

yellows, and with many other colors. And when I had seen these women they were not walking on the street but, clad in bright-colored pajamas, were occupying modern rooms whose high windows looked out, not on the boulevard, but on the sea or a promenade along the beach. And then, as the strong impression that the painter himself had made on me retreated in my consciousness, I thought about the exhibition and was greatly astonished. Had I really seen pictures there? They did not seem remote, as pictures usually do when they are not physically present, and there was no atmosphere about them such as one associates with pictures in a museum. It seemed to me as if the walls of the gallery had been made of glass and that I had been able to look through them at real life. These pictures lead one straight to life. They are distillations and extracts of life, and I reflected how powerful and yet how appropriate to the demands of the day they are. And I asked myself, as image after image passed before my inner eye, what other pictures than these are suited to the hour that I am now living through in actuality. What other pictures, indeed, can make this present hour so like a dream?

RICCARDO GUALINO, A MODERN CAGLIOSTRO

By JOHANNES P. FREDEN

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin Liberal Daily

RICCARDO GUALINO, the founder of the Snia-Viscosa, the largest artificial-silk factory in Europe, writes thus of the height of his career: 'Striding from success to success, both in Italy and abroad, I achieved such a firm position that I was considered one of the biggest men in Europe. I employed in all about 80,000 workmen. The net profit from my personal property exceeded six hundred million lire.' And millions were invested in the many undertakings that he controlled.

Barely a year ago this financier of industry was surprised late at night in his luxurious Turin town house in a most disagreeable manner. A police commissioner appeared, produced a telegram from Rome, and ordered him to appear before the questor. The hearing was imminent. He had barely time to say good-bye to his wife and to cast a last look at the rooms that had been furnished to suit her taste and at his art collection and private theatre. The commissioner hurried him politely. Gualino as yet suspected nothing. But at the police station he learned what his arrest meant. He was treated like a common criminal, yet he was not conscious of having committed any act that could be considered or punished as a crime under the capitalist system. Nevertheless, Mussolini had shortly before referred to him threateningly in an important public speech, without mentioning his name, as a 'Cagliostro of industry' who unscrupulously tried to control everything from chocolate to cement, from wood to artificial silk, and who accumulated wealth at the expense of the people. Such men belonged in

prison! The Italian Stinnes (as he was also called) did not go to prison, but after a week's detention he was sent into exile for five years. This happened just after the big Parisian scandal about the banker Oustric, whom Gualino had advised and financed some years before.

Now Gualino is exiled on Lipari Island. He has found a little house in which he is allowed to live. He is free to do as the political prisoners on this island do—to walk up and down under military supervision in a narrowly limited area from early morning to dusk and to disappear in his house at the sunset gun. Or he can busy himself at his own tasks. In the first months of his exile Gualino therefore decided to write his memoirs. The book has just appeared under the title, *Frammenti di vita*, and is a great success. It is not conspicuous for its literary merits, although Gualino published a book of verse in his youth and writes pleasingly enough, but its subject matter is fascinating. What kind of a life has this 'Cagliostro of industry' lived? What formed him, what brought him to the pinnacle of success? Not how he became richer—money always creates money—but how he found the way to wealth, is of interest.

He grew up in the north Italian industrial city of Biella. His stern father wanted to enlarge his jewelry business, but that would have meant borrowing money, and he did not like debts. His was a solid business house of the old style. The eight sons were to become business men too. But Riccardo, one of the youngest, was to go through the gymnasium. He would become a great professor, not a business man, thought the father, and he exhorted his older sons to provide for their younger brother, who would not be able to earn much money as a professor. When Riccardo heard what was planned for him he suddenly decided, at seventeen, to become a business man; he would not live in dependence. He therefore became an apprentice in the wood business with his brother-in-law in Genoa. Those were hard and bitter years. Then he went to Sestri on the Riviera, where he began to feel like a gentleman, with his fifty lire a month. After his term of military service he became a commercial traveler in the wood business. Like all other commercial travelers, he had to put on a prosperous air and entertain his provincial customers with jokes and bits of news. But he was uncommonly ambitious and industrious, and he did not feel that he was progressing. He quarreled with his brother and in 1901, at the age of 21, became the confidential clerk of a Milan wood-importing firm. He supervised purchases of wood in the Tyrol and Carinthia, thus serving his apprenticeship for his subsequent large financial operations. Through a cousin who owned a small cement factory he discovered the great possibilities of cement as a building material.

TO see things a quarter of an hour before anyone else—that, he thought, was the secret of success. Later on he was to see, an historic quarter of an hour before anyone else, the tremendous possibilities inherent in the mass production of artificial silk. But he was far from having progressed that

far yet. First he became an agent for both domestic and foreign cement firms. With his first savings he established a wood and cement business of his own in a small place. Conditions were favorable, and he soon made a success of it. He sold wood in large quantities, and produced cement in a big plant. He was now twenty-five years old, taking big chances, and putting a new impetus into business. But the danger of overproduction appeared and he founded the first Italian cement trust, to regulate production. But he did not yet know—and did not learn till he was exiled—that ‘nothing is more dangerous than to concern one’s self in a business way with a commercial product from production to consumption.’ Stinnes’s vertical theory, the passion for doing everything, revenged itself on him later.

Shortly before the War he entered the biggest kind of international business. From the Rumanian government he obtained a concession to exploit the immense Transylvanian forests near the Hungarian border. He established huge sawmills and laid railroads for removing the wood. When he had got that far he sold the whole business to an English financial group headed by Sir Austen Chamberlain, but retained control. Then he obtained similar concessions in Russia and whole settlements sprang up as if by magic. The fever that was driving him on compelled him to enlarge his province still further. He acquired all the undeveloped land lying along the Neva near Saint Petersburg. He had laid all his plans and a high officer of the Russian General Staff was his partner. He would build the Russians a splendid new modern city, and make hundreds of millions for himself. An English consortium was also interested. Then, the day before the cornerstone of the new suburb was laid, his Russian partner telephoned him from the court of the Tsar, telling him that he would have to leave at once to catch the last train out of Russia. The World War had broken out. Big guns were planted on the site of his great sawmills in Russia and Transylvania. He lost his land in Saint Petersburg, and the Bolsheviks did not acknowledge his claims.

But Gualino did not consider himself ruined, although he had lost practically everything and was burdened with huge debts at home. With newly borrowed money he threw himself into the shipping business, which was experiencing a big war-time boom. He chartered transport ships wherever he could lay hold of them—in Italy, Mexico, North America—and made enormous profits. He also did well on the Stock Exchange, as he himself admits. He was a born war and inflation profiteer, with an almost uncanny ability to profit by the turn of the market. Reverses never dismayed him, although he often suffered from them severely.

When the business wind changed and artificial silk became the thing of the hour, the Snia, which had been founded for marine undertakings, turned in the twinkling of an eye into the Snia-Viscosa. He had bought a tiny factory and the manufacturing patent for Viscosa from some Frenchmen, and in a few years he owned the biggest artificial-silk factory in Europe. At the very beginning he built a plant capable of producing

100,000 kilogrammes of artificial silk a day, but the actual production never rose above 60,000 kilogrammes. Looking back, he thinks that time would have justified his enormous plans. But in the meantime these plans cost his stockholders hundreds upon hundreds of million lire. And the millions that he still possesses to-day cannot be compared with the wealth remaining to him after he lost the Snia. A wretched bankruptcy had to be announced shortly.

To be sure, he claims in self-defense—and his argument does not make an unfavorable impression—that he could have got things going again if he had not been so suddenly removed from the scene of action by his arrest. But the Oustric scandal had just been discovered.

Neither his book nor any other source makes it clear just what crime he committed. He did not forge bills of exchange, or defraud, or do anything libelous according to bourgeois laws. He is just as guilty and just as innocent as any other big speculator. It cannot be proved that he has committed any criminal act; he is simply a modern Cagliostro, a speculative profiteer, or perhaps just a big speculator. Nor was he tried in the ordinary way, since there was obviously not enough evidence. He was treated like a troublesome political foe and sent into exile as an economic danger.

There he dreams of the brilliant life that lies such a short distance behind him. He is reading in his exile the lives of the saints, of Paul, and Augustine, and Hieronymus, but his life will not end in the cloister, for vitality is his strongest trait.

J. L. GARVIN

By HAROLD LASKI

From the *Daily Herald*, London Labor Daily

THE ENGLISH SUNDAY would be incomplete without Mr. Garvin's weekly homily. Who is there who does not look forward to his turgid eloquence, his formidable array of coruscating adjectives, his enviable certitude on all themes secular and religious, his vigorous advice to the statesmen of the world? He has made his weekly thunderstorm a national institution. In an age when editors are mostly anonymous, and usually unknown, there can be no quarter in which public opinion is canvassed that is unaware of his personality.

Mr. Garvin is one of the few living journalists who can, and does, say what he likes. Where Massingham, A. G. Gardiner, and a host of lesser figures paid the ultimate price for their sincerity, he has managed to keep the right to frankness. It is rarely easy to agree with him. Variability is his passion, and one never knows from one week to the next who will be his favorite statesman, or what his favorite theme. This week he may plead for a national government; next week only Mr. Lloyd George may be able