

ENGLISH SECTION

The Roman Capitol to the Capitol at Washington

For the soul of Italy to-day the Capitol at Washington has become a beacon light. A Roman garland wreathes the bust dedicated to the hero whom free men call the glorious Knight of Humanity. It is a garland pure as the branch of lilac offered by a poet on the bier of Lincoln. It is sacred as the ever-flowering bough "with heart-shaped leaves of rich green". It seems as though in this April of passion and tempest there re-echoes the cry of that April, tense with joy and anguish:

O Captain! My Captain! Rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up — for you the flag is flung!

Now the group of stars on the banner of the great Republic has become a constellation of the Spring; like the Pleiades; a propitious sign to sailors, armed and unarmed alike; a spiritual token for all nations fighting a righteous war. I give the salute of Italy, of the Roman Capitol to the Capitol at Washington; a salute to the people of the Union, who now confirm and seal the pledge that liberty shall be preserved.

To Italy alone of the allied nations the possibility was open of avoiding war and remaining a passive spectator. Italy took up arms gladly, less for the reconquest of her heritage than for the salvation of all the things which symbolize the grandeur of freedom. She armed herself, as to-day the American nation is arming herself, for the sake of an ideal. The spontaneous act consummated by the people of George Washington is a glorious sacrifice on behalf of the hopes of all mankind.

America has achieved a new birth. She has molded for herself a new heart. This is the miracle wrought by a righteous war, the miracle that unexpectedly to day we of Italy see performed beyond an ocean dishonored by assassins and thieves.

"Our war is not destructive; it is creative. With all manner of atrocities, all manner of shameful acts, the barbarian has striven to destroy the idea which, until this struggle began, man had of man. The barbarian multiplied on the innocent infamous outrages inspired by hate, alternating senile impudence, and brutal stupidity. The barbarian ground heroism to earth, cast down the airy cathedrals where congregated the aspirations of the eternal soul, burned the seats of wisdom decked with the flowers of all the arts, distorted the lineaments of Christ, tore off the garments of the Virgin.

Now once again we begin to have hope of the nobility of man. Love's face is radiant, though its eyes are moist with tears, for never was love so much beloved. Love overflows on all the world like a brook in May. Our hearts are not large enough to gather it and to hold it. The people of Lincoln, springing to their feet to defend the eternal spirit of man to-day increase immeasurably this sum of love opposed to fury, the fury of the barbarian.

"Ah, Liberty! Let others despair of thee. I will never despair of thee!" once cried your rugged poet. In this hope your nation arises to-day — in the North, South, East, West — to offer your strength, proclaiming our cause to be the noblest cause for which men have ever fought. You were an enormous and obtuse mass of riches and power; now you are transfigured into ardent, active spirituality. The roll of your drums drowns out the last wail of cowardice.

April 15 is the anniversary of Lincoln's death. From his sepulchre there issue again the noble words which fell from his lips at Gettysburg, on soil sanctified by the blood of brave men. All your States — North, South, East, West — hear them. I say to you that "this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom."

Gabriele d'Annunzio

FOOD MATERIALS AND HOME ECONOMICS

The new Diet Menu, with its underlying mystery of Caloric Values, is a major topic which has been crowded out in these days of hurrying circumstances. Yet now, with the urge of impending crisis upon us, there is the need to profit by the tragic lesson taught by belligerent Europe. In the minds of many the matter of food production and distribution does not present a problem as serious as that of the conservation of food supplies. Further, there seems to be the growing demand for a working knowledge of the actual relationship between the requirement of the body and food material. There is to be known, not only the weight — but the volume of food sufficient to furnish a definite amount of energy.

With an intuition of impending need, the New York Life Extension Institute has been beforehand with a panacea in the form of an exemplary twenty-five cent diet, which in any event, war or otherwise, shall take care of all the economic as well as the gastronomic troubles in the Pandora box.

And by the way — The Institute has up its sleeve schemes for many social improvements. As is well known, it has for its high aim the prevention of all ills, including that worst of all, and so far, most incurable of all diseases, poverty. This is a pretty large order, but it is backed up by such names as ex-President Taft; Irving Fisher, Ph. D., Professor of Political Economy, Yale University; David Starr Jordan, Chancellor of Leland Stanford Junior University of Naples, and many others famed for Philanthropy, Sociology, and Science.

Whatever other conclusions may be arrived at, the Institute's most recent experiment serves to emphasize again that profoundest of all facts — "up the stream is causality", and down the stream is — well, speaking concretely, the direful effect of the baker's having left hot biscuits for break-fast. Briefly, the Institute's thesis is — Knowledge is Power. Therefore, heal all ills by way of Knowledge. Unlock all information tied up in scientific literature and translate it into household terms.

In the Diet Menu, the Institute has endeavored to live up to its creed by evolving menus within the reach of all which are at once palatable and wholesome; effective energy producers; a means of preventing the millionaire from passing off this mortal coil by way of the gastronomic sea, and above all a stab at existing dietetic customs, characterized by their useless waste.

Whether ex-President Taft, the illustrious chairman of the Institute, was secured for the high position chiefly to serve as an illustration of what the ambitious might hope for on a twenty-five cent diet is a matter of conjecture — not necessarily conclusive, but happily suggestive. Be this as it may, the Institute, after seriously debating the fact that many millions of people are compelled to live daily on a twenty-five cent diet without the knowledge of how to get the best values out of it, took upon itself the task of demonstration.

It began its experiment on a group of New York Rookies, that afterward came to be known as the Diet Squad. The Squad was put on the twenty-five cent menu and regularly exercised. The general public expected the Rookies to grow low in spirit and less juicy day by day. However, at the end of a limited period, they emerged from the test happy, serene, eighteen pounds to the good, and absolutely converted to the belief that other forms of wickedness are almost righteous compared with waste in foods.

It was not the purpose of the Institute to insist on a twenty-five cent diet, however much the ultimate benefit to rich and poor, but rather to suggest how a sort of basic diet, or formula, might be used for building and suggesting other diets more in keeping with the constitution and financial status of the individual.

Needless to say, all this amazing altruism was accepted with more than a grain of suspicion. However, it was a timely hint. In an hour much less critical than this did we not have the serious arising of one author to inform us how best we might live on twenty-four hours a day? The need to know how to live on twenty-five cents a day, may yet be taken even more seriously.

Now it is a well known fact that science, after positing its conclusions, has a heartless habit of scurrying on to new fields of investigation. Hers to pioneer, not necessarily to disseminate knowledge. But the new Science is not content merely to rend the veil guarding the mysteries from profane eyes, it also considers ways and means of putting its conclusions to work. The Institute, therefore, called together numerous prominent individuals from all fields of endeavor to discuss the value of the discovery and the means of popularizing it.

It was a various band that assembled at the Diet Kitchen and sat down to test a sample menu of requisite calories. There were writers, sociologists, medical men, and physical educators; life insurance men and health commissioners — and there was a poet.

It was a decidedly exemplary meal, mainly sane and pacifist, with here and there a dish to suggest the needful thrill, yet nothing to call forth ire or fire. At the end of the repast it was made clear that those who had come to scoff, would be expected to remain — if not to pray, at least to testify.

The discussion was led by the medical director of the Institute. He said, in substance, that as the world over a menu was the quest of all, the Life Extension Institute had arrived at the goal by discovering one which would be applicable for every known combination; for old and for young, for sick and well, for the happy and the unhappy, from the un-comfortably rich to the un-comfortably poor. It realized, however, that if there is anything the people squirm at, it is interference with their right to live to eat. It, therefore, availed itself of its prerogative in calling for expert opinion as to the value of the menus and the most effective ways of imparting them.

Many and various suggestions followed. Educational Institutions, such as churches, colleges and schools were the favored means. The difficulty with these was at once seen. The benefit could not be immediate, since only the young might thereby profit.

The Poet arose. "Why not rely, as indeed the world always had, on woman; the wives and mothers in the homes?"

Then the contention began. The King of the Life Insurance men stood up. He was a sophist. To him life had ceased to be either revelation or delight. "Woman humph! The average

motherise is impossible. She is lazy and incompetent." He was perfectly Strindbergian in his attitude toward women. The Poet remonstrated. "Woman, in any sphere, is so being not of one, but a hundred souls. One good wife equips a man with a whole spiritual harem. She is mother; she is sweetheart, she is friend. Whenever her loved ones were concerned he trusted her to differentiate a calory from a bean or a bug. Since the day Eve had handed the first raw Skookum to Adam, woman had been busy making over this same fruit into various delectable, profitable, and nutritious love sauces for the table, thereby fairly driving medical men to other occupations. Yes clearly the burden might be safely added to woman's shoulders."

The argument then shifted to the value of the diet itself. The Director explained that scientists were wont to consider bodily needs in terms of calories and proteins. The first being a unit of strength, or heat measurement; the latter such foods as make for growth and repair of the body. The lay mind, of course, approaches the subject in terms of bread and butter, meat and eggs. Happily there are those who have translated these food values into chart forms convenient for kitchen use. He suggested that, in the face of the constantly increasing high cost of living, there was a growing disposition to emphasize the cheaper carbohydrates, in the form of cereals, rather than the more expensive fresh vegetables, meat, eggs, and oil, the prices of which were almost prohibitive.

The Sociologist arose in affirmation. He cited the doggedly self-approving Scot as having contributed largely to civilization and all on porage. He referred to many notable peoples who had made even greater contributions on other celebrated brands of Force. Especially remarkable are the Italians. Had they not evolved a Leonardo da Vinci, a Raphael, a D'Annunzio, and last but not least, had not the music of the world been cornered by Caruso and all on spaghetti.

The Financier was dubious. Feeling a cavity in his rotund stomach, empty of its usual image of good red steak, he said that from the cradle up he had been encouraged to know and to demand what was good. Here the Psychologist frowned him down. He thought to develop brain-power people must eat more brain food. "Nonsense", insisted the Director of Physical Education, "Brain-food, so-called, develops not brainy men, but fat-heads. The man who tries to feed himself into strength, will acquire only a storehouse for food and accumulate fat. Food supplies the material for energy. Its what we do that makes us what we are. For instance, fish has always been considered brain-food, but if the brain is not exercised, all the fish in the Atlantic will not increase its size or force." The Personal Hygiene Professor supported the Physical Educator by showing statistics that proved the rich were swiftly coming to eat their pie with tears. Here the Sclerotic Financier moved uneasily and breathed hard. This was the psychological moment for the Social Service Representative. He said impressively that he had a vision of the poor coming to renounce their dreams of higher gluttony, and he saw himself guiding them to their high duty on cheese and macaroni.

And this, while enthusiasm ran high, the Director from the Life Extension Institute closed the debate by remarking that the Institute was not a mucker. It attempts to warn the people of their high responsibility, and with plain common sense to lay before them the tremendous necessity not only of avoiding

waste, but of conserving and heightening the energy of society.

Blanche Wylie Welzmilller

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