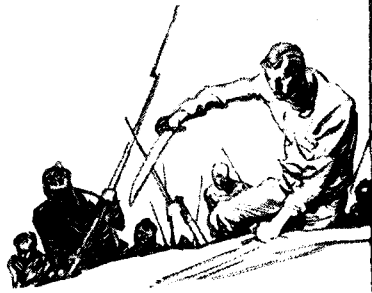


When that spent spirit slipped through his clutching fingers the weeping patriots claimed to have heard the break of his heart



SUNRISE saw Giuseppe Garibaldi and his legionaries quit their sinking ship for a fight with the storm-lashed breakers. Many drowned, but the indomitable young leader rallied the exhausted survivors and by night was master of Laguna and an enemy fleet.

Once more the sailor trod a deck; victory had been snatched from disaster, and the adoration of a people was loud in his ears, but none of it had the power to ease the ache of his heart.

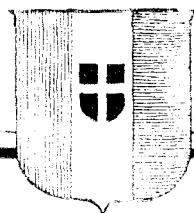
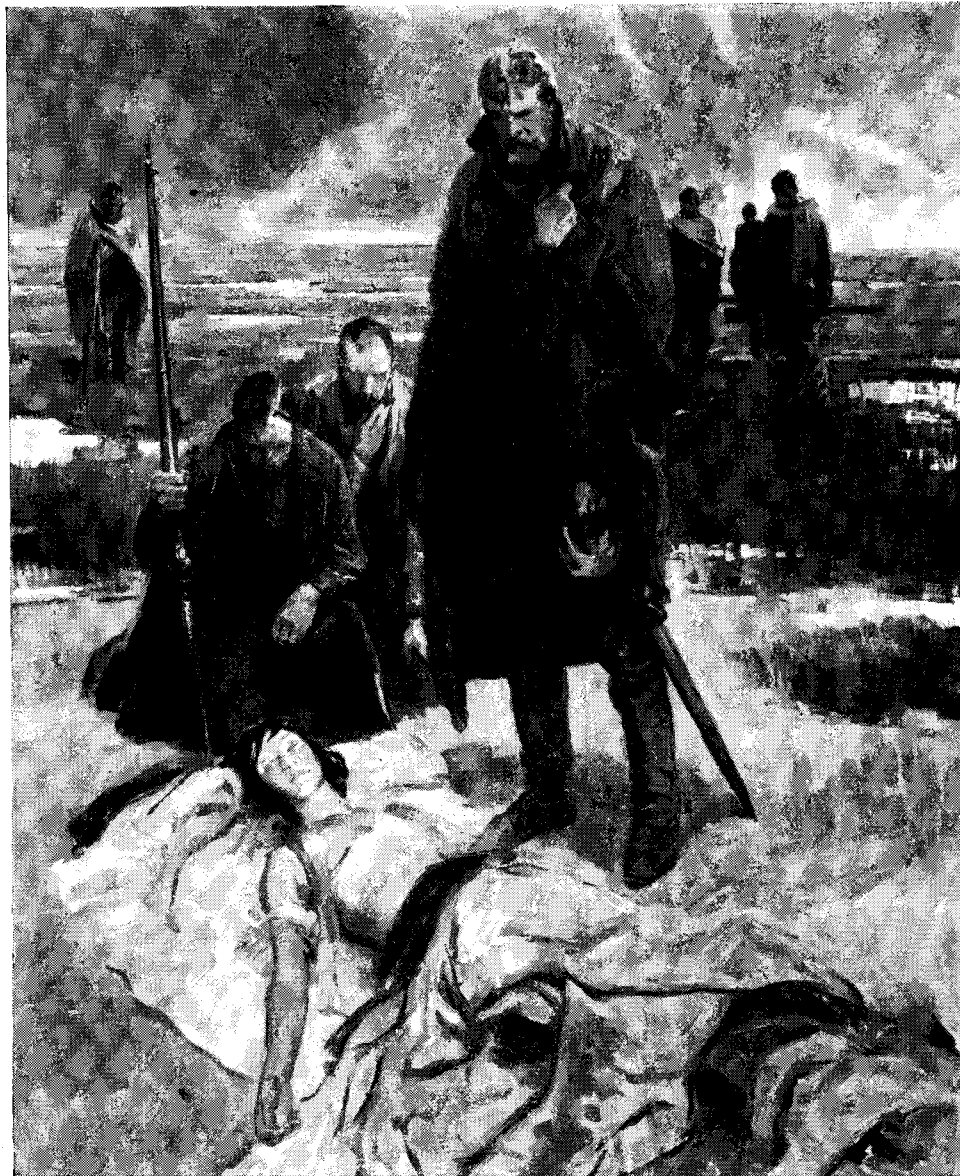
For three years the Italian rebel—an exile with a price on his head—had led the Brazilian provincials in revolt against their oppressors, suffering wounds, starvation and even the horrors of the torture chamber. Far from the land of his birth, fighting under a banner not his own, he had seen well-beloved friends fall one by one, and a great loneliness possessed him.

Idly sweeping the cliffs with a telescope—brooding, unhappy—suddenly a girl's face leaped into view, brought so close by the glass that he thrilled to the nearness of her slim, dark beauty. One moment he stood transfixed, and the next found him rowing ashore, gripped by a glad certainty.

Swiftly he climbed the rocky path and went from house to house until he had found her. The hands that he held out were masterful yet pleading, and the great voice was no more than an exhalation of his soul as he said, "Thou shouldst be mine."

Eighteen years old was Anita Riberas, the blood of the Spanish conquistadores in her veins, but the daughter of the New World in her dreams and shining faith. Undoubtedly she knew him at once as El Italiano, her country's champion, and yet her decision had its courage. Long and deep she looked into Garibaldi's eyes, blue and clear as mountain lakes, and then gave him her heart as simply as he had offered his own. What did it matter that she was betrothed to another? The two were met by appointment of Heaven.

That night they were gone, sailing the moon path, their honeymoon a new campaign. Side by side the lovers rode to the capture of towns or stood shoulder to shoulder when decks ran wet with blood. Anita bore her first babe in the jungle, where they hid from savage pur-



The Great Rebel

If he hadn't succeeded, they would have called him another fanatic—and quickly forgotten him. But he made reality of a dream he had dreamed for twenty-six years. Freedom was his fetish: the oppressed were his friends. He led them to independence in South America and, when the time came, he returned to Italy, defied his would-be executioners and, with a thousand heroes at his back, united his country. A Great Rebel.

A Great Lover. Garibaldi

By George Creel

suit, and often Garibaldi carried the infant in a handkerchief slung from his neck. Once the girl-mother fell into the hands of the enemy, but, escaping at the risk of her life, rode sixty miles of trackless forest to lift her anguished mate from his despair.

Fighting for an Ideal

Three years of fighting with the Brazilian rebels, brightened only by the wonder of their love; then four even more terrible years in the service

of Uruguay, stemming the invasion of Rosas.

What wonder that the whole world hailed and loved the golden-haired soldier of liberty! Defeated at sea by overwhelming odds, he burned his ships; on land he formed the Italian Legion, first checking the Argentinian rush and then winning the bloody battles of Cerro and Sant' Antonio that assured the independence of Uruguay.

The grateful Uruguayans offered everything, but in this same year, 1848, glad news came from the motherland.

Illustrated by
Herbert Morton Stoops



Lombardy and Venetia were in revolt against the hated rule of Austria, and the gallant Piedmontese marched to aid their brothers. Rejecting riches and preferment, Garibaldi gathered his red-shirted legionaries and sailed joyously to strike a blow for the free and united Italy of his dream.

Alas for high hopes! Austria crushed the rebellion with brutal thoroughness, and Garibaldi was left to stand alone. But not for long! From Savoy to Sicily raced the word that the hero of heroes had returned after fourteen years of exile, and as he went from town to town—so appealing in his strength and beauty, the slim, glowing Anita ever at his side—the people cried their love and threw off ancient fears. Bologna opened her gates, the ardent youth formed Garibaldi's Legion, and the Holy City, rising in revolt, declared the Roman Republic.

France, Austria, Spain and Naples rushed to the rescue at once, each eager to have the honor of restoring his possessions to the Pope, and Napoleon III won the shameful race.

The army that he sent against Rome numbered 12,000, but while the French only had an Oudinot, Italy now possessed a Garibaldi. Here was no cautious general, keeping well behind the front lines, but a leader that led, fair hair and white poncho streaming in the fury of his charge. His few thousands were untrained men and boys for the most part, but into each he poured the wine of his own wild courage, and after a day of bloody battle the French confessed defeat and begged a truce.

Unresting, Garibaldi marched swiftly to the Alban Hills and crushed King Ferdinand and a Neapolitan army, and then gathered his staggering legion for a campaign against the Austrians in the north. This was the moment that France selected for the resumption of hostilities. The armistice had been but a trick to gain time for reinforcements, nor was this the end of the treachery. After stating that he would not attack until June 4th, Oudinot crept forward before dawn on June 3d, and seized the Villa Pamfili and the Villa Corsini, positions just outside the western gate, standing on high ground that dominated the Janiculum wall.

It was the "key to Rome," and Gari-



Picking a hazardous way between Austrian camps, they dragged their bleeding feet over mountains and stony plains

baldi hastily collected the legion for a desperate attempt at recapture. From 3,000 to 6,000, scattered over the city, against 20,000! Nor was this all. An open, shell-swept space had to be crossed; the one entrance to the villa grounds was through a narrow gate, and beyond it stretched a steep ascent, straight up into the muzzles of the French guns on the summit.

From dark to dark, Garibaldi led his men along this way of death, actually gaining the Corsini time and again, only to be hurled back by fresh waves of French from the Pamfili. A thousand perished—nobles, shopkeepers, artists, humble peasants—but not until night-fall did the stumbling, sobbing survivors give up the struggle.

Insurmountable Odds

There was madness in it—an insanity of heroism—nor was the defense that followed any less incredible in its superhuman valor. The French force increased to 30,000, yet for eighteen days the Garibaldini held the Janiculum and when it was carried, by mass assault, fell back to the old Austrian wall, where for nine days more they stood at bay. An incessant artillery fire beat upon them day and night, and at the last they fought from behind crumbled heaps of stone, but still Garibaldi's sword met every charge, and still Anita cradled the dying in her compassionate arms.

At midnight on June 30th Oudinot delivered an attack in force, crying "No quarter," yet sunrise saw the Roman flag still flying. There was even spirit for a counter-attack—Garibaldi leading a ghastly, indomitable handful against the swarming French—but by noon the assembly saw it as the end, and agreed to Oudinot's entry on July 3d.

Surrender, however, was not in Giuseppe Garibaldi's heart or thought. On the night of July 2d, bleeding from his wounds, eyes sunken but undaunted, he faced a silent throng in the Piazza of St. Peter's, and made this announcement: "I am going out from Rome. Let those who wish to continue the war with the invader come with me. I offer no pay, nor quarters, nor provisions; only hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles and death."

Turning, he rode out of the Lateran gate with Anita at his side, and 4,000 men and boys followed after. Sunrise found them in the Sabine Hills, and

there, where Horace loved to dream, the leader pondered his desperate situation. From Rome the French would soon pour in hot pursuit; to the south were 12,000 Neapolitans, King Ferdinand having regained his courage; still nearer at hand were 6,000 Spaniards; while to the north was the Tuscan army and some 15,000 Austrians.

It was for the northern march that Garibaldi decided, for in Venice lion-hearted Daniele Manin held out against the Austrian. All through the warm, fragrant day he rested his men in the lovely groves and gardens of Tivoli, and not until sunset did he begin the retreat that is without parallel in the whole history of warfare.

Straight south he started, as if to Naples, and when darkness fell turned in his tracks and followed a mule path that climbed the steep slopes of Mount Gennaro.

He reached Terni only to find the French and Spaniards again hot on his trail, but fresh feints confused the pursuit, and night marches over unused mountain roads soon left it behind. Across the Tiber and high into the Apennines toiled the hunted patriots, unrelenting, thirst-tormented; on into the fair Tuscan plain, where bleeding feet had a chance to heal; through an Austrian army at hostile Arezzo; over Scopettone Pass, and down the mountain side into the valley of the upper Tiber.

At Citerna, a hilltop town, Garibaldi calmly watched the Austrians swarm, nor moved until night came on. Leaving his camp fires burning to deceive one division, he thrust fiercely at another, and then plunged into the mountain fastnesses, leading his wretched, staggering band over the bleak Traberian Pass. Twice again he eluded the Austrians by sudden attacks, cunning twists and night marches—crawling along cliffs, stumbling down boulder-strewn gorges—each new day seeing scores fall from exhaustion, to be slaughtered by their merciless pursuers.

From the heights of Monte Carpegna, Garibaldi saw the shining Adriatic stretched before him, but Austrian armies filled the valley, and no longer were there hidden tracks for him to take. One way only lay open now, and with proud head bowed he sought sanctuary in the little republic of San Marino, last of the free cities of medieval Italy.

Out of the 4,000 that had started

scarce 1,500 followed him through the gates, and these he released from service, begging the government of San Marino to arrange fair terms for their surrender. For himself, he would go on. Clearly, although humbly, Garibaldi saw that he had come to embody the whole of Italy's passionate aspiration, and to quit the fight, that life might be saved, was no other than base betrayal.

A Dash to the Sea

Anita, heavy with child, and racked by fever, refused to be left behind, for separation, to that loyal, loving heart, was worse than death. Two hundred legionaries, managing to learn their leader's purpose, also followed him as he slipped away on his dash to the sea.

Picking a hazardous way between two Austrian camps, the fugitives followed rocky river beds, crawled along the edge of terrifying gorges, and dragged their bleeding feet over mountain ridge and stony plain. It was night again when they tottered into Cesanatico, a little fishing village, but at sight of his beloved sea Garibaldi seemed to gain new strength. Almost single-handed he captured an enemy detachment, seized thirteen small native boats, and set sail for Venice.

Hope returned as they skimmed the sparkling waves, but an Austrian squadron lay in wait at the mouth of the Po, and only three of the boats escaped to reach the sandy shore near Comacchio. From the foremost leaped Garibaldi, carrying Anita in his arms, and straightway he commanded his comrades to seek the safety of the hills. Left alone with his dear burden, he wrapped her in his mighty arms, and stood at bay.

Even as the Austrian boats drew near, a quick-witted Comacchio patriot dashed out of the sand dunes and pointed a way to a hiding place in the marshes. What need to follow the hunted couple through all the nightmare of their twists and turns and tragic disappointments! Held close to her lover's breast, Anita grew weaker and weaker, now babbling of happier times, now clinging fiercely as she felt death's separating hand.

Little of her beauty could have remained after those years of storm, but to Garibaldi she was as he had first seen her on the cliffs of Laguna. With all his strength he fought to keep her

precious life, and when at last, on a black night, the spent spirit slipped through his clutching fingers, the weeping patriots who stood near claimed to have heard the break of his heart.

Left to himself, Garibaldi would have followed his Anita into the grave, but Italy refused to have it so. From village to village they carried him, hiding by day, walking or riding by night; straight through a pursuit that sought his life, peasants risking their lives and scorning huge rewards out of the love they bore him. Over the Apennines, down into Tuscany and on to where the marshes of the Maremma touched the sea, and at sunrise on September 3d he boarded a boat that waited in a lonely haven, hiding his eyes that he might not see the shores of Italy recede.

A Mad Undertaking

Well might Garibaldi have thought his life ended in defeat and futility, for during his five years of exile Italy lay crushed and hopeless. Austria held Lombardy and Venetia in iron grip; Austrian princes ruled the duchies of Parma, Modena and Tuscany; vicious King Ferdinand oppressed Naples and the two Sicilies, and Pio Nono held sway over Rome, Umbria, Romagna and the Marches—truly a tragedy of dismemberment.

Even when Garibaldi slipped back from his seafaring in 1854, and bought the little island of Caprera for an eyrie, his eager eyes saw no sign of the spirit that had declared and defended the Roman Republic, yet his sublime faith defied despair.

Not until 1859, however, when Piedmont and France joined strength to war on Austria, was his lonely vigil rewarded. Once again the Great Rebel knew the joy of night marches and sudden assaults as he whipped the White Coats out of Lombardy, and his heart flamed with the old hope as he watched developments on the plains below. The victories of Magenta and Solferino broke Austria's stranglehold on Italy: Tuscany deposed weak Leopold, and Parma, Modena and Romagna established independent governments.

Italian unity seemed a certainty when for a second time French treachery intervened. As a result of Louis Napoleon's shameful desertion, Austria retained Venetia, and while Piedmont managed to annex Tuscany and Emilia, Victor Emmanuel and Cavour were compelled to give France both Nice and Savoy as the price of her support.

Garibaldi, for once, knew a rage that swept away all reason. He had not liked the leadership of Victor Emmanuel, for the united Italy that he dreamed of was to be a republic, not a monarchy.

And now the scheming rascals had traded away his own beloved Nice, together with Savoy! Refusing to see the bitter necessity that compelled the young king and his great prime minister, the Great Rebel resolved to rally his legionaries and resist the cession.

It was not only the fate of Giuseppe Garibaldi that hung in the balance, but the fate of Italy as well, for his mad undertaking could have had no other end than the ruin of all. Again, as on the beach at Comacchio, destiny interposed. At the very moment when he was preparing to resist the transfer of Nice word came that Sicily was in revolt. Long before Garibaldi had given the Sicilians his word of honor that he would lead them when they rose, and this pledge saved him and Italy.

Plans for the expedition could not be kept a secret, and straightway Victor Emmanuel and Cavour were faced by fresh perplexities. Any appearance of approving Garibaldi's campaign meant war with Naples, the Papal States, Austria and (Continued on page 43)

A Rainbow 'round the Dishpan

By Ruth M. Carson
and Jessie Keena

If you're sunk in a sea of domestic drudgery it will be a relief to know that science is speeding to your rescue with these clever wife-savers

ARE you an ultra-modern, living serenely in your oil-heated house where an electric refrigerator operates noiselessly, where cranking the ice-cream freezer by hand is a thing of the past, and cleaning is done to the purring of a vacuum cleaner? Do you run around in a latest-model roadster and perhaps go in for flying in a serious way? In short, are you the last thing in modernism, according to your own way of thinking? Then here are some bits of news from the inventors' front to prick your bubble of complacency, for we wouldn't be a bit surprised if you are appallingly primitive when it comes to little things; but the little things do count, they say.

This cold, blustery weather you probably begin each day with an angry surge toward the alarm clock and a quick dash over the cold floor to shut the windows. If so you're not up-to-date, or you would know about the little device that shuts your window for you. It's really an alarm clock for the window, fastened on the sill. A strip of metal, attached at one end to the sash, is rolled miraculously into the clock when the set time arrives. The window is pulled shut and a pusher at the side eases it quietly down. When your faithful alarm goes off you find yourself in a room where cold breezes no longer blow.

After that, breakfast need not be a meal of grouches and newspaper barricades, especially with all the electrical things you can play with at the breakfast table. Of course you know about

Illustrated by
Loren Stout



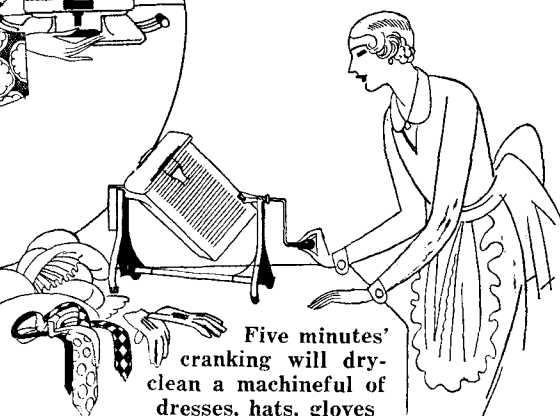
There's no longer any excuse for smoky rooms. Just keep a little smoke-eater

percolators and toasters, but have you seen the combination that takes up less room and toasts bread on both sides at once? The toasting part is about two inches high. The bread is placed in a little drawer which fits snugly between double heating coils. Then the toaster itself serves as a hot plate for the percolator placed on top.

If you're tired of running to the kitchen, or even turning around in your chair to the kitchenette, for eggs that you *hope* have cooked just long enough, settle your troubles and improve your reputation as a cook by using an electric egg cooker that manages the timing business automatically. One type of egg timer holds a



Above: Breakfast need not be a meal of grouches and newspaper barricades



Five minutes' cranking will dry-clean a machineful of dresses, hats, gloves

In this cold, blustery weather the automatic window closer is a help. A pusher at the side eases the window down noiselessly

single egg. To operate it, you put in about two teaspoonfuls of water, place the egg in the specially constructed holder and cover the whole with an ordinary tumbler. Your egg is therefore steamed instead of boiled, and cooking experts are always telling us that eggs *should* be steamed, because buttons are made from boiled eggs (N. B., Mr. Ripley!). These individual timers, by the way, can only be used with alternating current. Other egg timers may be had that hold from four to six eggs, and come with their own tops.

If you have the sandwich habit so badly that you want them even at breakfast time, there is a sandwich toaster that opens wide enough for a three-decker; and with the toaster they'll send you suggestions for sandwiches fit for Epicurus himself.

Don't be alarmed, with all this array before you. There's a four-outlet disk that you can set on your table and neatly plug in all your equipment so that there'll be only one wire straggling off to a base plug. And you can carry out your color scheme even to the disk, because they come in black, gray, green, red, brown and blue. For the fourth hole you might try a bacon grill, which manages the grease and of course prevents sputtering and curling because the top section presses down on the bacon. It's just as good for ham, and other meats for other meals.

While we are on the subject of breakfasts, you may be glad to know that bed-tray designers have kept busy and can now offer you added reasons for having breakfast in bed. They've made a tray that has a wicker basket the length of each end to form the legs and gives you room for all the doodadles you want to play and work with in bed. Other trays have folding legs, and one has a top that rears up at your behest and forms a book-rest.

Unless you are Brillat-Savarin himself, the thankless task of seeing to three meals a day gets pretty boring, but if you're a wise housekeeper you will have

a kitchen full of countless gadgets to save time all around.

A pea and bean sheller, for instance. This is a small piece of apparatus that looks rather like a knife sharpener, but don't be deceived. Screw it on to the edge of the table and nonchalantly turn a crank with one hand as you feed it peas with the other. It sends the shells off in one direction and the peas in the opposite, into receptacles we hope you've put in place first.

Is there anything worse than fussing with string beans, and finally getting them to the table tasting like hemp and looking worse? Well, no more of that if you have a razor device over which the pods are drawn, cutting away every possible string. Then feed them into another contrivance which slices the beans into slim shoestrings, or into one that cuts them into squares. In ten minutes the beans are merrily boiling and you're thanking heaven for a mechanical age. In the same class you will find tomato slicers, grapefruit corers, etc., ad infinitum.

Trouble? We're Not Having Any

Another inexpensive and heart-warming addition to the kitchen is a set of nickel-plated tongs in assorted sizes for seizing hot potatoes, corn, bacon, chops and roasts.

Also something which isn't so new, but an absolute necessity after you've used it once, is a collapsible wire ball known as a salad washer. Put anything in it such as fruit, lettuce or tender vegetables and let water run over them. They'll come out beautifully clean and in the same shape they went in.

The butter-mold makers have come forth with a whole new array of designs. A few you may choose from are hens, cows, flowers, thistles, hearts, spades, clubs and diamonds. To suit your every mood, you understand.

A rolling pin in which some ingenious woodworker carved patterns also pleases us. Before cutting your cookie dough, roll this pin across it and there you have a separate picture for each cookie. Children adore (Continued on page 46)