

Warren, of Wyoming. When the Senate meets, he will have completed thirty-four years of service as a member of that body. He is the senior member in point of service. The filling of this position is

made necessary by the death of Senator Lodge.

The contests over President Pro Tem. of the Senate and Speaker of the House will not be decided, perhaps, until the

new Congress meets, though rivalry for these positions will exert an influence over what is done at the short session, including the admission of irregulars to regular standing.

Four Italians and Their American Counterparts

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editorial Correspondent in Europe

THE four great pillars of Italian unity—Mazzini, Cavour, Garibaldi, and Victor Emmanuel—find their counterparts in Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt, and Coolidge.

A century ago Italy was divided into many self-governing, mutually jealous provinces and kingdoms. Giuseppe (Joseph) Mazzini, a young Genoese, became convinced that "the true aim of patriots should be the unity of all Italy." He was the first Italian statesman to declare that "some day Italy must exist as one free nation." To realize this ideal the great thinker and prophet dedicated his life. A half-century before, George Washington had delivered our country from a foreign yoke, only to discover that it was still a composite of thirteen mutually jealous, practically self-governing States. He then dedicated himself to their union; he was one of the inspirers of our Federal Constitution, and he became the first President of the United States. In their similar endeavors, Mazzini and Washington had to endure misunderstandings, malice, slander. But both men remained steadfast to the end. Both succeeded. Both made their names immortal.

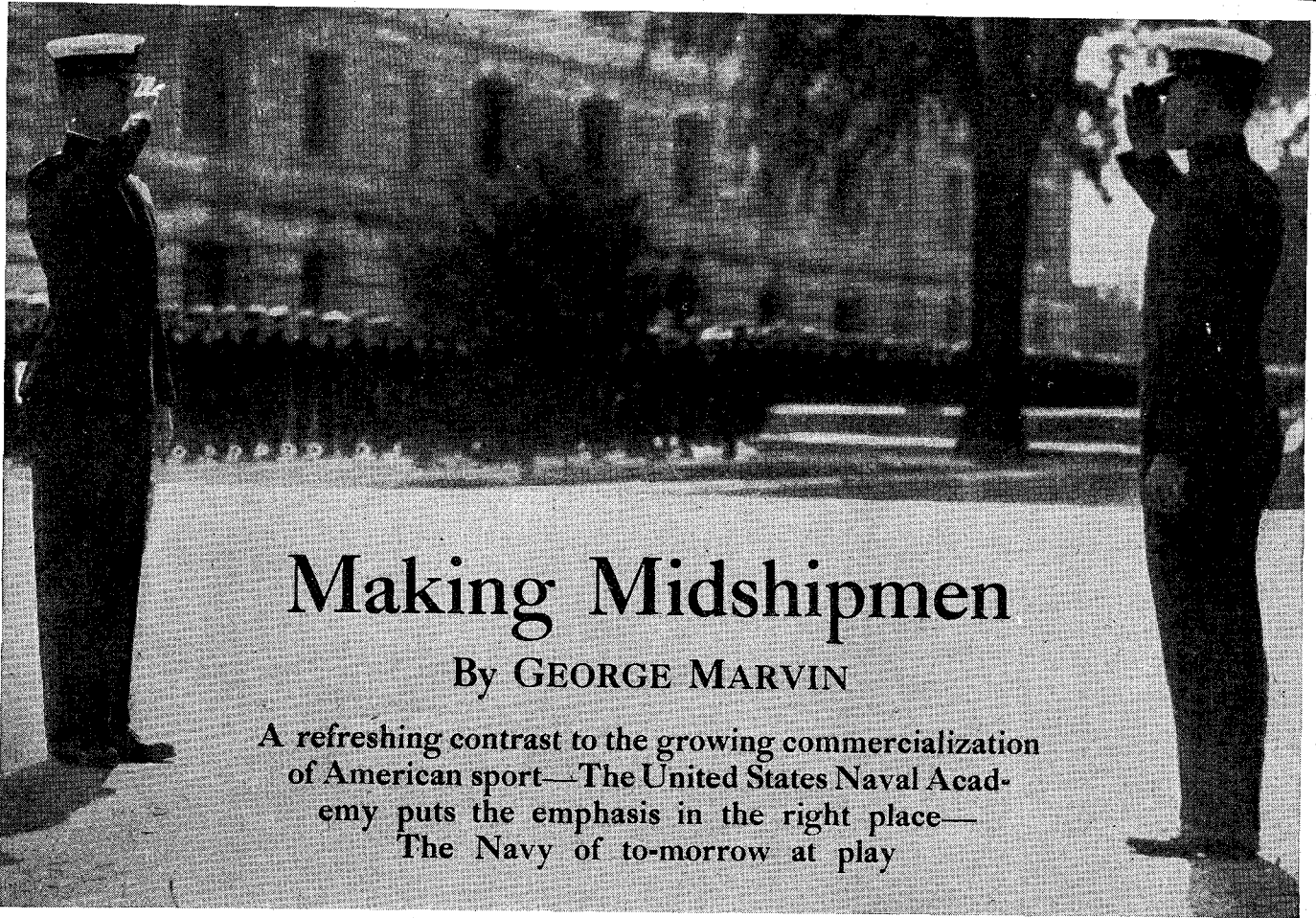
If Mazzini and Washington can be called the fathers of their respective countries, it may be said with equal truth that Cavour and Lincoln were their saviors. In 1848, that great revolutionary year, Count Camillo Cavour, of the old Piedmont aristocracy, threw off the traditions of his caste and in newspaper articles and addresses demanded that the whole Italian people should be free and united as never before, their freedom to be secured by constitutional grants. Constitutions were granted, but years passed before all Italy was free and united. Cavour had long been Prime Minister of Piedmont when in our Central West a voice proclaimed that America should not exist half slave and half free—the voice of Abraham Lincoln. That cry carried him to the Presidency. He did not hesitate, any more than did Cavour, to appeal to the arbitrament of war, for both men hated tyranny and

would use force whenever necessary to put it down. In Italy there was tyranny a-plenty, but Cavour's special abhorrence was Russia; if he despised her monarchical absolutism then, what would he say to the infinitely greater revolutionary despotism now? Another similarity between the two men was that neither truckled to the shadow, popularity, but cared only for the substance, power. Still another similarity was that neither man was a victim of that fatuous belief in a kind Providence, always righting state affairs, muddle them as men may—no, the mills of the gods grind grimly for those muddlers. In the nineteenth century Cavour and Lincoln, of keen insight, of simple, dignified bearing, of boundless tact, of generous boldness, were the greatest statesmen in Europe and America. To them was justly vouchsafed the triumph that after their deaths the progress of their respective governments was to be guided by their vanished hands. Within ten years of Cavour's death Italy, acting out his policy, was entirely united, and in that period America, carrying forward Lincoln's policy, recovered from the Civil War and the North and South came together in a new union.

Giuseppe Garibaldi, a seaman, born at Nice, led, like Theodore Roosevelt later, a life of daring. This was evident, whether Garibaldi appeared as Deputy in Parliament, or whether he led a thousand men across the sea from Quarto, near Genoa, to Marsala in Sicily, or whether he entered Palermo and Naples at the head of other thousands. The noblest of the Italian youth flocked to his standard, as later the noblest of American youth flocked to Roosevelt's. Quick, energetic, brilliant in movement, even changing tactics, if necessary, in their love of high adventure, these leaders never lost sight of their objective. Nor did they query so much whether they might be exceeding the bounds of the strictly allowable as whether their activity was by law distinctly prohibited. Finally, no leaders in either country ever made men thrill

with such electricity of emotion as did these knights-errant, one of whom, Theodore Roosevelt, was to show himself a peculiarly able and astute Executive.

A characteristic both of King Victor Emmanuel II and of our present President, Calvin Coolidge, was and is to treat all parties with equity; a habit equally remarkable for shrewdness and common sense—"common sense," that Coolidge phrase. Another characteristic was and is that of justice; Victor Emmanuel was proud of the title given him, "*Re Galantuomo*"—"The Honest King" (it really means more, namely: "valiant for the truth")—and Mr. Coolidge may well pride himself on the title, "The Just President." Furthermore, the Italian King's policy has also been our President's, that is: "never to provoke revolution, but to develop the institutions of liberty and nationality." Finally, the administrations of these two rulers were and are marked by better financial and economic conditions: in Italy this was brought about by the remission of oppressive taxes and the imposition of a more even tax distribution; in our country the saving to taxpayers during the Coolidge régime can be measured by billions of dollars. In Italy then as in America now there was apathy among many who would not take the trouble to register themselves or to vote; then as now there was a feverish desire on the part of upstarts, demagogues, and extremists to pull down the people in power by right of ancient tradition, and then as now there was such blocking by legislators as would have resulted in bringing governments to a standstill. Fortunately, then there was a real man at the head, Victor Emmanuel, just as now there is a real man at the head, Calvin Coolidge. Such men, fearing nothing from the accusations of political weathercocks and unintimidated by demagogic extremists, welcome any electoral or legislative struggle. They know that through it an honest, able, and courageous executive ultimately gains more than he loses.



Making Midshipmen

By GEORGE MARVIN

**A refreshing contrast to the growing commercialization of American sport—The United States Naval Academy puts the emphasis in the right place—
The Navy of to-morrow at play**

NOCTURNE: a long, long field that so nearly meets salt water at sea-level that field and the tidal estuary of Severn River seem one great gray expanse reaching out into the evening mystery of Chesapeake Bay. Where the channel of the river meets the bay a lighthouse stands up and winks a red eye confidentially to those on shore, signals apparently ignored on the full tide by the shadowy sails of fishing boats going calmly about their business in great waters. Out of the blackness of its slip the antique ferry, a galaxy of lights bound for the Eastern Shore of Maryland, is pulled jerkily across the stage by mighty unseen supers, marking by its course that place in the perspective where the water really does begin and where the five-yard white chalk marks, converging towards the unseen horizon, really must come to an end.

This and more for background. On the foreground twenty huge projectors throw an eerie light like that which creeps over the land in a solar eclipse or comes as the overture to a cyclone, an unreal radiance made up of the after-math of day and twenty times one thousand watts of electric current. And in and out of the chiaroscuro thus created, as far down the field as you can see, dart and step, converge and separate, a myriad of agile human figures.

And this is football practice at Annapolis on the eve of the annual Army game, which brings the season to an end. Close at hand stand three Rembrandt portraits which are recognizable, from previous contact in the sober light of day, as Admiral Wilson, Superintendent of the Naval Academy; Commander "Brick" McCandless, Director of Athletics; and Paul Dashiell, who used to referee Harvard-Yale games in the nineteenth century, when we were in college, and has helped to produce sound midshipmen for so long a period of years that, as the law books say, "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

The Macabre beauty of the nocturne is obvious to any one that hath eyes to see. Its meaning, which entirely escapes the eye, is translated by the Rembrandt gentlemen emerging from the crisp November night in the becoming overcoats and caps adopted by the Navy since the war. Immediately at hand here "secret practice" is going on. All over the country, before their crucial games, the college teams conduct their practice in secret, for of such, so the coaches believe, are the tactical and strategic chances of victory made. From the murk of secrecy the "Varsity" comes out on Saturdays to play its games, disappearing thereafter from the loyal ken of undergraduates. But here at Annapolis

the secrecy seems to be a kind of gentlemen's understanding. No gates, no fences or walls, no low visibility. The Varsity field is separated from the "Scrub" only by one of the long white chalk marks which disappear into Chesapeake Bay, precisely like other white boundaries separating successive playing areas far down the animated nocturnal expanse of Farragut Field. A while ago a polite individual in a warrant officer's uniform with a shining shield of authority in his coat lapel has approached you and saluted, saying, "Pardon me, sir, are you Mr. So-and-So?" On receiving an affirmative reply, he moves off with a smile and another salute to identify one of several passing motor cars which has stopped on the edge of the grass. That is the only, intangible precaution. Are you, or are you not, of the family? A healthy and simple "secrecy" quite in tune with the whole spirit of sport and athletics at the Academy.

Six hundred midshipmen are playing football to-night. There is the idea in a nutshell—Commander McCandless's idea, Admiral Wilson's idea, the 1924 idea of the Naval Academy. Sport, recreational games, and physical training for the entire regiment of midshipmen, two thousand strong. Not a few hand-picked midshipmen for victory. The profession of the Navy is necessarily a