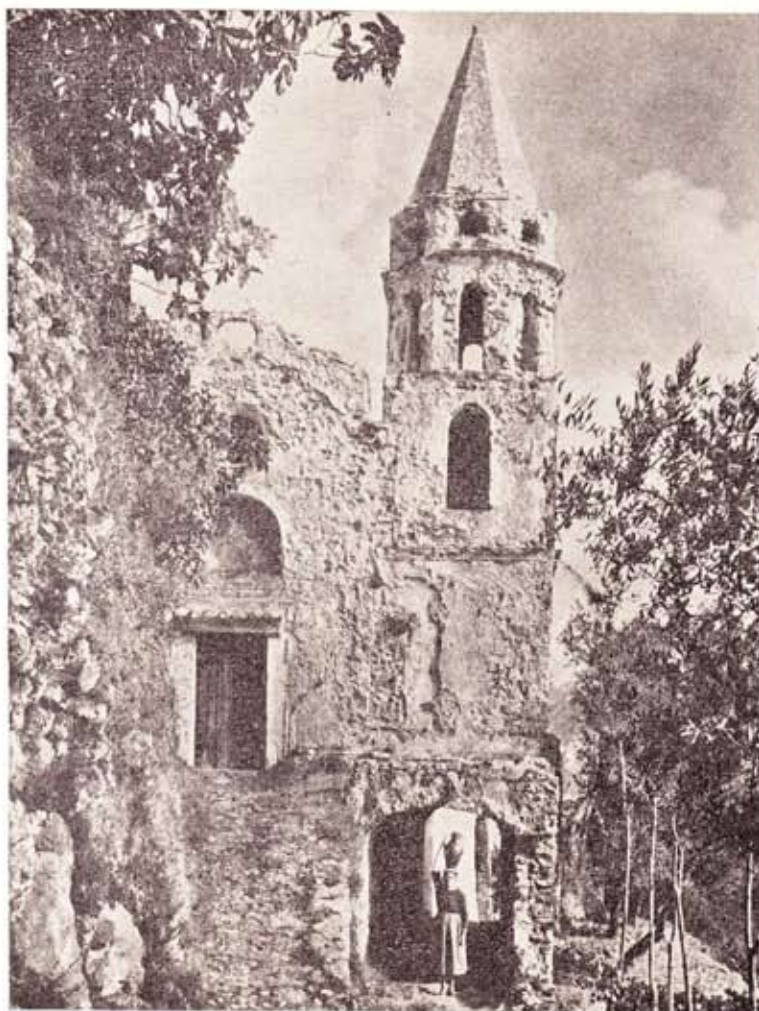
Sailing for New York aboard the "Conte di Savoia" on September 2nd, Marchese and Marchesa Marconi will be guests of the Radio Corporation of America during their stay in this country. Dinners in his honor will be held in Chicago and New York. Not since 1927 has Senator Marconi visited America, when he attended the International Radio Conference at Washington.

Great interest in radio and technical, as well as Italian-American circles, will be aroused by his visit, especially in view of his recent experiments with micro, or ultra short radio waves.

Thirteenth Century Landmarks

Influence of Invasions In Italian Architecture

by Muriel Osti



Ravello: The Church of San Martino

ITALY has probably suffered more foreign invasions than any other country in the world.

The earliest of these invasions occurred in 476, when Odovaker deposed Romulus and placed Italy under Byzantine rule. This was the beginning of a period of war and devastation which lasted, with but brief respites, for practically 15 centuries and which kept Italian territory in a state of strife and discord, separating her people. This lack of unity caused Italy's failure to become a strong world power.

Many of us do not perhaps fully realize the significance of the stupendous task in which Benito Mussolini is engaged. We do not realize that a strong hand was needed to weld the state together and an energetic body and tireless and capable mind to govern wisely, once the foundations for unification had been laid. More has been accomplished in the last ten years for the welfare of the masses in Italy than in any other comparable period.

A list of the names of the invaders of Italy reads like an atlas. After Odovaker came Theodoric, king of the Goths, who in time was defeated by the Greeks. Then came the Lombards and Franks, and in the south the Saracens. Magyar barbarians overran the north, together with the Huns and Norsemen. When the Lombards evoked the aid of the Norman adventurers to help them defeat the Greeks in the south, they sealed their own fate. The Normans took the territory for themselves and thus opened the way to French in-

terference with the unification of Italy.

The 12th and 13th centuries brought with them the wars of the Guelfs and Ghibellines, aided and abetted by Papal politics. With the beginning of the 16th century Italy was overrun by foreign armies in such succession that this period has been called the "Age of Invasions," and from 1530 to 1796 Italy has no history of its own. French, Spanish, Polish and Austrian armies invaded in turn. It is remarkable that the country could survive, that its energy and creative instinct was not altogether subdued.

All this is, of course, ancient history. The world is striving to erase both the memory and possibility of invasions. This does not however alter the historic elements resulting from these invasions. One of the greatest attractions of Italy is her architecture, and each invasion left its stamp, architecturally.

An interesting example of this is shown in the illustration. The town of Ravello, a short way from Amalfi, 1033 feet above sea level, is known for its beautiful view and famous for the gardens of the Villa Rufolo and the Villa del Cimbrone. The most important building is the cathedral with the magnificent bronze doors by Barisano da Trani (1179), but the little church of San Martino is more interesting as an example of the influence of the Norman invasion on the architecture of that section. Other examples of Graeco-Norman and Norman-Saracenic architecture of the thirteenth century, the period in which Ravello reached her height of prosperity, are numerous.

The Educational Horizon

By Peter Sammartino and Sylvia Scaramelli

THE ITALIAN TEACHERS ASSOCIATION

THE Italian Teachers Association will begin the academic year with an open house tea dance in the reception hall of the Casa Italiana at Columbia University on Saturday, September 30 at 2:30 o'clock. To the function are invited all teachers who are in any way interested in the spread of Italian culture in the United States.

In the next issue of *Atlantica*, a full explanation will be given of a program of co-operation between the Association and the Italian Government. The program will affect students in both high schools and colleges, teachers of Italian and particularly those who are members of the Association.

The newly re-elected officers of the Association are Dean Mario E. Cozenza of Brooklyn College, Dr. Leonard Covello, head of the Department of Italian at De Witt Clinton High School, Miss Catherine M. Santelli of Newtown High School and Mr. Anthony Rini of Brooklyn College. Any requests for information regarding membership should be addressed to the Casa Italiana.

COURSES HERE AND ABROAD

COLUMBIA University announces a series of Italian courses in the Extension Division for the coming scholastic year. The various courses are given by Professor Dino Bigongiari. They include several sections of Elementary Italian, several in Intermediate Italian, one on the Nineteenth Century and Contemporary Italian Literature, one on Modern Italy; and lastly a course which takes up that period from the Renaissance to Romanticism.

For New Jerseyites, there will be two courses given by Dr. Mar- raro at the Y.W.C.A. Building in

MORE CHORAL SOCIETIES

The advance of Italian culture does not depend merely on the registration of students in the Italian language courses. As a matter of fact, many times such courses, under the slipshod handling of unenthusiastic teachers, often produce exactly the opposite results we want to achieve. After all, what is it we are trying to accomplish? We are seeking to instill into the greatest possible number, the highest appreciation of Italian culture. Choral societies offer a splendid opportunity to accomplish our aim. Such groups can be formed in schools, in communities, in settlement houses, anywhere. The membership can be opened to the old and the young, to Italians and non-Italians, to the schooled and unschooled. The only prerequisite is that there be enough people sufficiently aroused with a desire to sing. It doesn't even matter very much whether they sing well or not. They will probably be terrible when they start. Most groups may never achieve anything near perfection. What does it matter as long as the members derive pleasure and satisfaction every time they are together? In addition to singing, supplementary activities will often be necessary. Some of the members may not know the language or may know it but little. In that case, a short Italian lesson may precede the general rehearsal. What a wonderful lesson that can be! Maximum motivation, since the participant wants to learn in order to sing the songs. Pleasant, since, instead of a dry grammar lesson built around dreadful verbs and untranslatable idioms, the lesson is natural, built around a unit topic which will probably have a romantic turn anyway. Another group might be made up of those who wish to learn the elements of music. The singing rehearsal might be followed with short discussions on Italian music and, perhaps, the afternoon or evening might be topped off with a few instrumental or vocal numbers by the more gifted individuals in the group. Just think of the impetus to the cause of Italian culture if the work that Maestro Sandro Benelli is doing with the Italian Choral Society, the Verdi Choral Society and the Puccini Choral Society could be duplicated in every nook and corner of the United States! Just think of the joy and happiness that could be aroused in the hearts of hundreds of thousands in our schools and elsewhere! And lastly, what a wonderful contribution it would be to the American people and American civilization!

—Peter Sammartino

Newark: an elementary course on reading, conversation and grammar and an intermediate course on reading, conversation and composition.

The General Secretary of the Istituto Interuniversario Italiano, Dr. M. Antonietta Scotti, announces successful registration of a series of courses given principally for foreigners in Italy. Some of the most recent were those on Corporative Law given at Pisa, certainly of immense benefit to anyone interested in our own N.R.A. program, those on

Medical Culture at Varese, and a series on Literature, Language, History, and Art at Venice. The president of the Istituto is Senator Giovanni Gentile.

For those who are interested in the medical courses at the University of Rome, some very encouraging news comes to us from the Eternal City. The great expansion and the modernization of the University is beyond description. The Medical School, which until three years ago was scattered all over Rome, has been brought together in the Universi-

ty City. The only departments not within the center are the Hygiene and the Bacteriology sections. The building for these units are, however, already under construction.

The Italian medical school is on a somewhat different organization than the American institution. It corresponds roughly to a combination of our two-year pre-medical course and the four-year medical school. In Italy, the student

ber of re-adjustments that are still to be made. The problem will be discussed further in the next issue of *Atlantica*.

THE INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION

The City of Florence announces the International Competition for Foreign Students for the year 1934. The subject is "A study of the relation between Florentine culture and that of any other

a number of social functions during the latter half of the Summer session. On August 10th there was a tea for the students of Italian in the Summer courses. Mr. Scalia was the chief speaker at the affair. On August 3 there was another tea for the Summer students. Dr. Leonard Covello spoke on the status of Italian teaching in the United States. On August 28, a reception was held in honor of the officers and cadets of the



"Prove the worth of the Italian race by being loyal and true citizens of the great American Republic"—Mussolini

(See Column 1, this page)

goes to this medical school usually on completion of a secondary school, which is, however, on a somewhat higher plane than our high school. However, those who wish to enter a medical school in Italy must usually possess about two years of successful college work. American students are placed in anywhere from the first to the sixth year of the Italian medical school according to the amount of college or medical school work they have completed in the United States. In a reception to the Italo-American students, His Excellency Benito Mussolini summed up what might be termed the Fascist attitude towards these Italo-American students when he said: "Do not forget that you are of Italian extraction and do not forget that you are Americans. Prove the worth of the Italian race by being loyal and true citizens of the great American Republic." From a larger angle, this interchange of students between countries is one of the finest things that can happen. There are, however, a num-

ber of re-adjustments that are still to be made. The problem will be discussed further in the next issue of *Atlantica*.

country during any period and under any aspect." This time however, the competition will be devoted to Plastic Art and Music. Candidates must be between the ages of 21 to 30. The work must be in the nature of a scientific monograph. It may be written in Italian, Latin, English, German, French or Spanish. The first prize amounts to 10,000 lire. The second prize includes a scholarship for the Spring courses at the Royal University of Florence, hospitality for 100 days in a first-class hotel or pension and in addition 2,000 lire allowance for traveling expenses. The third prize includes a scholarship for the Spring courses and hospitality for 100 days at a first-class pension. Additional information may be obtained from the president of the committee, Bindo DeVecchi, who is the Rector of the Royal University of Florence.

AT THE CASA ITALIANA

The Casa Italiana at Columbia University has been the scene of

two training ships of the Royal Italian Navy.

APPOINTMENTS

Dr. Alfonso Arbib-Costa was recently appointed full Professor of Italian by the Board of Trustees of the College of the City of New York. This is the first time in the history of the institution that such a title has been conferred. Professor Arbib-Costa's position in the College in relation to the Italo-American students has been unique.

The Circolo Dante Alighieri in the College has had a more consistent, a longer, and probably a more active career than any other similiar organization in the country. This has been due mostly to the guiding spirit of Professor Arbib-Costa, who without making his presence felt has exerted an inspiration that is unparalleled in college circles. Professor Arbib-Costa has written a number of books, and hundreds of articles for both Italian and American publications. He is a Commander

of the Order of the Crown of Italy.

Joseph H. Sasserno of the Roxbury Latin School has been officially notified that he has been appointed New England representative of the Italian Government in all matters pertaining to the offering of courses for Americans by the various universities of Italy. Notice of the appointment was sent by the Honorable Giovanni Gentile, the Minister of Education and the president of the Istituto Interuniversitario Italiano.

Doctor Edward Sciorci of Hoboken has been named assistant professor at Long Island University.

ALPHA PHI DELTA

The eighteenth annual convention of the Alpha Phi Delta Fraternity was held at the Hotel Cleveland, Cleveland, Ohio, on September 4, 5 and 6. Professor Paul J. Salvatore, the Grand Consul of the Fraternity, opened the convention. The chairman of the arrangements committee, Joseph B. Larca welcomed the delegates and visitors. He then introduced the Mayor of the City of Cleveland, the Hon. Ray T. Miller, who addressed the assembled guests and expressed his pleasure in having the convention in Cleveland. Reports were then given by the various officers of the organization. That evening there was a dinner and dance at the Lotus Gardens.

On the second day, after a half-day's consideration of committee reports, the members adjourned to a luncheon dance at the New China Restaurant. The afternoon was given over to a golf tournament at the Chagrin Valley Golf Club. The winners were Dr. Charles Angelotta for the low gross score, Dr. Frank Marino for the low net score, Dr. Joseph Pischieri for the lowest number of putts and Mr. Anthony DeSantis for the lowest score on selected holes. That evening there was a stag dinner and entertainment at the Villa Serena.

The last day of the convention was given over to resolutions and to the election of officers. Memorial services were offered by Dr. Peter Sammartino for the late Dr. Liddy Carlino of New York University Medical College and by

Mr. Samuel DiPasquale for the late Mr. Frank Germano of Syracuse University. The convention was closed by a formal dinner and dance held at the hotel.

The arrangements for the entertainment of the ladies were equally interesting. On the first day, there was a sightseeing tour of the city, followed by a tea served by the Mothers' Club of Alpha Phi Delta which took place at the Kappa Chapter house. On the second day, there was a visit to the "Home in the Sky" where the guests were addressed by Mrs. Florence La Ganke, director of women's activities. Late in the afternoon there was a bridge party and dinner at the Charm House. During the evening there took place a Ladies' Stag Party at the Kappa Chapter house.

The colleges and universities represented were: Syracuse University, Columbia University, Yale University, Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, the University of Buffalo, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, the College of the City of New York, New York University, Union College, Western Reserve University, the University of Pennsylvania, Cornell University, the University of Pittsburgh, Ohio State University, West Virginia University, the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Boston University, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Harvard University, the University of Alabama, Lenn State College, Duquesne University, the University of Rochester, Manhattan College, the College of William and Mary, Temple University, Bucknell College and Ohio University. Also represented were the alumni clubs of Cleveland, Albany, Youngstown, Boston, Brooklyn, Manhattan, Providence and Long Island.

The main trend of the business discussed was along the lines of increased scholarship and readjustment of financial values. The perfection of the alumni organization was also treated. Boston, Massachusetts was selected as the 1934 convention city.

The newly elected officers of the Fraternity are:

Gerald C. Chirichigno of the University of Pittsburgh, Grand Consul; Francis X. Pagano of the College of the City of New York, Grand Tribune-Quaestor; Grand Pro-Consuls: for New York State, Samuel Di Pasquale of Syracuse University; for New England,

Angelo Traniello of Boston University; for Western Pennsylvania, Philip Repino of Penn State College; for Ohio, Victor Leanza of Western Reserve University; for Eastern Pennsylvania, Frank M. Travaline of University of Pennsylvania; for New York City, Ray Incornia of Manhattan College.

The Convention Committee was composed of Joseph B. Larca, chairman; Victor Leanza, Michael Geraci, Peter Russo, John De-Agro, John Cortelli, Joseph Gambatese, Patrick Maddalena, Joseph Pischieri and Joseph Giola. Mrs. Joseph B. Larca was in charge of the arrangements for the ladies.

SCHOLARSHIPS

Every year the State Education Department awards scholarships amounting to \$100 for each of the four college years to those students who at the completion of their high school courses stand at the top of the list of those who receive college entrance diplomas. The scholarships may be used at any college in the State approved by the regents for the purpose. Among those receiving awards are: Harry Fara, Carmine Perrotta, Philomena Corradeno and Bernard J. Cianca of New York County; Catherine Lamberta, Patsy S. Milazzo, and Joseph Rizzo of Kings County; Loretta Martone of Bronx County; Joseph R. Vergaro and Marie Licarta of Queens County.

Charles Mistretta of Falconer, New York is also one of the winners.

Among those fortunate winners of scholarships in universities and colleges was Miss Josephine Scalletta of Chicago, Illinois. Having graduated with high honors at the Josephinum High School of Chicago, she was awarded a two-year scholarship at the San Saverio College. At the end of the two years, the scholarship may be extended for two more years if the record of the student is of a sufficiently high caliber.

Joseph Trapani of Scranton, Pennsylvania has been granted a scholarship at New York University. The winner is a graduate of the Technical High School of Scranton. He is an active member of many social groups and of the National Guard of the State.

A NEW SCHOOL OF ITALIAN THE COLLEGES

A school of Italian has been officially opened at New Britain, Connecticut. Mr. R.D. Cubeddu is in charge of the instruction. The school is located at 101 North Street. Lessons are given three times a week from six to eight in the evening. There are three classes: a beginning group, an intermediate group which, it is said, will specialize in translation (we hope not to any great extent) and an advanced group. There is also a special class scheduled for adults. It is reported that there are 250 children and fifty adults enrolled for the courses.

Mr. P. Valenti of Washington University recently gave a lecture at the Cabanne Library of St. Louis. The subject was the history of the culture of Italy. Among other guests for the evening was the Italian Consulate's representative, Cav. Alfani.

Frank C. Grillo of East Boston, Massachusetts was recently awarded the degree of Master of Education by Boston University. Mr. Grillo has been for many years a leader in political and civic life of Noodle Island. He is an instructor at Hyde Park High School. He is at present attending Simmons College and specializing in commercial education.

In New Haven, Conn. early this month announcement was made of the appointment by Mayor Murphy of Dr. Harry Albert Conte to the Board of Education of that city. A native of New Haven, the newly appointed commissioner received his medical degree in 1912 from Long Island Hospital. At present he is assistant obstetrician at Grace Hospital, member of the Catholic Service Board, resides at 718 Orange Street.

Other Italian-Americans who have held memberships in the New Haven Board of Education are Dr. W. F. Verdi, director of St. Raphael's Hospital and a professor at Yale; Atty. Joseph T. Anguillare; and the late Dr. N. Mariani.

SHOULD PROFESSORS PLAY POLITICS?

To the Editor of Atlantica:

The U.S. has an old tradition which we its citizens have the duty of defending and protecting, namely, that our country has always been a free refuge to exiles of every nation to whom is conceded a manner of living most dignifiedly and peacefully.

The tradition however, also imposes its duties and it is in regard to this that I wish to make mention of the great number of professors of all the sciences, who at some time have been invited in our colleges and universities where, while carrying out and teaching their cultural work, they bring to us the echo of the struggles which are agitated in their country, struggles toward which we are obliged to remain as strangers and in which we have no interest or desire whatsoever to intervene.

The recent alterations in modes of living in various parts of the world, States which have been transformed, realms which have collapsed, social changes which have transformed even from the roots the life of several Nations, are certainly subjects of interest and study for the Americans, and might even touch the masses of emigrants of those countries who have found an exile or a second Fatherland. Our interest, however, is specially that of letting them understand that they have here found a new and solid means of living and that this country is not a camp where they may perpetuate their struggles, which we are not obliged to judge as just or unjust.

Digressing from general to particular instances, I find that our Universities have certainly surpassed in the hospital-

ity extended to Prof. Gaetano Salvemini, an Italian who for several years has resided in the U. S. because he is not in accord with fascist sentiments.

Prof. Salvemini has been called to Yale, Vassar, and I believe also Princeton in order to teach the history of Italian literature. To this there is no objection, on the other hand there is cause to praise the initiative because it is well that our youths study the history of so important and glorious a literature. Nor is there any doubt as to the capacity of Prof. Salvemini, since this is an obligatory responsibility of the University Committee which has chosen him, for last year, having attended one of his conferences at Yale, I greatly admired his mode of exposing the matter.

But there certainly enters another question towards which I think it absolutely necessary to place the University on its guard. Prof. Salvemini interweaving in his lessons assaults against the Honorable Mussolini and the Fascist government, a thing having no connection whatsoever with the subject which is treated by him, offends the good American will and even causes offense to a Nation which has sincere friendship for us. It is some time since I have been in Italy, but from newspapers which I read and from letters received from friends, I know that Italy has only admiration and courtesy for America. I know also that Prof. Salvemini recently was one of the great number of Italians who could have freely returned to Italy although they did not agree with Fascism, and that the professor preferred to remain in the U. S.

Now, laying this aside, one may also

ask: "What would happen in Italy if an American professor, having been chosen to teach the history of American literature in an Italian University, would bring out attacks against Pres. Roosevelt or the American institutions?" A very simple thing would happen, namely, the Italians would say to the professor: "Speak about the literature and do not offend a friendly nation." I am certain that this would happen and in homage to the liberty which we all adore and also the strong Italo-American friendship, I, a contributor in the life of American studies and their seriousness and dignity, invite the universities wherein are foreign professors, to let them speak about their lessons on art, letters or sciences, and to avoid bringing in at this point, their personal political disputes.

On the other hand, with greatest respect for the freedom of will and speech, let there be held fascist and anti-fascist disputes, even bolshevistic, lutheranian, socialistic, communistic, and what not anywhere else, but not in the universities and colleges, under the mask of culture.

I know from experience the feelings of many Americans who are equally fond of liberty and culture without any political interference whatever to change or disturb their serenity of opinion.

Let the professors dwell on the doctrines of their competency and let alone politics, if they do not wish the hall gates of the American universities to be barred before them.

America is outside the boundary of these struggles.

—Helen M. Stone
Dayton, Ohio

The Theatre and Cinema

By John A. Donato

AUGUST BATS .600

IT'S one thing for this humble reporter to boast a clientele possessed of a patience surpassing that of even the notorious Job. It's quite another for the bragging meany to keep that patience beyond a scurrilous outbreak of verbal anathema. But as the implacable Chinaman insisted, "No tickee, no shirtee!" we, being neither consciously pugnacious nor, to our knowledge, of Oriental persuasion, can just as furtively murmur "No playee, no workee." Thereby we put to rest those ugly rumors that we have been guilty of all froth and no plays to report. Which is not entirely true, as these gruesome details will attest.

Five hopefuls of a sort went to bat in August. We were amply warned that their performances, being bush-leaguish in effect, would warrant no encomiums to broadcast nor paucans to be gleefully chortled. So we demurred, albeit politely, from foisting their ineptitudes on you. Well, if you must have your records, here is a play-by-play account: "Going Gay" opened in a walk at the Morosco; "Love and Babjes," with Ernest Truex swinging, burned itself out escaping the provinces; Ivor Novello's "A Party" managed to reach first base principally on the strength of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's assiduous efforts. Whereupon, the first two were conclusively erased in a lightning-like double-play. It was soon evident that John Public had something on the ball. The next two to face him, "Come Easy" and "The Blue Widow," (Queenie Smith starring), played on his sympathies, we suspect, and drew passes which, alas! we didn't. Recapitulation: No hits whatever, certainly no runs to speak of, and we'll leave the errors to your judgement.

Mathematically, Broadway carded a batting average of .600, three out of five having the stamina, or whatever it takes, to remain on their bases, though we can hardly bear to call them honest-to-goodness, ring-

ing hits, they being more or less of a measly, scratchy variety.

"Batter up!" September, or is it "Better up!"

A SHOT-GUN WEDDING

WE await with bated breath the brilliant union on the upper Rialto. Mr. Broadway, George



Eugene O'Neill, whose "Ah, Wilderness" is expected soon

M. Cohan in private life, has succumbed to the persuasive shot-gun, old mama necessity and indecision prompting him to join up with the O'Neill person. Mr. Cohan has graciously consented to star in the Theatre Guild's forthcoming production of the new O'Neill opus, "Ah, Wilderness," which is a comedy of New England, as the reports go, and which will open at the Guild on October 2nd.

This will be the first appearance of Mr. Cohan in the legitimate theatre under any other management than his own. He has either written, or collaborated upon, practically everything he has so far done on Broadway. The news takes on an added lustre in consequence of an odd fact concerning these two widely dissimilar figures who have now bent their combined efforts toward

the new season's venture. It seems that as closely as Mr. Cohan is identified with things "Broadway," it is Mr. O'Neill and not he who was actually born on Broadway. Hence, we may expect a few flip-flops on theatredom's personal account—which, incidentally, strikes us as being perhaps just what the doctor prescribed. We expect that Mr. Broadway will be a model and affable bridegroom.

ACTING THEIR PART

THE producing angels, after much harping, huddled under the "Blue Eagle" and found everything nice and cosy. What is more, they took a good crack at the ticket brokers who have heretofore "done their part," adversely, to make theatrical existence a miserable one indeed. With the exception of the usual code manipulations, this portion of the pact speaks loudly for the welfare of all concerned. Those producers who indulged in "papering" their houses by the use of "throwaways" also came in for some serious rasping. The public and ye critic came in for a bit of generous consideration when some producers became penitent and confessed their "sins:" the practices, among others, of delaying curtain time in order to hurry in last minute agency customers; or of advertising departments in twisting favorable comments out of censorious reviews by clever maneuvering.

So busy, in fact, were our pet producers in their coding that they allowed the above-lamented productions to slip unnoticed into the theatre files. Or else, they kept the poor theatre very much in the back woods. It seems the darned thing won't come home to roost in our urban barns. Hatching a good plot, perhaps—.

A BOOST FOR REPERTORY

MR. OLIVER M. Saylor went to a recent Moscow Theatrical Festival, he saw and was con-

vinced that America needs an Institutional Theatre, for we are almost totally eclipsed in this respect save for the valiant effort of Miss Le Gallienne. Moscow produced, in a ten-day feast, the achievements of the stage in the first fifteen years under the Soviet.

Why can't America oblige? For two reasons, says Mr. Saylor. The "lack of permanent acting companies" is the first. The "comparative neglect of repertory presentation of plays" is the other. Expressing grave doubts in Broadway's ability to organize a similar grand-scale revival, he believed that just about three of ten great plays of the last decade and a half could possibly be recaptured for this purpose. Why? The answer lies basically in prohibitive costs, in all likelihood.

"Moscow," continued Mr. Saylor, "has nothing but permanent acting companies, nothing but repertory presentation of plays." Thus, their plays are kept alive and available for years and years instead of being "sucked dry, used up, and thrown away." He was confident that America's answer lay in the same double policy. Personally, though we'd hate to begrudge a producer some of the individual aura that surrounds him when he has something in the nature of a smash all to himself, we could pleasantly contemplate such a plan. We imagine that a few stray supporters might be unearthed, eh?

THICK WITH STARS

WITH a generous helping of whipped cream, M-G-M crammed "Dinner At Eight" down our collective gullets last month. Boasting a cast of screen luminaries exceeding in brilliance even that of "Grand Hotel," the Kaufman-Ferber piece was sure to infect about 9 or 9½ out of every 10 addicts. But, sad to relate, not so with us. We find it a little difficult swallowing that rich stuff. A good story should find it very easy sailing without dragging half of Hollywood's glitter along as ballast. From an artistic viewpoint (we can see business managers leering), this strikes us as a trifle tawdry—something like make-up on a lady whose better days are astern. And yet, for all the fanfare, the breathless excitement of star upon star, one of them must inevitably "steal" the picture. Jean Harlow does it here as did

Garbo in "Grand Hotel." So, what's what, say you? Primarily, it is not fair to the other players, all of whom have carried so many films to fame, alone and unabated, to herd them together like a load of extras. Too, this business serves to lay unwarranted stress on the actors, when, as we have always fondly believed, the play should be the thing. We can understand the box-office psychology, but consider the effect of a future policy such as this would presage. It bodes not at all well for the producers, for the public may come to demand only all-star entertainment. The idea may become jaded and worn. Imagine such a thing as an all-star and yet a no-star film! Movie audiences have the queerest faculty of forming habits and this super-super idea is not beyond being a vicious boomerang.

A MONTH OF MOVIE VERSIONS

BESIDES "Dinner At Eight," the movie calendar for August was replete with movie editions of recent successes. Gaze at the lineup: "Three Cornered Moon," "Another Language," "Bitter Sweet," and on the tail end of the month, "Goodbye Again" and "One Sunday Afternoon" (which, at the time of writing, was appearing simultaneously with its stage counterpart). In another, not-so-recent, importation from the stage, Miss Katherine Hepburn gave a performance which, we think, deserved a word of praise. In "Morning Glory," the Zoe Akins stage vehicle, Miss Hepburn proved an exciting, vivid personality equipped with the materials of a first-class artist. This young lady will do very nicely on the screen. Her success is much more significant in view of the producers' efforts to bill her as a Garbo type—a type which does not exactly fit. She reveals, in "Morning Glory," a capacity for comedy and changing moods that, we daresay, none of her admirers expected. The movie stands out as one of the best of the month, chiefly for what Miss Hepburn has contributed.

While we are on the touchy subject of the theatre's contributions to motion pictures, a little flier in statistics may not be amiss. Someone called our attention to the fact that the screen drama, having gone heavily legitimate recently in the matter of material, has also seen fit to call upon many stage stars for

their services. "In the six first-run picture houses on Broadway," says our observer, referring to a certain week in August, "65 per cent, of the principal players were from the New York stage." "Morning Glory," we noticed, had a 100 per cent, stage cast and in two others, "Dinner At Eight" and "Paddy, the Next Best Thing," starring Janet Gaynor, nine out of ten star roles were famous stage names. Loyal legitimates may glean such comfort from this as they can. It does look like Hollywood simply dotes on its stagey cousin, by gosh.

UP UPS UPTON SINCLAIR

WE have before us a communication from Mr. Upton Sinclair calling our attention to "Thunder Over Mexico," a stupendous unfolding, according to him, of the romance of the Aztecs, a panorama with centuries of Mexican background. Mr. Sinclair and others, it seems, were inveigled into gambling a considerable sum on this production, which is due sometime this month at our Rialto Theatre.

It is a silent picture with incidental music by Hugo Riesenfeld and took all of thirty-three months to emerge out of the dust of old Mexico. It has no stars, hero and heroine do not live happily ever after (this probably dooms it); but it boasts gorgeous composition and beautiful photography. Mr. Sinclair writes, "Louis Fischer said: 'You will have to provide ambulances to carry people away from the theatre.'" And we answer rather cynically. "Why the perspiration, Upton?"

Twenty-five miles of films were sent back by its director, Sergei (pronounced Sergay) Eisenstein. The backers turned the mess over to Sol Lesser, a producer, who cut the film with enough to spare for six or seven pictures. In addition to Mr. Sinclair's nice letter, we found some advertising patter by one Rob Wagner's "Script," a publication, which calls this masterpiece "the bastard child of the shot-gun marriage of Moscow and Hollywood." Now, Upton, that is twice we have mentioned "Moscow" and twice "shot-gun" in this laborious work. So, it had better be good, although we positively will break no legs rushing to see a silent film. We're too much acclimated by now to bother about muted extravaganzas.

Italian and German Composers

WHEN we compare the scores of the average German composers with those of the average Italian, we are struck with primary differences between them arising from the attitude with which they severally approach their task. The German sets out to discover new harmonies, new chords, or new orchestral effects, while the Italian seeks lovely melodies and tunes which express in music what the drama represents on the stage.

If in the course of three acts, the German has succeeded in introducing "augmented fifths" that resolve into "diminished ninths," or in allotting to a tuba the kind of phrase generally assigned to a piccolo, he is happy. He goes to bed exulting, feeling that "something attempted, something done, has earned a night's repose." Not so with the Italian. He cares not for chords and harmonies; instrumentation is his handmaiden, not his mistress. His object is to invent tunes that will embody and emphasize the action or the sentiment of the moment and live forever after in the hearts of his audience, tunes that the public can sing or whistle and cherish. He seeks to compose for the sentimental lover of another "Una furtiva lagrima" as Donizetti did in his "Elisir d'amore," for the grandiose prima donna another "Casta Diva" as Bellini did in his "Norma," for the rollicking baritone another "Largo al factotum" as Rossini did in "Barbiere di Siviglia" and for the lovesick villain another "Il balen" as Verdi did in his "Trovatore."

Let him do this and he will make you a present of Berlioz's "Treatise on Instrumentation."

The German devotes too much attention to detail, losing sight of the outline; the Italian concerns himself chiefly with the outline and lets detail take care of itself. The one is grammatically correct and artistically wrong; the other is artistically right but grammatically faulty. Neither is fully satisfactory, for a perfect work

should, of course, include both art and grammar. Of these two opposite methods one has only grammar to recommend it, the other only plastic beauty.

Which is the more important element, grammar without new ideas, or new ideas without grammar? A man may be a great thinker, or may have tremendous poetical inclination in his nature but is not able to clothe his ideas in grammatical or poetical language; while another may have complete command of language and be able to express elegantly without having anything to tell us worth listening to. A great edifice requires both material and design.

—John Lione

THE Chicago Opera Company, under the direction of Maestro Alfredo Salmaggi, which closed its ten weeks' summer season at the New York Hippodrome Theatre on August 12th in a blaze of financial glory, was scheduled to begin its Fall season at the same theatre on Monday, September 11th.

Its prospectus announces a season of fourteen weeks with five subscription series on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings. Prices are to be slightly higher than during the recent summer season, extending from \$1.10 for orchestra and box seats to 35 and 25 cents for seats in the family circle. The latter are not sold by subscription, and in all cases the prices include the tax.

In addition to a "standard repertoire" of thirty-nine operas from which works will be chosen, twelve "novelties and revivals" are announced, including Mascagni's "Il Piccolo Marat," Donizetti's "La Favorita," Bizet's "Les Pecheurs de Perles," Franchetti's "Cristoforo Colombo," Verdi's "I Vespri Siciliani," Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia," Verdi's "Ernani," Puccini's "La Fanciulla del West," Marchetti's "Ruy Blas," Mascagni's "Isabeau," Gomez's "Il Guarany," and Wolf-Ferrari's "I Gioielli della Madonna."

Among the singers who are expected to join the company are Santa Biondo, Olga Carrara, Anna Leskaya, Milo Miloradovich and Edis Phillips. Sopranos: Bruna Castagna, Edwina Eustis and Harriet Maconal, mezzo-sopranos: Francesco Battaglia, Giovanni Breviaro, Bernardo de Muro, Franco Tafuro and Alessandro Ziliani, tenors; Benvenuto Franci, Pietro Saprani, Carlo Tagliabue and Gaetano Viviani, baritones; and Nazzareno de Angelis and Biagio de Corabi, basses. The new conductors promised are Karl Riedel, Alberto Bac-

colini, Pasquale La Rotella and Arthur Rosenstein.

OUT on the Coast, according to word received, the eleventh annual season of the San Francisco Opera Association, and the second in the War Memorial Opera House, will begin on Friday evening December 1st, and consist of a subscription series of ten performances. Maestro Gaetano Merola, as in former years, will again be general director. The reason for the unusually late season is due to the fact that several members of the roster include Metropolitan Opera stars, and since the Metropolitan season begins much later than usual, in December, this allows more time for the San Francisco company.

Among its stars are Lucrezia Bori, Claudia Muzio, Dino Borgioli, Giovanni Martinelli, Richard Bonelli, Ezio Pinza, Lawrence Tibbett and Ludovico Oliviero, and the conductors are Issay Dobrowen, Gaetano Merola and Wilfred Pelletier. Assistant conductors are Arturo Casiglia, Antonio Dell'Orefice (who is also Chorus Master) and Giacomo Spadoni, and Armando Agnini is stage director.

Another opera company promising a season of low-priced opera in New York is the Fides Opera Company, with the well-known Cesare Sodero as conductor. Its plans are for performances at the Mecca Auditorium, beginning with "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" on Thursday, Sept. 14th, followed by "Rigoletto" on Sept. 15th and "Carmen" on Sept. 16th. It is announced that the orchestra will be drafted for the most part from the ranks of the Metropolitan ensemble.

The trend toward popular prices has also infected Fortune Gallo, the noted opera impresario. He has announced that he will make an extended tour of the country with his San Carlo Grand Opera Company, with admissions kept at a low rate. The tour was opened some time ago at Philadelphia, and other cities on the itinerary are Cleveland, Chicago and cities in Canada.

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The Lure of Travel

WE are glad to present to our readers, beginning with this issue, a section on travel in Italy and to offer them a complete travel service. This department will furnish any information regarding travel in Italy, steamship accommodations, rates, schedules, railways, routes and hotels, upon request. We will also send, free of charge, beautifully illustrated booklets and catalogues describing any section of the country. This department is at the disposal of our readers and their friends and we sincerely hope we may be of service to them.

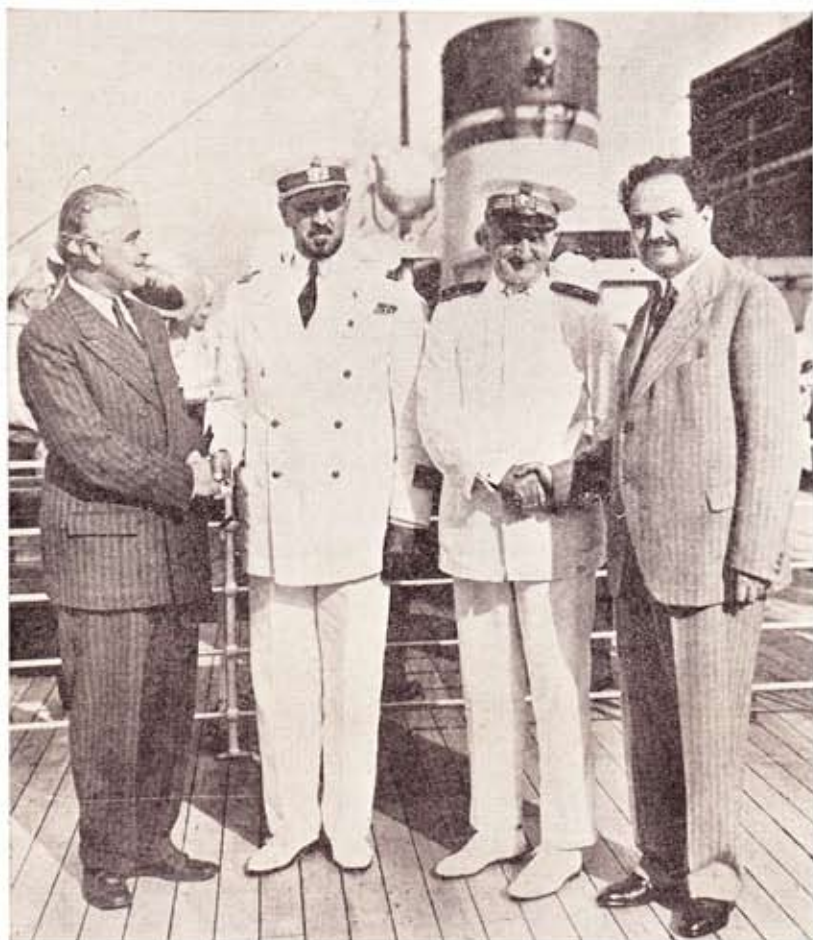
MANY factors have combined to cause the great influx of tourists into Italy this year. To travel in Italy has, in fact, become the thing to do, and it seems as if the world in general and American in particular, has become aware of her innumerable charms.

The government is playing a large part in encouraging and facilitating this travel movement. Not only does the Italian Line offer the best in service, speed and luxury, but it has inaugurated an interesting new feature which has proven useful and very much appreciated by the passengers. This is the teaching of the Italian language during the voy-

age. Not a complete course, naturally, but enough to enable tourists to find their way about and order what they wish. The railways, too, are co-operating and are making reductions in fares, sometimes as high as 70 per cent.

Further co-operation on the part of the government is evidenced by the uniform and fixed rates for hotels and restaurants, any violation of which is severely and promptly dealt with.

All this help to establish the confidence of Americans. Of late years they have begun to feel and resent the attitude of exploitation which they have experienced in other European countries. Italy is trying to dispel this idea and to welcome them, proud to share her natural beauty and glorious works of art.



Mutual congratulations: Consul General Antonio Grossardi felicitating Captain Francesco Tarabotto of the "Rex" after it had shattered all existing records for the westward Atlantic crossing while Aroldo Palanca, Resident Director of the Italian Line, congratulates the Chief Engineer, Luigi Risso.

ANOTHER thoughtful innovation of the Italian Line is the installation of tasting booths aboard, where a "bicchierino" will be served to those who desire to perfect their taste in wines. Thus the passengers, unfamiliar with the proper wine to be sipped at the proper time, will learn the correct vintage and be spared the embarrassment of choosing wrongly.

Incidentally, several of the officers of the training ship Cristoforo Colombo attended the affair given by Mrs. Mabel Brevoort Steven atop her penthouse at 425 East Fifty-first Street, celebrating the ripening of twenty-three bunches of muscat grapes. This was the reward of three years of patient tending, and the New York Botanical Society reported Mrs. Steven's grapes as being "possibly and probably" the only grapes to ripen on a Manhattan roof.

AFIRST prize of 10,000 lire has been announced by the Italian Tourist Department for the best book on "Charms of Italy." Other prizes in the form of gold and silver medals will be awarded. The contest closes December 31, 1933, and competitors may write in English, Italian, French, German and Spanish.

TRAVEL NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. Salvatore Cesario are vacationing in Italy. Mr. Cesario is Vice-President of the Philadelphia branch of the Banca Commerciale Italiana.

Miss Florinda Roma has sailed for a year's sojourn in Italy. Miss Roma, a student in the University of Pennsylvania Law School, will study at the University of Rome.

Bernard Cataldo, instructor in law at the University of Pennsylvania, is also sailing for a year's stay in Italy. A



Prince and Princess Domenico Orsini of Rome, who arrived on the record-breaking trip of the "Rex," on their first visit to America.

recipient of the Penfield Fellowship, Mr. Cataldo will do research work at a number of Italian Universities.

Returning recently on the Conte Di Savoia were Nina Morgana, opera star, Beniamino De Ritis, Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Fraschini.

Mr. and Mrs. Fitzhugh W. Haensel, of 200 W. 57th Street, and Mrs. Henry J. Harding, of 616 West 137th Street, have returned from Europe on the Roma.

Returning on the Vulcania recently were Giorgio Giaquinto and family, Giorgio Pace and family, and Mr. and Mrs. Russell F. Whitehead of 150 E. 49th Street.

Among those sailing on the Vulcania on September 9th were Ralph Dellevie, President of National Tours and the man who originally conceived the idea of the short leisure cruise; Uli Romo, chief tour conductor of the American Express; Bernardino Molinari and Mrs. Molinari, and Miss Cecilia Aglietti, all from New York. From Chicago, Mario DeTullio, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Hollis; from Cincinnati, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hess and Mrs. Katherine Hess.

We are glad to announce the opening on Saturday, September 2nd, of the Commercial Service Exchange, and take this opportunity to wish them every success. The directors are Amedeo Iacovino, well known formerly as the director of the Foreign Department of the National City Bank, and Salvatore R. Tocci, a member of a reputable banking family. The Commercial Service Exchange is located at 132 Sackett Street, in Brooklyn, with the object of making available to the Italian community in South Brooklyn a complete and reliable banking and travel service. Many telegrams and greetings of success were received and the opening was attended by members of the Consulate, Press and various Italian associations.

A GOLFER TOURS ITALY

by E. O.

RAPALLO, a few minutes from Genoa, is probably the best starting point for a golfer's tour of Italy. The course has 9 holes. The clubhouse and surrounding scenery of the Riviera are beautiful. Every comfort and convenience is supplied, and I realized that golf was golf and the playing of it was pretty much the same in Italy or America, so I prepared to enjoy myself immensely. From Rapallo I went to San Remo, also on the Riviera, the most fascinating course in all Italy.

It was opened in 1931, has 18 holes (with a yardage of 5305), many of which are really very sporty and test the skill of the best golfers. It is about 5 miles from the center of San Remo and is 600 feet above sea level, with magnificent views. San Remo has a high reputation among English speaking people and play is possible all year round. I was greatly impressed with the cordiality and good sportsmanship of the Italians. Since golf is still a comparatively expensive and exclusive sport in Italy, and still something of an accommodation to tourists, American players who frequent public courses will be surprised and delighted to find themselves in the company of the elite of Italian nobility, British and other foreign diplomats. Everything possible to assist and accommodate them is done with a real courtesy and friendliness.

The courses themselves are well laid out, with good turf, interesting hazards, modern and comfortable club houses, each with some particular charm of its own according to locality. The climate and unforgettable scenery is as varied as could be desired, offering mountains, mild lake resorts, the Riviera or the stronger sun of southern Italy. Three courses, San Remo, Rapallo and Bordighera, are near renowned health resorts. Three on the Adriatic, the Lido at Venice, Abbazia and the Island of Brioni, are international social and sport resorts, and in or near practically every large city one may find a conveniently located course. This information is for the casual golfer who would enjoy a good game occasionally as a respite, perhaps, from concentrated sight-seeing.

Due to the comparatively small size of the country for its 40 million people, golf links are rather regarded as luxuries and space is a consideration. Sixteen of the twenty-three courses have only 9 holes, though three of them are being extended to 18. In some cases, however, there are varied tees for a second round or an extra 9 hole putting course. Many of the clubs have excellent facilities for sports other than golf. A number of the professionals are English or English speaking and are glad to converse in English or practice what they already know. There are various challenge cups, frequent competitions and international contests open to all.

The caddies are well trained and many of the links employ girls, a fea-

ture even more unexpected in Italy, with its tradition of secluded women, than the presence of golf courses.

The fees average about the same everywhere, ranging from ten at Merano to thirty lire at Rome per day. Other arrangements for the week, month or season may be made at correspondingly lower cost. The Franciacorta at Brescia is a private club but visitors are welcome. At Pallanza on Lago Maggiore guests at the Majestic Grand Hotel allowed a 25% discount on the green fee.

From San Remo, not stopping to play at Turin, which I understand has no special features, but is more of a convenience to city players in that it is nearby, I went on to Clavieres on the French border, 5925 feet above sea level. This is a beautiful and difficult course, with many natural hazards, and is one of the 9 hole courses with nine varied tees for a second round. Here I fell in with a party of Englishmen and two other Americans.

We went on to Stresa and Palazzo on Lago Maggiore. As on all the northern courses the panorama is truly remarkable. At Stresa (18 holes) we took part

(Continued on Page 227)

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Italian 18th Century Secretary, a form which, with slight variations, is always popular

increasing demand. Aside from its individual beauty, this demand is due to the harmonious combination which Italian furniture forms with French and English furniture of the same period.

Although the Italian craftsmen often used French and English designs, the irrepressible Italian individualism asserted itself even here, and no piece of furniture was produced in Italy identical with its foreign forbear. Instead,

there was always some characteristically Italian touch which distinguished it. This versatile flair showed itself in various ways, most notable of which are the touches of gilding and gaily painted colors, decorative designs and leather treatment.

If the Italians drew on French and English designs for their furniture, then the interior architecture of Georgian and Colonial days must give credit to Italy. The drawings of Palladio and the fine engravings of Piranesi were studied by every architect of the time and adapted by such English architects as Robert Adams, who drew the inspiration for all of his work from Italy.

Andrea Palladio (1518-1580) was born in Vicenza, in northern Italy. He studied in Rome and in 1547 returned to Vicenza and designed a large number of fine buildings which were intended to be executed in stone, but which are now in a dilapidated condition because they were constructed, instead, in brick, and covered with stucco. In Venice, S. Giorgio Maggiore, the Capuchin church, and some of the large palaces on the Grand Canal are among his best designs. His great literary work, "I Quattro Libri dell'Architettura," first published in Venice, 1570, has had an enormous influence on European architecture, particularly in the eighteenth century in England (the banquet room of the palace at Whitehall owes much to Palladio's design), and has been translated into every European language.

Giovanni Battista Piranesi was born in the early part of the eighteenth century and also studied at Rome. His work, like that of Palladio, is valuable for its minute and detailed accuracy in depicting exactly the designs and construction of ancient Rome. One of the most eminent Italian engravers,



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Piranesi's enthusiasm waxed greater as he progressed and his engravings were brilliantly executed. His output became so large that it was necessary to call in all his children and several pupils to help. At his death, in 1778, his son Francesco collected and presented about 2000 of his plates in 29 volumes.

Perhaps, as always occurs when and conservatism of design as witnessed by the vogue of Palladio and Piranesi, and the general



Italian 18th Century Armchair showing French Demisbergère influence

orientation to the classical. And again, as in ages past, Rome is the fount of inspiration. We have had too much of anything, the lavishness of the preceding centuries caused the reversion to the simplicity of line

The following are several reliable antique and decorating concerns which we recommend to our readers: Dawson, 19 East 60th St., French and Co., 210 East 57th St., Felix Gould, 119 West 57th St., S. Cavallo, 200 East 48th St., Lavezzo & Bro., Inc., 154 East 54th St., Leon Medina, Hotel Plaza, Harry Meyers Co., 136 West 52nd St., Arthur S. Vernay, Inc., 19 East 54th St., Elsie Cobb Wilson, Inc., 821 Madison Ave.

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A Golfer Tours Italy

(Continued from Page 225)

in one of the Saturday competitions which occur in September. Pallanza, (18 holes, 6300 yards), is more interesting to play since it lies on the lake shore and is more irregular. Fine English grass seed has been used for the fairways and the sandy sub-soil makes play possible the year round. We enjoyed Pallanza immensely and were reluctant to leave for Menaggio and Villa D'Este, both near Lake Como.

The Villa D'Este, a beautiful clubhouse, overlooks the lake of Montoforano, and the 18 hole course meanders all around the Villa. At Menaggio, to the great elation of the party, one of the men from New York won a cup. The holes here, incidentally, are quite short, as the course originally numbered 9 but was extended to 18 in 1923.

At this point we decided to forego playing at Milan and the private club at Franciacorta because time was short and the northern courses were recommended as more unusual.

Both the courses at Merano and Mendola are thickly wooded and both are extremely short. At Mendola, often called the "Pearl of the Alps and the Key to the Dolomites," there are some interesting hazards, although it has the disadvantage of crossing fairways. Below Mendola and to the east, 5500 feet above sea level, in those jagged and often amazingly formed Dolomites, we found one of the most sporting courses in all Europe, measuring only 4130 yards for its 18 holes,

Carezza Al Lago. To the southwest, but still in the Dolomites and claiming to be the highest course in Europe (5660 feet above sea level), at the top of the famous Campo Carlo Magno Pass, is Madonna Di Campilio, which is a good 9 hole course.

Our next stop was Gardone Riviera on Lake Garda. There the course runs close to the lake shore and is notable for its almost entire lack of wind. Here our party regretfully split up. I had planned to continue south, winding up at Palermo and thence to New York. This appealed to one of the other men from New York, so we both set out for the Lido and Brioni Island. I was glad to have him and it was a relief not to have to translate or explain the meaning of our American golf vernacular.

The Lido course at Venice (eighteen holes) is quite flat, but one of the most recently built and comparable to the best of the seaside links of Scotland. One of the most intriguing places for a shot I know of is the blind hole built in the ancient moats and ramparts of an Austrian fortress dating back to the Austrian rule in Italy.

At Brioni, (eighteen holes) one plays around the entire island. However, both at the Lido and at Brioni social life is as important as sport, and since the bathing, too, was the best we had experienced, we neglected golf.

Little time now remained in which to get to Palermo, so instead of going up to play at Abbazia, near Fiume, we went directly to Florence and Rome. Here too, after trying the courses, the splendours of these cities diverted our

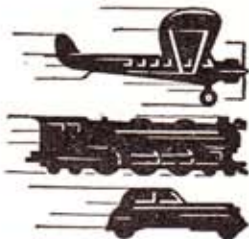
(Continued on Page 229)

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Our Feminine Gallery

PRINCESS Bianca Pio di Savoia, distant relative of King Emmanuel, has been selected by Mussolini to hold the highest position in the Fascist Party open to a woman. She has been placed in charge of the Fasci Femminili, or Women's Groups, as their president.

There are twelve thousand of these groups with a total membership of two hundred thousand. Their duty is to spread the doctrine of Italian feminism. This feminism is not so much concerned with politics, as in other countries, as it is with running the fifty thousand maternity and infants' clinics subsidized by the government, praising the beauties of motherhood, advising factory workers to leave their jobs if possible and become healthy women and give strong children to Italy.

Princess Bianca is thirty-five years old, slim and blonde. She dresses smartly in clothes of Italian design thereby doing her part to carry out another of Mussolini's contentions, namely that Italian women may be well-dressed in clothes designed at home. (An exhibition was held in Turin this summer showing styles by Italian designers in an effort to encourage this industry.) Part of every year she spends in Madrid with her mother-in-law. In Rome, she has helped many a poor family of the Garbatella slum district from her own purse.

ANTONIA Brico, native of California and graduate of its State University, directed the Musician's Symphony Orchestra at the Metropolitan Opera House and achieved celebrity over night.

This was not just a chance triumph, but the climax to a long period of perseverance, study, sacrifice and faith.

Miss Brico is barely thirty, has the air of a poet and yet somehow gives an impression of authority. As a child she studied to become a pianist but concerts in the parks of San Francisco inspired her with the desire to become a conductor. Despite the attempts of friends and teachers to dissuade her, she determined to study with this in mind. She worked her way through college, gave piano recitals, coached choral societies and played over the radio. She graduated, having specialized in languages and Oriental philosophy.

Instead of accepting a position she went to New York and studied with Sigismund Stojowski. A year later she went to Berlin and studied for five years with Karl Muck. She is his only pupil. The Berlin Philharmonic was the first orchestra she conducted, later Muck's orchestra in Hamburg.

Returning to America for three months, she conducted in San Francisco, the Greek Theatre in Berkeley, the Hollywood Bowl. Then, after further study in Europe, she conducted in the largest cities of Germany, Poland and Latvia with unprecedented success.

But New York was her objective all along. The rest was just so much pre-

paration. The only available orchestra was the Musician's Symphony, due to its policy of changing personnel and having guest conductors. With only three rehearsals, Miss Brico made them play as never before, and was promptly engaged for a second concert.

This summer she conducted a series of concerts at the Westchester County Center, in White Plains, with equal success, and is no doubt on the way to achieving her heart's desire—recognition in a man's field because of true merit.

DR. HELEN M. Angelucci is the only Italo-American woman physician and surgeon in Philadelphia.

Her marked success in medicine has been the source of favorable comment and admiration on the part of those who know best her sterling merits. She received her M.D. from the Women's Medical College and served her internship at the Misericordia Hospital. In 1928 she began to practice medicine and her office has attracted a large clientele ever since. At the present time she is on surgical service at the College Hospital and at the Women's Medical Hospital.

Dr. Angelucci in a recent lecture said that in classical Greece, Asclepius, son of Apollo, personified medicine and that Asclepius' daughters were priest healers. One of them, Hygea, was the goddess of health. Besides, throughout the Iliad and Odyssey woman doctors were repeatedly spoken of.

"Unfortunately," sighed the enterprising young surgeon, "the popularity of the woman doctor languished when Greece suffered a period of decadence. The prac-



Dina Ferri, the talented young Siennese shepherdess, whose untimely death at the age of 21 cut short a promising career as a poetess. A review of "Notebook of Nothing," a compilation of "fragments" of her work, may be found on Page 194.

tice of woman was degraded as laws were enforced, forbidding woman to practice medicine. Thus the woman physicians disappeared for a while. But one intrepid woman doctor distinguished herself as a man and studied and practiced medicine freely. Agnodice was her name and she won widespread renown in medicine. However, in due time, she was discovered and sentenced to death. This resulted in the rebellion of Athenian women which finally led to a change in the statute (500 B. C.)

"And now we come to Rome," went on Dr. Angelucci with an air of gratification. "Victoria and Leopolda were the two most outstanding woman physicians of the time. Also four saints of the early Christian church were reputed to be competent doctors. St. Philomena was the personal physician of the greatest woman hater of all times, St. Paul. He hated the sight of woman, but when he was ill he wished no one but a woman doctor to treat him. St. Philomena attended him in his last illness.

"The first hospital was founded in Rome by Fabiola, a noted woman doctor. After her death the hospital was supervised by the Benedictinian Sisters, among whom St. Scolastica and St. Hildegard were the leading medical women. In the eleventh century the first medical school was established in Salerno. The institution was open to both sexes. It was organized and directed by woman professors and doctors. During this time the most brilliant of medical doctors was Madame Trotula. Her books on medicine are still consulted. In Trotula's reign all men who claimed to be anything worthwhile in medicine considered themselves the disciples of Madame "Trot."

"We must not forget," cautioned the Philadelphia physician, "that the most significant developments in medicine took place in Italy. The field of medicine was always open to women and all the outstanding woman doctors in history were Italians. Among them were Alessandria Gilliani, Maria Della Donna and Anna Mazzolini.

"Then came the Reformation, a backward step in the progress of civilization. Fortunately it did not hit Italy. It stopped north of the Alps and Italy remained Catholic. Between the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries Italian universities were continuously giving medical degrees to women and appointed them to their faculties, while the woman physician north of the alps was disapproved of. Not until 1764 did Germany award a medical degree to a woman. The United States awarded the first degree in 1849 to Elizabeth Blackwell. In 1860 Paris (Sorbonne) presented a degree to Mary Barrett and in 1879 England recognized Jex Black as a woman physician.

"Thus we may contemplate with satisfaction the progress of the woman doctor. It can safely be said that the idea of the woman physician has sprung up with the dawn of civilization."

THE NEW BOOKS

(Continued from Page 194)

economic revolution, that has slowly but surely gripped the nation in its upward surge.

Reviewing briefly in prologue form the early economic and social history of the human race, which is treated so extensively in college sociology courses, the author broadens his thesis, and sets his main values upon the more or less new economic concept as put into effect by the American nation. Taking a middle course, the American Government swings neither to the right nor to the left in seeking a solution for the manifold economic evils of a complicated age. It does not lean entirely towards the Marxian theory of complete nationalization of public resources, but rather towards a form of paternalism by which the government by means of codes controls industry for the protection of the workers, and at the same time works no injustice upon private ownership. At least, that seems to be the trend.

Such phases of the "New Deal" as its cardinal principles, the creation and the functions of the "Brain Trust," the plans and the policies of the "Brain Trust," its membership, the "practical economics of the Industrial Recovery Act," planned economy in "priming the prosperity pump," aspects of financial reform, its pragmatic basis, and its collective viewpoint, are gone into quite effectively.

The relationship of trade associations to industry control, typical examples of codes, and critical studies of the "New Deal Economics," such as "constitutional rights and monopolies," are given in an adequate manner. The viewpoint of men high in public office, in regard to this American departure from established practice, are also fully set forth.

The work is sound, and is to be highly recommended to the citizen and man of thought.

—Michael Di Liberto

THE NEW BALANCE OF POWER IN EUROPE. By Valentine De Bal-la. 205 pages. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. \$2.

The rise of Hitlerism in Germany has brought about an entirely new physiognomy on European matters. Its most important result has been the bringing closer together, through fear or alarm, of the other nations on that continent, for Germany, in isolating herself politically, has by the same token promoted better relations between nations hitherto at odds, such as Italy and France, France and Russia, Russia and Poland, etc. So

fundamental and far-reaching is the change that has been ushered in that former considerations of motives, events and possibilities on the European chess-board have become invalidated. A new mold for European affairs is in the making and its outlines are not yet entirely clear.

It was another matter last year, when the present volume was published, for the balance of power referred to was really new. Two political groups were racing to attain military supremacy, and the balance was provided on the one hand by those seeking to maintain the political structure of Europe, and on the other, those striving to change it. France was and is at the head of those desiring to retain the status quo, while Germany has been and is the country clamoring most threateningly for revision of treaties and boundaries.

"The New Balance of Power in Europe" has as its purpose the examination and appraisal of the possible chances of each group in reaching its end. It studies the motives and aspirations that link the countries in each division, it sums up the power of each group, especially the military power of the states in question, material from which was obtained from war departments in Europe. A concluding chapter is entitled "The Possible War."

RECOVERY THROUGH REVOLUTION. A Symposium. Edited by Samuel Schmalhausen. 504 pages. New York: Covici Friede. \$3.75.

It seems such a long time ago, though it was only last Fall, that apparently every other book published on economics discussed or foretold the downfall of capitalism, democracy, individualism, the home, religion and whatnot. Some pointed heatedly in the direction of communism; others as eloquently spoke in praise of one of the various forms of fascism. Few saw any possibility in a modified economic democracy, the sort that is now, amidst intense labor pains, being brought to life in this country.

But it seems so long ago. The whole nation is at grips with a problem that gives it no time to think of other possibilities, so the timeliness of this book is somewhat passe. There is nevertheless considerable meat in the volume, composed of contributions by such noted men as Robert Morss Lovett, G. D. H. Cole, Louis Fischer, Harold J. Laski, Carleton Beals, Robert Briffault, Gaetano Salvemini, and even Chinese and a Japanese critic. Perhaps it is to be expected that nineteen different contributors would not have the same idea of the meaning of the term "revolution." Mr. Lovett, for example, says that "the essential characteristic of a revolution is a sudden and fundamental change in orientation or attitude toward the world and the individual's place in it," differentiating it from "evolution" only in the matter of time, but his definition is by no means accepted by the others.

The majority of them, well-known as writers of a "left" tendency, look only to Marxism and communism as the way out. It would be too bad should the NRA

Eagle lead America out of the depression, for it would then refute their elaborately constructed and over-discussed theories.

AN OUTLINE OF ADVERTISING. By George Burton Hotchkiss. 509 pages. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.

Advertising at this time stands on the threshold of a new era, in which practices and principles of the past may have to be discarded and new and fairer ones instituted. Under the NRA, it can hardly emphasize lower prices for goods, nor cast disparagements on competitors' goods. It must, in a strict sense, present what it has to say, and must be truthful about it. In the mad twenties, advertising was resorted to to puff sales, regardless of the merit of the article. It was even said that the formula was: spend much to make the thing seem good, and you need spend much less to make it really good, the idea being that advertising, if big enough, might render merit unnecessary. The change that is imminent cannot but be a beneficial one.

Some of these points are discussed in the present volume. But they are by no means typical of its contents as a whole. Very conveniently divided into four parts, designated the Philosophy, the Science, the Art, and the Strategy of Advertising, the book presents these four categories as four points of view from which all the inter-related activities of advertising may be approached. Though it can serve as a textbook, the volume makes instructive and interesting reading for the layman, especially the first hundred pages or so, dealing with the history of advertising from its earliest manifestations.

A good working definition of the word advertising, incidentally, is given at the very beginning: "Advertising . . . includes all sorts of public messages for commercial purposes, paid for and avowed by those who expect profit from them." And the book is also heavily illustrated with samples of scores of ads, including most of the ones that are familiar to anyone who picks up a newspaper or magazine occasionally.

A GOLFER TOURS ITALY

(Continued from Page 227)

attention from golf, and sightseeing took precedence over striving for birdies. The eighteen hole course at the Rome Golf Club, started in 1902 and probably the oldest in Italy, is beautifully situated close to the Via Appia and commands a wonderful view of the Castelli Romani and nearby hills. It is 6087 yards long and holds weekly competitions for all players.

We reached Palermo in time to play one day at the Mondello Golf Club. It was the latter part of October and an ideal season to be there. The course was easy and straight (with a tearoom in the center for the thirsty), has nine holes and is 2910 yards long. Since time and distance forbade our taking the trip to Rhodes, where I understand the course is unexpectedly interesting, Palermo was a fitting end to a fascinating tour.

The Italians in North America

For something like ten days last month, New York City was treated to the sight of a few hundred Italian cadets and sailors visiting the city's sights and attending the many social affairs given in their honor. Constituting the crews of the two Italian training ships, the "Amerigo Vespucci" and the "Cristoforo Colombo", and of the two Italian submarines, the "Balilla" and the "Millelire", they were conspicuous in the streets by their smart uniforms and their erect, clean-cut appearance. A fuller treatment of this subject may be found in an article on another page of this issue.

In order to gain greater political recognition, although at the same time preserving political independence, the Italians of Boston have recently organized the Italian Political Association, the aim of which is to make the Italian vote in that city something to be reckoned with. The electoral strength of the Italians in the Hub City is about 145,000, but only about 50,000 of them are registered. President of the new association is Frank Pedonti, one of Mayor Curley's assistant secretaries, with Daniel A. Nori as secretary. The club's headquarters are at 204 Hanover Street.

The highlight of the official "Italian Day" at the Chicago World's Fair, held on August 3rd, was the unveiling of a statue of Christopher Columbus, the work of a noted St. Paul (Minn.) sculptor, Cav. C. Brioschi. Representatives of American associations, the Italian Embassy, the Italian Consulate, and Italo-American organizations, were augmented by a crowd numbering in the thousands.

Chairman of the day was Judge Francis Borrelli, and among the speakers were Ambassador Augusto Rosso, Hon. Fiorello H. La Guardia, Hon. Rufus C. Dawes, president of the Exposition, Consul General Giuseppe Castruccio, and Roland V. Liberati of Illinois. A telegram from General Balbo was read at the unveiling of the monument, on the base of which is commemorated the historic flight of the 24 Italian seaplanes to the World's Fair. Lucille A. Iasillo, who had been chosen as the most beautiful Italian girl in Chicago, reigned during the day amid applause. Her two maids of honor were Maria Alfano and Anna Marana.

The Columbian Republican League of New York State held a combined picnic on August 20th at Ellison Park in Rochester, with some 20,000 attending, to celebrate a half-century of Italian progress in that city. General chairman of the occasion was Joseph Fazio, assisted by a large committee. Assisting Charles I. Mondo, chairman of the ticket committee were the following: Michael L. Rogers, Anthony Di Cesare, Sam Mosechiano, Michael J. Em-

ma, Charles De Carlo, Sam Polizzi, Louis Leggiero, James Bovenzi, Cesare D'Onofrio, Frank J. Cappellino, Simon Di Ponzio, John Mascioli, Frank Bon-signore, Leonard Angilella, Peter Guilian, Joseph Sciarrino, Philip Rizzo, and Alfred Marapese.

For convenience, the city was divided into three sections, Southeast Branch, 20th Ward and 22nd Ward, with identical committees working in each. The members of these committees were as follows:

Southeast Branch

Program—Valdmir Cusani, John Palermo, B. Frank Gray, B. Giambro-ne, Joseph Aguglia.

Field—Samuel Palermo, Joseph Virgo, Salvatore Alessi, Gustavo Cusini, Charles Palermo.

Arrangements—G. Sciarrino, Joseph Scalzo, James Palermo.

Sports—Louis Dispenza, Salvatore Alessi, Arturo Cananare.

Reception—Frank J. Cappellino, Joseph Di Pasquale, Jesse Cimino, Frank Ranieri, Salvatore Cusimano, James Passero, Joseph Blanda, Thomas Miceli, Domenic Versage, Sam Gray.

20th Ward

Executive Members—S. Di Stefano, Patsy Fiorica.

Program—J. Fiannaca, chairman, J. Sciarrino, J. Musso, G. Casacelli, P. Soldi.

Arrangements—J. Mira, chairman; Chas. Fornataro, P. Soldi, Jr., S. Insalaco, M. Di Bella.

Transportation—G. Casaceli, chairman; Chas. Burgio, Peter Fiorica, M. Battaglia, H. Gravellese.

Field—J. Sciarrino, chairman; J. Graziano, C. Tarruggia, F. Iacona, P. Marcono, A. Russo, N. Romano, A. Papa, J. Burgio, A. Bonsignore.

Sports—A. Andreano, chairman; Chas. Burgio, Jr., Chas. Fornataro.

Refreshments—Patsy Soldi, chairman.

Reception—S. DiStefano, chairman; Patsy Fiorica, J. Mira, J. Fiannaca, Dr. L. Balducci, Dr. F. C. Valvo.

22nd Ward

Arrangements—Frank Russo, chairman; Joseph Paladino, Alfred Cutali.

Sports—Rudolph F. Napodano, chairman; Anthony Lambo, Joseph De Frank.

Program—Alfred Cutali, chairman; Michael De Leo, Ralph DeLeo, Michael Altieri, Anthony Bonadio.

Parade—Vincent Scardino, chairman; Carl Castellano, Domenic Zambito, Louis Argento.

Tickets—Philip Rizzo, chairman; Serafino Russo, Jack Battaglia, Domenic Roncone, Joseph Batall.

Transportation—Joseph Giordano; chairman; John Mascato, Anthony Scalia, Anthony Vullo, Paul James Paine, John Nicoletta, John Petronelli, Rosario Scardino, Furnari, Charles Giordano.

Field Committee—Joseph Paladino, chairman; Samuel Lobene, Robert Be-

nediet, Michael Merisoli, Michael Modelli, Pasquale La Paglia, James Lambo, Joseph Lo Buc, Angelo Incavo, Joseph Incavo.

Reception—Angelo L. DiNieri, chairman; Alfred Cutali, Michael De Leo, Alphonse Giordano.

There has been formed in Chicago the Delegation of the Aero Club of Italy, headed by Michele Butera, at 236 N. Clark Street. Honorary members are General Italo Balbo and Consul General Giuseppe Castruccio.

Sunday, October 15, will find the Italians of North Ohio meeting for a twofold celebration in Cleveland, commemorating both Columbus Day and "la Sagra della Gioventù." Among the sponsors of the event, which will take place in Cleveland's beautiful new Italian Cultural Garden, are the local chapter of the Sons of Italy, the Association of Italian War Veterans, "Il Corriere dell'Ohio," and prominent social leaders. In addition to the adults, 1000 Italo-American youths will hear addresses by Gov. George White of Ohio, Mayor Ray Miller of Cleveland, Count Cesare Gradenigo, Italian Consul-General at Cleveland, and well-known Ohio educators.

Fifty lucky young folks will win medals and books from the Italian government as rewards for their progress in their parental language. His Excellency, Prof. Piero Parini, Minister in Il Duce's cabinet, will send from Rome the greetings of Mussolini and Italian youth. This message will be read in translation by Governor White and in the original by Prof. Enzo Cotruvo, editor of "Il Corriere."

At a conclave of eighty Ohio lodges of the Sons of Italy convened in Columbus, Francesco Zammataro was elected to succeed Raimondo Boccia as Grand Venerable for the state. A fortunate combination of broad culture and practical sense, Mr. Zammataro is mindful of the wishes of the members of his society and intends to put into effect every decision voted at the conclave, to which purpose he is calling an early meeting of the new Grand Council. The other successful candidates are Alberto Di Tommaso, Asst. Grand Venerable, Natale Commela, Grand Secretary, Domenic Gulino, Avvocato, Mr. Mangano, Secretary of Finance, and Sam Danna, Grand Trustee.

Admiral B. Bernotti, commander of the Italian training ships recently anchored in New York harbor, together with 200 officers and cadets, were guests on Saturday afternoon, August 26th, of the Tiro a Segno Nazionale Italiano (Italian National Rifle Shooting Society of America) at its new clubhouse, 8 Fifth Avenue, as the first of a series of receptions to be given by the society in honor of Italian distinguished guests and visiting nobility. Founded forty-

three years ago, this society has many outstanding Italians in its membership, including the club's president, Count A. Facchetti-Guiglia; Harry Personeni, past president; Francesco Luigi Saroli, president of the Banca Commerciale Italiana; Cav. Dott. Leonardo Barbanzolo, vice-president of the Bank of Sicily; and Lucio Angeli, vice-president of the Banca Commerciale Italiana.

The Columbian Republican League of Connecticut, at the headquarters of the Sons of Italy in East Washington Avenue in Waterbury, Conn., elected the following officers for the coming year: Paolo D'Elia, pres.; M. Carrafiello and J. Sampieri, vice-presidents; Edith Frascatore, corr. sec.; E. Sandula, fin. sec.; and M. Altieri, treas.

In Union City, N. J., the Columbus Democratic Club, with headquarters at 301-41st Street, has begun a free school of Italian for the benefit of the large Italian community in that city. The secretary of the Club, Ferdinando Clemente, is in charge of the organization, with Miss Rosina Bongiorno of Union Hill High School as instructor. The city's school authorities have allowed the use of Roosevelt School in that city for the classes.

The Federation of Italian Societies in Newark, with a membership of over 5000 and recently organized, is progressing rapidly. It has already obtained a Judgeship for Attorney Masucci, and is looking forward to having an Italian as Assistant District Attorney. Elections in the club were recently held with the following results: Dr. Luigi Martucci, president; Atty. Raffone, C. Lifante and G. Jannicelli, Vice-presidents; A. Affinito, treas.; J. Crisci, sec.; and Miss Belfatti, D. Valentino, D. Cresta and Dr. Citrino, directors.

New headquarters for the recently organized South Beach Democratic Club of Staten Island, N. Y. were recently opened at 183 Sand Lane, South Beach, S. I. Many political leaders were present at the inauguration. The club's officers are: Albert Maniscalco, pres.; Henry Pellicano and Andrew Maniscalco, vice-presidents; J. J. Egitto, corr. sec.; Thomas Diena, fin. sec.; A. Vinciguerra, treas.; and a Board of Advisors comprising Albert V. Maniscalco, chairman, Federico Fabozzi, Frank Ribertelli, Vincent De Leo, James Lupari, Joseph Maniscalco and Vito De Lice.

Religion

A canonical hearing in connection with the beatification of Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini, foundress and first superior general of the Order of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, is being conducted in Chicago by a direct representative of the Congregation of Sacred Rites from Vatican City, with all the formal ceremonies such a hearing requires. The hearing is being conducted in Columbus Hospital in Chicago, not far from the very room in which Mother Cabrini died in 1917.

The Holy See has appointed His Eminence, George Cardinal Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago, as presiding judge of the court which is to obtain all the facts in the matter and under the greatest secrecy. All the tes-

timony and information developed by the canonical process will be taken to Vatican City by Monsignor Della Cioppa of the Congregation of Sacred Rites, and ultimately will be presented to the Holy Father. If the Holy See approves the evidence in regard to the heroic virtues of Mother Cabrini, she will have the title of "Venerable", and if similar approval is given the testimony concerning miracles, she will be raised to the honors of the altars when solemn beatification will be decreed by the Holy Father.

Among the witnesses called is Mother General Antonietta Della Casa, present head of the order.



Mother Cabrini at the time she began her sisterhood in America

Mother Cabrini was born in Lodi, Lombardy, Italy, July 15, 1850, youngest of thirteen children. She was slight of body and small, and in her childhood gave no evidence of the remarkable courage, vision and executive ability that with her piety and charity helped her to found an Institute which in her lifetime spread to far corners of the world. Establishments of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus now exist in England, France, Spain, Nicaragua, Argentina, Brazil, China, as well as in Italy. In the United States the Sisters have establishments in California, Colorado, Illinois, Louisiana, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Washington.

They have in New York the magnificent new Columbus Hospital, with its annex in the upper part of the City, and the Mother Cabrini Memorial High School. In Chicago is the Columbus Hospital, which she founded and in which she died, and Mother Cabrini Hospital, named in her honor, as well as a large elementary school. The Order, founded November 8, 1880, with eight members, now maintains 200 institutions, schools, colleges and hospitals, with more than four thousand Sisters.

"Cardinal Hayes: A Treasury of Wisdom and Knowledge" is the title of a book recently published by Monsignor Germano Formica, publisher of "La Voce dell'Emigrato", which is the organ of the Italian Auxiliary, of which immigrant aid society he is director.

The Palace of Italy Corporation recently opened offices in the second floor of the main building at Rockefeller Centre in New York City. It is charged with the coordination of all the activities of a commercial, artistic and industrial

nature that will be housed in the Palazzo d'Italia now being built. Its address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y.

The annual Convention and Dinner of the Lambda Phi Mu Medical Fraternity, composed of Italo-Americans, was held on September 9th, the convention proper at the Hotel Pennsylvania in the afternoon and the dinner in the evening at Conte's Restaurant, 432 Lafayette Street, both in New York City. Dr. Carmyn J. Lombardo, who also heads the organization's publication, the "Morgagni News-Letter," was chairman of the dinner committee, assisted by Drs. A. W. Scacciaferro, A. L. Colantuono, T. R. Lombardo and J. J. Nicotia.

The new officers of the Italian Chamber of Commerce of Detroit, with headquarters at 2205 Barlum Tower in that city, as a result of recent elections are as follows: Dr. V. S. Mancuso, pres.; Dr. F. C. Pacific, vice-pres.; F. P. Lo Verde, treas.; A. A. Esperti, sec.; Board of Directors: Dr. N. J. Calabrese, J. M. Vigliotti, V. Thomas J. P. Benfanti and P. Migliore.

Announcement was made recently of a membership campaign by the International Institute to make possible continuance of its program of orientation for the foreign-born. The campaign will be carried on among the foreign groups in various cities. Miss Harriet F. Ryan is director of the Institute.

September 5th was a great day for the Italian community in Toronto, it being "Italian Day" at the Canadian National Exposition. Among the distinguished Italians and Americans attending was Consul General Dr. Luigi Petrucci.

Dr. A. L. Avitabile of New Britain, Conn. has been appointed Medical Examiner affiliated with the State Athletic Commission. Prominent in Democratic politics in New Britain, he is treasurer of the Town Committee, and for some time has been Medical Examiner for the Fire Department of New Britain.

The first Italian letter-carrier in Buffalo, Antonio Miceli, after 31 years and 5 months of active duty, was recently pensioned. Known affectionately as the "singing mailman," he was born in Palermo Province in Italy in 1879, came to America at the age of ten, and at the age of 23 began his work with the Post-Office Department. He lives at 756 Niagara Street, and is a brother of Atty. Frank Miceli of Buffalo and Atty. Antonio Miceli of Rochester.

One of the factors making for uneasiness on the part of John H. McCooey, Democratic political leader of Brooklyn, is the hard primary fight being waged by Assemblyman Jerome G. Ambro of 14 Suydam Street, Brooklyn, for the Democratic nomination for Mayor against the regular Tammany organization's choice, for re-election, of Mayor John P. O'Brien. The petition which he filed designating him a candidate contained more than 10,000 signatures.

Mr. Ambro has been at odds with the Brooklyn party leader. Turned down by the party organization for renomination in 1931, he won renomination and re-election, and the following year won

the Democratic leadership of the 19th Assembly District, which he still holds.

Charles Poletti, youthful lawyer from New York City, who has been a legal adviser to Governor Lehman of New York since his entry into office last January, was recently appointed as the Governor's counsel. Mr. Poletti, formerly associated with the law office of John W. Davis, was expected to combine in his new role the duties of Governor's counsel—an official, State-paid job—with his duties as the Governor's personal assistant, for which he has heretofore been paid by the Governor.

Born in Barre, Vermont, in July 1903, young Poletti worked his way through school, and scholarships helped him through Harvard, from which he was graduated with high honors in political economy, political science and history, as well as a Phi Beta Kappa key. After a year in Italy on an Eleonora Duse Fellowship of the Italy America Society, he returned to Harvard Law School, from which he was graduated in 1928 with high honors. In 1929 he campaigned for Smith, met John W. Davis, and two years later served as one of the counsels for the St. Lawrence Power Development Commission, appointed by Gov. Roosevelt. He was appointed Governor Lehman's personal counsel at the suggestion of his law school teacher, Professor Felix Frankfurter.

Judge M. A. Musmanno of the County Court of Pittsburgh, Pa. is running for election to the Court of Common Pleas in that City.

A native of Stowe Township, Allegheny County, Pa., he attended the local public schools, earned money after school, and at Washington, D. C. acquired many university degrees. A brilliant lawyer, he was elected to the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1928 and re-elected in 1930. In 1931 he received a heavy vote and became elected Judge of the County Court.

Andrew Acunto of New Haven, Conn. has been appointed Deputy Collector of Taxes for the New Haven area.

The NRA is enlisting the heartiest support, and in an active way, of the Italo-Americans in this country. A couple of instances are available at the end of August.

Hon. J. Victor D'Aloia, Judge of the 2nd Precinct Court in Newark and Assistant Prosecutor at the Courthouse, Newark, has been appointed Chairman of the NRA Speakers Bureau for the State of New Jersey. And in Pittsburgh Atty. Charles Schisano has been elected chairman of the Foreign Language Speakers' Committee of the NRA.

Frank X. Briante, sports editor of the "Corriere d'America" and former football star with New York University, is Democratic candidate for the Westchester County Board of Supervisors.

A number of Italo-Americans are running for public office in Philadelphia, including Charles Amodei for City Magistrate, Dr. Leopold Vaccaro for Coroner in Philadelphia County and James Calio for Magistrate.

FINE ARTS

The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York announces lecture courses given by members of the staff of New York University's College of Fine Arts, beginning this month. Two courses of interest are "Late Medieval Painting in Italy" and "Italian Masters of the High Renaissance," both given by Richard Offner.

The trustees of the Jersey City Museum Association recently elected as one of their members Archimede A. Giacomantonio, the rising young Italo-American sculptor who is well known in artistic circles in New Jersey and New York. Mr. Giacomantonio, in-



"Mussolini," by A. V. Corso

identally, has an exhibit scheduled for March 5th to March 17th of next year.

Antonio V. Corso, creator of the bust of Mussolini reproduced in this section, has been a sculptor for about 25 of his 44 years, his studio now being located at 14 Montauk Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. He studied at Palermo, Italy, and at Cooper Union in New York, having studied sculpture from life under the noted professors Raffaele Rainieri and Joseph T. Brewster. Mr. Corso has won numerous prizes, and his works adorn many public places throughout this country.

Cav. Alessandro Solitano of New York was the principal speaker at the first international exposition of men's styles held last month at the Hotel Governor Clinton in New York. At the banquet held, Cav. Solitano, as head of the judging committees of the exposition, awarded the four gold medals (which, incidentally, went to the Italians Harry Pilla, Louis Pilla, Steve Burgio and Vito Bagnato).

A book has been written by Cav. Solitano entitled "Aesthetic and Technique of Men's Habilliments," and which sells for \$3.50, published by the Clothing Designer Co. of New York. Printed

in Italian, it is a volume of 140 pages and 82 illustrations, and is of special interest to clothing designers and tailors.

Said "The Clothing Trade Journal" in reviewing the book in its May 1933 issue: "There is no question but what Mr. Solitano has made a valuable contribution to the technique of tailoring and design and that many of his ideas are practical and original. . . It is a book that should be in the hands of every custom cutter and designer."

MISCELLANEOUS

Cav. Massimo Cataldo of Dorchester, Mass., for the second time in less than six months has been honored. Last February he was made a Chevalier of the Order of the Crown of Italy by the King of Italy, and last month he received from His Holiness Pope Pius XI, the Cross "Pro Ecclesia Et Pontifice."

Born in Chiusano, Avellino Province, Italy, Mr. Cataldo came to this country 40 years ago, and with John Cifirino established, after some years, the Uphams Corner Market, said to be the world's largest. He retired in January 1928 and now lives at 17 Virginia Street, Dorchester, with his wife.

The recent RKO beauty contest in New York unearthed from obscurity pretty Ellen Patti of 1069 Simpson St., the Bronx, who was adjudged the winner in a neighborhood beauty contest of a \$200 wrist watch. Officials of a movie company that gave her a screen test say she resembles Ann Dvorak.

An invention has been patented by Giacomo V. Nocero of 234 Hazzard Street, Jamestown, N. Y., whereby, by means of an electrical attachment, an alarm will be sounded as soon as a safe or other place of safekeeping is so much as touched by hand after the alarm is set.

Pietro Rosa, owner of the Stamford Waist Co. of Stamford, Conn. and president for a number of years of the Italian Social Institute of that city, has been made a Chevalier of the Order of the Crown of Italy.

At the request of Remo Conti, who directs the Italian Hour in the Chicago broadcasting station WGES, Dr. Nicola Emanuele last month spoke over that station on the discovery of America, citing facts to disprove the contention that Lief Erickson was responsible.

Among the groups before which Peter T. Campon of Binghamton, N. Y. has been delivering his message of "Italian Contributions to Civilization" and related topics have been, last month, the Sayre, Pa. Rotary; the Johnson City, N. Y. Rotary; the Binghamton Monarch, Kiwanis and Lions Clubs; and the Kiwanis Club of Middletown, N. Y.

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IN ITALIANO

Rassegna della vita contemporanea

TACCUINO DI RODI

Di Franco Ciarlantini

SI può pensare quello che si vuole di Rodi, di lontano.

Ci si può immaginare qualche cosa di fantastico in mezzo all'Egeo, e anche di mitico; ma quando si approda a quest'isola, tutto ciò che si era pensato e immaginato è superato d'incanto, ché la realtà sorpassa ogni possibile immaginazione, specie se si arriva a Rodi dopo aver toccato tutti gli scali di levante, facendovi diretta esperienza dei vari modi di governare quei paesi da parte della Francia e dell'Inghilterra.

Io penso che al di fuori della tradizione e della storia, al disopra degli stessi diritti conquistati col sangue nella guerra, dei sacrifici di ricchezze, di tutto, ci sia per ogni popolo un diritto incontestabile che è quello derivante dalla sua capacità di governare, dalla maniera di introdurre in un dato paese una civiltà superiore.

In un salone del magnifico palazzo del Governo, costruito sulla riva del mare in quel ricamato stile veneziano che ricorda l'egemonia della Repubblica adriatica, si ammirano due grandi fotografie: una riproduce l'attuale distesa della città nuova, come si presenta a chi arriva dal largo, e l'altra ci mostra la stessa veduta soli dieci anni or sono, quando ebbe principio la grande fatica di restaurazione.

Quale enorme differenza!

La Rodi primitiva e sonnolenta d'allora, in così breve volger di tempo è rinata in ogni sua attività e anche nel suo spirito, esempio di quello che l'Italia fascista può fare nelle terre d'oltremare affidate alla sua cura.

La Rodi italiana splendente coi suoi molti colori, sotto la cupola del limpido cielo, nel blu del "canuto" mare di Omero, come una figlia perduta risorta per l'amore materno, entusiasmo e commuove.

RETAGGIO DI GUERRA.

CON la guerra di Libia, entrando in possesso di Rodi, l'Italia riprende finalmente le vie dell'Oriente.

Logico sviluppo appariva, in conseguenza della guerra europea, l'attua-

zione del patto di San Giovanni di Moriana. Invece la insipienza dei governi italiani di allora e la sorda ostilità degli alleati, furono tali che, proprio mentre gli ultimi battaglioni italiani abbandonavano a Scalanova e ad Adalia l'Asia Minore, veniva rimessa in discussione, con l'accordo Tittoni-Venizelos, perfino la sovranità del Dodecanneso.

A Rodi siamo rimasti per merito del Fascismo, e da Rodi compiremo la nostra missione nell'avvenire.

Quando più la strada dell'Oriente c'è stata attraversata, tanto più su di essa, e sulle posizioni già conquistate, concentreremo la nostra energia.

L'argomento è di una delicatezza, di una importanza eccezionali. Le fondamenta son gettate, ben solide. Occorre cancellare errori, correggere pregiudizi, diradare diffidenze contro la nostra espansione, impedire le egemonie di altri paesi, controllare taluni "mandati" perché la preponderanza altrui non diventi barriera al più largo respiro italiano. Occorre anche — non dimentichiamolo mai — difendere la lingua nostra e la nostra cultura ovunque vi sia un italiano, e difendere, insieme, la tradizione cattolica, che è romana e quindi italianissima.

Un programma che richiede tempo, mezzi, e grande tenacia in chi lo deve attuare.

Rodi è un esempio perfetto, molto in piccolo si capisce, della pacifica convivenza di razze e di civiltà diverse. Nella sua ristretta cerchia si parlano le più svariate favelle: l'italiano dai metropolitani, il turco dai musulmani, il greco dagli ortodossi, un gergo spagnolo dagli ebrei; e tutti questi cittadini di lingue e di costumi così distanti fra loro, vivono nei loro rispettivi quartieri animati e puliti in perfetta concordia, in vicendevole rispetto delle costumanze e delle religioni cui sono attaccatissimi. I musulmani festeggiano il venerdì, gli israeliti il sabato, i cristiani la domenica; frequentano la moschea, la sinagoga, la chiesa ortodossa o cattolica, a seconda della confessione, ognuno ha un suo statuto civile e personale, i diritti tradizionali, e la vita si svolge in piena

armonia, si sarebbe tentati di dire idillicamente.

Così Rodi, multicolore e multiforme, vive operosa all'ombra della bandiera d'Italia, che sull'alto pennone del Palazzo del Governo, tra la chiesa di S. Giovanni e la sede del potere civile, è il segnapolo dell'ordine e della giustizia.

Quando al tramonto, salutata da un colpo di cannone e dagli squilli di tromba, la bandiera viene lentamente ammainata, la popolazione, a capo scoperto, rispettosa ed immobile, partecipa al rito: il senso della Patria lontana commuove i connazionali, e dà ai sudditi rodii un senso di sicurezza che li empie di orgoglio.

RINNOVAMENTO

L'ITALIA e l'Egitto rappresentano i naturali mercati di sbocco di Rodi, anche per l'ottimo sistema di comunicazioni marittime ed aeree. Difatti Rodi — per mare — dista quarantadue ore da Brindisi e ventidue da Alessandria d'Egitto; in aeroplano poi, da Rodi si va a Roma in circa dieci ore di volo; quando non si voglia sviluppare una maggiore velocità.

Le forti comunità italiane dell'Egitto e del Levante intero vedono ormai in Rodi un lembo della Patria ed un loro centro di attrazione e di collegamento; ne apprezzano i prodotti, cominciano a recarvisi d'estate in villeggiatura, ne seguono amorosamente la fortunata ascensione.

Tutte le linee di navigazione italiana del Levante vi fanno capo insieme a molte linee estere ed a crociere turistiche, quasi come punto di obbligato passaggio nel Mediterraneo Orientale. Le tariffe doganali sono uguali per tutte le provenienze, così che i prodotti giungono dai paesi che hanno i più bassi costi di produzione. Tuttavia l'Italia è la principale fornitrice del mercato per le merci ch'essa esporta in condizioni di superiorità economica con l'estero.

Non solo nei lavori pubblici, nell'agricoltura e nelle industrie si è manifestato il beneficio della Madrepatria, ma in

altre attività, quali l'organizzazione scolastica, sanitaria e giudiziaria, le ricerche archeologiche, il museo, i restauri della città cavalleresca, le organizzazioni fasciste e sportive, un complesso così imponente di opere che richiederebbe, a descriverlo, ben più che queste paginette di taccuino.

Rodi intanto non si adagia sul successo incontrato di questi ultimi tempi. Altri problemi ha da risolvere, altre battaglie da ingaggiare per potenziare la sua organizzazione e per attirare capitali e lavoro atti allo sviluppo delle sue risorse; e se i momenti sono duri, dura e tenace è anche la volontà di chi vuole che tutte le mete siano raggiunte.

Tutte le civiltà hanno lasciato la loro impronta sull'isola: Micene, Roma, Atene, Bisanzio, Pisa, Venezia, Genova e soprattutto i Cavalieri di San Giovanni che qui si fecero una patria e tenacemente la difesero per tre secoli: la Roma del Littorio ha in dieci anni impresse i poderosi segni della nuova civiltà, insegnamento e monito alle generazioni attuali e future. In Rodi, parlare con chiunque, non ho sentito che parole di elogio e si può dire in coscienza che questi cinquantamila abitanti sono riconoscenti all'Italia, che, dopo le secolari vicissitudini, dà una certezza di vita e consente un organico e progressivo sviluppo.

RITORNO ALL'AGRICOLTURA

IL clima di Rodi, che costituisce una delle sue maggiori attrattive, è di una mitezza costante, senza estremi calori estivi né eccessivi rigori invernali. Una brezza continua, proveniente dall'altopiano anatolico e rinfrescata dal mare, tempera la lunga estate che dura da aprile a novembre senza che cada una goccia d'acqua. L'isola, tuttavia, nonostante la brevità del periodo di piogge, possiede l'acqua indispensabile all'agricoltura, la quale va rinascendo, modernizzata ed intensificata dalla intelligente fatica di coloni italiani. Le campagne, specialmente sul versante Nord, sono già costellate di aereomotori, moderni o primitivi, che con le loro enormi braccia di tela o di ferro associano la forza del vento alla volontà umana e traggono alla superficie l'acqua che deve fecondare la terra, finora coltivata con sistemi quasi biblici. Oggi, al contatto con i nostri coltivatori, che conoscono l'arte di fecondare il suolo con duro e paziente lavoro l'isola rifulge.

Con capitali, tecnici e coloni italiani, è stata già messa in valore una ricca zona agricola a pochi chilometri da Rodi; una ben eseguita bonifica ha permesso lo sfruttamento di 1500 ettari di

terreno, che languiva per il secolare abbandono; vigne, pascoli e frutteti sono sorti per incanto; fra pochi anni Rodi alimenterà una più attiva corrente di esportazione di frutta: prodotto nel quale l'isola è naturalmente chiamata a specializzarsi.

L'Italia vide, dieci anni or sono, che dalle notevoli risorse del clima e della natura dell'isola, come dalla sua storia, si poteva trarre e continuare il filo conduttore capace di ricondurla allo splendore dei tempi lontani; ed infatti tutto quello che è stato compiuto anche nel campo economico, nonostante i momenti difficili, è improntato al risollevarsi di sane tradizioni, vivificate da un nuovo spirito, ed alla ricostruzione di industrie vecchie di secoli, senza artificiosamente sorreggerle con protezioni, giacché ogni impresa è sorta per la certezza della sua utilità e del suo naturale sviluppo, su una base di indiscutibile realtà e di positiva convenienza.

IL TURISMO NELL'Egeo.

IL turismo, recente branca economica che mette in valore le naturali bellezze di ogni paese, dovrà costituire una fra le principali risorse di Rodi, che già nello scorso anno fu visitata da circa 35 mila forestieri. Il flusso crescerà ogni anno, sicuramente.

Il verde delle campagne, la suggestione dei monti, l'azzurro del mare, la stupenda città medioevale cinta di mura ciclopiche in perfetto stato di conservazione, i paesaggi fatali, la bella rete stradale, le acque salutari, gli alberghi lussuosi, costituiscono singolari richiami che incanalano correnti sempre più numerose di visitatori, i quali domandano a Rodi il ristoro dello spirito e delle membra come ad una oasi in mezzo alle canicolari città levantine.

Una grande attrattiva è oggi rappresentata dalla messa in valore di acque di Calitea. Nei pressi della città, in riva al mare ed in mezzo ai fiori, è sorto un moderno, elegantissimo stabilimento munito di perfette installazioni. Antica è la conoscenza della virtù di queste acque che risanano e ad esse occorrono in numero sempre crescente gli infermi del Mediterraneo Orientale, sicché i risultati dei due primi anni di esercizio son superiori ad ogni aspettativa.

Le belle strade costruite dal Governatore, hanno moltiplicato le automobili, che, mentre nel 1923 si contavano sulle dita di una mano, sono oggi oltre 400; così sono state valorizzate le meravigliose zone dell'interno, e in modo particolare il monte del Profeta Elia, fitta foresta di pini e di abeti ove sorgono due alberghi, a 800 metri sul mare,

frequentatissimi nella stagione estiva.

Eppoi, insieme con gli incantesimi della natura e con i rimedi allo spirito affaticato e al corpo afflitto, Rodi offre non soltanto il *comfort*, ma, nel pieno senso latino, il conforto dell'ordine, del buon gusto che improntano tutto quanto è stato fatto, sistemato, restituito, intonando gli edifici, intonando i servizi all'ambiente, in cui ogni cosa è oggi linda, serena, luminosa come l'atmosfera che letifica.

IL COLOSSO DI RODI.

NON per nulla la gente di Rodi è persuasa tuttora che in qualsiasi stagione dell'anno non v'è giorno, per quanto fosco e piovoso si presenti, che un raggio di sole più o meno potente non venga a risplendere sulla loro isola. E forse derivò da questo fatto il culto speciale dei rodii per Apollo, dio della luce, loro protettore. Al museo riordinato nella sede meravigliosa che è l'antico ospedale dei Cavalieri, si possono ammirare medaglie e monete antichissime aventi nel recto la testa di Apollo circondata di raggi e nel verso un fiore di melograno. L'ebbrezza solare e i più dolci frutti della terra, ecco Rodi.

Anche il famoso colosso raffigurava il Dio Elio: all'imboccatura del porto le navi passavano sotto l'immagine di una divinità che riassumeva in sé la magia dell'isola.

Mancavano, quando fu costruito, 300 anni alla venuta di Cristo; in attesa della vera luce, l'anima umana si rivolgeva al sole. La statua, in bronzo dorato, era alta circa trentadue metri e Carete Liudio, artefice della meraviglia, pare che si uccidesse, a metà dell'opera, perchè si accorse di aver esaurito la somma stanziata, ossia il ricavato dal materiale bellico tratto dalla vittoria su Demetrio. Poliorcete Laenese, compagno di lavoro di Carete, portò a termine l'opera, in dodici anni, e vide le navi passare fra le gambe del dio, i cui piedi poggiavano sulle rocce. Dopo un mezzo secolo un terremoto stroncò alle ginocchia il colosso che rimase così nell'era cristiana fino al 650. Vennero i saraceni che ne vendettero gli avanzi ad un ebreo di Edessa, che per trasportarli impiegò — se la tradizione è vera — 900 cammelli!

Ma che bisogno ha ora, Rodi italiana, di colossi? Ora sono la sua grazia e la sua prosperità a chiamare, ad accogliere le navi che vengono d'Oriente e d'Occidente, e le navi entrando nel porto passano sotto un arco ideale fatto di antica suggestione e di nuovissima potenza.

PADRE TOPES

Novella

Di Grazia Deledda

QUALCHE anno fa abitavano ancora, in un convento posto sulla vetta d'una montagna sarda, alcuni frati, credo francescani. Ogni tre o quattro mesi, uno di loro scendeva la montagna, prendeva un cavallino nel villaggio sot-

tostante—e per lo più questo cavallino veniva concesso gratuitamente da qualche ricco contadino del luogo—e visitava cinque o sei paesi, in cerca di elemosine.

Il più giovine dei frati, soprannomina-

to padre Topes, per la sua figurina timida di topo, dal lungo musetto pallido ed i piccoli occhi lucenti, aveva appena ventidue o ventitré anni, sebbene ne mostrasse di più; pregava e taceva sempre; era in odore di santità, e si diceva

fosse vergine. Egli era figlio di un bandito morto assassinato molti anni prima: da fanciullo aveva fatto il mandriano, e sua madre, una fiera e miserissima vedova, avrebbe preferito ch'egli seguisse la via del padre, piuttosto che vederlo farsi frate.

Padre Topes, dunque, il cui vero nome era padre Zuanne, pregava, taceva, e lavorava continuamente. La mattina per tempo egli mungeva le poche capre possedute dai frati, poi zappava nell'orto, cucinava, lavava le stoviglie, andava ad attingere acqua dal pozzo e dalle fontane. Nel pomeriggio stava lunghe ore alla finestra, gittando briciole di pane agli uccelli che volteggiavano intorno al suo corroso davanzale di pietra.

Una infinita solitudine avvolgeva il piccolo convento nerastro che cominciava a cadere in rovina: boschi millenari di elci, roccie dai profili strani, che nei crepuscoli glauchi parevano enormi teste di sfingi; cespugli di agrifoglio e di felci di un verde giallognolo circondavano il convento e coprivano i fianchi della montagna piramidale. Dalla finestruola di padre Topes si godeva un immenso orizzonte, si vedevano montagne violacee sul cielo che cangiava colore ogni momento, e all'alba pareva soffuso di latte azzurrognolo, e al tramonto ardeva come lamina d'oro arrossata dal riflesso d'un fuoco potente. Sentiva padre Topes la grandiosa bellezza, la solitudine divina del luogo? Sentiva le acute fragranze del musco e delle piante aromatiche, che salivano dai boschi al cader della sera, quando la luna nuova, rossa come una ferita sul cielo violetto sfumante in rosa, in lilla, in glauco, calava sulle montagne della natia Barbagia; quando le roccie, al crepuscolo, biancheggiavano quasi di una luce propria, e tutto il bosco aveva fremiti, riflessi, mormorii arcani; e tutta la montagna pareva assorta in un sogno d'amore?

Chissà? Fatto sta che egli rimaneva ore ed ore alla finestra, anche dopo che gli uccelli s'erano ritirati nel bosco e nei nidi sulle roccie; e guardava "rapito in estasi" il magnifico orizzonte; e anche d'inverno, quando le nuvole e le nebbie stringevano la montagna, il piccolo frate usava affacciarsi alla finestra, col musetto livido e screpolato dal freddo, e guardava in lontananza, gettando briciole ai corvi che venivano dalle nuvole e tornavano fra le nuvole.

—Grazie, grazie, grazie,—pareva dicessero i corvi col loro grido rauco, salutandolo lo strano fraticello.

—Egli diventerà santo; santo come san Francesco,—diceva fra Chircu, il guardiano, il quale di notte piangeva e si martoriava perchè di giorno non poteva far a meno di ubbriacarsi.

Una volta, però, padre Topes cadde in peccato mortale. Ed ecco come.

UN giorno, ai primi d'aprile, mentre il piccolo frate stava alla finestra contemplando il cielo azzurro tempestato di piccole nubi che parevano foglie di rose, fra Chircu lo chiamò e gli ordinò di partire l'indomani per la cerca.

Di solito, in quel tempo dell'anno, i sardi sono molto poveri, ma ai frati danno sempre qualche cosa.

Frate Topes partì la mattina per tempo: il cielo era tutto argenteo, il bosco umido, le foglie secche e brune che coprivano il suolo brillavano di rugiada.

Un soave odore di violette e di narcisi avvolgeva il frate, che sorrideva beato. Ah come si sentiva felice di viag-

giare. Avrebbe visitato tante belle chiese, avrebbe visto il vescovo di Nuoro solenne e bello come un santo apostolo.

Basta, arrivato in fondo alla montagna, davanti al villaggio nero e silenzioso come una cava di schisto, il frate si riposò sotto i bassi rami di un elce, vicino al quale gorgogliava una fontana. Poco distante c'era la prima casa del paese; ed una fanciulla alta e formosa, bruna ma con occhi turchini, uscì da questa casa, venne ad attingere acqua alla fontana, e salutò il fraticello sorridendogli graziosamente.

Egli la guardò e non si turbò affatto per la presenza di lei e per il suo bel sorriso; anzi le chiese a chi poteva rivolgersi per il cavallo. Ella nominò un ricco paesano. Egli trovò il cavallo, partì, girò per i villaggi, e visitò tante belle chiese, ed arrivò a Nuoro e vide il vescovo, alto, solenne e candido come un santo apostolo vivente.

Il tempo era stupendo; tiepido e molle: il sole già caldo ma velato da vapori lattei, inondava di voluttuosi tepori le verdi campagne, freschissime, fiorite di margherite e di ranuncoli, di puleggio e di genziane.

Il fraticello viaggiava con piacere, salutando con gioia infantile tutte le persone che incontrava: qualche volta si tuffava fra le alte erbe tiepide, mentre il cavallo pascolava, e sentiva una dolcezza struggente, simile alle estasi che provava nel convento quando pregava sognando il paradiso.

Basta, una notte arrivò tardi in un villaggio. La notte era chiara, tiepida, dolce e fragrante come una notte di giugno. Frate Topes avrebbe voluto dormire all'aperto, ma aveva le bisaccie già colme e temeva lo derubassero. I tempi erano tristi; nel mondo c'era molta gente buona, ma anche molta gente cattiva. Eppoi egli si sentiva stanco, assonnato, bisognoso di riposo e di sicurezza.

Battè alla prima porticina che vide. Gli fu subito aperto da una donna alta e bella, bruna con gli occhi azzurri, che rassomigliava alla fanciulla incontrata vicino alla fontana.

—Che volete?—chiese ella bruscamente, guardandolo meravigliata.

—Così e così,—egli disse ciò che desiderava.

LA giovine donna esitò un momento, corrugando le foltissime sopracciglia nere; poi introdusse il frate ed il suo cavallo carico in un cortiletto attiguo alla casa.

—Io sono una donna sola,—disse, aiutando a scaricare le bisaccie, e ridendo un pò beffarda,—ma spero che la gente non mormorerà, se vi faccio dormire qui.

—No, di certo!—rispose frate Topes sorridendo.—Ad ogni modo me ne andrò prima dell'alba. Dormirò magari qui nel cortile.

—Dio ce ne scampi; no! Per il servo di Dio è sempre riserbato il miglior posto della casa. Ma come pesano queste bisaccie! Avete fatto buona cerca?

—Sì; in tutti gli ovili mi han dato il cacio nuovo, che il Signore benedica le greggie. Ed anche l'olio mi hanno dato, le buone massaie, che sia benedetto il loro cuore!

—Amen!—disse la donna ridendo.

Aveva un contegno strano; e il suo sguardo lucente e il suo riso beffardo mettevano quasi paura. Sulle prime padre Topes la credette un pò matta. Ella

fece entrare il frate in una bella camera azzurra: e gli offrì dei dolci, vino e liquori.

—No, no.

Egli respingeva tutto; ma ella insistè con tanta grazia, carezzevole e insinuante, che egli mangiò un dolce e poi bevette un bicchiere di vino, soave e forte come il profumo delle macchie aromatiche che circondavano il convento; poi ne bevette un altro, poi un calice di un liquore rosso e ardente come il cielo al tramonto veduto dalla finestra della sua cella; poi un altro ancora.

—E ditemi, dunque, di qual convento siete? Dove siete stato?—chiedeva la donna, ritta accanto a lui.

Ella era vestita con ricercatezza; aveva un corsetto che al riflesso del lume brillava di perline e di pagliette d'oro; aveva i neri capelli divisi sulla fronte e attortigliati intorno alle orecchie, lucenti d'olio odoroso; ed infine esalava un profumo di violetta che stordiva il frate.

Egli sentiva una dolcezza mai provata, una felicità infinita. Abbandonato sulla sedia, accanto al letto, gli pareva che tutti i suoi nervi si fossero spezzati, e il suo corpo non potesse muoversi più; e provava un piacere indicibile per quella snervatezza, per quello sfacelo di tutte le sue facoltà fisiche. Intanto raccontava i suoi casi alla donna attenta.

—Ah,—disse ella stupita.—Voi siete il figlio di quel bandito? E perchè vi siete fatto frate?

—Per espriare i peccati di mio padre!—egli rispose.

E subito sentì un grande dolore per questa confessione che non aveva mai fatto a nessuno; ma la donna lo stordì tosto con una sua risata beffarda.

—Perchè ridi?—egli balbettò.

—Perchè sei uno stupido!—ella disse, chinandosi sopra di lui, e accarezzandolo.—Sei un bambino innocente, tu; sei innocente o no?

—Sì,—egli disse, pallido e tremante, respingendola debolmente.

In quel momento s'udì battere alla porta, ma la donna finse di non sentire; e tornò a curvarsi, prese le braccia del frate, se le cinse al collo e baciò sulle labbra la povera creatura smarrita.

Egli chiuse gli occhi e due lagrime gli rigarono le guancie tremanti.

—Baciami,—diss'ella, con una specie di delirio.—Suvvia, non piangere, non aver paura. Il peccato non esiste. Cosa è il peccato? Baciami.

Egli la baciò.

E rimase due notti e due giorni nella casa fatale. Spesso udiva battere alla porta, e tremava tutto, ma la donna rideva e lo rassicurava.

—Quando non apro, vedono bene che c'è gente e vanno via!—gli diceva sfacciatamente.

La terza notte lo mandò via.

—Va,—gli disse,—ritornerai un'altra volta. Ora va.

Egli le lasciò tutto ciò che aveva nelle bisaccie.

A dire il vero ella sulle prime rifiutò; ma poi si lasciò facilmente convincere ed accettò ogni cosa.

FRATE Topes arrivò al convento la sera dopo.

Quando fra Chircu lo vide si fece il segno della croce.

—In nome del Padre, del Figliuolo e dello Spirito Santo, che è avvenuto, padre Zuanne? Voi sembrate un vec-

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chio di cento anni; pare siate entrato ed uscito dall'inferno.

—Ebbene,—disse il meschino, con voce spenta.—Mi hanno assalito i ladri; mi hanno derubato e bastonato!

Padre Chircu, mezzo ubbriaco, cadde in ginocchi e cominciò ad urlare contro la malvagità del mondo; poi si sollevò aggrappandosi al muro e chiese:

—E il cavallo? Anche quello?

—No, quello l'ho riportato sano e salvo al padrone.

—Ebbene, uomo di poca fede, voi dovevate rifare il giro. E lo rifarete; quando udranno che i ladroni hanno assalito in voi lo stesso Gesù Cristo in persona, raddoppieranno le offerte.

Padre Topes, già pallido come un cadavere, diventò livido e cominciò a tremare.

—Padre,—supplicò a mani giunte,—non mi mandate; no, non mi mandate. Mi assaliranno di nuovo. Ho paura. Abbiate pietà di me; mandate un altro.

—Un altro non lo crederebbero: direbbero che facciamo una speculazione. Andate, padre Zuanne; quando vedranno il vostro viso invecchiato ed i vostri occhi pieni di terrore, raddoppieranno le offerte.

Invano il piccolo frate pregò e supplicò. Padre Chircu sapeva bene il fatto suo, per non desistere dalla felice idea balenatagli in mente; però concesse a frate Topes una settimana di riposo.

Fu na settimana di martirio.

La primavera splendida della montagna avvolgeva di luce e di fragranze il vecchio convento verde d'umido e di musco. Le gazze fischiarono di gioia nel bosco odoroso di viole; ogni filo d'erba tremava e brillava alla brezza tiepida. Padre Topes delirava, col sangue arso da una invincibile ossessione di rimorso, di ricordo e di desiderio. E volevano ch'egli ripartisse! No, piuttosto morire; perchè partire significava incamminarsi ineluttabilmente verso il peccato. Ed egli non voleva più peccare; egli ora voleva vivere cento anni e poi altri cento anni nel convento, in una grotta, in cima ad una rupe, come san Simone sulla colonna, per espiare i peccati suoi e quelli di suo padre. Dopo una settimana però, si sentì più calmo e partì. Un filo di speranza lo guidava: Dio misericordioso l'avrebbe aiutato.

Anche questa volta il cielo incurvavasi come una volta argentea al disopra dei rami contorti del bosco, ed un soave odore di violette e di mughetti profumava l'aria fresca dell'alba rugiadosa.

Ma Padre Topes cominciò a turbarsi nel respirare la fragranza del bosco; ricordava il profumo di quella donna; e sentiva il suo cuore stringersi, stringersi, farsi piccino come una bacca d'agrifoglio. Una tristezza mortale lo avvolse.

Arrivato in fondo alla montagna, si fermò come l'altra volta, sotto il grande elce dai bassi rami, vicino alla fontana.

Il paesello taceva, lievemente colorato dal riflesso dell'aurora.

Come l'altra volta, la fanciulla alta e formosa, dagli occhi turchini e le labbra rosse, venne ad attingere acqua alla fontana. Vedendo il fraticello gli sorrise graziosamente e gli disse con voce carezzevole, come parlando ad un bimbo:

—Vi hanno dunque assalito, i ladroni? Ah, i cattivi ladroni! Essi andranno all'inferno....

Il piccolo frate non rispose; ma la guardò come un pazzo. Ah, sì, Dio sento e terribile, ella rassomigliava a quell'altra, e nel guardarla, Padre Topes provava una vertigine di desiderio che gli ottenebrava gli occhi. Egli era perduto; perduto per tutta l'eternità. Sentì che non avrebbe fatto un passo se non per avviarsi a *quel luogo*, e non si mosse. Appena la fanciulla se ne fu andata, alta e bella e con l'anfora sul capo come la Samaritana, Padre Topes la seguì con lo sguardo ardente, poi si levò la corda grigia che gli cingeva i fianchi e la gittò ad un ramo. Salito sulla pietra che serviva da sedile, egli fece un nodo scorsoio alla corda, se lo passò al collo e si lanciò nel vuoto.

IMPRESSIONI DI UNO CHE RITORNA IN ITALIA

Di Giuseppe Prezzolini

15 Giugno — Comprò a Parigi il biglietto per l'Italia. La C.I.T. ha il più bell'Ufficio Turistico di Parigi. Penetravo gli anni scorsi per il biglietto in certi buchi oscuri, con aria polverosa, di certe compagnie francesi. Qui tutto è lucente, pulito, moderno. E gli impiegati sono cortesi e rapidi. Lavorano all'italiana, servendo e parlando con quattro clienti alla volta; in America ci troverebbero da ridire. Questo rapido disordine mi piace e trovo il modo di inserirmi in esso con sveltezza; non mi sono ancora americanizzato.

16 Giugno — Entro in Italia e trovo il bel tempo, dopo un sole annacquato francese, e una nuvolaglia svizzera che cominciava proprio dove finiva il bianco dei ghiacci.

17 Giugno — Milano. L'impressione che si ha entrando in Italia è esattamente l'opposta di quella che si aveva otto anni fa passando dall'Italia in America. L'Italia sembra il paese dell'abbondanza, del lusso, della tranquillità, della sicurezza. La "prosperità" ha rivarcato l'oceano? Lasciati a New York muscoli lunghi, trovo qui facce allegre.

18 Giugno — E quanta giovinezza! Ciò colpisce soprattutto arrivando dalla Francia. Ho passato tre estati successive in Francia: presso i Pirenei, nella Borgogna, nel centro della Bretagna. Il popolo è laborioso, civile; pieno di saggezza, arrivata fino agli ultimi strati sociali ed al midollo degli individui. Ma tutti vecchi. Nei villaggi non si vede un ragazzo. Nei campi non si scorge un uomo. Sulle belle strade alberate, solo, raro, qualche automobile marcia con saggia velocità. Qui da noi è un irrompere di giovinezza, un'abbondanza di

gente, una bellezza di razza che s'afferma nell'uomo come nella donna. E vestono bene. Meglio che a Parigi, gli uomini soprattutto.

19 Giugno — Ho incontrato per via l'amico G. Occupa un posto importante all'estero. Io lo conobbi in altri tempi insegnante. Non ha messo su spocchia e fa un bel pezzo di strada con me, in terza classe. E' sempre lo stesso, in un certo senso. Ma la sua vita è un moto continuo fra gli Italiani del paese dove rappresenta il Governo. Arriva dove nessun rappresentante è mai stato. Parla con gente d'ogni strato sociale. Porta la sua parola, la sua fede, la sua vitalità con schiettezza. Un tempo, quando da ragazzo cominciò a viaggiare il mondo, ambasciatori e consoli stavano più lontani che potevano dagli Italiani. La prima cura che aveva un console era quella di trovare una sede lontana dalla "colonia".

20 Giugno — Mi fermo a Bologna. Da una torre vedo i nuovi edifici della Università che sono sorti, altri in costruzione. E' una città universitaria, bella come quella d'America, e più proporzionata. C'è un gusto e una linea negli edifici che in quelli spesso manca, o è d'accatto. Dove han potuto, l'antico è stato salvato: dei portici son saltati fuori, con i loro fregi in cotto, dai tugurii d'un tempo. Visito la "Casa dello Studente" con sale, con lavabi, con mensa comune. Chi se lo sarebbe sognato, al tempo dello Stecchetti? Mi additano, mentre gira per gli edifici, un magnifico uomo, che potrebbe far da Nettuno col tridente in mano; è Rettore magnifico della Università di Bologna. Il più bel rettore che io ab-

bia veduto.

21 Giugno — Viaggio in terza classe, come quando avevo diciotto anni e mi arrisicavo fuori d'Italia la prima volta. Che mutamento da allora! Non soltanto le ferrovie vanno bene, e i treni sono in orario, come mi avevano già detto in America i viaggiatori venuti dall'Italia, ma c'è un rispetto della roba, del bene pubblico, ignoto un tempo; non tende stracciate non banchi tagliuzzati, non lavabi sporchi, non pareti coperte di iscrizioni amorose, oscene, politiche e sempre maleducate. Sono spariti gli "Italicae Plebis monumenta".

22 Giugno — Attacco discorso con un ferroviere, che sente che vengo dall'America. Non credeva che le cose laggiù andassero così male; mendicità per le vie, carità pubblica la sera, di pane e latte, per milioni di disoccupati, impieghi non pagati da due anni, scuole elementari chiuse in Stati estesi come tutta l'alta Italia... In contrasto mi dice delle Opere assistenziali, che funzionano bene; e poi tutti s'aiutano; e l'italiano è cascato dal mezzanino; non dal quinto piano, come quelli d'America.

23 Giugno — Strade, piazze, edifici nuovi. Le città che mi pareva di conoscere meglio, Milano o Roma, non mi ci ritrovo più. Cerco una casa dove abitarci, è sparita.

24 Giugno — Sempre in treno, terza classe. C'è un bel tipo di Toscano, con l'aria più disincantata del mondo, certi occhi blu maiolica, un nasetto un pò ariccato, che pare un ritratto del Botticelli. Fu nell'aviazione in guerra. Ora non so cosa sia precisamente, forse imprenditore, e lavora nel Mezzogiorno. Dice ad un compagno: "Se vedessi che

buscherio. Si rimette tutto a nuovo. E vivevan come talpe. Ora tutte quelle topaie vanno all'aria. Non si riconosce più".

25 Giugno — Incisa Valdarno. Due bambinetti, a zucchetto scoperto sotto il sole, salutano il treno con la mano levata nel saluto romano.

In treno un contadino racconta del modo come fu accolta la notizia del Patto a quattro nel suo paese: il Patto della Pace, dice lui, e anche il Piovano dovette convenire che Mussolini era l'apostolo della pace, come il Papa.

26 Giugno — Roma. Esposizione della Rivoluzione. La Sala dei Martiri è impressionante. In tutta l'esposizione c'è uno stile. Sale di Oppo, di Longanesi ecc. Ricordi di Mussolini che riconosco, e davanti ai quali più fitta è la folla. Il popolo entra, guarda, saluta, esce. C'è un gruppo di contadini sardi, in costume. Sarà la prima volta che essi vedono affermato, in modo ufficiale, uno stile moderno. Attraverso il Fascismo l'Italia si europeizza; dico per questo senso dell'espressione succosa, concisa, che trae l'ornamento dalla realtà, semplicemente accentuata nella sua essenza, e non sovrapposta da una struttura, che si ha paura di mostrare.

27 Giugno — Parlo con un padre che ha il figlio a un campeggio. Lire 6,50 al giorno. Ragazzo felice. Scrive che gli mandì un pallone numero 4. Non ha l'aria di rimpiangere la mensa paterna. L'Opera Balilla, oserei dire, è la più grande rivoluzione sociale che si sia compiuta in Italia, da secoli. Per la prima volta la società arriva a toccar dei tasti ai quali, fin da adesso, era arrivata soltanto la mano della famiglia.

28 Giugno — E' il quinto amico padre di famiglia, venuto su, come me, in mezzo ai libri e allo studio, che mi fa lo stesso discorso sui figliuoli. Anche i suoi figliuoli conoscono tutti i motori delle automobili, tutte le sagome di velivolo, tutti i nomi degli eroi della pista, degli stadii e delle piattaforme pugilistiche. E' il quinto figliuolo di miei amici che legge il *Calcio Illustrato*.

29 Giugno — Ho anche viaggiato un po' in automobile. In paesetti, dove ai miei tempi, l'unico sport era il giuoco delle bocce annesso alle osterie, ora c'è un campo di tennis e di calcio, e una società di canottieri con barche e con trampolino. Su per i monti passano carovane di migliaia di dopolavoristi. E quando, io, o Slataper, si andava d'in-

verno sul Secchieta appena c'era la neve, gli studenti dell'Istituto ci ridevano dietro e ci trattavano da matti.

30 Giugno — Ho bisogno spesso di indicazioni, fatto come sono straniero di queste città seminuove per me. Ho bisogno spesso di recarmi a sportelli, a uffici, a istituti. Dappertutto trovo un tono diverso.

E' raro che l'impiegato o il vigile non sentano che sono al servizio del pubblico. C'è più gentilezza, e c'è più dignità. Non si sente l'aspettativa della mancia. Faccio un'eccezione per certi autisti che non hanno mai avuto il resto da rendermi, con l'intenzione evidente di costringermi a dare ciò che diventa, invece, un'estorsione ironica.

1 Luglio — Le macchine si sono moltiplicate: nei campi e nelle città. Ma nelle città ci sono ancora troppi squilli e trombettate lancinanti di automobili. Che cosa accadrebbe a New York se tutti suonassero come qui?

2 Luglio — L'automobile ha trasformato la vita dei piccoli paesi d'Italia.

Ne vedo una fila per Cori, Olevano, Passo Corese, Monterotondo ecc. Ci sono paesi della Campagna Romana che mi ricordo d'aver veduto pochi anni fa nelle condizioni quasi del Medio Evo in fatto di comunicazioni: ci voleva una carrozza per andarci, una spesa che soltanto un signore se la pagava. Oggi sono a due o tre ore da Roma, a dieci o quindici lire di distanza.

3 Luglio — Colonne di lavoratori passano per le vie di Roma con i loro gaglia-detti; seri, solenni, severi, ordinati; marcian per tre, al passo. Ricordo certe convulsioni sconesse esibizioni socialiste.

4 Luglio — Son costretto, da miei obblighi d'ufficio a visitare parecchi Ministeri, nuovi o vecchi, e c'è un altro ritmo. Già non vedo più i quadracci d'un tempo, residui delle esposizioni massoniche. Belle sale d'aspetto, quadri antichi che, anche se non son d'autore grande hanno una certa dignità, e son messi al loro posto con gusto; e stampe del seicento; e arazzi, e vetri o vasi etruschi, che danno subito un tono nostro a questi luoghi dove il pubblico deve sentire d'essere in casa propria, ma casa dello Stato.

E, anche se moderni o modernistici, in quei quadri c'è sempre qualche cosa di vivo.

5 Luglio — in contrasto non trovo traccia del rinnovamento fascista nelle

biblioteche. Son sempre le povere, stracche, lente organizzazioni di un tempo, dove il bibliotecario è un martire, obbligato a martirizzare il pubblico.

6 Luglio — Le strade della campagna, che vedo dal finestrino del treno, o che mi fan visitare degli amici in automobile, sembrano donne vestite a nuovo. Chi avrebbe mai sognato quello strato di bitume, quei paletti bianchi e neri, quelle indicazioni, quei passaggi sopralivello, quella illuminazione? Parlo, s'intende, delle strade ordinarie; non delle autostrade che paiono donne parate per serate di ballo con collane e diademi.

7 Luglio — A Perugia, dove s'inaugura l'anno scolastico della R. Università per stranieri (magnifica istituzione che ho avuto il modo di apprezzare attraverso i miei allievi americani che vi erano stati) ne incontro uno, anzi una che mi parla del contrasto fra New York e l'Italia. E' la cosa che l'ha più sorpresa: laggiù piangevano, e qui la gente sorride. Son lieto di questa conferma delle mie impressioni.

8 Luglio — Firenze. Mi trovo con degli amici a cena: stamane uno era alla Verna, un altro a Viareggio, io vengo da Roma. Quanto si viaggia di più in Italia. Negli autobus di Roma gente modesta, rivelava l'origine regionale più diversa: "Guarda Palazzo Venezia"—"Ciò, te ga visto..."—"Un ti compromettere, Giovannino!..."—"Com'è bella la Scuola"— Il Fascismo sarà considerato dagli stranieri come il capitolo finale della unificazione italiana.

10 Luglio — Sto per lasciar l'Italia. Impressione generale: tutta questa giovinezza, questo fervore, questa vitalità, questo rinnovamento, questa accelerazione, son dovuti ad un motore lontano e onnipotente, come il cuore è presente in ogni palpito di vena, anche la più estrema nel corpo: a un motore unico e centrale; instancabile, che spinge, spinge, spinge.

Sento il palpito di questo motore come nel grande transatlantico percepisco la vibrazione degli stantuffi delle macchine, anche nella prua lontana. Il suo nome me lo dice il grido di folle di giovani e d'adulti, che sorrendo davanti al palazzo Venezia, scandire senza tregua: Du-ce, Du-ce, Du-ce!

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