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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK LITTLE TONY OF ITALY ***





THE BAY OF NAPLES

LITTLE TONY *of* ITALY

BY
MADELINE BRANDEIS



Photographic Illustrations



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DEDICATION

TO MY MOTHER, WHOSE MUSIC AND
SINGING ARE SOMEHOW IN TUNE WITH
THE "SINGING LAND" ABOUT WHICH
THIS BOOK IS WRITTEN

PREFACE

When I began to write these stories about children of all lands I had just returned from Europe whither I journeyed with Marie and Ref. Maybe you don't know Marie and Ref. I'll introduce them: Please meet Marie, my very little daughter, and Ref, my very big reflex camera.

These two are my helpers. Marie helps by being a little girl who knows what other little girls like and by telling me; and Ref helps by snapping pictures of everything interesting that Marie and I see on our travels. I couldn't get along without them.

Several years have gone by since we started our work together and Marie is a bigger girl—but Ref hasn't changed one bit. Ref hasn't changed any more than my interest in writing these books for you. And I hope that *you* hope that I'll never change, because I want to keep on writing until we'll have no more countries to write about—unless, of course, some one discovers a new country.

Even if a new country isn't discovered, we'll find foreign children to talk about—maybe the children in Mars! Who knows? Nobody. Not even Marie—and Marie usually knows about most things. That's the reason why, you see, though I sign myself



I am really only

Marie's Mother.

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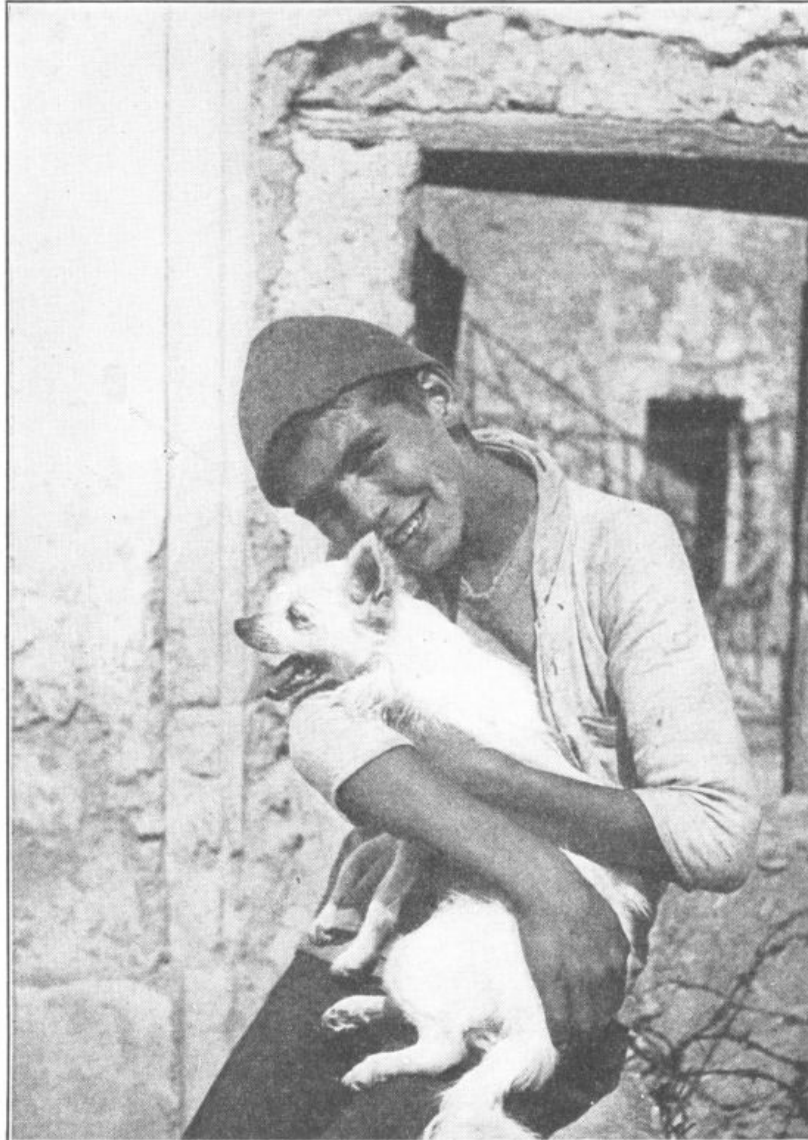
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TONY AND TINA

Little Tony of Italy

CHAPTER I

TONY AND TINAS

It was love at first sight.

It happened as Tony was sauntering along a noisy street in Naples. One of the noisiest, oldest, and dirtiest streets.

Cries, songs, laughter, scoldings filled the air. And smells! But not the smell of roses.

Tony's brown hands were stuffed in his ragged pockets. A never-mind whistle was on his saucy

lips.

But suddenly he stopped. He planted his legs apart and stared. There, on the steps of a church, she sat. Her beautiful, pitiful brown eyes looked up at Tony.

She had a bewitching face. It was a white face; thin and rather sad.

"Hungry?" asked Tony.

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ON A STREET IN NAPLES

Then, without waiting for a reply, he added, "Come along. I'll buy you something to eat."

He jingled coins in his pockets. His mouth curved at the corners. He had black eyes and they gleamed.

They started off together, when, all at once, she stopped and would go no farther.

[Pg 15]

"Come," urged Tony. "Don't be afraid. I have money. See? I begged it of the Americans at the big hotel."

He drew the coins from his pocket and showed them to her. But she only stood and gazed at him with those mournful, brown eyes. Tony's black ones snapped.

"Avanti! (Forward!)" he cried. "What makes you stand like a donkey? See, I have enough to buy you all the food you can eat. I am clever."

He smiled roguishly.

"I cry before the foreigners," he continued. "I rub my stomach, so! I say, 'Ah, I die of hunger!'"

He made a frightful face and patted his stomach.

But she only looked at him and did not move. Yet there was admiration in her eyes.

"Then," he went on, "they feel sorry for me and they say, 'Poor boy! Beautiful boy! We must give him some money!' So they do that!"

[Pg 16]

He laughed and showed his white teeth. But not she. There was something very serious about her.

Tony had a temper. Angrily, he now stooped and picked her up. She did not resist. In fact, her fluffy tail wagged heartily and she began to lick his face.

She seemed to be saying, "I am forbidden to go with you. But if you take me, what can I do?"

Tony bought meat from a street vender. He put her down and fed her out of his hand. She ate hungrily. Her little ribs showed plainly through the dirty white hair of her body.

When she finished, Tony picked her up again. He should have taken her back to the church steps. She belonged to the Marionette show around the corner. She was a trained dog.

[Pg 17]

But Tony did not know this. He only knew that he loved the little dog very much, that he could not live another day without her.



A FAMILY GROUP ON A STREET IN NAPLES

Determinedly, he tucked her under his arm and started toward home.

He stuffed the remaining meat inside his shirt. It was not a very clean shirt, anyway, so a little meat did not make much difference. [Pg 18]

Tony was an orphan. Nobody ever said to him, "Take your bath!" "Have you washed your ears?"

He lived with an old woman in the back of a very old house. Everything was old on this street. Everything but the children—and there were many of them.

It was a poor and crowded street. People sat outside their doors all day long. They worked and played and ate outside.

But now Tony ran inside quickly to look for the old woman.

"Look! Look!" he cried. "I have found a poor, lost little dog!"

The old woman was deaf.

"The dog is hurt?" she screamed. She glared at the frightened animal which lay quite still in Tony's arms.

"No!" yelled Tony. "I found her and I am going to keep her!" [Pg 19]

"You are not going to keep her!" shrilled the old woman.

Then she peered more closely at Tony.

"What is that?" she asked. "Ah, meat inside your shirt! You have been feeding animals again. Ah!"

Her mouth fell open. A light of recognition came into her eyes.

"Dio Mio!" she gasped. "It is the trained dog of Guido, the Marionette Man! You have stolen it! Ah, Madonna, now you are a thief!"

Tony shrank. His face grew almost as white as the dog's. A thief! Of course, Tony knew that often he did not tell the truth. But then, it was sometimes much easier to make up falsehoods. And much more fun! Besides, he never told stories that would do anyone harm.

But to steal? That was a different thing.



THE BAY OF NAPLES

He had not known that the dog belonged to the Marionette show.

[Pg 21]

"You are not satisfied with telling lies," went on the excited old woman. "But now you must steal besides! Come, you child of Satan!"

She threw a tattered shawl about her shoulders.

"We are going to take the dog back to Guido!" she announced.

She led Tony away briskly. She was a witch-like old woman. But still, she had cared for Tony since his parents had died and left him alone.

She had cared for him in giving him a home and something to eat. But that was all. She had not tried to teach him the things that real parents teach their children—things like the beauty of truth. Perhaps if she had done this, Tony might have been different.

As it was, he was a lying little rascal with the face of an angel. He had no thought but for song and story—and, of course, for animals! [Pg 22]



IN FRONT OF THE MARIONETTE THEATRE

They found Guido at his tiny theatre. The old woman pushed Tony up to the Marionette Man, the [Pg 23]

dog nestling in his arms.

"Here is your dog, Mr. Guido!" The old woman's voice was sharp like her nose. Tony, who liked beautiful sounds, hated to hear her talk.

"This—this—lost child of a thousand devils brought it home," she croaked. "What will he do next? I am disgraced!"

Guido took the dog from Tony's arms. Guido was dark and oily. He smiled. But Tony did not smile. Two big tears stood in his eyes. His rosy mouth did not curl. It trembled.

"So you love my Tina very much, yes?" asked Guido. He laid his hand on Tony's little brown cap. "You would like to own her, eh?"

"What do you say?" screamed the old woman. "Talk louder! I cannot hear."

"The boy would like to own the dog," repeated Guido, louder.

"He would like to own the world!" shrieked the old woman.

She started to drag Tony away, but he escaped her and ran back to Guido.

"Let me stay with you!" he cried.

Then he lowered his voice so the old woman could not hear what he said.

"The witch is cruel to me," he whined. "She beats me every morning. Ah, I am not happy."

"What is that? What is he saying?" squealed the old woman, straining to hear.

But Tony kept his voice low.

"Let me live with you, sir!" he went on. "I am a good boy and always do as I am told!"

Tony's guardian took hold of the Marionette Man's sleeve.

"Please, sir," she implored. "You must not believe the tales Tony tells you. I am sure they are lies. I have been good to him. But each day he comes home with pockets empty. Yet I know he has begged money from the foreigners and has spent it on the way home."

[Pg 24]

[Pg 25]



LAKE COMO

Guido gave Tony an amused look.

The old woman continued, "Always animals!" she groaned. "This stupid child would feed every cat, dog, goose, and donkey while I starve!"

In a way, the old woman was right. Tony did just this with his money. He spent it on food for stray animals.

Or, sometimes he gave it to beggars who sat on church steps. They were not so fortunate as he. For he was beautiful to look at and people always believed his sad tales. He was a splendid actor.

He also knew that the old woman had enough for herself. So why should he bring home his pennies when men and beasts starved on the streets?

But he did not put it this way to his guardian. It was so much easier to turn his pockets inside out and say, with a roguish smile, "Niente! (Nothing!)"

"How would you like me to take the lad to live with me?" asked Guido, the Marionette Man.

"Heaven protect you, sir!" cried the old woman. "You do not know Tony!"

But here she was wrong, for Guido did know Tony. He had often watched him on the streets, begging. Such a clever child would be able to help in the Marionette show.

[Pg 26]

[Pg 27]

"Let me have him," said Guido, pleasantly. "I am not afraid of little boys who do not tell the truth. I will teach him as I teach my little trained dog, eh?"

He laughed and looked into Tony's eyes. Tony smiled at him and brushed away the tears.

"Yes, I will come to live with you—and with the little dog," he said. "Then I can be with her always!"

"Yes, indeed," agreed Guido. He turned to the old woman. "Are you willing?" he asked.

[Pg 28]

"Willing?" she cried. "Do you ask one who suffers with toothache if he is willing to part with the aching tooth? He is a rascal and cares nothing for me. Indeed I am willing to let you keep him. Yet—"

She hesitated. A softer expression came over her face.

"You must promise to be good to him," she added. "His mother was my friend. When she died she left him in my care. For her sake, you must promise to treat Tony well."

"I shall treat him as if he were my own," replied Guido, the Marionette Man.

CHAPTER II

[Pg 29]

TONY AND THE BALILLA

Several weeks passed. Tony was living with Guido.

Each day the Marionette Man sent him to the hotels to beg. Each evening he had to help with the show. He set the tiny stage and dusted the theatre.

If he did not do his work properly, Guido would smile and say, "No supper tonight for lazy people!"

This would not have mattered so much to Tony if it had not been for Tina. But when Tony did not eat, then neither did Tina.

The small scraps that Guido threw to the dog were not enough to keep her alive. So Tony always divided his meals with the friend he loved.

[Pg 30]



"I DIE OF HUNGER!"

Today, as usual, Tony, with his dog, trudged along on his way to the hotels. Once there, he stood outside of one and waited. Two foreign ladies appeared at the door. Immediately, tears gathered in Tony's eyes. He ran up to them eagerly.

"Ah, dear ladies, I am a poor, orphan boy!" he moaned in Italian. Then he burst into English: "No mudder! No fadder!" he wailed.

[Pg 31]

The ladies looked at him pityingly. But just then the hotel manager came out.

"Go along!" he commanded Tony. "You are not allowed here. Run!"

He shooed Tony as if he had been stray chickens. Tony scampered a few feet away. When the hotel manager had gone, he again began to make mournful signs to the strange ladies.

But now they only laughed and shook their heads, for they knew what a scamp he was. So Tony laughed, too, and began to sing good-naturedly. A Naples street boy is like that.

The ladies drove off in a carriage and as they passed they threw money to the rascal. You see, nobody ever took the trouble to explain things to Tony. Foreigners enjoyed his pretty acting, which only spoiled him. [Pg 32]

For several hours Tony stayed around the hotels, dodging hotel managers, and crying his way into the hearts of strangers. Then, he started toward the place he called home, walking along the broad drive that faces the Bay of Naples.

Naples is built like a giant theatre stage. The shore is where the plays take place. The shining Bay is the vast blue audience.

Out, facing the shore, is the famous Castle of the Egg. Many stories are told about this historical building.

It was once the home of Lucullus, a Roman general who was very fond of eating.

One legend tells that the poet, Virgil, put an enchanted egg between the walls of the castle. So long as this egg remained in its place, the city of Naples was supposed to be safe.

But the real reason for the castle's strange name is, no doubt, its egg-like shape.

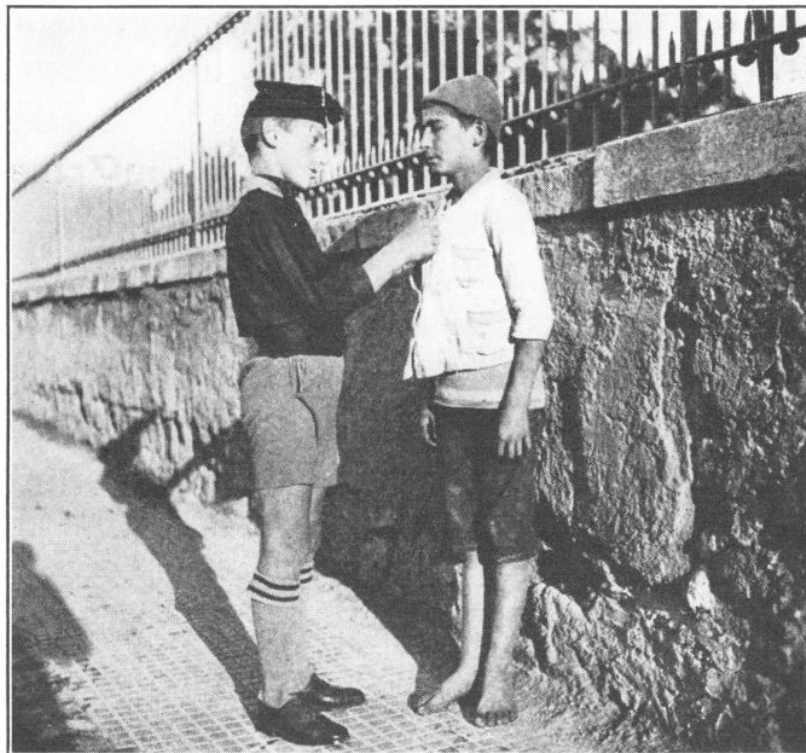
High up on a hill of Naples is a park of rare beauty. From here one looks down upon the island of Nisida. Like the Castle of the Egg, this island was once the home of great Roman generals. Today they are both prisons. [Pg 33]

But let us go back and find Tony. He now turned into the crowded part of the city where the noise and the smells begin. He felt more at home there. He stopped and bought a meal of fresh fish for Tina at a small stand.

Then he stuffed himself full of macaroni and candies. At last he had only a few pennies left.

A boy in uniform had been watching Tony. He was dressed in olive-green breeches and black shirt. He wore a small cap with a tassel on it.

He belonged to the Balilla, the Italian Boy Scouts. The Government is directing them in sports and work of all kinds. They are growing up to be strong and loyal to their country. [Pg 34]



"I WANT TO HELP YOU," SAID THE BOY

"Hello," said the boy to Tony.

"Good-bye," said Tony to the boy.

He began to saunter off.

"Wait," said the boy. "I would like to speak with you." [Pg 35]

Now, every young Italian hopes to join the Balilla. So, of course, Tony did, too. But how could a little beggar, who had hardly enough to eat, expect to belong to such a grand company?

Tony did not even want to talk with this modern son of Italy.

"I must go," he mumbled.

But the boy walked over to him and began to speak earnestly.

"I just noticed that you were very hungry," he said. "Why was that?"

Tony's eyes gleamed angrily. "Because I had eaten too much!" he snapped.

What right had this fellow to detain and mock him because he was poor?

"I mean no harm," said the lad. "I only want to help you. Do you know that you may join the Balilla if you want to?"

"I?" inquired Tony.

[Pg 36]



BOYS OF THE BALILLA

"Yes, you, or any other boy who wishes to join."

[Pg 37]

"But I have no money to pay for the uniform," said Tony.

"If you cannot pay, the State will give you a uniform. Every boy in Italy should belong to the Balilla."

As he said this he saluted. His arm shot out stiffly, the palm of his hand exposed. He drew himself up like a soldier.

"It is fine to march with a band," he went on. "The State will help to educate you and will send you to a seaside camp in summer."

"A poor boy like me?" Tony's eyes were wide.

The other smiled. "Have you never heard how the Balilla started?" he asked.

Then he told Tony about another poor boy who had lived in Genoa years ago. When the Austrians attacked his city, he threw a stone and started an uprising. The enemy was driven away.

"That boy's name was 'Balilla,'" explained Young Italy. "Before he threw the stone, he went forward with the words, 'Shall I begin?'"

[Pg 38]

Tony's face shone with pleasure.

"Shall I begin? Shall I begin?" he muttered to himself. Why not? It would be glorious to march through the parks, waving banners. He would study hard and learn to be a soldier.

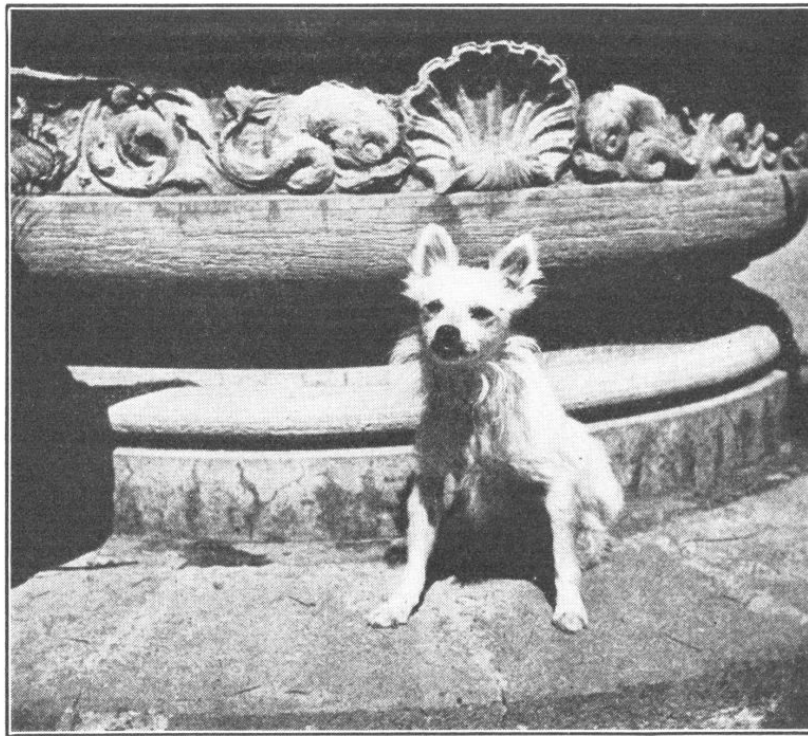
But then, Tony thought of the training and discipline. He did not want to be trained. He wanted to run wild and beg money of foreigners.

And what of Tina? There would be no place for a little dog in a military group of boys.

Besides, Guido would never allow him to join. Guido needed him.

But suppose he should run away from Guido? Oh, then he felt sure that the Marionette Man would starve Tina.

[Pg 39]



TINA WAS VERY SERIOUS

Tony always saw that the dog had enough to eat. It was he who cared for her, dressed her in her fancy costume and put her through her little tricks between each act of the puppet show.

She slept with Tony and did not have to shiver outside any more. No, Tony could not leave Tina!

"Will you come with me now?" asked Young Italy. "Will you begin?"

[Pg 40]

Tony wiped the traces of macaroni from his mouth. He looked straight at the boy in uniform.

"I do not wish to join," he lied.

Then he ran off.

When he reached home Guido asked, "Where is the money?"

Tony handed him two pennies.

Guido laughed. "The rest! Come, that is not all!"

"It is all," said Tony.

He was not even thinking of what he was saying. He was thinking only of the Balilla and of the words, "Shall I begin?"

"If you do not give me all the money, you and the dog will get no supper tonight!" growled Guido. "Come, how much did you make?"

"Shall I begin?" muttered Tony.

Guido looked at him curiously. Had he lost his wits?

[Pg 41]

"What are you mumbling about?" asked the Marionette Man.

Tony shrugged his shoulders. "I should lie if I told you!" he answered.

This was Tony's favorite expression. It means "I don't know" in the language of Naples. But in Tony's language it meant exactly what it said!

CHAPTER III

[Pg 42]

NIKI

Italy! When you hear the word do you think, as I do, of beautiful paintings and music? Of organ grinders, macaroni, and marionettes?

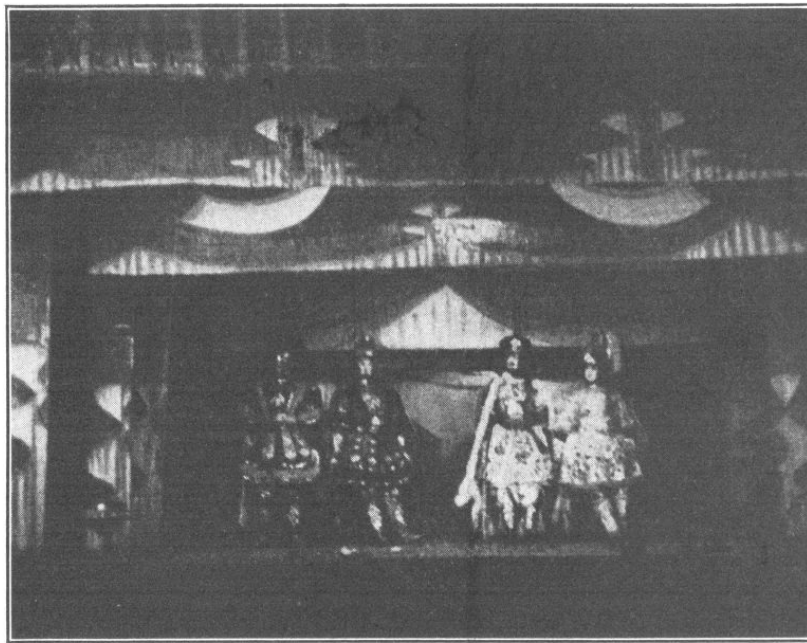
The finest little marionette actors (or puppets) are made in Italy. Naples is where they have been most popular.

Today there are few left. Motion pictures have come to Naples as to every other city in the world.

Guido's theatre was a small place with crude, wooden benches. Tony helped Guido work the puppets. Mrs. Guido played the squeaky piano.

But the marionettes were really handsome. There were Kings and Queens in velvet and purple. Knights in armour.

[Pg 43]



THE MARIONETTES WERE VERY HANDSOME

Tina performed between the acts. She amused the audience while the scene was being changed. She would walk in on her hind legs, a ruff around her neck. She would throw kisses and nearly topple over backwards.

She would turn 'round and 'round in a sort of old-fashioned waltz. She might have been a white, furry merry-go-round but for the pink tongue that popped out so frequently. [Pg 44]

When she finished her part, she always ran straight to Tony. While he worked a puppet with one hand, he untied her ruff with the other. He knew she disliked the stiff thing.

This afternoon the theatre was well crowded. It was Saturday. As Tony lifted Tina up on the stage, she turned and licked his face. Then, out she waltzed and the people began to clap.

When the clapping stopped, a child's voice suddenly piped up, "Oh, it's Niki! Papa, Papa, it's Niki!"

There was some laughter and whispering, and everyone turned to look.

Tina made her final bow and her part was over.

[Pg 45]



THE MARIONETTE THEATRE

After the show, as Tony was putting away the marionettes, a gentleman and a little girl came to the back of the stage. They approached Guido.

Tony heard angry talk between the two men. However, it did not interest him until he heard the girl say, "I know it is my dog! I want my dog." [Pg 46]

Tony listened now. He heard Guido laugh nervously.

"That is absurd," said Guido. "The little lady is mistaken. Tina is my dog. She belongs to my show."

The gentleman raised his voice. "My daughter is not mistaken," he said. "That is her dog!"

"It was stolen from us," added the little girl.

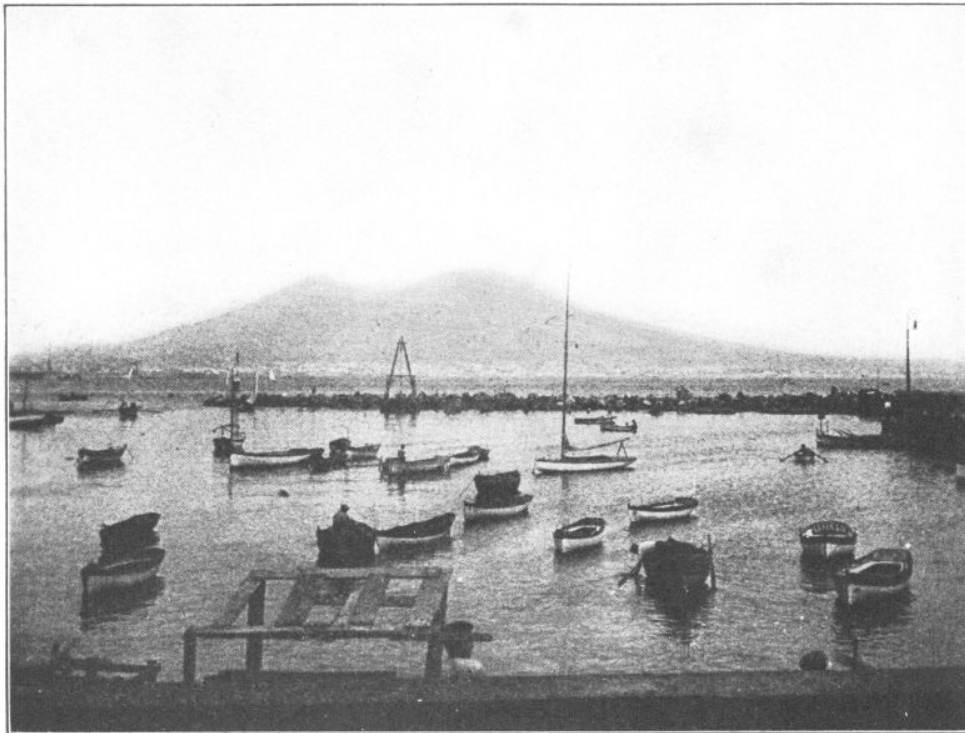
"We searched for it all over Naples but could not find it," continued her father.

"I want Niki!" pleaded the child.

"You have stolen my daughter's pet," said the gentleman. "I demand it back!"

Now Tony entered the scene. He held Tina close. The little girl put out her arms and cried, "Niki! Niki! I want my Niki!"

"Her name is Tina," said Tony. "She belongs to Guido—and me."



THE BAY OF NAPLES AND VESUVIUS

"That is not true," said the gentleman. "This Guido, your father, has stolen our dog. If he does not give it back at once, I shall call the police!" [Pg 48]

Guido looked afraid and Tony noticed it. He must think of a way to save Tina! With a broad grin the young beggar stepped up to the little girl.

"It is true that Guido stole your dog, Niki," he said. "But this is not Niki. You see, that was a long time ago and Niki died. Ah, poor thing!"

He wiped away a false tear and stroked Tina's head fondly.

"This is our own Tina," he added.

"Oh, Papa!" wailed the poor little girl. "Niki is dead!"

But the father was not so easily deceived. "Give me the dog," he said. "I wish to see it more closely."

Tony started to draw back with Tina, but the man snatched her out of his arms.

"What you have told me is a lie," he declared. "This is indeed my daughter's dog. I recognize her by the peculiar marking under her chin." [Pg 49]

He glared angrily at Tony.

"You are a lying little scamp as your father is a thief!" he said.

Then, he took his daughter's hand and the two, with Tina, departed.

Tony stood like a figure of wax. He hardly heard Guido raging beside him.

"Now what shall I do?" stormed the Marionette Man. "I must have another dog. You shall steal one for me, Tony."

As he said this, he turned to face Tony, but the boy had vanished.

Tony had run out of the theatre after Tina and her owners. Now he stood on the street, watching them as they stepped into an automobile.

As the car started, Tony sprang onto the back of it. He held fast.

This was his first automobile ride! It was not a pleasant one. It seemed to him, holding on with all his might, that it would never end. On, on, they sped. Where to, he wondered? [Pg 50]

Tony had never been outside of Naples. But often he had read or listened to tales of other parts of his country. He knew that Italy was a fine land.

The school textbooks told him that "Italy is blessed by God. It is strong, powerful, and feared."

He loved to learn all he could about it. He was proud of being an Italian.

Now the automobile had come upon the open road. Tony could see the Bay. He could also see the great volcano, Vesuvius, which towers over Naples.

It is a fire-mountain and smoke is always coming out of its top.

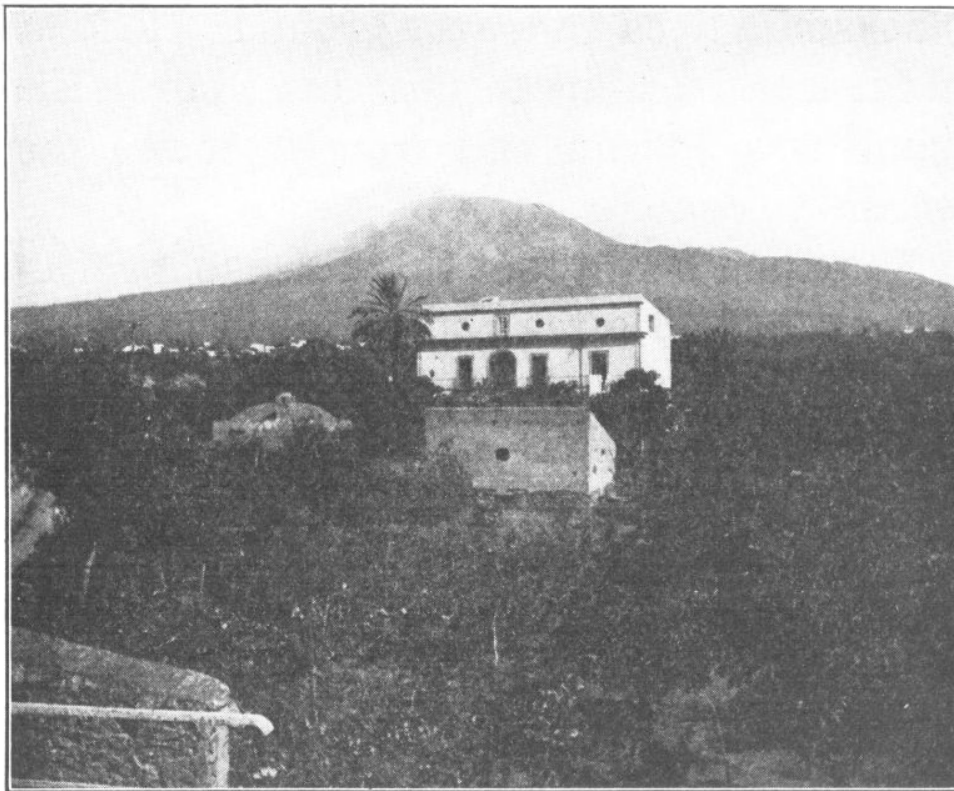
In olden days people believed that a lame blacksmith lived under the ground. He kept a furnace burning to heat his irons. His name was Vulcan and from it comes the word, "volcano." [Pg 51]

Tony had heard that this volcano, or fire-mountain, had often caused much damage. Villages had been destroyed when the giant spat fire and ashes to earth. Houses rocked and fell. Towns were buried.

But Tony was not thinking of this now. He was wishing with all his heart that the car would stop. Until it did, however, he must remain at his post. Tina was in that car! And where Tina went there went Tony!

The thoughts went racing through his head as the car raced on. The father of that little girl had called Guido a thief! Tony shuddered. He remembered the time when the old woman had called him a thief. How terrible it had made him feel!

[Pg 52]



ANNA'S HOUSE

Thieves were bad men. Guido was a bad man. And they thought he was Tony's father! What an insult!

The car was slowing up. It stopped before a white house with trees and a garden surrounding it. The gentleman and his daughter, with Tina in her arms, got out.

[Pg 53]



CAPRI

They went inside the house. Tony saw the front door close behind them. He slid down from the back of the automobile. He ran to the house and crouched under a window. He could look right into a room. [Pg 54]

He saw a sweet-faced woman greet the little girl and her father. She kissed them both. Then she noticed Tina in the child's arms.

"Why, Anna!" she exclaimed. "It is your little dog that was lost!"

The girl named Anna laughed happily. She showed pearly teeth. Her whole face lit up with joy.

"Yes, Mama, it is Niki," she said. "At last we have found her! I am so happy!"

The father told how they had discovered Niki in the Marionette theatre.

"It was the Marionette Man who stole Niki away from us," he said. "She was performing on the stage."

"And, oh, Mama!" exclaimed Anna, "his little boy said that Niki died, and it wasn't true at all! That boy was a story-teller, wasn't he, papa?" [Pg 55]

"He was a young rascal," replied her father. "Still, he had such an intelligent face. What a pity!"

Tony, under the window, drew closer to listen.

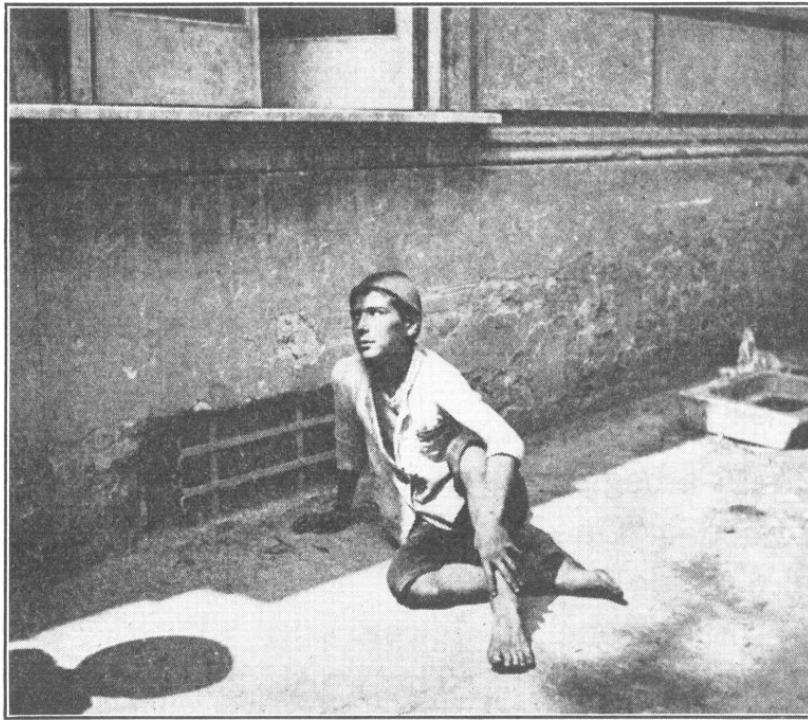
"The lad is already a clever liar and no doubt a beggar as well," Anna's father continued. "One day he will become a thief like Guido!"

Tony crouched lower and winced. "A thief like Guido!" The words had a dreadful sound.

"I should like to train that boy," remarked Anna's father. "I would discipline him!"

The gentleman looked very fierce as he said this. He frightened Tony, who hated discipline!

But if Tony had known exactly what he meant, he would not have been frightened. Anna's father had always wanted a son of his own. He would have been very proud of a son. [Pg 56]



TONY DREW CLOSER TO LISTEN

He would have taught him to be a loyal Italian. For Anna's father was a real patriot.

Robert Browning, the poet, has said, "Open my heart and you will see inside of it—Italy." If Anna's father had been a poet, he might have said something like this. [Pg 57]

"Dinner is ready," announced Anna's mother.

Tony watched as the family left the room. He knew that they had gone into the dining room. He waited patiently beneath the window until they returned.

When they came back, Anna's father eased himself into an armchair.

"Come, little Anna," he said. "I am going to read to you."

Anna crawled on to his lap with Tina clasped lovingly in her arms. Tina had a puffed, happy look, as if she, too, had dined well!

Tony smiled to himself. He was going to hear Anna's father read stories. No one had ever read to Tony. He loved reading.

The night was warm. The moon shone. The window was open. Tony listened. [Pg 58]

Would you like to listen, too?

Very well.

Wouldn't Anna's father be surprised if he knew about his big audience? Under the window is a poor Italian boy—Tony. Out in the great United States are other boys and girls—you who are reading this tale!

So be very quiet and don't make a noise for fear of disturbing Anna's father while he reads.

Let us crouch under the window with Tony!

CHAPTER IV

[Pg 59]

ROME

"Tonight," began Anna's father, "we are going to read about one of our Italian cities. Many fine stories have come out of it.

"Rome is called 'The Eternal City' because there is a saying that it will live forever. It is built upon seven hills.

"A long time ago there lived a great artist named Michelangelo. He built the dome of St. Peter's Cathedral in Rome. This is the largest church in the world. Thirty services may be conducted in it at the same time.

"The bones of St. Peter are believed to have been buried beneath the Cathedral.

[Pg 60]



ST. PETER'S: ROME

"But the oldest church of all is the Pantheon, which means 'all the Gods,' It was built when people worshipped more than one God. It has no windows but only a hole in the top called an 'eye.' Today it is the burial ground of renowned writers and artists. [Pg 61]



THE PANTHEON: ROME

"Near Rome are the famous catacombs. It was here that the early Christians buried their dead.



THE VATICAN: ROME

"The catacombs are long, narrow passages with graves built into the walls, one above the other. When the Christians were not allowed to worship in their own way, they often fled to these underground cemeteries to pray.

"There is a curious park in Rome," went on the father. "One which you, little Anna, would like." [Pg 63]

Anna looked up. "Why, Papa?" she asked.

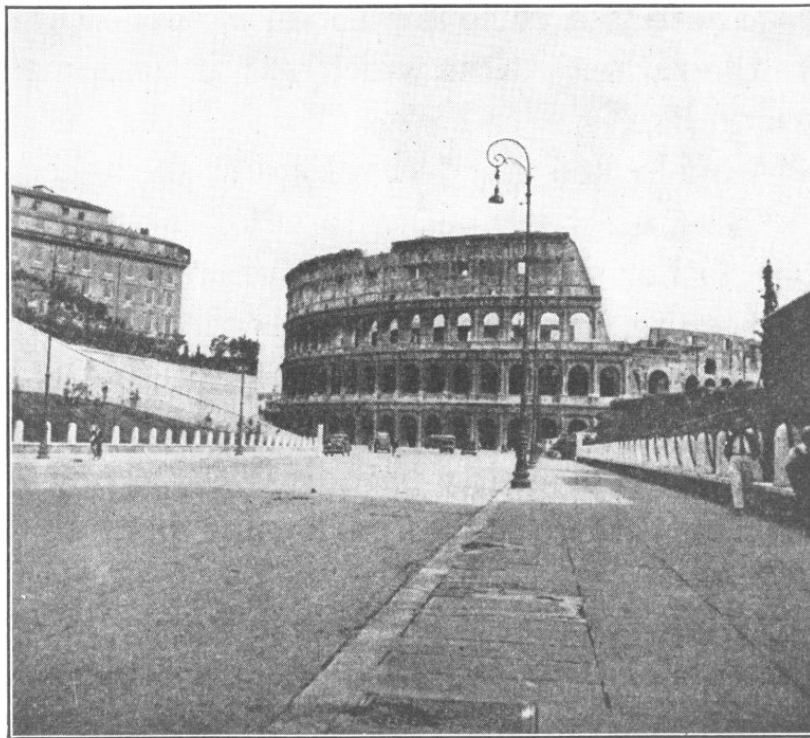
"Because it is filled with cats," answered her father. "Tabbies and Tommies, black and white, grey and yellow. They wander about and sprawl in the shade of fine old trees. They have plenty to eat and nothing to fear. It is a kitty paradise!"

"I want to go to that park some day," said Anna.

"There is a magic fountain in Rome," read her father. "It is said that he who drinks from the Fontana Trevi will some day be drawn back to The Eternal City.

"The Appian Way is sometimes called The Queen of Roads. It was a great highway built by the ancient Romans. Parts of it are still in use.

"These ancient Romans were very clean. They dotted their city with many fine public baths. We are able to see by the ruins how very handsome they were." [Pg 64]



THE COLOSSEUM: ROME

"Outdoor theatres, called 'circuses,' were also numerous. The oldest of these is the Circus Maximus, where races were held.

[Pg 65]



INSIDE THE COLOSSEUM: ROME

"The Colosseum is a huge outdoor arena where slaves and criminals were thrown to hungry lions. People sat about and enjoyed the show. [Pg 66]

"Of course the poor men were killed. But the audience watched this terrible sport as naturally as we, today, watch a tennis game. They pitied the victims no more than we pity the tennis balls!"

Anna squirmed unhappily. "Now read something nice," she said. "The story of Romulus and Remus, because I like the good wolf."

Her father smiled and turned a page. Always stories about animals for little Anna!

"Here we are," he said. "The old myth goes that Romulus and Remus were twin babies, cast upon the River Tiber by a jealous king. Their basket floated ashore and was found by a mother wolf.

"Taking pity on the babies, she brought them to her cave and cared for them. But at last the good wolf was killed by hunters and Romulus and Remus, now grown boys, ran away.

[Pg 67]



TREVI FOUNTAIN: ROME

"A herdsman found them and gave them a home. They were very wild and strong and they were wonderful hunters.

"One day they learned the story of their lives. They discovered that they were really meant to be kings. So they determined to punish their enemy and take their rightful place in the world.

[Pg 68]

"Remus was killed in battle, but Romulus became the first king of Rome.

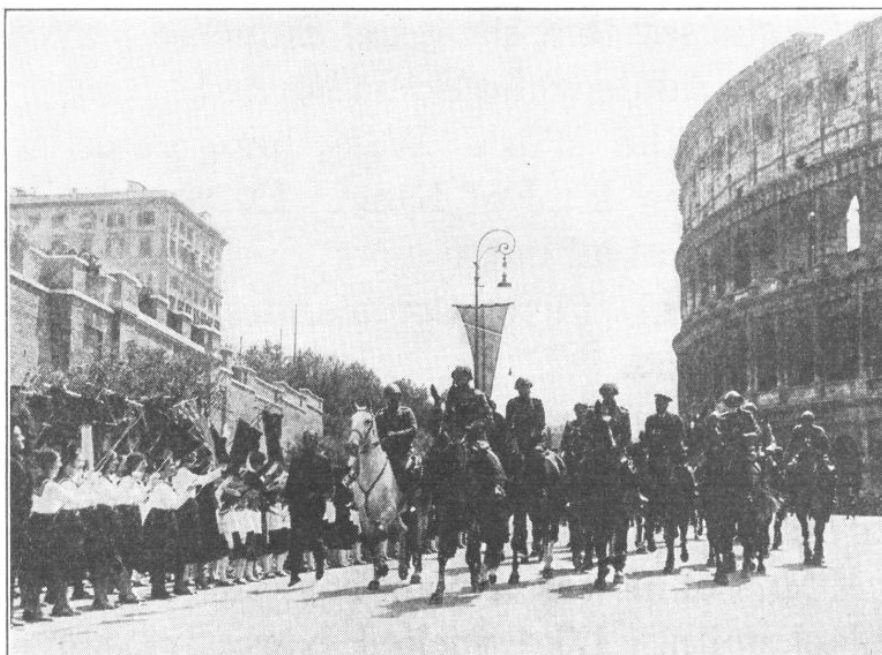
"The legend tells that, at this time, there were very few women in Rome. Romulus wished his people to marry women of the neighboring cities. But the neighbors refused to marry the Romans.

"So Romulus invited a people called The Sabines to a great feast. During the entertainment the Romans seized the young Sabine women and carried them off. Later, however, this savage act was forgotten and the two nations became one.

"In 218 B.C. Rome suffered a defeat. Hannibal, a great general of ancient Carthage, crossed the tall Alps and attacked the Romans.

"His army consisted of 90,000 foot soldiers, 12,000 horsemen, and 37 elephants. This march over the Alps is considered one of the most wonderful military feats of ancient days.

[Pg 69]



A PARADE PASSING THE COLOSSEUM: ROME

"Nero was one of the most wicked emperors who ever ruled Rome. In the year 64 a terrible fire broke out. For six days flames swept the city. Yet Nero made no attempt to stop the fire nor to help the suffering people.

"Some say that the cruel Emperor played upon his fiddle while Rome burned.

[Pg 70]

"After the World War there came to Rome a new kind of King. He was really not a king at all but...."

"Il Duce! (The Commander!)" interrupted Anna.

"Yes, my dear," agreed her father. "His name was Benito Mussolini, the great chief of Italy.

"Mussolini was a poor boy, the son of a blacksmith. Like wicked Nero, he sometimes played upon his fiddle. But while he played, Rome did not burn. It grew.

"He founded a new system of government called Fascism.

"A wise man once was asked, 'What is the best quality for a child to have?' He replied, 'Obedience,' 'And the second best?' 'Obedience,' 'And the third?' 'Obedience!'

"This is what the Fascist teachers believe. Their moral is: 'Be strong to be pure. Be pure to be strong,' Il Duce has taught our people this wonderful lesson.

[Pg 71]

"At one time there were many lazy ones in Italy. Now we work and clean and teach. It is better that way. Italy is a beautiful land. It is worth working for."

Tony, under the window, felt a great pride in his heart. He began to see ahead into the future when he would be an Italian soldier. He would fight for beautiful Italy!

He wagged his head back and forth against the side of the house. He muttered to himself, "Viva Italia! (Hurrah for Italy!) Viva! Viva.... Ouch!" he cried suddenly.

He had bumped his head!

CHAPTER V

[Pg 72]

TONY AND ANNA

"Did I hear a noise outside?" asked Anna's father.

Anna hugged Tina. "It must have been a little mama animal putting its babies to bed," she said.

Her father sighed. Some day Anna would be a little mama herself. That was what Mussolini wanted all of Italy's women to be.

But Anna's father would so have liked a son. One who would be more interested in the Balilla than in "little mama animals."

Yet he loved his daughter very dearly. He now kissed her dark curls as he said, "It is time for bed, mia cara (my dear). Tomorrow night more stories."

Anna sat up in his arms. Tina awoke and blinked.

[Pg 73]

"Before I go to bed, I must put Niki to bed, too," said Anna.

Her father answered, "Then we must make a house for her."

Tony saw him open a chest of drawers and take out some curious things.

"Now," he said to his daughter, "Come into the back garden, and we shall see what kind of house-builder I am!"

Tony watched them leave the room and saw a light switch on in the hallway. Then the back door opened. Father, daughter, and dog went into the garden.

They found an old crate with the top missing. They covered it with what appeared to be a fancy tablecover. They tied the little dog securely to the side.

"There!" said Anna's father. "It looks like a tent on the desert. Niki will feel like an Arabian Princess!"

[Pg 74]



"AH. TINA MIA, I HAVE FOUND YOU AGAIN."

Anna stooped down and caressed her pet.

"Felicissima notte, Niki," said Anna. This meant "Happiest night, Niki," and it is what the Italians say for "Good-night."

When Anna and her father had left, Tony ran over to the kennel-tent. Tina nearly wagged herself to pieces with joy. Tony sank down beside her. He buried his head in her soft hair. [Pg 75]

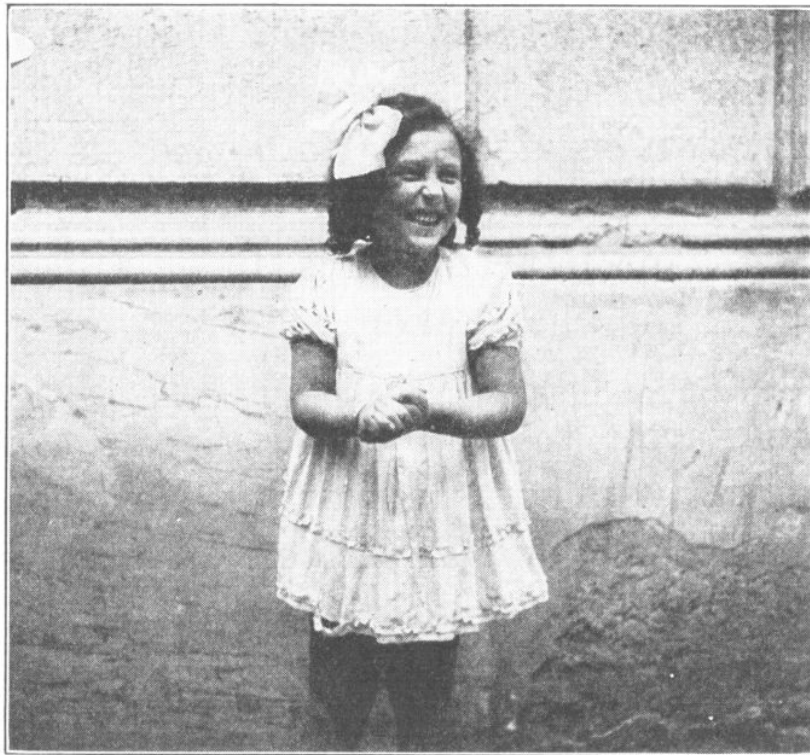
"Ah, Tina mia (my Tina)!" he said. "I thought they had taken you from me forever! But I have found you again."

He started to untie the dog. He would run away with her. Far away! Never back to Guido! Guido was a thief. A man who stole little dogs!

Then, suddenly, Tony remembered that he, too, was about to steal a little dog! He, too, would be a thief if he did that. Tina did not belong to him. She belonged to little Anna.

But how could he bear to leave Tina? A tear ran down his cheek. Tina licked it sadly. She seemed to know what he was thinking about.

How he longed to snuggle up close to the little dog and go fast asleep. Just as he had done every night since he went to live with Guido. [Pg 76]



ANNA

Why did Anna have to love Tina, too?

He would stay. Just tonight. He would crawl into Tina's tent with her. In the morning he could decide what to do. He was so sleepy now.

He yawned, brushed his tears away, and wriggled into the tent. He curled up in there, with Tina in his arms. [Pg 77]

But just as sleep came creeping over him, a sound was heard in the garden. Tony gave a start and opened his eyes. Tina gave a low growl.

Tony looked out and saw a white figure approaching the tent. It was Anna. She was coming back to see her new-found Niki once more.

She would find Tony there. She would tell her father! What should he do? His heart began to thump. He lay quite still.

"Niki!" whispered Anna, softly.

Silence.

"Niki!" repeated Anna. "I have come to kiss you good-night. Here, Niki!"

She bent down in front of the tent and looked in. It was dark inside. Tony lay flat on the floor and kept very quiet.

Anna put her hand inside the tent and felt for her pet. Tina tried to hide from the hand, but it found her and lifted her out tenderly. [Pg 78]

Anna caressed the dog and spoke gently to her.

"Now, Niki," she said. "You shall go back to bed and mama will cover you up."

She had brought with her a doll's blanket. She put Tina back into the tent and tried to make her lie down flat. She could do this so easily with her dolls.

But, somehow, Tina was different. Tina did not want to lie down flat! The real reason for this was because Anna was spreading Tina on Tony's face!

The poor dog struggled and kicked. The poor boy tried his best to lie still and make no noise. But would you enjoy a dog plastered upon your face?

So Tony wriggled. He snorted. He sneezed.

Anna saw. She heard. She started and gave a little cry. Tony's head came out of the tent like a turtle's head coming out of its shell. [Pg 79]



"HUSH," SAID TONY

"Hush!" said Tony.

Anna drew back. "Who are you?" she gasped.

[Pg 80]

"I'm Tony," he replied. "Please let me stay here with Tina tonight. Tomorrow I'll go away."

Then Anna recognized him. "Oh," she exclaimed. "You are that naughty Marionette boy who told a lie! I am going to call my father!"

She turned toward the house but Tony quickly caught her arm.

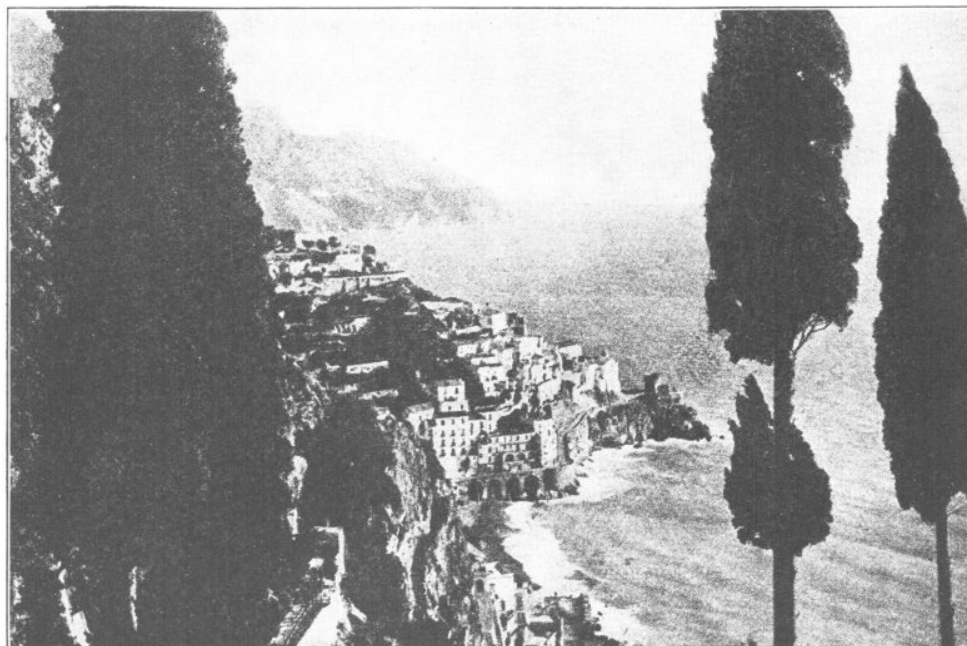
"No, no!" he pleaded. "I mean no harm. I love the little dog. Let me stay. Only one night. Do not tell your father—please!"

In the moonlight Anna could see that tears filled his eyes. She began to feel sorry for him.

"Are you a very poor little boy?" she asked, innocently.

"Oh, yes, very, very poor!" he moaned. "I have no home. No mother. No father. Everyone is cruel to me. The little dog was my only friend, and now you have taken her from me."

[Pg 81]



AMALFI

Tony was born with the Italian gift for beautiful acting. He now acted his best for Anna. While some of his pitiful tale was true, some was sprinkled with the fairy dust of fancy.

[Pg 82]

"Every morning Guido beats me," he made up. "He uses a big stick. And when he stops beating me, he makes me sing to him. Then, all day long he feeds me bird-seed mixed with soap and nothing else!"

Anna's gentle eyes grew wider and wider, her tender heart softer and softer.

Tony warmed to his work. His success encouraged him. He began to gesture with his arms. He began to invent wild tales.

"Often I fall upon the streets because I am so hungry," he continued. "When it rains, Guido makes me lie outside the whole night through.

"One morning, when I awoke, I found myself in a pool of water. I had to swim all the way home!" [Pg 83]



TONY BENT LOW AND KISSED HER HAND

The little girl's lip began to tremble. This gave Tony added courage. He drew a deep breath. His style improved.

"And once I was thrown over a cliff. Lions came prowling..."

He stopped, for little Anna had begun to cry.

"Oh, you poor boy!" she sobbed. "I am so sorry for you! I shall tell my father and mother. They will take care of you." [Pg 84]

"No, you must not do that," said Tony, quickly. "If your father knows I am here, he will discipline me!"

"But my father is good," said Anna.

"That is why he will discipline me," replied Tony. "Because I am bad."

Now, to a very little girl like Anna, that seemed sensible enough. She believed what Tony told her. She even believed that her father might not be kind to the beggar boy. Often her father was very severe.

So she promised that she would not tell.

"You may stay here every night, poor little boy," she said. "I will bring food and leave it for you in a dish. I will put a soft cushion inside the tent. I will never tell my father that you are here."

"Ah, grazie signorina (thank you, Miss)," said Tony, charmingly. He smiled and showed his white [Pg 85]

teeth. "How kind you are! And will you also put some candy on the dish?"

"Yes, I will, poor little boy," she answered. "What kind do you like?"

Tony thought a moment. Then he replied, "Torrone." (This is the finest and most expensive Italian candy.)

Anna promised to leave some torrone. Tony bent low and kissed her hand as he had seen the marionettes do in romantic plays.

"Felicissima notte, bella signorina! (Good-night, beautiful Miss!)" he murmured.

Again his play acting and falsehoods had brought him success! He did not even know that he had done anything wrong. Poor neglected little Tony!

CHAPTER VI

[Pg 86]

CITIES, ANIMALS, AND DISCIPLINE

Next day Tony left Anna's garden early in the morning. He ambled along the smooth motor road, singing and begging whenever he found someone to beg from.

On each side of the road were black posts with white caps on them, glistening in the sun, polished to shine. Snow-white oxen passed, driven by farmers.

In vineyards grapevines climbed and twisted about old trees. In nearly every archway a baby, a goat, or a donkey stood and stared at Tony as he passed.

Women and children with large baskets or bundles on their heads trudged by. Tiny donkeys carried mountainous loads on their backs.

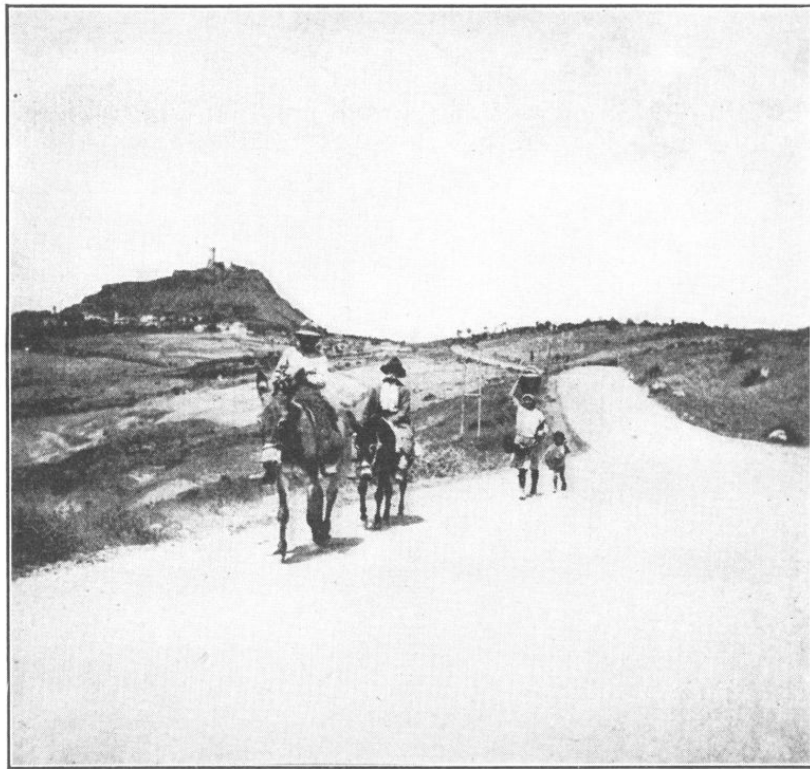
[Pg 87]



ALONG THE ROAD, NEAR NAPLES

Occasionally, there would be an automobile. Tony liked the little cars named "Balilla," after the Boys' Group. They are the smallest Italian cars made.

[Pg 88]



ALONG THE ROAD

Tony bought chestnuts and munched them. Chestnuts often take the place of bread among the poor people. [Pg 89]

Toward the end of day Tony began to miss Tina. He had seldom been separated from her for such a long time. So he returned to Anna's house.

He hoped that Anna had not forgotten to leave his dinner. He also hoped that her father would not forget to tell more stories tonight. This was a pleasant life.

But, of course, Tony was too wise to think that he could go on living like this forever. Guido might find him. Or Anna's father might discover him.

Yet if he ran off with Tina he would be a "thief like Guido!" No, that would never, never do!

Oh, how difficult it all was!

But upon arriving at Tina's tent he forgot his troubles, for he found there a neatly covered dish. It contained macaroni, meat, and salad. An ideal meal for an Italian boy!

Also, Anna had really left some torrone on the plate. Tony sighed with pleasure and began to eat. Good little Anna! [Pg 90]

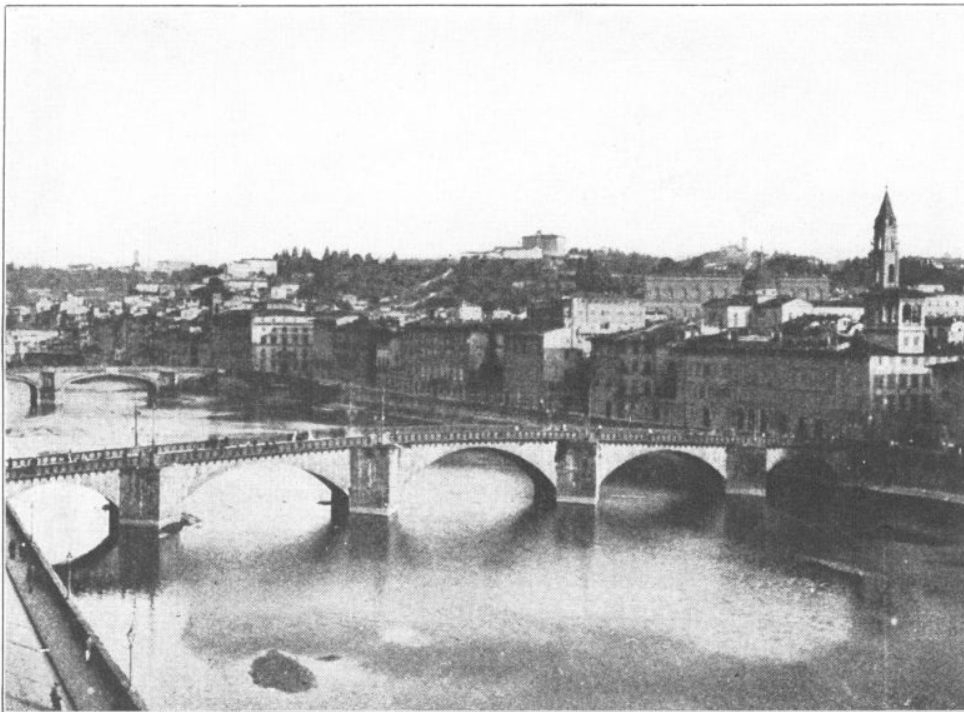
All day the little girl had been thinking of the beggar boy. However, she had kept her adventure a secret.

But, oh, Tony, beware! Anna is very young, and it is difficult for small children to keep secrets. Especially, when secrets are as interesting as you are!

This evening the weather was cooler. The moon did not shine. When Tony finished his dinner, he slipped under the window as he had done before. He hoped Anna's father would tell more stories of Italy.

Presently, he saw the family enter the room. They had dined. The mother took up her sewing. The father settled himself in his chair with a book.

Anna, with her dog, nestled down in his lap. Tony knew that now more stories were coming. He leaned against the side of the house.



FLORENCE AND THE ARNO RIVER

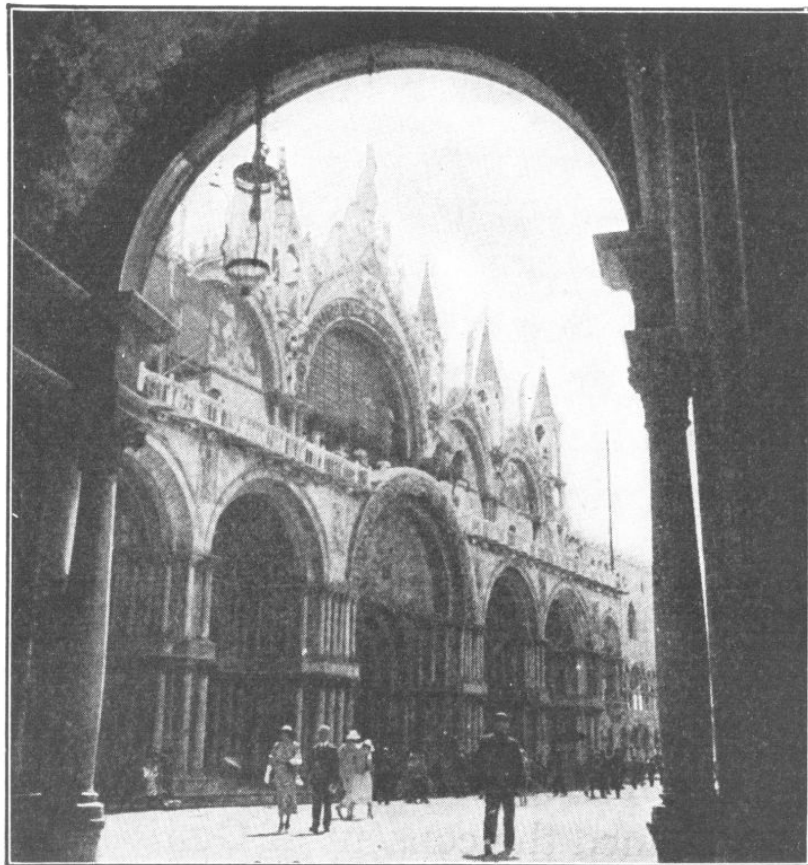
He closed his eyes contentedly and listened.

[Pg 92]



PIAZZA DELLA SIGNORIA: FLORENCE

"It is early," said Anna's father. "We shall have a long time to read tonight. Shall we hear more about the cities of Italy?" [Pg 93]



ST. MARK'S: VENICE

"Yes, and about animals, too," said Anna.

Her father laughed. "Perhaps we shall meet some as we wander," he said. "Listen, now, while I tell you of Florence.

"It is a city of ancient palaces! In the days of the civil war, homes of the rich were built like fortresses. This was to protect them from the enemy. Most of these prison-like palaces still stand. [Pg 94]

"Florence is a city of art! The famous Campanile, or bell tower, reminds us of its artist-architect, Giotto. Here is a story told about the painter when he was a peasant lad tending his father's sheep.

"One day a great artist named Cimabue paid a visit to the countryside. He was impressed by a sketch which the young shepherd had made.

"He gained the consent of Giotto's father to take his son to Florence. There he promised to teach the boy how to paint.

"So Giotto became Cimabue's apprentice, or helper. He worked hard and learned a great deal. But, like all boys, he was fun-loving. One day he played a joke upon his master.

"Cimabue had gone out, leaving in the studio an unfinished portrait of a gentleman. When he returned, there was a fly sitting upon the nose of his painting. [Pg 95]

"He tried to brush off the fly but it would not move. He looked more closely and discovered what had happened. His mischievous young apprentice, Giotto, had painted that fly!

"The master was not angry. He enjoyed the joke and recognized the lad's skill.

"Giotto became known as the father of one of the first schools of painting.

"Florence is also a city of great men!

"One day, long ago, a nine-year-old boy named Dante went to the feast of flowers, which is celebrated every year. Here, among the beautiful blossoms, he beheld one more beautiful and sweet than all the rest.

"But this one was not a flower. She was a little maiden and her name was Beatrice. All day long Dante watched her as she played about, and never, throughout his whole life, did he forget her. [Pg 96]

"Though they seldom met, the little girl named Beatrice was forever with Dante in his dreams. To her he wrote most of his marvelous poetry. For Dante became Italy's greatest poet!

"Florence, city of wonders!

"A legend tells that when Christ went to heaven he carried with him a cricket. So, each year, before Ascension Day, everybody buys a cricket.

"They guard their crickets most carefully. For, if one should die, misfortune befalls its owner.

"On Ascension Day a crowd gathers in the park. Here there is much gaiety, with balloons, music, and fireworks.

"At a certain time each person opens the door of his cricket's cage and frees it.

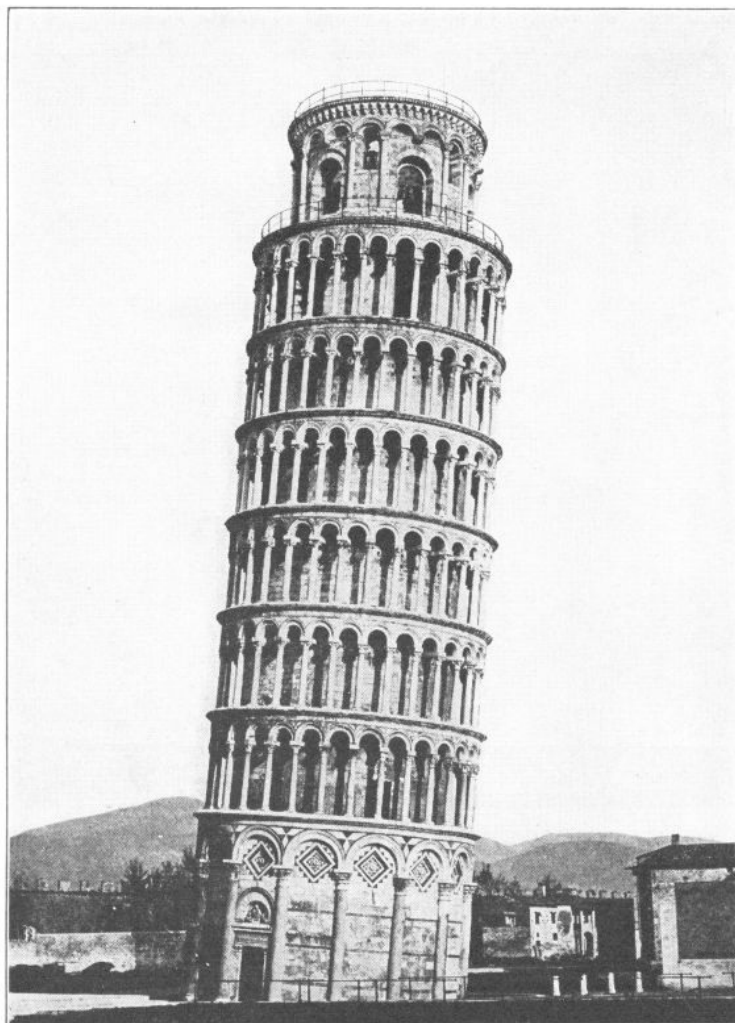
[Pg 97]



A CANAL IN VENICE

"This is an anxious moment. For, if the cricket leaps into the air, good fortune will follow the owner. But if he creeps slowly away, his poor owner will suffer bad luck.

[Pg 98]



THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA

"Of course, today few people really believe this. But they still keep up the quaint old custom.

[Pg 99]

"Florence is a grey cluster of narrow streets and dignified squares. It seems to bulge with art treasures, and it has a charm of its own.

"Near Florence, in Pisa, is the curious Leaning Tower. It is one of the Seven Wonders of the World. It seems to be toppling over. Yet it has stood this way for hundreds of years. Maybe it is tired."

Anna's father stopped reading.

"Is my little girl tired, too?" he asked. "Shall I put down the book?"

"No, no, Papa!" said Anna.

Tony, under the window wanted to answer, "No, no!" too. But, then, his opinion had not been asked.

"The next story is about Venice," continued the father.

"Once upon a time there lived in Italy a people known as the Veneti. They were not fish, yet they built a city in the water. [Pg 100]

"Savage tribes had driven them from their land. They had no home. So they settled upon some small islands at the head of the Adriatic Sea. They called their island-city Venice.

"Fish were plentiful. They salted them and traded them for treasures of all kinds. People began to come from everywhere to buy these treasures. Venice became the most important market in Europe.

"St. Mark is the patron saint of Venice. To him the Veneti, or Venetians, have built a wonderful cathedral. In front stands the statue of a lion, the favorite animal of St. Mark.

"Four huge horses adorn the door. Though they are made of bronze, they have travelled widely. They have been moved to different places at many times.

[Pg 101]



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS: VENICE

"Inside, the cathedral is decorated with mosaics. They are made of bits of colored stone or glass fitted together. [Pg 102]



THE DOGE'S PALACE: VENICE

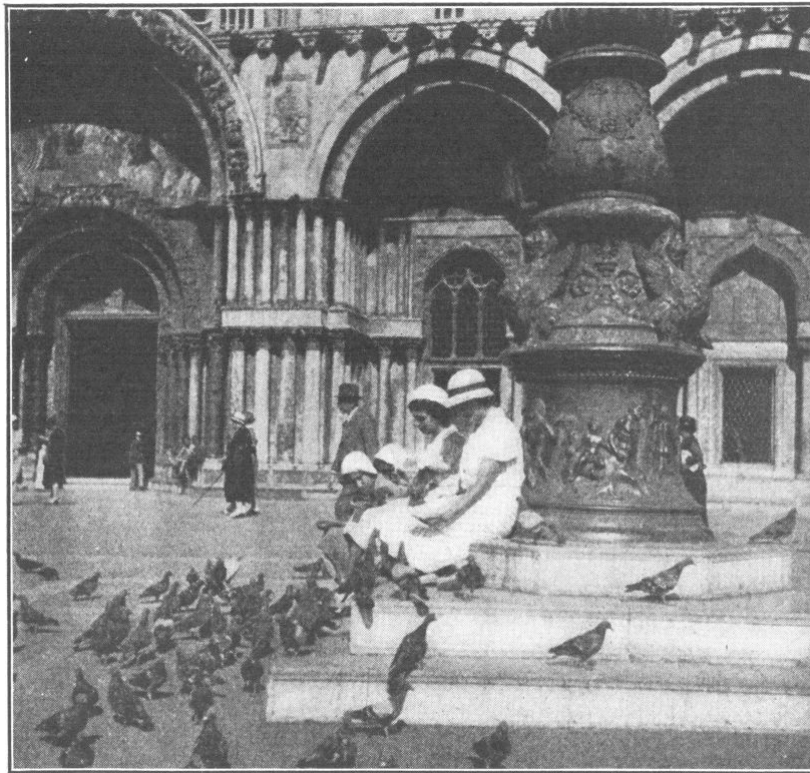
[Pg 103]



IN A GONDOLA

"St. Mark's Square is the largest piece of ground in Venice. The rest is water. Streets are canals. Boatmen guide long, black boats called gondolas through these canals. They sing and cry out strange signals to other boatmen.

"In years gone by Venice, like Rome, was a world of its own. A Doge, or Duke, ruled over the city. [Pg 104]



FEEDING PIGEONS IN ST. MARK'S SQUARE

"Between the Doge's Palace and the prison is a bridge. Over this bridge marched those condemned to prison by the Doge. As they marched they sighed and that is why the bridge is known as 'The Bridge of Sighs.' [Pg 105]

"On one of the little islands live the glass blowers. Just as you blow soap bubbles, so they blow melted glass into vases and bowls. Venetian glass is famous.

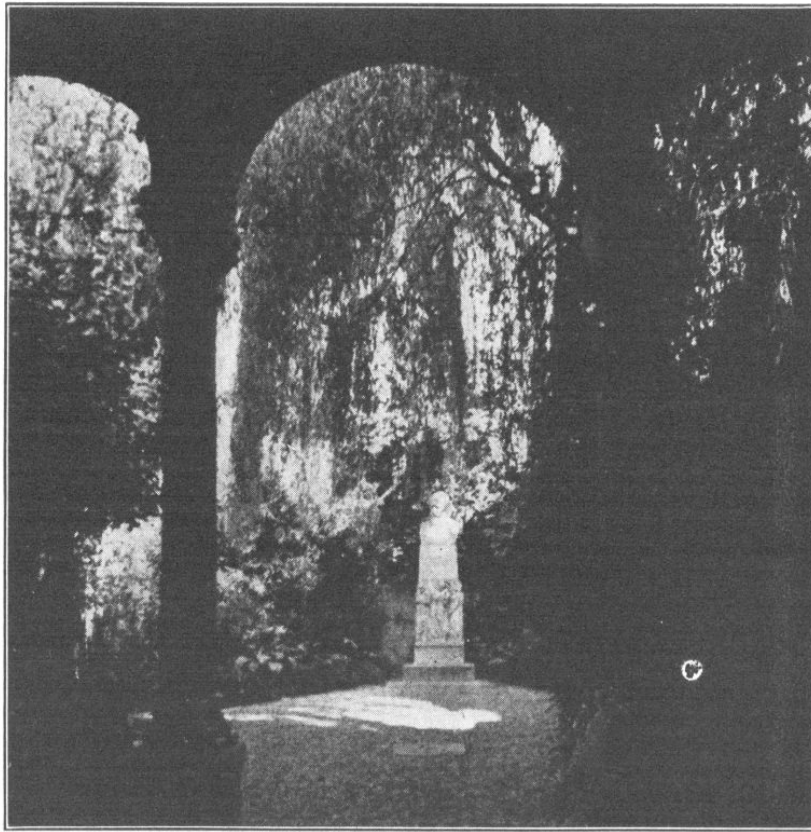
"There are hundreds of pigeons flying about St. Mark's Square. While you are in Venice, you must surely allow a pigeon to sit upon your head. If you do not do this, your visit will not be complete and I am sure the pigeon will be disappointed!

"Naturally (and this is most important to the pigeon) you must put some corn on your head first. It is not your hair nor your hat which attracts him!

"Venice is a city of Dreams! And—animals!"

The father looked up from his book. Anna laughed.

"Yes, that is true," she said. "There was St. Mark's lion, the bronze horses, the pigeons, and—and [Pg 106]
—oh, yes, the fish!"



JULIET'S GRAVE: VERONA

"You have forgotten some of the other animals we read about in the stories of other cities," said her father. [Pg 107]

Anna looked puzzled.

"Don't you remember the crickets of Florence?" asked her father. "And that fly which Giotto painted on the nose of Cimabue's painting!"

"Oh, that was a nice chapter," said the little girl. "Now some more."

Her father began to read again:

"The greatest playwright in the world was Shakespeare. He was an Englishman. He wrote a play called 'Romeo and Juliet.'"

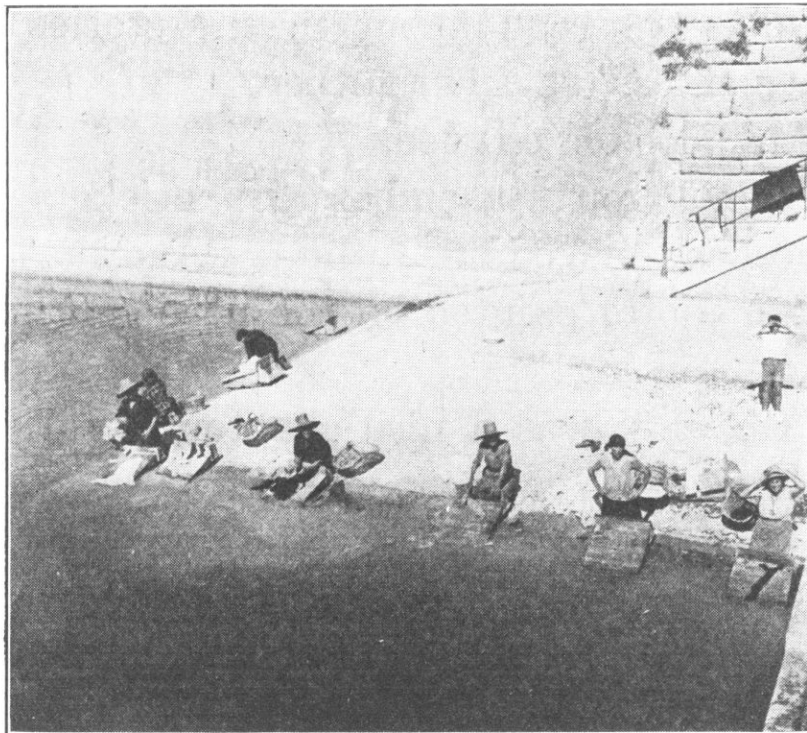
"Was it about animals?" asked Anna.

"No," smiled her father. "It was about two lovers. It is a very famous story and the scene is laid in Verona, an Italian city.

"In Verona there is a beautiful little grave where they say Romeo and Juliet are buried. The statue of Shakespeare stands over it."

"But how can they be buried if they were only book people?" asked Anna.

"That is a good question," said her father. "Of course, it cannot be true unless such people really lived." [Pg 108]



WASHING CLOTHES

"Maybe they buried the book which Mr. Shakespeare wrote!" decided Anna.

Just then there came a queer, muffled noise under the window. Tony had sneezed! Anna's father, turning the pages of the book, did not seem to hear it. But Anna, who had been thinking of Tony, did. [Pg 109]

She wanted so much to tell her father about the poor boy. She really did not think that her father would be unkind to him. Yet she had promised to say nothing, and she must keep her word.

"Papa," she suddenly asked. "If you had a little boy who told stories and did not obey, what would you do to him?"

Her father hesitated a moment. Then he answered, "I would try to teach him the beauty of truth and I would discipline him."

His voice had a very severe ring. He continued:

"There are too many lazy little beggars in the streets of Naples, like that lying young son of the Marionette Man. They have never been properly trained, and they are a disgrace to a beautiful city. They should be taught. They should be made to obey!" [Pg 110]

Upon the word "obey," his hand came down with a bang on the arm of the chair. It made Tony jump.

CHAPTER VII

[Pg 111]

STATUES, MUSIC, AND CHEESE

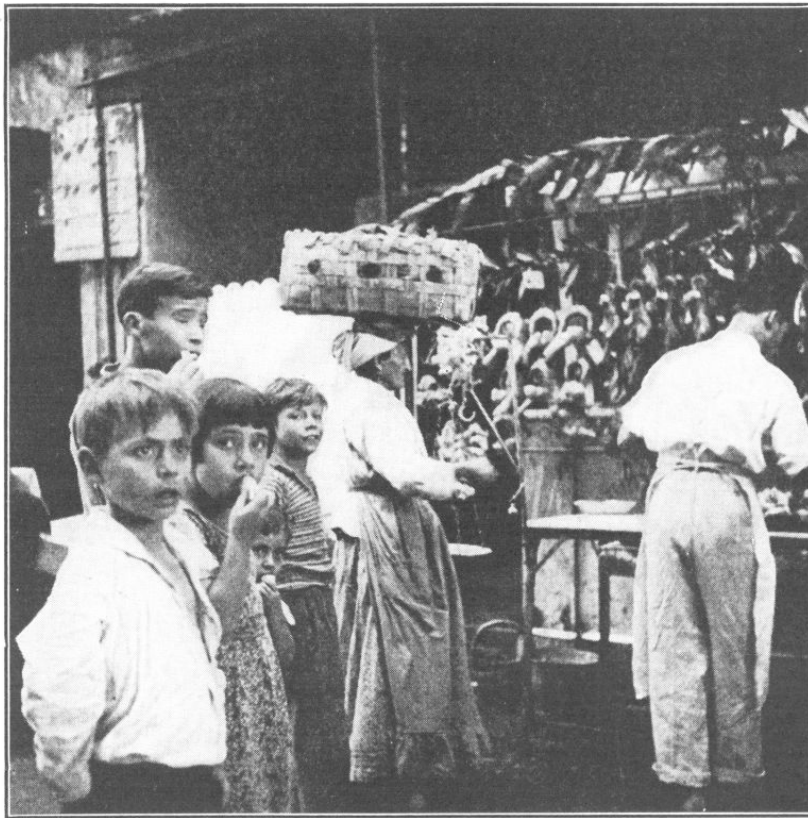
Tony, under the window, squirmed unhappily. He was everything that Anna's father had called him. Lazy! He begged! He did not always tell the truth. He was a disgrace to beautiful Naples!

But he did not want to be disciplined. He did not want to obey. He was afraid of Anna's father with his ideas of discipline.

He shivered and huddled up closer to the house. It was growing colder, and his nose felt stuffy. How warm and cosy it looked inside!

Anna's father found the page he had been looking for.

"Now," said he, "we are going to hear about a strange mixture of things. Statues, sailors, music, and cheese!" [Pg 112]



A FISH MARKET IN GENOA

Tony forgot the cold. He even forgot Anna's father except for his deep voice.

"The city of Genoa," read the deep voice, "is Italy's chief seaport. Its streets are lined with palaces. It seems that everything in Genoa takes place in a palace. Even schools are sometimes found in palaces! [Pg 113]

"The city is surrounded by forts and strong walls.

"The Palazzo San Giorgio is the oldest bank in Europe. Here there is a curious collection of statues.

"They are the statues of men who have given money for public good. If you see a seated statue, you will know that this man gave a large gift.

"If a statue is standing, it means that the gift was not so large. No doubt, they wish to make the generous ones more comfortable.

"Genoa might be called 'America's Cradle.' Do you know why?"

Anna did not know. But Anna was an Italian girl. You, who are Americans, surely know that Genoa was the birthplace of Christopher Columbus. [Pg 114]



COLUMBUS' HOUSE: GENOA

"Christopher Columbus used to play about the water front when he was a little boy," read Anna's father. "When he grew up, he sailed off one day and discovered a new country—America!"

"Genoa possesses one of the largest theatres and one of the finest cemeteries in the world!"

[Pg 115]

"I would rather go to the theatre!" declared Anna.

Tony agreed with her.

So did Tina. For, at that moment, she gave a rumbling grunt, yawned, and went back to sleep.

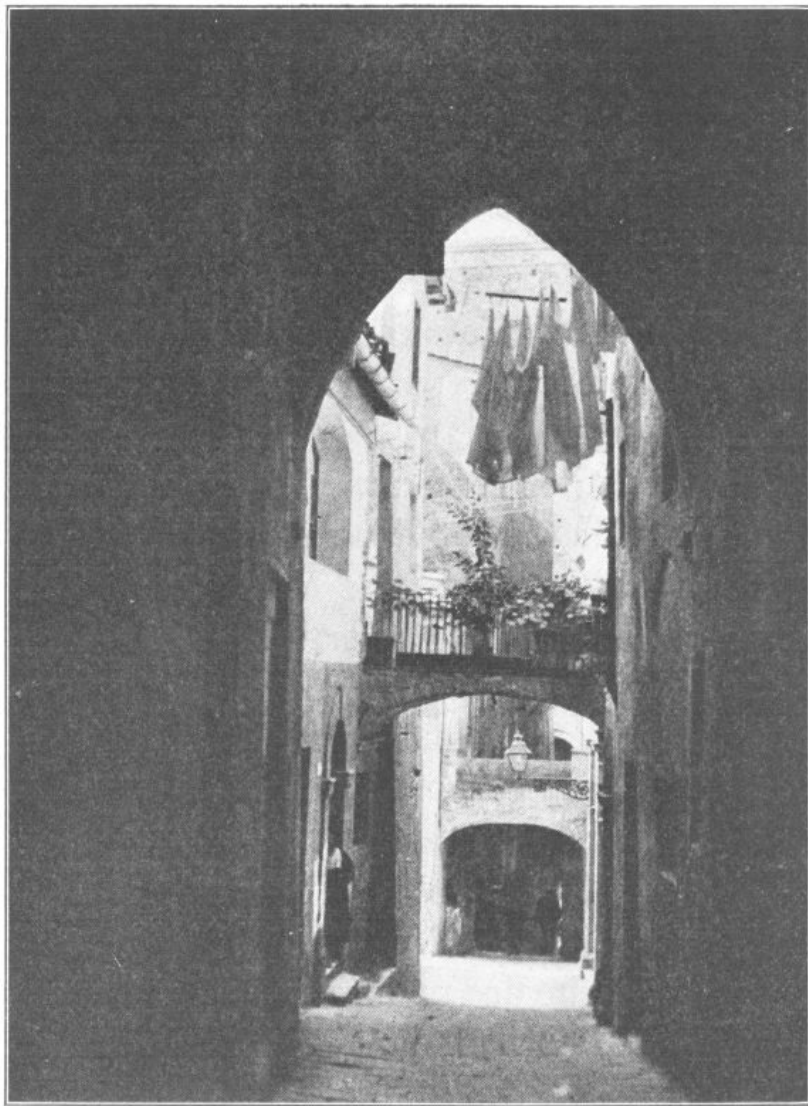
Anna's father read on:

"In 1813, in the Province of Parma, a baby by the name of Giuseppe Verdi was born. One year after this, a terrible battle took place in the village.

"Women and children rushed to the church for protection. But the enemy broke into the church.

"Among these poor villagers was the mother of Giuseppe Verdi. With her baby in her arms, she fled up into the belfry tower. Here she hid until all danger from the battle was past.

[Pg 116]



A QUAINIT ITALIAN STREET

"Think what the world would have lost if she had not done this! For that baby became the father of Italian opera!" [Pg 117]

"His haunting melodies are sung everywhere. You have heard them though you may not know it.

"When Verdi was a little boy, he used to assist the priest in church. One day the notes of the organ carried him far away to dreamland. He did not hear the priest ask for some water.

"No water came. The priest waited. Then he repeated, 'Water!' Still no sign from Giuseppe.

"'Water!' The priest was growing angry. He touched his dreaming assistant with the toe of his shoe. Down the steps, head first, fell young Verdi!

"The older he grew the more Verdi loved his native land. At this time the people of Italy were ruled by the Austrians. They were unhappy and wanted their own king, Victor Emmanuel.

"Verdi's music always stirred within them a deep love of their country." [Pg 118]

"It was found that the name 'Verdi' could be spelled by using the first letters of the words, 'Victor Emmanuel, Ré d'Italia' (which means, in English, "Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy").

"The Italians would cry 'Verdi! Verdi!' The Austrians thought, of course, that these were only cheers for the popular composer. But they were really crying, 'Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy!' Had the Austrians known this, they would have been very angry."

Anna's father looked up from the book once more.

"Did you ever hear the saying, 'From the sublime to the ridiculous?'" he asked.

"No, Papa," said Anna. "What does it mean?"

"It might mean," he replied, "that we are now going from beautiful music to cheese!"

Tony wondered whether the gentleman had suddenly lost his wits. [Pg 119]

"Of course, cheese is not at all ridiculous if you like it," he went on. "And most Italians do like it.

"Macaroni without cheese is like Mexican tamales without chile. It is like fish without chips in England, or sausage without sauerkraut in Germany!

"Parma is not only the home of a famous composer; it is also the home of a famous cheese! When I was there, I saw a poster of three, huge-nosed gentlemen sniffing at a piece of Parmesan cheese. Their eyes bulged with delight.

"Just as Verdi once was carried away by music, so these gentlemen were carried away by the odor of cheese!"

Tony saw Tina's black nose wriggling in her sleep. He almost laughed aloud. Did the little dog understand what was being said?

CHAPTER VIII

[Pg 120]

DANGER!

Tony was cold. He wanted Tina. He hoped that soon Anna would come out to put the dog to bed. But as soon as that happened, the stories would have to stop.

Tony did not want them to stop. If only he had Tina and a warm blanket! Then he would stay beneath the window and listen as long as the stories continued. What fun!

He sneezed again.

Anna sat up in her father's arms.

"I must go now and put Niki to bed," she said. "Then I will come back."

Tony saw her climb down from her father's knee. Tina woke up and blinked. Anna left the room, and Tony knew that she was coming out to the garden.

[Pg 121]



MILAN CATHEDRAL

He ran over to the dog's tent and soon Anna arrived.

[Pg 122]

"Hello, poor little boy," she said. "I heard you under the window. Are you cold? Are you sad?"

"Ah, Signorina," wailed Tony. "I am nearly dead!"

He made a most horrible face.

"Today I have walked miles and miles, but nobody would help me or give me anything to eat. They only kicked me off the road and—will you bring me a blanket?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes," she said. She put Tina into his arms. "Hold Niki and I will go into the house for one."

She ran back. Tony, with the dog in his arms, crouched once more under the window. Through it he saw Anna come into the room. Her father called her to him.

"Come," he said. "One more chapter and then to bed."

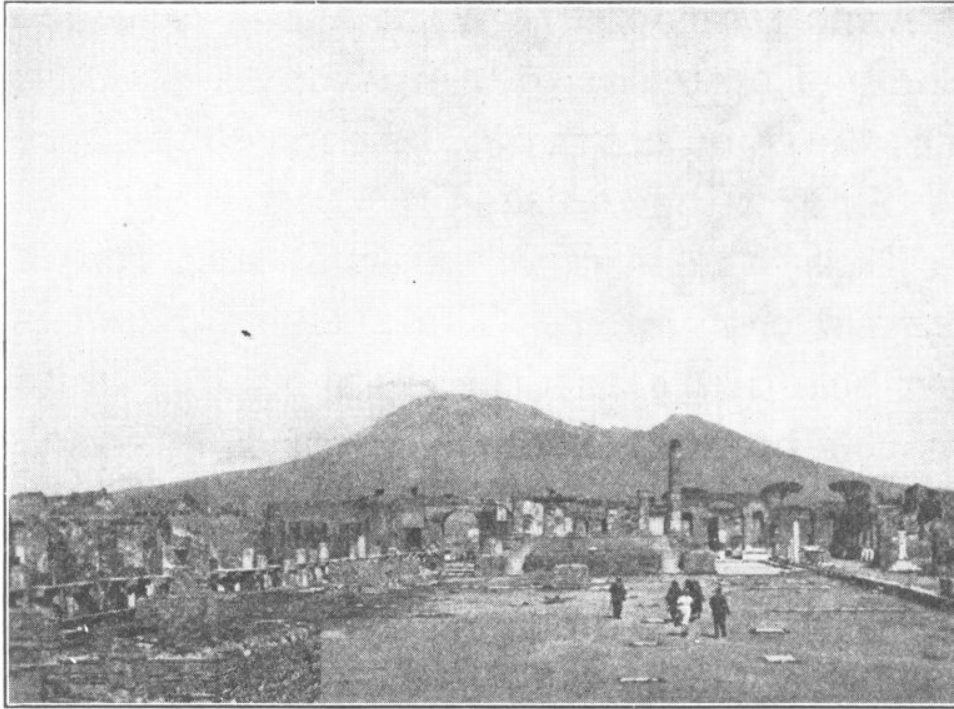
Anna's face fell. What should she do? She had promised to bring Tony a blanket. Yet she could not say so. She must stay here until her father finished reading. [Pg 123]

"Now," he began, "we shall visit Italy's largest city, Milan. The pride of Milan is her beautiful cathedral. It is built of white marble brought from the quarries by canal. The canal was built especially for that purpose.

"With its two thousand slender spires, this cathedral is like fairy lace. Stories are told upon the many beautiful windows of stained glass.

"In the long ago, Milan was the fashion center of the world. Just as, today, every lady wants a Paris gown, so, at that time, they wanted Milan hats. They spoke of them as 'Milaners.' Can you see how the word 'milliner' was born?

"From the hat to the shoe is a long way. The whole of Italy is shaped like a boot. Milan is far up on the leg. Down at the tip of the toe is the island of Sicily. [Pg 124]



VESUVIUS SEEN FROM POMPEII

"Sicily, originally settled by the Greeks, has often been called the 'football of Italy.' And it has truly been kicked about, for many different nations have ruled it.

"It is a beautiful island. Yet for many years its people have been gradually leaving it. Many thousands went to America. [Pg 125]

"At one time the United States bought quantities of lemons from Sicily. Now the Americans are growing their own.

"There is a volcano on the island called Mt. Etna. Great sulphur mines were made by this volcano, and for years Sicily supplied the world with sulphur. But now the United States also supplies sulphur.

"Another volcano is that of Stromboli. It is an island off the coast of Sicily. For two thousand years this fire island has been like a glowing torch in the water. It is therefore called the Lighthouse of the Mediterranean Sea.

"And while we are speaking of volcanoes, here is the terrible story of Pompeii. I have told you many legends, but this tale is true.

"Hundreds of years ago a beautiful little city called Pompeii nestled at the foot of Mt. Vesuvius.

"Here men, women, and children lived happy, carefree lives. Their houses were small jewels. They feasted and lived in luxury. Pompeii was a pleasure city. [Pg 126]

"Then, one day, a frightful thing happened. The volcano, Vesuvius, grew very angry. Black smoke gushed from the hole in her great head. Ashes and hot stones came tumbling down upon Pompeii. The earth rocked. Thunder roared. Darkness fell upon the town. People fled, groping their way through the streets.

"Next day Pompeii, the jewel city, lay buried beneath the earth."

Tony felt a chill run up his back. He glanced at the fire-mountain behind the house. Then he looked into the window again. Anna lay very still in her father's arms.

Anna had heard that story many times. Besides, Anna was very young. She was now asleep!

"Wake up, little sleepy one," said her father. He smoothed her hair gently.

[Pg 127]

Anna stirred and rubbed her eyes. She had been dreaming about Tony. Oh, Tony, your secret is in danger!

All at once she sat up straight and looked about in a startled way.

She cried, "I must go out to Tony, Papa! I promised to bring him a blanket!"

[Pg 128]

CHAPTER IX

THE BURIED CITY

Tony clutched Tina and started. Anna's father looked at his daughter in a puzzled way.

"Who is Tony and what do you mean?" he asked.

Then poor little Anna's heart sank. She had given away her friend's secret!

Tony balanced himself on his toes, squatting, ready to run. He saw Anna burst into tears, heard her pour out her whole story.

"He is such a poor little boy, Papa!" she wept. "He is so hungry and cold! But I promised I would not tell and now ... oh...."

She sobbed pitifully. Her father held her close.

"There, my darling, don't cry," he said. "Tony is a bad boy. Come, let us go out there to him and...." [Pg 129]

Tony did not wait to hear more. With Tina clasped tightly he ran. He ran as fast as his legs would carry him, out, on to the main road.

He saw Vesuvius towering above, a terrible giantess puffing on a poisonous pipe! Would she ever again break out in anger?

The wind blew. It had started to rain. The night was so black.

His legs ached. But he must run, run far away from Anna's father. He could never, never go back again. Now he was really a thief. He was running away with Tina!

The little dog began to shiver in his arms. He stopped for a moment, took off his coat, and wrapped it around the animal.

The rain came down harder and harder. Finally, Tony found a haystack, and the boy and dog cuddled down for the night.

Early morning brought a blue sky. The rain was gone. The Bay shone and the smoke from Vesuvius sailed straight up in a thin grey line. [Pg 130]



THE APPIAN WAY

[Photo by Courtesy of Italian Tourist Information Office]

But Tony awoke in a fever. Tina stood beside him, her tail beating a pleasant tune on the ground. Her sweet, white face smiled down at him.

Why did he not jump up and play with her as he always did in the morning? Why did her little god lie so still? [Pg 131]

Tony's dark eyes sparkled unnaturally. There were red patches on either cheek.

For a moment he could not remember where he was. Then it all came back to him. Anna! Anna's father!

He had stolen Tina! He was a thief!

He sat up suddenly. Perhaps they were already looking for him.

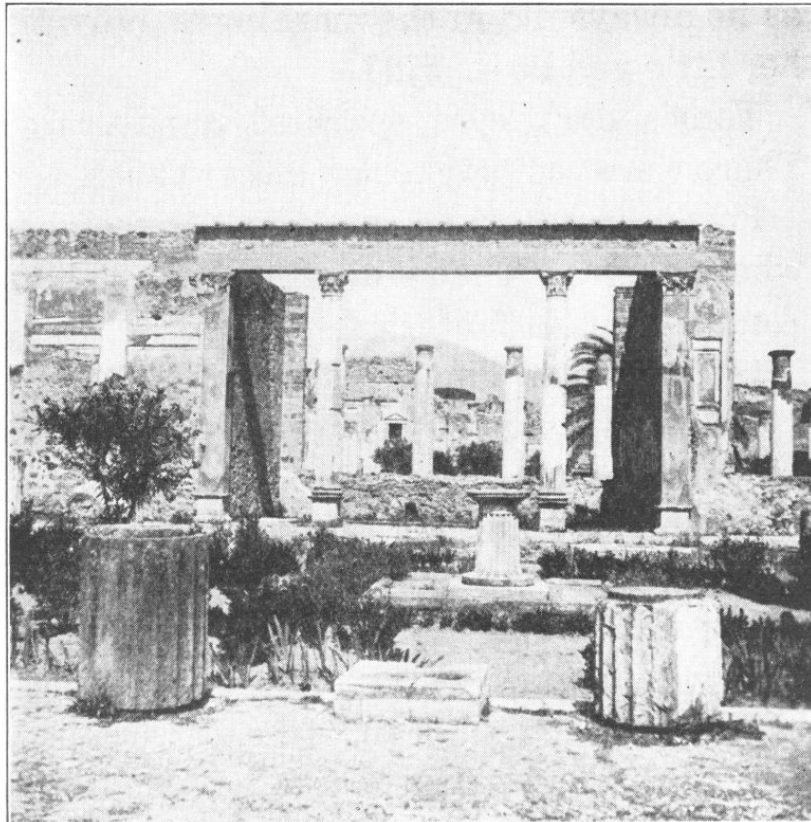
He shivered and put on his coat. It was damp. Tina barked joyfully. They were going for a walk!

It was a long walk! Miles and miles. Hours and hours. Tony's head throbbed. His feet ached. Tina's tongue swept the ground.

At last they reached the buried city of Pompeii. Its ruins are now the most famous in the world. Tourists visit it every day. Tony knew this. He stood beside a wall and began to beg.

"I die of hunger!" he whined.

[Pg 132]

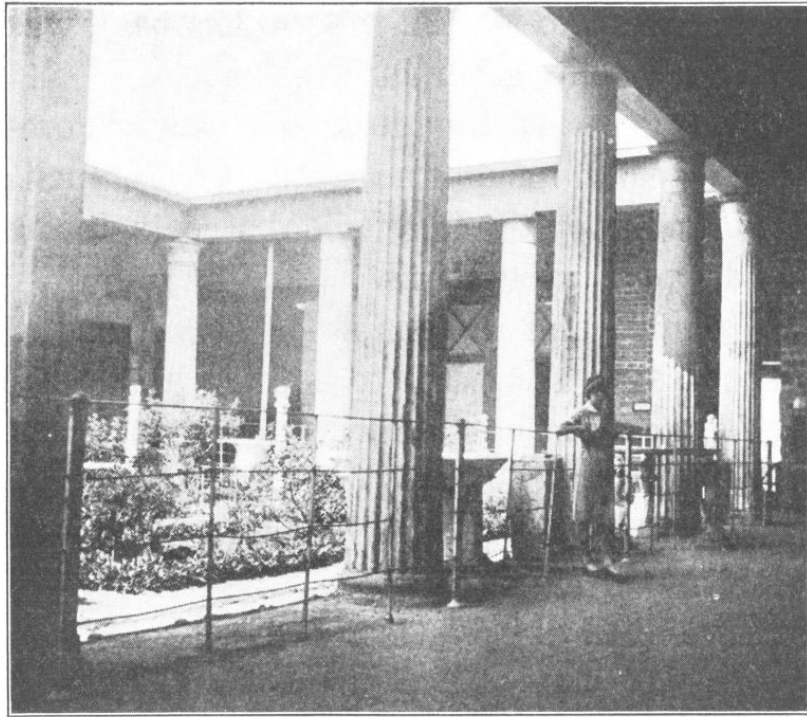


POMPEII

It was a lie. Tony felt too ill to eat. But he wanted to buy food for Tina.

He screwed up his face and added in English, "Poor leetle boy!"

[Pg 133]



HOUSE OF THE VETTI: POMPEII

"Go away from here!" roared a guide. "And take that dog with you!"

Tony scampered. He knew that dogs are not allowed in Pompeii. He crouched beside a fence. When the guide's back was turned, he slipped under the fence. [Pg 134]

He was inside the gates. He was in Pompeii. Really inside the gates of Pompeii! Standing upon the long, silent streets, in the shadow of stately ruins.

Columns and statues stood like graceful ghosts. It was a place to impress any child. To Tony, light-headed with fever, it was a wonder and a dream.

A guide came along, leading a party of tourists through the streets. To Tony his voice droned like a swarm of bees.

"It was a city of pleasure and wealth," said the guide. "Tinkling fountains played. Painted chariots clattered over the cobble-stones. Boys and girls laughed and sang."

Tony saw it, felt it, heard it all!

"See the tracks of the chariots in the pavements," droned the guide's voice. "The plumbing was so good that the fountains are still running today."

Tony followed them through restored palaces, courtyards, wine shops. [Pg 135]

Some of the houses had four dining rooms—one for each season: Spring, Summer, Fall, and Winter. Before one house was the word "Have." This means "Welcome" in Greek. The Fascists say this when they salute.

In the old Roman Bath was a case with images like mummies. The guide entered the building with his tourist train—a train of human question marks.

Tony followed. He hid in a dark corner so they would not see him.

"Here we have the forms of some of the ancient people found in the ruins," explained the guide. "They are, however, only hollow forms. They have been surrounded by lava."

"What is lava, Mama?" squeaked a tourist child.

"Hush!" said the mother.



A STREET IN POMPEII

[Photo by Courtesy of Italian Tourist Information Office]

"I want some if it is to eat!" howled the child.

[Pg 137]

"Lava," said the guide, "is the fiery fluid which comes out of a volcano during an eruption. When it cools it hardens and becomes like rock."

"I don't want to eat any!" decided the child.

"Here is the form of a dog," went on the guide.

"I want a 'hot dog,' Mama!" whined the child.

They finally left the building. Tony heard the child's irritable voice far down the street. He came out from his corner. The building was empty.

He looked at the strange, rock-covered images. The little dog was about the size of Tina. He shivered. He went outside. The sun had dropped behind a hill. He could see Vesuvius puffing, puffing on her pipe.

"Oh, you—you wicked one!" He shook his fist at the mountain.

[Pg 138]

His head began to spin. The streets were more silent than ever, for the sight-seers had all gone. Tall columns, like black knights, stood guard over the buried city.

Tony had heard the guide say that at a certain hour the gates would close. Was that hour now past? Was he locked in the deserted city, alone? Trapped, like victims of the volcano so long ago?

He felt ill. He was burning with fever. He started toward the gate, squeezing Tina until she grunted.

Then, all at once, his legs seemed to disappear beneath him and he sank to the earth.

The ruins of Pompeii whirled all about him. Vesuvius blew a great column of smoke in his face, and he knew no more!

CHAPTER X

[Pg 139]

FEVER, FEAR, AND TROUBLED SLEEP

The next thing Tony knew, he was in ancient Pompeii. He was in the buried city before it had been buried!

"How could this be?" you ask. "A person cannot live in the past!"

Ah, but Tony had arrived upon a queer ship. The name of the ship was *Fever, Fear, and Troubled Sleep*.

Tony really and truly lay upon the ground dreaming. He lay where he had fallen when we last left him. But, in his dream, he was in old Pompeii. Old Pompeii appeared to him just as Anna's father and the guide had told about it.

Tony believed that he lay in a corner of the Forum, the main square of the town. It was night, and a group of beggars slept beside him. Tina cuddled snugly in his arms.

[Pg 140]

All about him slumbered Pompeii with the smoke from Vesuvius curling above in the black sky.

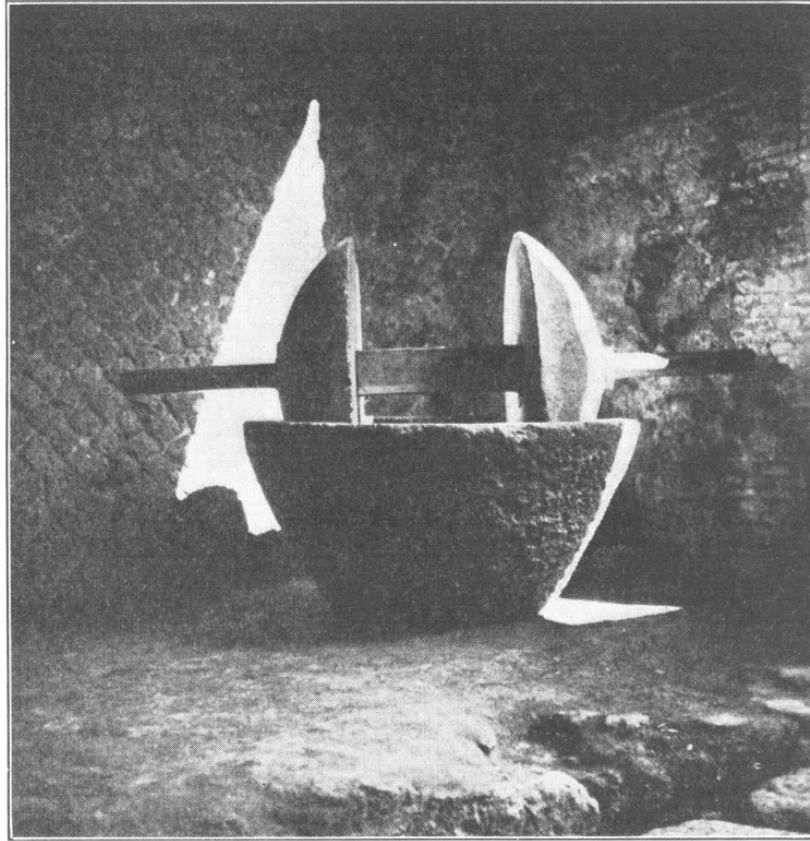
Tony looked up at the fire-mountain and, all at once, his heart seemed to stand still. Why, that volcano was going to destroy Pompeii! It was written in books of history! Everyone in the modern world knew it!

But here nobody knew it. How could they? They were ancient people. He was living in the past. Tony, the beggar boy, was the only one who knew! He must tell them!

He stood up. He saw those beautiful homes and gardens he had heard so much about. Tomorrow they would be in ruins!

Tomorrow? How did he know that the end would come tomorrow? Tony could not explain. But he did know. Dreams are like that.

[Pg 141]



OLD OLIVE OIL MILL: POMPEII

He woke the beggars. He warned them of the coming terror. Frantically he tried to explain to them the danger of what was about to happen.

"Vesuvius will erupt and destroy Pompeii," he said.

[Pg 142]



But the beggars laughed at him.

"Stuff!" said one.

"Liar!" cried another.

Then they went back to sleep.

"You must believe me," cried poor Tony. "Run away before it is too late!"

[Pg 143]

"Stop your silly talk," said one of the beggars. "If you do not let us sleep, we shall have you arrested as a mad sorcerer!"

Tony stole away with Tina under his arm. There was only one thing for him to do. He must wake the town.

Soon dawn would come. Then the mountain would begin to shoot flames and the whole city would rock.

He knocked at doors and tried to arouse the people. But angry, sleepy voices told him to go away. Nobody would believe him.

Tony began to wonder whether anyone would ever believe him again. He had lied so often. And now he was a thief besides!

He thought of little Anna. He had lied to her and he had stolen her pet. He would be punished by the fire-mountain for all his wickedness!

[Pg 144]



SORRENTO

[Photo by Courtesy of Italian Tourist Information Office]

But he and everyone else in Pompeii could still be saved if they would only listen to him.

[Pg 145]

He began to cry out in the streets and to run back and forth. A young Paul Revere!

"Awake! Awake! Vesuvius will erupt today! Pompeii will be buried! Run and save yourselves!" he cried.

"Go home to bed, stupid boy!" growled the people.

But Tony would not go. He screamed louder and louder.

"To jail with him," said someone. "He must have an evil spirit!"

So poor Tony and his dream were thrown into jail in ancient Pompeii.

Morning came. Over the top of the volcano hung a dark cloud. The leaden sky frowned down. Tony kicked at the bars of the jail. He screamed. He pleaded. He cried.

"Quiet, foolish child," said one of the prison guards. "If you keep your peace, you will be free tomorrow."

"There will be no tomorrow!" wailed poor Tony. "Oh, believe me and let us all run! Run from Pompeii!"

[Pg 146]

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the guard. "You are only a lying little beggar! Nobody believes lying little beggars!"

"But I am telling the truth!" insisted poor Tony. "I am! I am! You must believe me!"

But it was useless.

As time went on the black cloud grew larger. Suddenly, a great rumbling started. An immense wall of fire-red stones came crashing down the mountain, destroying everything in its path.

The city was plunged into darkness. People began screaming and running from their houses. Everything rocked back and forth.

"Let me out!" cried Tony. "Oh, save me! Madonna mia, never again will I lie or steal! Oh, never! Save me! Save me!"

He held Tina tightly. She wriggled and tried to break away. All at once she began to squeal. He had never heard a dog squeal like that! [Pg 147]

Stones came hurtling against the prison wall. Some entered through the bars and hit Tony in the face. He closed his eyes. He put up his arm to ward them off.

Then the roar of the mountain ceased and the quaking of the earth stopped. But that strange squealing went right on. A few small pebbles still came flying.

He opened his eyes. The sun was shining. The sky was blue overhead. Grey ruins lay all about him. Old, old ruins! Tony was in the modern world. He had awakened from his dream!

But what was that something squirming to break away from him? It was not Tina. It felt fat and slippery and.... He looked.

He was holding, by one leg, a frisky, pink pig! Its piteous shrieks filled the silent, ruined city of Pompeii.

Where was Tina?

Just then, a shower of stones from a near-by wall hit him. He turned. There was Tina, standing upon the wall, digging with her two busy, front paws. She was scattering ruined Pompeii in Tony's eyes as fast as she could scatter! [Pg 148]

He freed the pink pig. It hurried off to its neighboring farm, a wiser but sadder pig. It would never again go sight-seeing!

"Here, Tina!" he called.

She stopped her morning's work. She looked at her master.

"Good-morning," wagged her tail.

She jumped down into his arms and started to lick his cheek.

"Oh, Tina, Tina," he sighed, as he hugged her close. "All this time I have been asleep! I have been dreaming about old Pompeii! It was not true. It was a dream. Dio mio, how happy I am!"

CHAPTER XI

[Pg 149]

TONY, ANNA, AND TINA

Tony sat up and stretched. He felt very weak but the fever had passed. The day was young. Nobody stirred in the streets of Pompeii. It was too early for the gates to open.

Tony arose. "Come," he said to his dog. "Let us go. We can crawl through the fence. We shall have breakfast. Then, I know what I shall do."

It was all so simple. It had come to him quite suddenly. He must be a thief no longer! He must take Tina back to Anna. Tina was Anna's pet.

He bought some food for the dog. But Tony himself could not eat. His heart ached. He was going to lose his dear little friend.

But it was the only thing to do. He saw that now. He shuddered as he recalled his horrible dream. Why, perhaps if he had been a truthful boy the ancient people might have believed him! [Pg 150]

If they had believed him, think how many lives could have been saved!

He suddenly laughed aloud.

"It was, after all, only a dream," he reminded himself. "But I shall always remember how terrible it is not to be believed!"

All morning he walked. Several times he would have liked to stop, for his head felt curiously light and his legs trembled. But he was going to bring Tina back to Anna. He could not be happy until he had done that!

He approached Anna's house. It looked so new and shiny. The flowers and trees made a pretty frame for it. How different from the ugly houses in the poor section of Naples where he lived.

It would be pleasant to wake up in the morning and smell the fields and the Bay. Not the horrible odors of narrow streets. Dust and dirt and cooking things! [Pg 151]



TONY TRIED TO EXPLAIN EVERYTHING

He must go bravely to the front door and ring the bell. He must confess to Anna's father all that he had done. He was ready to take his punishment like a brave soldier of Italy!

[Pg 152]

"Good-day."

The front door opened. Anna's mother stood there with Anna close beside her.

When Anna caught sight of her pet, she cried out, "Niki! Oh, I thought you were lost! I thought the naughty boy had stolen you! Come to me, Niki!"

She held out her arms. But Tony drew Tina away from her. Why did his throat feel so full and queer? Why did his nose tickle and his eyes blur with tears?

No! No! He could not give up his Tina! Anna had everything and he had only this little dog! It was not fair.

He planted his poor, wobbly legs as sturdily as he could. His dark eyes flashed at the little girl.

"Do not touch her!" he cried. "She bites!"

Anna shrank back, afraid.

"She is a bad dog!" continued Tony. "It is not safe for you to keep her. She has bitten me."

[Pg 153]

The mother went forward and gently touched Tony's sleeve.

"Where has the dog bitten you, my poor boy?" she inquired.

"Er—on my back!" lied Tony.

"Turn around and let me see," said the good woman.

But Tony did not turn around. Instead, he fell upon his knees and clutched the skirt of Anna's mother.

"I have lied again! Oh, forgive me!" he sobbed. "What I just said was not true. Tina does not bite. She is the gentlest little dog that ever lived. And I am the greatest liar!"

He was sobbing so that the woman could hardly understand him. He tried hard to explain everything that had happened to him. But he felt weak and could barely talk.

Anna's mother raised him to his feet and led him to a bedroom. Here she undressed him and prepared a bath.

[Pg 154]

At first this frightened Tony. There were no bathrooms in the house where he had lived! But somehow, he felt that this kind woman would not hurt him. He allowed her to bathe him and put him to bed.

He soon found himself tucked between clean, cool sheets. The woman was offering him something to drink. His eyes were closing. Then he was asleep.

When he awoke it was late afternoon. The window shades were drawn and the room was fairly dark.

Tony lay gazing up at the smooth, white ceiling. He felt well and strong now. He thought that he loved the mother of Anna better than anyone he had ever known. Yes, better even than Tina!

How could he have lied to Anna again? After promising himself that he would change. After that terrible dream! Oh, surely that would be his last lie! Surely!

[Pg 155]

As he lay with his thoughts, the door slowly opened. Anna peeped in. She held Tina in her arms. When she saw Tony's eyes open, she came into the room.

"I thought you would like to have Niki," she said.
She approached his bed. Tony held out his arms for the dog.
"Her name is not Niki. It is Tina," he said.
The little girl smiled.
"It is Niki," she repeated.
"Tina!" said Tony.
"Niki!" said Anna.
She was laughing now. So was Tony.
"Very well," he said. "Let us call her 'Fido.'"
"Fido" is taken from an Italian word meaning "faithful."
So Anna put "Tina-Niki-Fido" into Tony's arms and sat down beside him.
"Papa says you are to stay here with us," she said.

[Pg 156]



TONY, ANNA, AND TINA-NIKI-FIDO

Tony shot up in bed. A look of fear came over his face.
"But your papa will discipline me!" he exclaimed.
"No! No!" said Anna. "He says that you must not be afraid of him. Discipline does not hurt. It will make you happy to grow up good."
Tony's eyes grew wide. So Anna's father, with the deep voice, wanted to make him happy!
"Papa has just been to see the Marionette Man," went on Anna. "He told him all about you, poor little boy!"
"And will I have to go back to Guido?" asked Tony.
"No, never," replied Anna. "You are to live with us, and Papa says you shall join the Balilla. Join the Balilla! Live in Anna's pretty house! Never again be parted from his beloved Tina! Oh, it was almost too good to be true!"
"But your father will punish me," he said, suddenly. He could not seem to forget the gentleman's severe words.
"No, no," said Anna. "He says he thinks you have been punished enough. He thinks you will obey now and never lie again. Will you promise, Tony?"
Tony hung his head. "I promise," he said.
"Papa always wanted a little boy of his own," continued Anna. "He will be so proud to have you march with the boys of Italy. And I ... I would like a brother."
"Have you never had a brother?" asked Tony.
"No," she answered, solemnly. "But I once had a monkey!"

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[Pg 158]

So Tony remained with Anna. He joined the Balilla and he never lied or stole again.

Well, *almost* never. At first Anna's father had to talk with him very seriously to make him understand the beauty of truth.

When Anna grew a little older, she joined the "Piccole Italiane," the girls' legion.

[Pg 159]

Tina-Niki-Fido did not join anything. At least, I do not think she did. However, if there is a "Bone-and-Biscuit Dog Scouts" in Italy, you may be sure she became one.

She now belonged to both Tony and Anna. Still, it was Tony who cared for her, fed her, and slept with her.

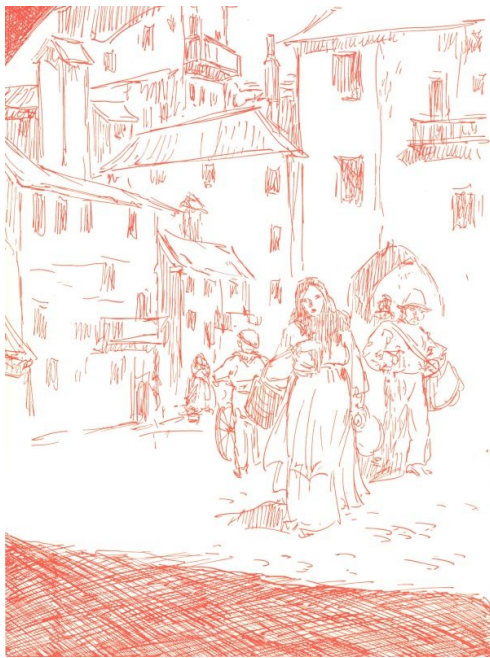
You see, between Tony and Tina it had been love at first sight!

THE END

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY

[Pg 160]

Amalfi	ä mäl'fē
Avanti	ä vānt'ē
Balilla	bäl lē'lā
Bella signorina	bēl'ä sē'nyō rē'nā
Benito Mussolini	bēn ē'tō moos'sō lē'nē
Campanile	kām'pā nīl
Cimabue	chē'mā boo'ā
Colosseum	kōl'ō sē'ūm
Dante	dān'tē
Dio mio	dē'ō mē'ō
Doge	dōj
Felicissima notte	fā lē chē'sē mā nō'tē
Fontana Trevi	fōn tā'nā trē've
Genoa	jēn'ō ā
Giotto	jōt'tō
Giuseppe Verdi	jōō sēp'pā vār'dē
Grazie	grätz'i ē
Il Duce	ēl doo'chā
Lucullus	lū küll'ūs
Mia	mē'ā
Milan	mī lān'
Niki	nē'kē
Palazzo San Giorgio	pāl ätz'ō sän jōr'jyō
Piccole Italiane	pē'cō lē ĩ täl ĩ än'ē
Stromboli	strōm'bō lē
Tina	tē'nā
Torrone	tōr rō'nē
Viva Italia	vē'vā ē täl'yā



Transcriber's Note: The list of illustrations with their page numbers have been added after the table of contents. Images have been moved from the middle of a paragraph to the closest paragraph break.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK LITTLE TONY OF ITALY ***

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