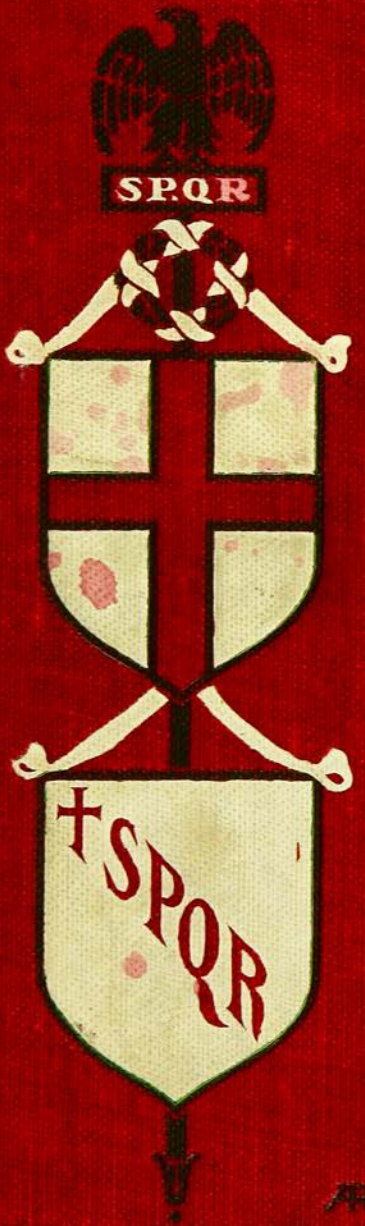
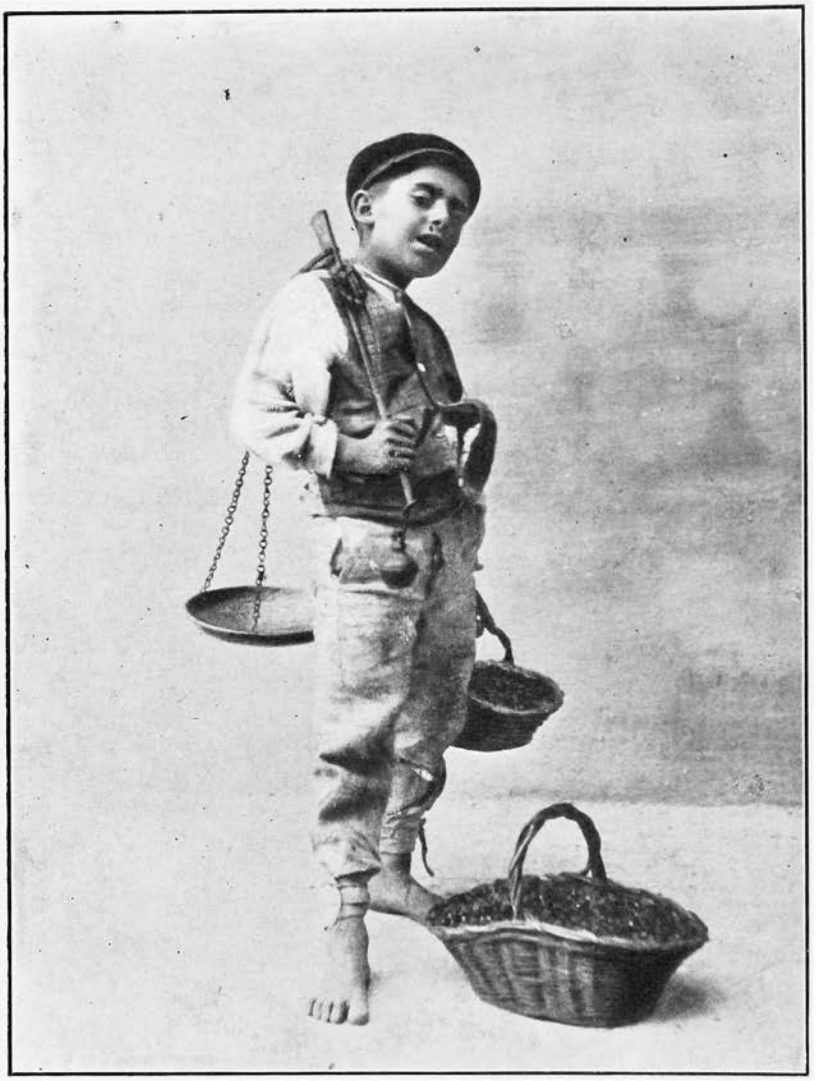
FILIPPO
THE ITALIAN BOY



ISBN of reproduction: 978-1-926748-63-4

FILIPPO THE ITALIAN BOY



Filippo selling Chestnuts

FILIPPO

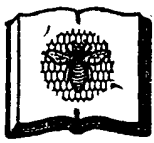
THE ITALIAN BOY

A TALE OF ITALIAN CHILD LIFE

BY

LAURA B. STARR

Author of Mustafa the Egyptian Boy



NEW YORK

A. S. BARNES AND COMPANY

1907

To My Friend
MRS. G. W. HOLLAND
with whom my
last tour through Italy was made

CONTENTS

CONTENTS

ILLUSTRATIONS

FILIPPO THE ITALIAN BOY

CHAPTER I

BIRTH AND CHRISTENING

WHEN the inhabitants of one of the great apartments in the Via Margutta, near the Piazza di Spagna, saw a hat hung over the door of the back flat on the top floor, they knew that a boy had been born to Giovanni and Teresa and all rejoiced, for the young couple were prime favorites with their neighbors.

Giovanni and Teresa were the happiest people in Rome when they knew that their first child was a boy. Although the Italians have not the oriental feeling about girls, they prefer boys to girls as a rule, and they particularly rejoice when the first child is a boy. Italian parents consider their children as gifts from God, and treasure them accordingly. No matter how poor the people are, how scanty their food, or how many

privations they endure, the baby is fat and happy, and fares as well as the child of richer people.

Fathers and mothers sometimes deprive themselves of the necessities of life almost, to keep the baby well fed and in good condition. When a new baby comes it often happens that a wee toddler has to take his place among the children, where it is "share and share alike," but so long as *he* is the baby he has the lion's share of food and affection.

There is no fuss-and-feathers about Italian babies; they live a more nearly ideal life than that of any other child, except perhaps the quaint little creatures of Japan. Mothers keep their babies with them, or at least in sight; they never leave their children behind them when they go out; they may seem to neglect them when they put the tiny creatures down on the stone pavement and let them crawl around in the dirt, but they are accustomed to that; but if anything happens to annoy a child you will see the mother fly to its assistance as quickly as an American mother would and far more fiercely.

All the neighbors came to congratulate Giovanni and to ask when the christening was to be. "We have decided to have the child christened

on Sunday," said the happy father, "and you are all invited to the feast at the house after the ceremony."

Most of the inquirers brought some little gift for mother or child, but nothing of any special value, as they were all working people who had not much money to spend in gifts.

It is a rule of the Church of Rome to have all children christened when they are quite young. To be christened is to be given a name, to be anointed with holy oils, and baptized with water, and thus be made a child of the Christian Church.

One reason for this is that the Church holds that if the child should die without this rite having been performed it would not go to heaven.

A christening is a great affair in the family, both on account of its social and religious importance. Church law holds the bonds of relationship established by sponsorship as binding as those of blood. In a great many cases the groomsman and bridesmaid are invited to stand godfather and god-mother for the first child. They must promise to see that the little one is brought up in the faith of the Roman Catholic Church, and also to stand spiritually in the place of father and mother should the child's own parents be

taken away by death; to watch over and guard the moral well-being of their god-child until he is grown.

Teresa had invited her bridesmaid and the groomsman to be the sponsors for her child, and they presented the usual gifts, Battista, a piece of ivory with jingling pendants, and Marie, a string of coral beads. No matter how many other gifts are brought, a child is sure to receive these.

When the happy day of the christening came, the proud young god-mother carried the baby on her right arm, as the little party wended its way to the Baptistry of San Giovanni, which was the church where all Giovanni's family had been baptized for generations.

For many hundreds of years the Church required all parents to take their children to San Giovanni to be christened, as in Florence all have been and must still, be taken to the Baptistry near the great cathedral.

During the past century more freedom had been allowed, and now Roman children may be baptized in the parish church or in a private chapel if there is one in the family—for wealthy people and the old nobility often have chapels

in their palaces. Giovanni had no desire to depart from the ordinary custom, so he took his son to the same font where he himself had been carried.

It is in the Baptistry, and was filled with water that had been blessed on the Saturday of Holy Week or at Pentecost, and set apart for this use. In some royal families the babies are baptized with water brought from the River Jordan, and blessed in the same manner, but Filippo, like most children, was christened with the usual baptismal water. The fine christening robe he wore had been an heirloom in his family for generations.

It would take too long to describe the entire ceremonial, a heritage of many centuries. The priest, with his attendant acolyte, met the party at the door of the edifice and gently blew three times on the face of the child, to signify the new life to be breathed into his being. He put a tiny speck of salt into the baby's mouth as a mark that he was to be freed from the corruption of evil, made the sign of the cross over him, and led him into the temple of God. Filippo's sponsors made for him a profession of faith. Continuing the ceremony the priest touched his thumb

to the tip of his tongue and anointed the ears and nostrils of the child with saliva, following the example of Christ when He healed the deaf man.

When Filippo, through his god-parents, had renounced Satan, he was anointed with holy oil on the breast and shoulders. The ancient athletes were anointed before their contests in the arena, and thus the child is prepared in baptism for the good fight that lies before him.

At last, while the god-mother held the baby over the font, the god-father placed his right hand on Filippo's breast, and the priest, taking the baptismal water, poured it three times on the child's head in the form of a cross saying, as he poured the water, "Filippo, I baptize thee, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

Filippo was then anointed with "chrism" on the crown of his head, even as in olden times kings were anointed. Chrism is a consecrated ointment of oil and balm. The anointing was to signify Filippo's union with Christ, the head of the Church. He received a white garment with an admonition to keep his life white and fair. A lighted candle was put for a moment

in his tiny hand, as a token that he must live by the light received from God and by good deeds.

At the pouring of the water, for which the priest chanced to use a scallop shell, the god-mother did not hold the baby quite at the proper angle, and Filippo was half deluged. He only cried a little, and blinked his round eyes when he felt the water streaming down his face. Otherwise, he acted as if he knew something important was happening and he must maintain the honor of his family.

When finally dismissed with the beautiful words, "Go in peace," he was taken home by his god-parents, Giovanni leading the way and, on their arrival, all the friends and relatives sat down to the grand christening feast prepared for them.

CHAPTER II

BABYHOOD

FILIPPO, like all Italian babies, was swathed in yards and yards of linen bands, wound round and round his small body up to his armpits. Then he was laid on a pillow and for many weeks was moved only on this pillow. As he grew older the bandages were loosened, and he was allowed to kick and play with his toes to his heart's content.

This is popularly supposed to be the fashion in which the Christ child was swathed in Bethlehem. The color and texture of the bandages vary according to the means and social position of the family. In Filippo's case the ribbons that held things in place were red and green, Italy's colors, and really he was a quaint and pretty little object when he was wrapped in this manner.

The *fascia*, or swathing band, which is put on

Filippo and his Mother

to a child as soon as it is born, is supposed to keep its legs straight. As a matter of fact, it is a very cruel thing, for it cramps the little legs, hinders the proper circulation of the blood, and must give more or less pain.

There seems to be no fashion especially for children's clothes in Italy; as soon as the swathing-band is taken off, girls are put into miniature garments like those their mothers wear, and boys sport trousers as soon as they can walk.

As both Filippo's father and mother had many brothers and sisters, this new baby was tended with great affection, if not with great skill. Indeed, Italian babies do not receive or seem to require so much attention as American babies. They are much more easily turned off, and soon learn to amuse themselves.

As Teresa must have fresh goat's milk every day for her boy, she arranged with a goatsherd to drive two of his flock up the stairway to her door, where they waited patiently to be milked.

She was sure to get fresh, pure milk in this way, and in this way only; children thrive better on goat's milk than they do on cow's milk, which is extremely difficult to get in Italy.

The little bleating flock was called together

and kept in order by the music of a reed pipe, which in this case was rather pleasing, as the goatsherd had a musical ear. Sometimes they were late, and Filippo grew hungry waiting to hear the familiar whistle. However restless he might be before, he was always patient after he heard it, for he knew that his cup of warm milk would soon come.

When he was old enough to sit up he was put into a *cerchio*, or circle, a sort of hen-coop large at the bottom and small enough at the top to keep him from falling out. In this he could sit or stand as he desired. This was made of wicker-work and had a rail outside to hold the little fellow's playthings.

The *cerchio* had rollers on the bottom so that when he was strong enough he could move about the room and was in no danger of tumbling over and getting hurt.

He lived the usual life of a Roman youngster; cried, laughed, was loved and petted and carried about by both father and mother until he was able to walk, and how proud they were when he first said "papa" and took his first toddling step.

CHAPTER III

CURIOUS DOMESTIC CUSTOMS

THERE was a general entrance to the house in Via Margutta; each family had a bell similar to those of the tenement houses in the large cities of America. In Rome, as in other cities, one often found neighbors that were not pleasant and agreeable, but on the whole Teresa managed to keep on good terms with most of those in her house. Sometimes there was a word and blows among the children and often the blow came first, but the quarrel was soon settled by the parents.

As there were no elevators in the houses, great ingenuity was exercised in escaping the long stairs. When Teresa wished to buy vegetables or fruit from the people in the street, she let down a basket with money in it, attached to a string, and shouted to the men what and how much she

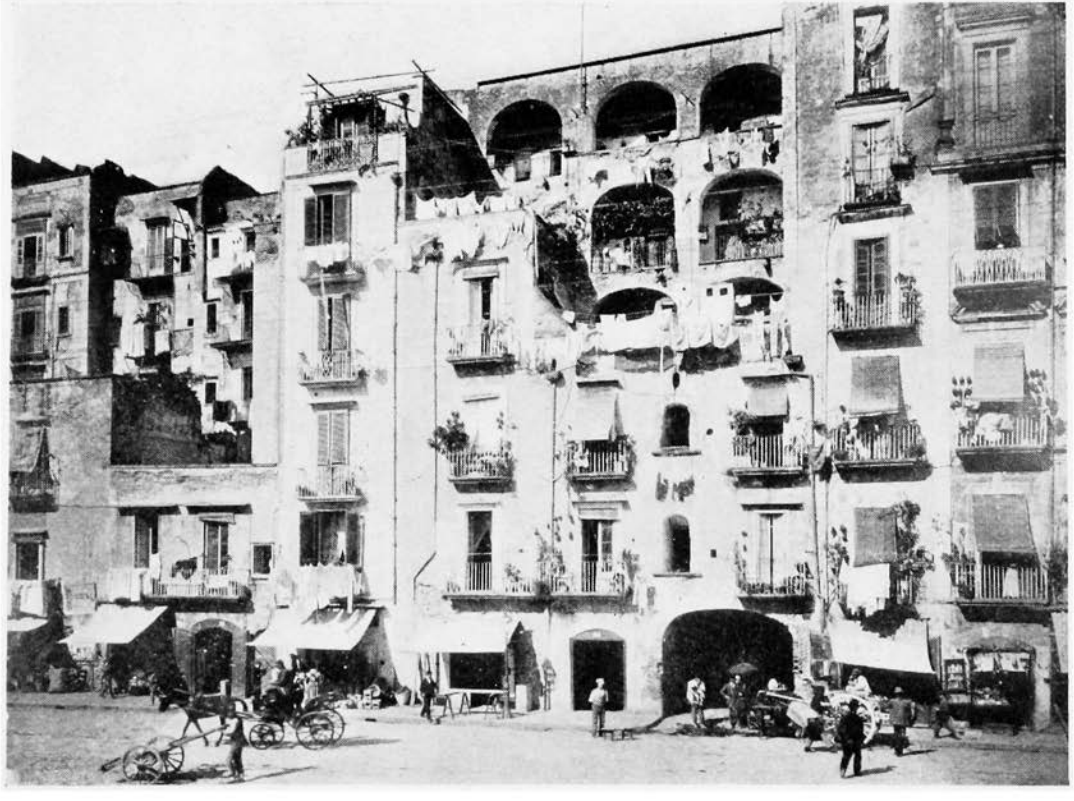
wanted. When it was put into her basket she drew it slowly up again.

Some people might think the furniture in this little home was very scanty, but Teresa had as much as she had ever been accustomed to, and never seemed to feel the want of anything more.

The big roomy bed in the living room had been the principal part of her dowry, and Giovanni had bought the table, chairs, and a few kitchen utensils. Stove there was none, the only defense against the cold of even the coldest day in winter was a big, round, flat brass basin with a handle to it, in which burned a few pieces of charcoal. We should call this a brazier, but the Italians call it a *scaldino*, and rich people have some very handsome ones of brass and copper.

Teresa cooked all her food over this fire, and moved the *scaldino* from room to room, whenever she herself went from one to another. She had a small glazed earthenware one, like a basket, which she kept in her lap to warm herself as she sewed or knitted, in the very cold winter.

She was so cold sometimes that she thought with longing of the great tiled stove in her father's home in the country with the seats on either side where the children could keep as warm as toast.



Filippo's Home in Via Margutta

She soon found, however, that she could warm herself by walking in the sun, and when spring-time came, after her first winter in Rome, she discovered that she had learned her way about the beautiful old city and was very familiar with most of the churches, for nearly all of her recreation had been to visit the churches and witness the processions on *fete* days.

Giovanni and Teresa were very happy in the little rooms at the top of the house, although they had to climb many stairs to reach them, but neither rich nor poor mind stairs in Rome. There was far more sunshine and air at the top than on the lower floors, besides, the rent was cheaper, and that was an item that Teresa considered, for she was frugal-minded, having been brought up in a careful, economical fashion by her Sicilian mother.

Sunshine is the life of the people of Italy, and sometimes is the only patrimony of the poor. Teresa often sighed for the wind-swept hills and the great open spaces of her familiar country, but she soon contented herself by bringing as much of the country as she could into her home. She filled the balconies in front of her windows with flowering plants, palms, and other green

things, which gave the whole place a fresh, cool look that Giovanni found very welcome when he came in out of the hot sun.

Teresa would never hang her washing to dry on the balcony, as many of her neighbors did. She coaxed Giovanni to arrange a place for it at the back. The narrow streets of the poorer quarters are full of rags and tatters hung across them or that lie flat against the sides of the house, all fluttering on the breeze more or less and flapping wet corners and stray tapes into the faces of unwary pedestrians.

To the tourist in Italy it seems that everybody must be washing all the time, for clothes are drying in every available space. Except among wealthy people very little ironing is done; table and bed linen and a good deal of body linen is used rough dry.

Once every week Teresa went to buy flowers at the wonderful flower market on the steps of the Trinita di Monti Church in the Piazza di Spagna. In the early springtime, when almonds and cherry trees are in bloom, this market is like fairyland, with its wealth of bloom and perfume; one may buy the half of a tree in great branches, one of which will bring spring into a whole house.

Cut flowers and potted plants are massed on either side of many of the one hundred and thirty-seven steps in such profusion that only a narrow passage is left for those who use the stairs instead of the elevator going up the Pincian Hill. For a few soldi—one cent of our money—Teresa could buy a bunch of blossoms for the vase in front of the little shrine where she prayed daily.

She soon learned to love the old square with its fine fountain, its palaces, and the old Spanish Embassy overlooked by Trinita di Monti and the Pincian Gardens. When her work was finished indoors, she used to bring her knitting and stand or sit about with the country girls, who wore the native costumes and waited for artists, who used them as models for their paintings. She knitted with the long, curved needles, such as the people of Italy use everywhere.

She loved to watch the stream of English and American tourists that constantly poured through the historic square on their way to and from St. Peter's and the Vatican. Now and again a curious woman would stop and look at her knitting and try to talk with her, but their want of a common language prevented anything more than an exchange of smiles.

CHAPTER IV

ROMAN LIFE

GIOVANNI was Roman born; for hundreds of years his ancestors had lived within the precincts of the Holy City. Parents and children, and even grandchildren, had lived in the same house on one of Rome's seven hills, swarm after swarm of them, until it could hold no more. Then some of the more independent ones sought new homes, but always within a short distance of the old one, for family ties are stronger among the Romans than among other Italians. At least this is what the Romans claim; the Venetians, the Neapolitans, and the Florentines say that this claim is founded upon an ancient fable, but as we have nothing to do with that, we will give the Romans the benefit of the doubt. The fact remains that three and sometimes four generations do often live in the same house.

Teresa, the baby's mother, came from the

beautiful country near Rome; her parents were Sicilians, and she had lived near Taromina in her early youth; they still retained the dress and many of the customs of their island home, which differed in many respects from those of Rome.

Teresa, for the most part, wore the costume of the Sicilian peasant, even after her marriage. Giovanni thought it the most picturesque of all the peasant costumes, and he liked her to continue the habits and costumes to which she had been accustomed. He loved his wife dearly and was willing to do anything she wished, provided it did not interfere with his work or his religious duties.

Although Giovanni's parents and brothers and sisters, with one exception, were settled near him in Rome, he had a silent grief that sometimes seemed more than he could bear. His brother next older than he, the eldest of the family, in fact, had sailed across seas to America. He had not been contented to plod along as his father and grandfather had done, but must seek a new home where fortunes are more speedily made.

Although Giovanni was very happy with Teresa and the baby, he missed his brother more than any one knew. He was deeply attached to him

and they had been almost inseparable all their lives. They had worked and played, gone to school, and received their first Communion together, for there was but little more than a year's difference in their ages. Then, too, he had looked up to Beppo, as the younger always looks up to the elder in Italy. Respect and reverence for age is a stronger characteristic among the Latin races than it is among Americans.

When Beppo had gone, Giovanni worked harder than ever, that he might have less time to think of his dear brother who had been full of hope and courage in the belief that a fortune awaited him in "Nuovo Yorko" if he was willing to work for it. He was not so foolish as to think he was going to pick it up in the street.

Giovanni's father and grandfather before him had been *apparatores*, that is, church decorators, men whose business it is to arrange church hangings, flowers, etc., for the various Saints' days and other pious celebrations. They take the contract by the year, each having a certain number of churches under his charge.

Some of the shrines and statues of the interiors are improved by hangings, etc., but for the most part the peculiar Roman fashion of draping the

interior of their churches with red velvet or plush is thought by the more artistic to detract very materially from the dignity and architectural beauty of the buildings. The common people, with their love of color, like it and do not seem to see that often a fine edifice is made to look like a tattered theater.

As is the custom in Italy, Giovanni's father had intended that his eldest son should take up his calling and work with him while he lived, and carry on the business when he should be gathered to his fathers. But fathers propose and sons dispose in Rome as elsewhere.

Beppo, the first-born, had during his boyhood days worked with his father, but he had not the taste and talent to make his work a success; he was all for business, while Giovanni had an unusual gift for work of this kind and was quite content to do as his fathers had done before him.

There was money enough in the business to keep two families comfortably and to lay by a few lire for the rainy day that is as certain to come in Italy as elsewhere, even though there was not a fortune in it.

So Beppo was permitted to go on his way to America while Giovanni took up the work he

laid down. He soon learned to fashion the fabric into the required shape; his hands were very deft, and he worked the more willingly as he felt in some intangible sort of a way that he was working for the good God and the Madonna, and that satisfied his religious feelings.

Beppo had been married some time before Giovanni was, but he and his wife waited to see his brother and Teresa married before taking leave of their native country. As soon after the wedding as they conveniently could, they sailed away to make a home and fortune for themselves in New York.

Teresa Knitting

CHAPTER V

MADONNA AND EVIL EYE

ONE of the first things Filippo could remember was the sweetly smiling picture of the Madonna on the wall, with the light forever burning before it and the flowers. When he could talk, Teresa taught him to say his prayers to God and the Madonna every night and morning and told him that if he were ever in trouble or wanted anything very much he must come here to say extra prayers. In Italy the Madonna statue or picture means the representation of the Virgin with the Christ Child. Filippo's mother taught him that the Madonna has power to intercede with God in his behalf, and that if he prayed hard enough she would do so, as she loves small boys particularly well on account of her own son, Jesus Christ.

Sometimes when Filippo and his mother were walking in the beautiful sunshine and passed a

statue of the Madonna standing in a little niche in the wall of some old house, he would stop, compose himself, and pray.

"Why do you stop to say your prayers here, my little one?" she asked one day.

"Because I think the dear Mother is lonely now that her son has gone away to Heaven, and I feel sorry for her."

"That is right, my child," said Teresa, "always keep a gentle, tender feeling for the dear Madonna, and never forget to pay your respects to her image wherever you find it. The image is only to make you think of her. It cannot hear you, but from Heaven she herself will look down on you; and, if your prayers sometimes seem unanswered, you will know it was not best for you to have your wish, but you will be better for having prayed."

The Church of Rome condemns superstition as a sin, but despite this condemnation, many Italians, especially those of the humbler classes, believe in witches and demons that they cannot see, and also in the *jettatore* or supposed possessor of the Evil Eye, whom they can see.

"The *jettatore*," says the credulous, "is one to be dreaded. He or she is a person who exists

for the simple purpose of doing harm to other people. He exerts this dire fascination, sometimes consciously, sometimes without intention. As soon as he shows himself in the streets, the passersby hasten to bend their fingers to the protecting sign—closing middle and third fingers and pointing the others toward the *jettatore*—and to thrust forward any device at hand that will have the supposed effect of warding off misfortune.

Filippo had worn around his neck from the day of his birth a chain from which hung not only an ivory rattle, but a coral hand with the two middle fingers closed, a skull carved from a bit of pink and white conch-shell to ward off the influence of the Evil Eye, and a tuft of badger's hairs to keep away witches.

Filippo was such a bright, bonny, brown boy that Teresa grew very proud of him and would dress him in the little velvet coat and trousers worn by the peasant children, and further deck him out in a soft black hat, banded with a red and green ribbon, put on white stockings, and tie some roughly-made sandals on his feet.

Teresa herself wore white stockings, black shoes with red wooden heels, a short red skirt, shirred white linen bodice with full sleeves, and a pic-

turesque head-dress of white linen folded above her shining black braids, the colored fringed border hanging behind, while her woolen apron boasted all the colors of the rainbow, yellow predominating.

Thus attired, the two would go into the Piazza di Spagna to look at the column and the fountain and see the people.

They were a fine looking couple, and all eyes were turned toward them. One day an American artist saw them, and nothing would do but he must have them for models. Teresa, who was a bit uncertain whether Giovanni would approve of the proceeding, hesitated, but the artist would hear of no delay and carried them off to his studio whether they would or no.

It is not thought beneath the dignity of any of the peasant folk to pose as models; they often think they have as much to do with the success of a picture as the artist, and frequently they are right. So Teresa consented to sit with Filippo as mother and child, and so well suited were they for the purpose, and so well did the artist do his work that this modern Madonna became the talk of artistic circles the world over.

Giovanni didn't quite like it when he was told,

but when he saw the picture in its early stages, he consented freely, only stipulating that the money thus earned should be given to charity. He belonged to a class of men whose women folk were not supposed to earn money, unless in a case of absolute necessity.

Teresa had learned a good deal about pictures, for Giovanni had taken her on *fête* days to see the wonderful frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, and the old masters in the churches so many times that she pretty well knew them. Many a foreign lady of education and culture would take a second place were her art knowledge compared with that of this wife of the poor *apparatora*.

Giovanni knew the best pictures and their histories, and was quite conversant with the lives of the majority of the artists. He was especially fond of statuary and knew the good and bad points of all the public statues.

"Have you been to see the blue-veiled sisters at the church of La Cuiese Adorazione?" he asked Teresa one morning.

"No," she answered. "Where is the church and why should I go particularly to see them?"

"The church is near the Trevi Fountain, and the sisters belong to the Order of Santa Maria

Reparatrice; go at what time of day or night you may, you will find two of them kneeling in perpetual prayer and adoration before the High Altar."

"However can they stand it to kneel like that for twenty-four hours?"

"Oh, they do not remain twenty-four hours, only two hours at a time, and then their places are taken by two other sisters."

"Even two hours is a very long time to remain so quiet. I am sure I could never do it."

"I doubt if you could," laughed Giovanni, "but these sisters belong to a very high order, and by their prayers and patience and self-denial they believe they will merit a great reward in the world to come."

CHAPTER VI

FILIPPO'S SISTER

WHEN Filippo was five years old, a little sister came to gladden the hearts of all the family. He went to the christening. How his little heart throbbed with happiness when he heard the priest speak her name. It was the name which the proud Filippo had himself selected. The priest said, "Estella, I baptize thee, In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

A feature of this christening was the presence of a small boy about four years old who wore the garb of a Franciscan monk. He was the son of a friend of Giovanni's. As a baby he had been very ill, and his mother had then promised the blessed Virgin that if his life was spared it should be dedicated to the Church.

Fortunately he recovered, and as soon as he could walk his mother dressed him in the minia-

ture robes of the brown friars. He was a quaint and interesting figure and was the observed of all the strangers in the church. The dignity he seemed to have put on with the monk's garments sat strangely on the laughing, dimpling boy.

When they returned to the house, Filippo's aunt let him take the little bundle on the pillow and hold it for five minutes, which made him very happy. He felt sure Estella belonged to him alone, for had he not named her, and now that he could carry her no one should take her away from his little, protecting arms. He vowed to remain her friend and protector to the end of life.

He took her out to walk in the sunshine when she was old enough; he sang her to sleep when she was weary, and was never too tired or cross to wait upon her. Long before she could understand he whispered to her all his little secrets and the thoughts that came into his mind.

When she could talk he taught her to say prayers before the representation of the Madonna that still hung smiling on the wall; he took her by the hand when they went to church; indeed, he never left her side a moment longer than was necessary.

Teresa was obliged to invent ways and means of getting Filippo to go out to play without his little sister. She persuaded Giovanni to take him with him to the churches. Of course, Filippo could not help his father much, but he could see and admire the beautiful paintings and other treasures of art. The pictures of the Holy Mother always interested Filippo. He would stand before one of these pictures for many minutes at a time as if he were studying every detail of it. He delighted to adorn the shrine with ribbons, colored beads, and anything he thought fine and good enough.

If Giovanni had lived in the country round about Rome when his daughter was born he would have planted a row of poplar trees, which would have been ready to cut down seventeen years later, to provide her with a dower when she should marry. As it was, he began to put away small coins, knowing quite well that small savings mount up into respectable sums in the course of long years.

A friendly young cleric, who was a member of a Cardinal's household, visited the family from time to time. One day he gave Filippo an Agnus Dei for himself and another for Estella, and told

the children to throw away their heathenish amulets. An Agnus Dei is a tiny, heart-shaped picture of a little lamb in wax. It represents the Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world, and is usually encased in silk.

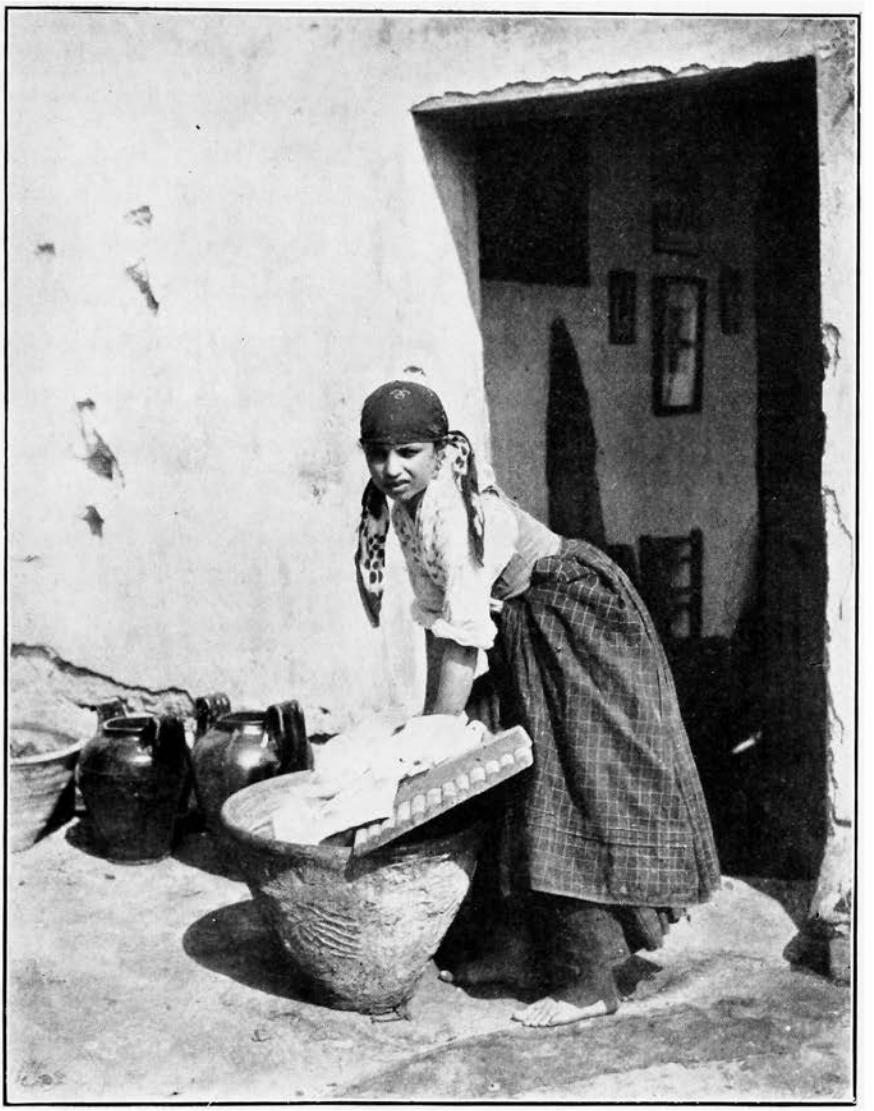
Often at dusk the fond mother took Estella on her knee and, while her boy stood or sat beside her, she sang merry folk-songs to the children and told them stories of medieval saints and sinners, of fairies, and other things that only mothers can tell about. When the little ones grew sleepy, and the sandman began to get in his work, they loved to listen still as she crooned in a sweet voice

A long one and a short one,
  Do you wish me to tell you a long one ?
This is the finger and this is the nail
  Do you wish me to tell you a short one ?
This is the finger and this is the end of it.

Again she would sing—

Once upon a time there was a king,
  Who ate more than you ;
He ate bread and cheese
  Pull, pull his nose.

And then Filippo would pull Estella's nose while his mother pulled his. The verses were like all the nursery tales the world over.



Teresa Washing

The Italian Cinderella was a tale the children were never tired of hearing. It was very similar to the one which American children know, except that there was no hateful stepmother and the good fairy was a bird. Cinderella went to the ball three nights in succession and danced with the king and then disappeared. When he ordered his servants to follow her, she threw money in their way and while they were picking it up she eluded them. The third evening she forgot to provide anything to prevent their following her, and so she was caught. She lost her slipper, of course, and no one could be found to wear it but herself.

When Filippo and Estella were scolded, as was the case often enough, or if for any other reason they wanted to cry, they never hung around their mother's skirt waiting to have their tears wiped away, but turned their faces to the wall, which was their "wailing place," and stood there until they recovered themselves.

CHAPTER VII

CRICKETS AND ANGEL DOLLS

ONE day some neighboring boys called and asked Filippo to go out "cricket catching" with them out on the hills in the campagna. His mother gladly gave her consent. He kissed his sleeping sister and started for the hills saying he would bring home some crickets for her.

The boys had not far to go before they came to an open field that was quite dry, and they were not long in finding the cricket holes. They knew the crickets were at home because by listening gently they could hear them sing. The boys dropped a few drops of water into the holes, which soon brought the crickets out to see if it was raining, and they were then caught in their surprise.

The boys had brought little cages with them. These were made with bits of board and wire with rings at the top to hang them up by. A

tourist who had never seen cricket cages before came by, and he bought several of them from the boys.

Filippo took some crickets home to his baby sister. He hung the cage in the window where the crickets sang merrily in the sunshine. They were fed with green lettuce leaves.

At Easter time Filippo had several cages of crickets which he intended to sell in the Piazza di Spagna. His mother had promised him he might go with the other boys and see if he could earn some soldi, for he very much wished to buy Estella a gift with his very own money.

Easter was a beautiful day, and when Teresa had dressed Filippo in his holiday suit, he was a sight to gladden any mother's heart. Giovanni and Teresa and the baby took seats half way up the steps to the Monti de Trinata above the flowers, and watched Filippo as he threaded his way among the crowd surrounding the fountain.

He darted in and out among the people, offering the cages with the tiny singers. As these cages were new to most of the tourists and the few soldi asked for them so small a price, it was not long before Filippo had parted with all his stock-in-trade, and was up the stairs at his mother's

side with his hands full of small coins.

Teresa went with Filippo, telling him that as he had earned the money he might select the present himself. He decided to buy an "angel doll" which the children love so much. "Angel dolls" are swathed in long strips of linen wound over the dress, round and round the body, like the real babies. Estella was delighted with her doll. It was the first one she had ever owned. She would not part with it even when she went to bed.

Encouraged by his success as a merchant, Filippo caught other grasshoppers and sold them. Some of the returns of his thriving trade were invested in apples and large Italian chestnuts. His favorite apple woman was very old and wore a colored handkerchief, wound like a turban about her head. She carried a basket filled with apples on one hip with her shining brass steelyard balance slung over her shoulder.

Before Filippo discovered the secret, it was a great wonder to him how the men and women carried such enormous burdens on their heads without their tumbling off. One day the old apple woman showed him how she rolled a cloth in a circle that would fit her head, and hold the

basket in place. She showed him how she could stoop and pick up an apple from the pavement without dislodging her basket. This delighted the boy and he experimented at home until he could do it.

Filippo was never weary of playing with the weights of the steelyards and often wished he had some like them. He was prime favorite with the old woman, because once when her apples had been upset he helped her pick them up. She often gave him an extra apple and a pat on his head for his "bright eyes," she said.

One day, when she seemed very ill, she brought another old woman with her to help carry her burden. Filippo, seeing how unable they were to do anything, took a small basket of the fruit and telling them to remain by the fountain, he started off, and it was not long before he returned to them, having sold every apple.

When the old woman was better, she brought a great dish of macaroni and made him sit down and eat it all, although Filippo insisted that he could not hold another bit. He "didn't want it" he told Teresa, but he ate it, fearing the old woman would feel hurt if he didn't.

CHAPTER VIII

ITALIAN GAMES

ONE day Teresa took the children to see a Punch and Judy show, which was very like the same show elsewhere in the world, only the man who operates the puppets spoke Italian.

On their way they passed a lot of boys lying on the pavement, sleeping soundly in the sunshine. Filippo thought this a very fine idea, until his mother told him something of the lives of the beggars, which changed his mind on that point.

The men in the street with things to sell were a source of amusement. The one who apparently staggered along under a huge load of coffee-pots, saucepans, and other kitchen utensils, and the one with vegetables to sell, the tambourine man, and the small donkey carts were all investigated with great interest.

A man and woman who had rigged up a tent

or awning against the church wall, and there plied their trade contentedly, were Filippo's favorites. The woman sold hot corn, which she roasted over a big brass brazier set on a funny little cart on wheels, while the man sold apples and tomatoes. Filippo loved hot corn, and always took some home with him.

As he grew older he showed such a desire to earn money that Teresa often allowed him to go out with other boys and try his luck at selling anything he liked.

One day he sold newspapers, shouting and shrieking the news, after the manner of newsboys the world over. Another time he sold straw fans for fanning the charcoal fires, and brushes for the floors. When the whim seized him, he would change his stock-in-trade to chestnuts or apples. Whatever he had for sale he soon disposed of it, for he was so good-natured and jolly that everybody liked to buy of him.

A favorite diversion, as he grew older, was called "game verdo"—green game. Any number of boys and girls could play it. When they were gathered together, a piece of cauliflower leaf was given to each one, and he was made to promise he would "play fair." Then they sep-

arated; the next time two or more of them met, each one shouted and showed a piece of leaf. If any one had not his piece with him, or if he had allowed it to grow so dry that it would not make a green mark on the wall, he had to pay a forfeit. One of the forfeits was a columbina—or dove—made by the baker and had a dyed egg in the middle of it.

When Filippo was eight years old, his father took him to Civita Vecchia, where Giovanni was to help an old friend to decorate a church for a coming festa. The child had never seen the sea before, and the blue waters of the Mediterranean and the brown sails of the boats fascinated him wonderfully. He wanted to spend his whole time on the beach, and watch the waves and the queer sailing craft.

An acquaintance of Giovanni's invited him to bring the boy to see the blessing of his new boat. Filippo learned that Italian fishermen will not use a boat until it has been blessed by a priest, who prays that the favor of God may be with them in their fishing. Filippo and his father found that a temporary altar had been erected in the forecastle of the ship. Here the priest performed the ceremony and named the ship *The Lucia.*

After that, all the guests went into the cabin and partook of the substantial luncheon provided by the happy owner of the vessel. Everything passed off pleasantly, and without any hitch whatever.

That trip to Civita Vecchia made Filippo a hero among his boy friends. For weeks they listened eagerly to the story of his adventures and his descriptions of the curious fish and other marvellous things he had seen.

CHAPTER IX

THE WINE COUNTRY

THE happiest time of Filippo's young life was when his mother's youngest brother came to visit them and insisted upon taking the boy home with him. He had never slept away from his mother before in his life, and his little heart sank when he thought of it, still his desire to see the olive orchards and vineyards, and to ride in a wine-cart was so great that he begged his mother to let him go with his uncle Josef.

He didn't know whether to laugh or cry when she consented. But he was determined to see something of the world. Therefore, after asking God to "take care of father, mother, and baby sister, and to make him a good boy," he said he was ready to go.

"We'll make a man of you," said Uncle Josef, lifting him on to his knee and telling him about Jaco, the donkey, which he might ride if he were

Roman Wine Cart

not afraid, and Pietro, the dog, who would be only too happy to play with him.

"I am not a bit afraid, am I mother?"

"No, not when you are here and the donkey and the dog are in the country," cried the uncle; "wait until you see them."

Teresa brought his little change of clothing tied up in a bundle and went down to the door to see them off. Although a wine-cart is a common sight in Rome, still Uncle Josef's had drawn quite a crowd by the time they were ready to go.

"Wish I was you," said one small friend.

"Don't forget us," cried another, as Filippo picked his way to the seat.

The Roman wine-carts are very curious and interesting. They are drawn by one horse and have a queer, one-sided hood or screen that shields the driver from both sun and rain—for there are times when it rains very hard even in "Sunny Italy."

This hood may be raised and lowered. The rain-proof cover is crudely decorated in various designs, dozens of stars on a blue ground, and pink and blue stripes being the most common.

There is a curved arm, softly upholstered, against which the driver may lean and take a

nap occasionally, for he often travels at night, being obliged to do so if he lives a long way from the city.

As Filippo was getting in over the wheel, he noticed that the shafts were painted in bright colors and that there was a curious, clumsy brake, consisting of a long pole and some pieces of rope.

When he had been stowed away in the far side of the seat well under the shelter of the screen, he felt as "snug as a bug in a rug." His uncle had two small dogs, one that ran at the horses' heels and one that kept watch and ward over the wine-casks that were piled up behind them on the cart.

Filippo found there were eighteen bells hung in a half circle around the cover, and these jangled always in tune because they had been arranged to ring in thirds and fourths. In former times there were twenty-four on each cart, but the people so complained of the noise that the law reduced the number to eighteen.

An empty barrel hung from the bar of the axle; this, Uncle Josef told him, was to take the place of the broken one, should an accident occur.

"What is that thing on the horse's head?"

asked Filippo, pointing to something that looked like an American feather duster.

"That," said Josef, "is a charm to keep off the Evil Eye, and so is that bell with four jingling clappers and a crescent over it. And that wolf skin is another," he continued, "and the horn is still another, and the best of them all."

Filippo looked curiously at the small cow's horn. Then he saw a small image of the Madonna and a crucifix, which made him feel quite at home. He saw a store of knives, forks, bottle, and a pistol. Everything was packed away in the smallest possible space and as clean as a new pin, for Josef was very neat and took great pains in his wine-cart.

The road led through patches of wheat, of maize, of red clover, of flax, that covered the valleys and the hillsides. Maple and poplar trees were garlanded with grape-vines.

The Italian saves himself all the trouble he can; he doesn't build trellises for his vines, neither does he drive stakes and cut them all down to the same height, as is done in some other countries. He plants his vines near a row of trees and then stretches a wire from one to the other, for the vines to run on. The fact that

there are half a dozen better ways does not trouble him in the least. His ancestors cultivated their vines in this way for hundreds of years, and he is not thinking of making a change.

Filippo watched the horse with never-ending admiration. It wore a fly-net and a heavily embroidered "chest-protector," as the American boy would call it, with red and green fringe, which to the child's eyes was very fascinating.

"When I am a man," said he with importance, "I shall drive a wine-cart."

"Well said, young man, but do you think that is easy work? Driving the cart isn't all there is to the wine business."

"What else can there be?" queried Filippo.

"There is a good deal else; you have to plough the land, to tend the vines, to help make the wine, and it takes many days to do all that is necessary. Besides you know that your father and mother want you to be a priest. We have always had one priest, at least, in the family."

"I know they do, but I have decided that I will not be a priest."

"Heigho, and why not, youngster?"

"I have two reasons; first, I should not like to live in a monastery away from my father and

mother, and my dear sister. Besides, who would take care of them when they are old, and father can no longer work?"

"Oh, they will manage somehow; I think you will have to study for a priest."

"I never will. I want to buy and sell things and earn money like my Uncle Beppo in America."

"Your father will never let you go to America."

"Yes he will, when I have money enough to take us all there, you wait and see. I am going to do big things when I am grown up."

"We will let the matter rest until then," said the wise uncle. He knew very well that every boy thinks he will be this or that a half dozen times before his life's calling is settled upon.

Filippo's eyes were everywhere; he noticed that there were crosses in every cornfield, and shrines erected to the Virgin, with the Christ Child in her arms, each one with a bunch of faded flowers before it, all along the highway.

There was one shrine with a sheltering niche that contained a Madonna, and Filippo begged Uncle Josef to let him get down and pray.

'I love the Madonna because she loves little boys," he said, as he climbed in again, and Josef

replied, "Yes, we would be badly off without the Madonna."

They passed mendicant friars clad in long brown garments and with bare feet. To each of these men, who beg for the poor, Filippo gave a piece of bread. Then came field after field in which there were great white oxen plowing, with garlands of flowers round their necks and crimson cloths on their backs which Filippo admired very much.

"Our oxen are the finest in the world," said Josef.

When it grew dark the boy fell fast asleep. Josef covered him with a coat. Filippo slept on, leaning against his uncle's shoulder and never woke up until they arrived at the farmhouse. Then, grandfather and grandmother rushed out and hugged and kissed him so ardently that they were almost out of breath, and he was too, for that matter.

CHAPTER X

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY

WHEN Filippo woke in the morning everything was strange. He saw a low-raftered ceiling hung with hams and dried herbs; the wooden ledge along the wall was adorned with rows of cheese made of goat's milk; *polenta*—corn meal mush—was cooking in the kettle on the fire and one of his aunts was spinning in the large living-room, which contained a bed.

The house was quite near a little village, but the broad acres of vineyards extended up the hillside and far away over it. Everything was quite new to Filippo, and he felt quite a stranger.

The clocks puzzled him more than anything else. Up to twelve the faces were marked like those in Rome, but after that they were marked thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen, etc. When he asked his grandfather the reason he told him that it was because there in the country they still use

the old manner of reckoning, while in cities they use the new form.

The moment the sun disappears below the horizon, the peasants in Italy know that it is half-past twenty-three o'clock. Twilight lasts half an hour, more or less, after which it is twenty-four o'clock, or the close of the day, when Ave Maria is rung.

A few of the earlier hours of the night are called by the watchman, but there is silence the remainder of the time.

The Italian peasant has been used for centuries to live on half rations; the struggle for life is very hard and one wonders that they have the patience to live. Corn meal is used for bread, or polenta—corn meal mush—and takes the place of wheat in some parts of Italy.

Those who have made a study of the question say that the struggle is nearly all owing to the antiquated methods used by the farmer.

The worst feature is that the grain is gathered unripe, and stored in damp places, and this produces disease.

Sugar is so high that very little is used, as there are heavy duties to protect beet sugar. Salt is taxed also, and sometimes peasant women

cook their food in sea-water, though they run the chance of being arrested for it. The laborers often live on black barley bread which is duly baked twice or thrice a year; this gets so dry and hard that they can only eat it after soaking it in wine or water.

Filippo was at once made sensible of the great grace and beauty of the country children; they swarmed forth in the sunshine and seemed merry and happy. They were accompanied by one or more dogs that seemed to look out and care for them.

Josef told him that the mother always prayed to the Madonna for her child, and then sent it out of doors to spend the day, believing that the Madonna and the dog would watch over her little one. "Providence will take care of the bambino," said the overworked mother, and for the most part Providence and the dog did.

Filippo's grandmother put him to bed much earlier than he had been accustomed to go when at home, and he found that he had also to get up much earlier.

Grandfather and the men were out in the fields at work at four o'clock in the morning, and when

Filippo said he thought it was very hard, his grandfather said—

"It's no earlier than the nobles get up and go to Mass when they are going hunting; surely we need not complain if we do for our own good what they do for sport."

"Oh, yes," said the small boy, "but it makes a difference whether you do a thing because you want to or because you have to."

"That's true, but the best way is to do the thing you have to as if you wanted to, and then you won't have much trouble."

This was a bit beyond Filippo's understanding, but his grandfather's gentleness and patience under all circumstances was a lesson he did not soon forget.

Grandmother took the boy with her into town one day to do some shopping—gossiping too, for she liked to hear all the news—and then too she was proud of Teresa's son and wanted to show him to her old friends.

Filippo was much interested in looking at the quaint signs over the doors of the shops. He was accustomed to seeing a Madonna statue or a Crucifix, or the image of a saint enshrined in a niche in the streets of Rome, but he had never

seen an elephant, a pigeon, a wheel, or a barrel over a door as he saw them to-day.

Grandmother bought one of the little pyramids of charcoal that stood in the shop window. After giving the basket to Filippo to carry, she led him to the other side of the town to see an old palace that had once belonged to the Borghese family.

"What are those rings for and those little cups in the wall?" asked the child.

"In olden times the rings used to hold the heavy iron chains that barred the streets leading into town. These barriers were a great protection in times of war, and often turned the tide of battle. City fought against city and brother against brother, in those days; you must ask the story-teller to tell you about some of the battles when you go home."

"What are those other things for, the little cups?"

"They are for holding flagstaffs and burning torches, for the streets were not lighted then and many a battle was fought at the dead of night.

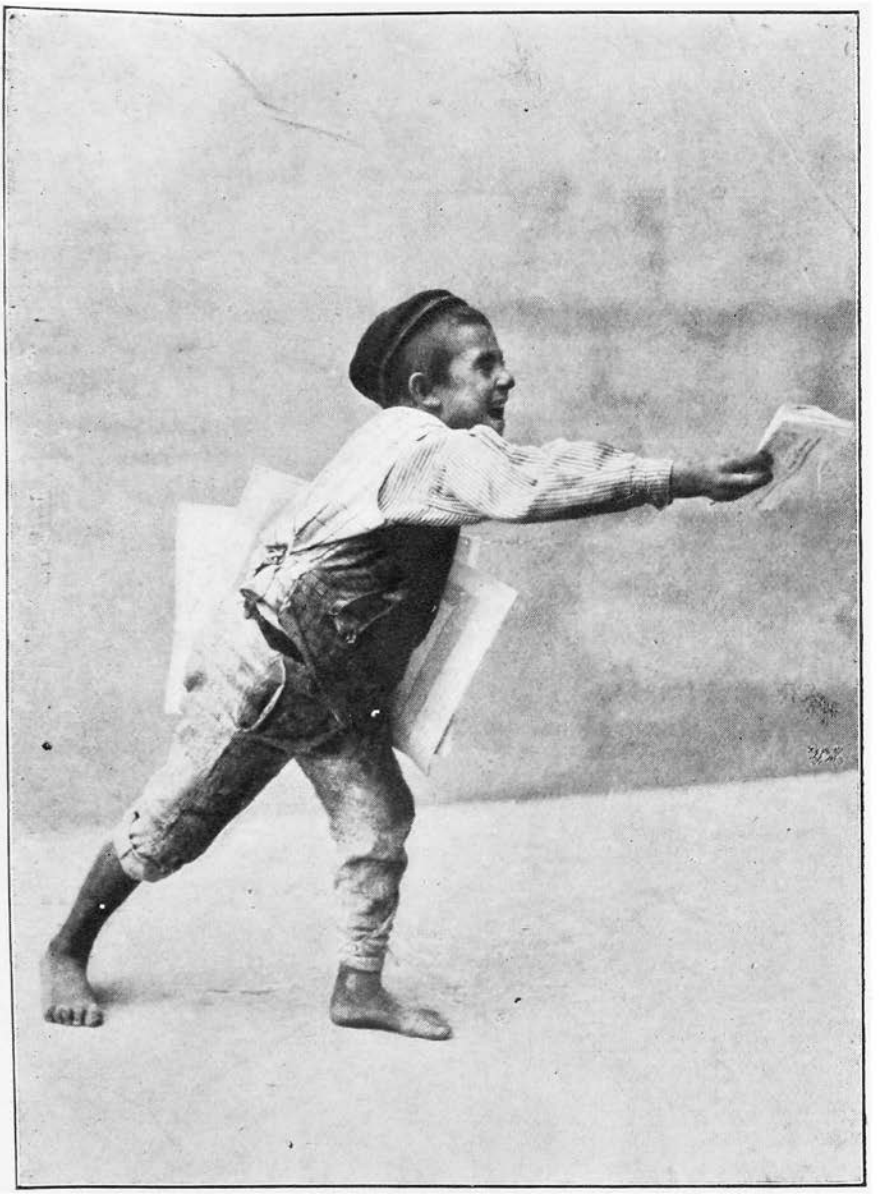
"You should be here on Easter Sunday," continued the old lady, "then you could see the statue of the Virgin carried in procession through the streets. It is from this church that the pro-

cession starts. After it has gone through the town, it moves into the country. When the proper distance is reached, the cloak of the Virgin is allowed to fall from her shoulders, permitting the escape of numerous doves, which take wing and fly in all directions. This wandering of the Virgin is supposed to represent Mary's search for her son Jesus, whom she has lost."

When they had all seen the sights they waited for grandfather to meet and take them home again.

"You must come here in the autumn when the grapes are ripe and the wine is being made," said the old man. "There is no prettier sight than to see all the peasants working and treading out the juice of the grapes. Many of our neighbors are using a patent press, but the old way is good enough for me. I have lived too long to adopt new methods".

"It will be a fine sight, Filippo, to see the great loads of grapes drawn by white oxen on their way to be deposited in a vat with a hole in the bottom. This is placed on top of a cask, then a man or a boy steps into the vat and treads the grapes with his bare feet until the juice runs into the tub underneath."



Filippo selling Newspapers

That night, as they sat about the fire, Josef told Filippo that on the tenth of December bonfires were lighted over all the country in honor of the Madonna of Loretto. Every householder puts a bunch of fagots outside his door or gate. Then myriads of fires light up the campagna in every direction.

Although Filippo was hungry for a sight of his sister and parents, he almost regretted having to go home when he saw Josef and the wine-cart and the dogs waiting for him. He bade his grandparents good-bye, regretfully, and said he hoped they would soon come to Rome to return his visit.

CHAPTER XI

FISHERMAN'S DAY

I AM glad you came back to-day," said Giovanni to Filippo, "for to-morrow, the twenty-ninth of June, is the feast of Saint Peter. In memory of his occupation it is called 'Fisherman's Day.' We must be up and out early before the crowd gets too big; then we can see nothing."

"On the eve of St. Peter's day the Pope goes from the Vatican into the crypt of the Basilica by a secret stairway, to pray at St. Peter's tomb, which is under the church, but we may not see him."

The next morning they walked to St. Peter's and the Vatican. They found over the Vatican door a large tub made of box leaves.

Giovanni explained that it was an old custom in the market to keep fish alive and fresh in great tubs. The tub had thereby become the fisher-

man's emblem. That is why, in memory of St. Peter, a tub was hung over the Vatican door, on the Apostle's day.

Giovanni and Filippo entered St. Peter's. There they saw a great procession of Church dignitaries. Later they saw the Pope come down in his chair, which was carried into the Garden by four guards. His face was so white and his eyes looked so big that Filippo was almost afraid of him. The Pope lifted the hand on which he wore the fisherman's ring, in blessing.

Filippo loved St. Peter's Church. The great spaces, the dim light, the glitter of ornamentation, and, above all, the statue of St. Peter with the symbolical "keys of Heaven," filled his heart with awe and wonder.

The Vatican Palace, with its thirteen and one-half acres of beautiful garden and eleven hundred rooms, where the Pope remains in seclusion, was a fascinating and mysterious place. Filippo thought it was a city in itself with the twenty-two hundred people employed there, but he decided that in spite of all its beauty he would not like to live there, because no women are allowed, and he could not live without his mother and Estella.

When Giovanni and Filippo got home they

found that Teresa had prepared for their dinner a dish of macaroni with "pomi d'oro," that is, golden apples (we call them tomatoes). The children clapped their hands with glee, for they were fond of it.

Many an afternoon Teresa took the children to listen to a public reader or story-teller. She paid one centisimo—one fifth of a cent—for herself and they spent the whole afternoon in the sunshine listening to recitations of the classic poets and wonderful deeds of Greek and Roman history.

The public reader is a delightful educator; he is equally well versed in the poetic legends and fables of medieval ages and modern history. Children hearing these tales from their earliest childhood become fairly good classic scholars with very little study.

Filippo was never weary of hearing the tale of the Alban twins who were suckled by a she-wolf and who afterwards founded Rome on her seven hills. Romulus and Remus were as real to him as his own father and mother, and he used to say he would like to be a policeman that he might wear a belt-buckle that had their images on it.

The Roman boy had a vivid imagination, and

all the myths and legends were real to him. He liked also to hear of the miracle of the angel and the flaming sword on the pinacle of St. Angelo's tower. He could almost see the angel that came in response to prayer and sheathed his sword as a sign that ravages of the plague would cease.

CHAPTER XII

FILIPPO'S SCHOOL DAYS

UNTIL his ninth year Filippo had little schooling; he ran wild, played games in the street, and being well and strong soon learned to excel in most of them. Mora was his favorite game of cards, and throwing dice a common occupation.

All games of this sort lead to disputes more or less, and bring into play the worst traits of character. Teresa was glad when his father said he must go to school to the Carmelite Brothers, in a monastery near their house.

Filippo did not like the restraint of school very much. Yet, he had more liberty than most of his companions because he was allowed to go home for his mid-day meal, since he lived so near. He learned reading, writing, geography, arithmetic, history, and religious doctrine. He continued at school until his father felt compelled to put him to work.

Every now and then Teresa's mother would send a basket of fruit and country products to the little family living in the Via Margutta. There were sure to be some of the curious Riviera lemons, and these especially delighted the children. Each lemon is shaped like little hands and feet, with distended fingers and toes. On the inside of the hands and feet is found a juicy place the size of a cent, while the rest of the lemon is thick and sweet. The children played games with the lemons and made believe they were real people.

The second of November is All Soul's Day. Everybody visits the cemetery, and flower-pots and lanterns are set at each grave on this day.

Giovanni and Teresa always made great preparations to celebrate this occasion—Giorno dei Morte, the day of the dead, as the Italians call it. Filippo wore strings of boiled chestnuts and small apples round his neck. The dinner consisted of stock fish and dried beans.

The baker made some bread of milio and corn meal, called "dead bread," which he sent to each of his customers; he also made some queer cakes in the shape of bones, which people bought and carried to the cemeteries with the oil and

wine, which is laid on the graves for the use of the spirits of the dead.

When Filippo was about ten years old he developed a very sweet singing voice, and through Father Gaetana's influence he was made a choir boy in the Capuchin Church, where he swung the incense censer and sang with boys of his own age and a little older.

This was a very good thing for him, for the influence was good and he was obliged to learn habits of regularity and punctuality. He soon knew all the music, even to the intoned Miserere. While he sang, his eyes were ever upon the picture of St. Michael, the Archangel with wings who sets his foot upon the devil and bruises his head. This picture had a wonderful fascination for him, and Father Gaetana told him that this was the way he must put his foot upon sin and conquer temptation.

CHAPTER XIII

GOD-BROTHERS AND GOD-SISTERS

IN Teresa's family they had always kept up the Sicilian custom of letting the children choose god-brothers and god-sisters for themselves, and she decided, now that Estella was old enough, her own children should do the same.

The ceremony can be performed only on Holy Baptist's Day; when that time arrived she dressed the little ones in holiday attire and Giovanni took them into the street, carefully instructed by Teresa to let them do pretty well whatever they wished to do, providing, of course, they kept within bounds, for the choice of a god-brother or sister is supposed to be the unbiased wish of the child.

It is needless to say that most mothers know how to make their children choose properly without seeming to do so. Teresa told Filippo and Estella the two children that she thought would serve them as god-brother and god-sister, but she

said, "go with your father into the street where you will find plenty of children. If any suit you better than the ones I have chosen why then you may make your petition."

Giovanni took them to Piazza di Spagna, where they mounted the flower steps and sat down to watch the crowd of children that laughed and chattered like so many monkeys.

They sat for an hour in the sunshine and talked with such of their friends as happened along, and as the little ones did not succeed in finding any one more to their minds than the children their mother had mentioned, they went home to find her ready to come out with them.

Filippo and his mother had decided that Raphael, the son of an army officer who lived near Piazza de Popoplo, would make a good god-brother. So they went at once to his house to ask if his father would permit him and if he himself felt inclined to accept the honor.

When the custom was explained to Captain Viletley, he consented at once, and they called Raphael, who was much pleased, for he and Filippo had something of an acquaintance already even though they did not belong to the same set.

To Estella, her mother said, "Now we must go

and ask the little fair-haired girl we so often see in the garden at the rear of our house—the little girl with the American mother."

"Will she be my god-sister?"

"I hope she will; we can but ask her."

So round the block they went, and through a large gate into a beautiful garden, where they found the little Inez with her father and mother going out.

When Teresa made known her child's request, the American mother said—

"What a beautiful idea; of course Inez may be your god-sister." The father, being Italian, was a bit slower about acceding to it, but did finally, and said they would all like to see the ceremonies.

Estella then offered Inez the basket of flowers she had brought with her and they cut a pomegranate in two and each child ate half of it.

Then Teresa joined their hands and told them to repeat after her the following lines—

Sister, sister mine,
Thou art mine and I am thine,
Thine my house, my bread and wine,
Thine my joys, my sacrifice,
Thine my place in paradise.

Then the two children kissed and called each

other god-sisters, and spent a very happy hour playing together. And Inez asked Teresa if Estella might not come often and play with her in the garden. She had no brothers or sisters and was often very lonely and wished she had some playmates of her own age.

Teresa consented all the more readily that she would be able to keep an eye on them from her kitchen window. After that Filippo frequently took his little sister round the street into the garden, and left her for hours with Inez.

Filippo, when he was in a hurry, suggested that they let Estella down in a basket with the rope, as it would save a lot of time, but his mother vetoed that at once, saying it was not safe.

Filippo and Raphael went through the same ceremony as that performed by the girls and when night came they all went home and to bed happy.

Giovanni and Teresa felt that they had done their duty by the children, as they had secured for each one a friend among the rich. It is an unwritten law that god-brothers and god-sisters must love one another as well, respect one another, and be faithful to one another in times of trouble, as if they had been born of the same blood; their covenant before San Giovanni exacts this of them.

If the rich child loses friends and money, the poor one will take her in and care for her, and there have been cases where the poor one worked for years to support the rich god-sister who had lost her money. Of course the rich one has always more or less of an oversight over the poor one.

CHAPTER XIV

CUSTOMS AND TRADITIONS

ONE Sunday Giovanni suggested that the family should go out to the Sacred Stairs in order that the children might see and learn about them.

"Where are the Sacred Stairs?" asked Filippo.

"Under a portico, northeast of the Basilica of St. John Lateran," replied his father. "They were brought from Jerusalem by direction of the Empress Helena and were taken from the palace once occupied by Pontius Pilate. It is said that Christ passed over them after he was cruelly scourged by Pilate's command."

"Why do we go up them?"

"In devout commemoration of this station of the Way of the Cross, and as a penance for whatever sins we may have committed. Your mother and I have often mounted them on our bended knees, as the custom is, and we think you chil-

dren are now old enough to join us in this pious act."

It was a beautiful day, and at the portico they found a throng of curious tourists and earnest pilgrims. Many of the latter were greatly moved by the performance of the beautiful pilgrimage. They kissed the stairs from time to time as they ascended, and looked upon the holy place with streaming eyes.

Our little family followed in a spirit of devotion. As Filippo and Estella climbed the stairs they saw that the original steps had been covered with wood to keep them from being too much worn.

Whenever Filippo could get permission, and sometimes when he could not, he would fly away through the Via Condotti to the Corso, which in olden times was a race-course, but is now a fashionable drive. Here he found light, color, action, and much to interest and feed his growing nature.

He soon discovered the men who stood in high places near the King and near the Pope. The man who particularly attracted him was Merry Del Val, the secretary of the Pope. Whenever there was a procession at the Vatican or St.

Peter's, he always looked for him, and, strange to say, he soon felt as if he knew the great man, and day after day he wove a wonderful romance about him.

On his way to the Corso, he passed the old Torlonia Palace, at the gate of which stands the tallest and finest-looking Portier in Rome. His six feet odd inches made him seem miles above the small boy, but he was not so far away but he would see and appreciate the child's open-eyed admiration.

He soon came to know the boy, and his pleasant smile of recognition reached down to Filippo and made him very happy. The two had many a talk together, for the Portier had boys of his own and Filippo soon became quite familiar with the great cocked hat he wore and the tall gilt-knobbed cane he carried, the cane was a staff, rather, as it was nearly as tall as the man himself.

Filippo swelled visibly when this great functionary asked if he would like to take the staff in his own hand. He reached his small hands for it; expecting to find it very heavy, but it was bamboo, and so light that he nearly dropped it in astonishment.

The Pope's Swiss Guard, gentle, fair-haired

Filippo and his Friends eating Maccaroni

giants, with their harlequin costumes, were a never-ending source of interest to Filippo, especially those on duty at the entrance to the Vatican.

"Why does the Pope have Swiss to guard him?" Filippo asked of his father.

"I have heard the story-teller say," answered Giovanni, "that in the time of the Sovereign Pontiff Julius the Second, when Louis Twelfth of France and other potentates were at war with Rome, the Swiss, feeling that the temporal power was in danger, sent an army to the Pope's relief, who by their help conquered his enemies. In 1512, accordingly, he bestowed on the Swiss the title of 'Protectors of the Liberty of the Church in Perpetuity.' He sent them many presents and a large banner bearing an inscription, the papal tiara, and the keys. Ever since that time the officers of the Swiss Guard have been selected from the best families of Switzerland. By the Pope's command Michael Angelo designed the uniforms they wear."

Filippo's knowledge of the historic interest of Rome seemed to come to him by intuition. He had played tag and hide-and-seek among the ruins of the Forum and the Coliseum; the Temple of Vespasian, and the house of the Vestals were as

familiar to him as the buildings in his own neighborhood.

He followed in the wake of the crowds of tourists who attend lectures by celebrated archeologists in the open Forum and Coliseum until he was as well versed in the ancient history of his beloved city as many an older person, but with few exceptions he loved the modern part of the city best.

CHAPTER XV

CHRISTMAS IN ITALY

THE *presepios* in the churches at Christmas time were the delight of our little family, as they are of all Italians. A *presepio* is a representation of the nativity of Christ, which is composed or arranged in different countries at Christmas, that is in all Catholic countries, though they are called by different names in different languages.

Figures from six to twelve inches high are colored and dressed to represent all the people.

All the surroundings and incidents of that time in Bethlehem are accurately imitated; mountain, plains and forests, villages with their churches; shepherds feeding their flocks, with the infant Jesus in a cradle. Ribbons are tied to the cradle that it may be easily rocked and women sometimes quarrel with each other for the privileges of singing the nurse's lullaby.

In order to have more to show, it is claimed

that when Christ was born, there was a fair at Bethlehem, which explains the fact that the manger is placed in the midst of dealers and artizans of all sorts.

Wealthy people often have a *presepio* arranged in their own houses at Christmas or in their private chapels. One of the most beautiful ones in Rome was the gift of a celebrated Prince, who, so long as he lived, arranged that there should be a fresh presentation each year. The figures used are dressed in costumes historically correct, and in some of the museums there are permanent ones that show the costumes of a long period of time. Before the figures of the Holy Family kneel the shepherds. Their sheep repose near. In the recess of the grotto-stable appear the oxen feeding in their stalls, while above, in a glory, heaven opens and the Almighty, surrounded by the celestial hosts, gazes down upon the touching scene.

The *presepio* shows best at night by artificial light. It is a wonderfully pretty picture. The most interesting *presepio* in Rome is at the Church of Ara Coeli on the top of the Capitoline Hill. A stage is raised to the level of the altar; on this appear full-sized figures of Joseph and Mary,

the latter holding in her arms a world-famed image of the "blessed Bambino" crowned with jewels.

This little figure is crudely carved of wood and, tradition says, it was made by St. Luke, the Apostle, patron of painters and sculptors. At least it is very ancient, and for centuries votive offerings have been offered at this shrine, where the nativity of the Christ Child is especially commemorated.

In olden times the Ara Coeli image of the Bambino was on Christmas Day brought out to the steps in front of the church, where hundreds of children came to venerate and sing pretty Italian verses about it. Until comparatively recent years it was borne about the streets in the great religious processions. After the Christmas *fêtes* the image is kept inclosed in glass, and at its feet may often be found little letters of children addressed to "the Blessed Bambino," the wondrous babe who was born in Bethlehem.

The priest in charge tells the visitor that on the Feast of the Epiphany (6th of January), the Bambino is carried in a grand procession through the church, held on high so that all may see the image of the Sacred Child. Then the great doors of the edifice are thrown wide open, and it is

shown to the crowds that wait on the steps outside. High Mass is celebrated.

The ancient image is much revered by the faithful. Formerly it was sometimes taken to the house of a person who was ill and suffered to remain there for an hour or two while prayers were said for the recovery of the stricken one.

Upon a certain occasion, says the legend, it was left at the home of a lady who was sick unto death.

The woman, wishing to keep the miraculous image, had another carved like it and wrapped in its swaddling clothes, and she sent the false image back to the church.

The work was so carefully done that the deception was not discovered, and the image was reverently placed in the Bambino chapel.

The following evening was wild and stormy. As the priests were closing the doors for the night they heard a gentle voice crying, and some one knocking without.

They were amazed, but opened the door, and there was the real Bambino, cold and wet, begging to be taken in and sheltered.

Since that time, the authorities of Ara Coeli, fearing to be again deceived, have never allowed the Bambino to be taken from the church.

CHAPTER XVI

ITALIAN CAVALRY

RAPHAEL'S father, being captain of a cavalry troop, was stationed at the riding-school at Torre del Quinta. It was Raphael's delight to take Filippo out in his little cart on exhibition days to see his father and the other officers ride. He was very proud of his father's skill, and his young heart was in his throat when he saw some of the daring feats he performed.

The school is on the brow of one of a cluster of hills, and the exercises consist of putting the horses down one steep incline and up another as fast as possible. It was very interesting to the boys to watch the variety of ways in which the different horses came up and down the hills and later took their hurdles.

Most of them had learned their lessons well and they would come galloping up to the brow of the hill and then stop suddenly, put their front

feet together, and slide down the turf as if it were ice or a smooth plank. They humped their backs and nearly stood on their heads, but were never able to throw their riders.

It was rare fun to attend these exhibitions; the King and Queen often were present and there were hundreds of visitors scattered about on the neighboring hills.

These exhibitions made such an impression upon Filippo that he determined to go into the cavalry service if possible. When he saw the brilliant uniforms and beheld the gay officers dashing by in their long cloaks of blue, he thought it must be very fine to be an army man. When he told his father about it, he said, "Wait until you have served your three years, it will be time enough then to decide whether you will remain in the army."

"My three years; what do you mean?" echoed Filippo.

"I mean that when you are twenty-one years old you will have to do three years' time in the King's service."

"But I need not go if I do not wish to, need I?"

"Your wishes have nothing to do with the matter. It is the law, and you and every other boy

must obey; that is, every boy who is not the support of his parents."

Filippo's god-brother Raphael proved of great advantage to him in many ways; he was particularly kind in furnishing amusement, for he owned a pony and was so good that often when they were enjoying their hour on the Pincian Hill, he would dismount and let Filippo have a turn or two around the course.

Until noon the nurses and children and a few tourists have the beautiful garden or park on the Pincian Hill to themselves, but later in the day the fashionable folk take possession of it and drive round and round, as they do in Hyde Park and Central Park, seeing and being seen.

Once the groom took Raphael and Filippo out to a meet about ten miles in the country. The Italians are very fond of hunting and there isn't a finer sight than the huntsmen in their red coats and the pack in full cry, running hither and sniffing the air to get the scent; when their way lay along one of the old aqueducts, as it often did, they would make a wonderfully brilliant picture as the riders wound in and out under the crumbling masonry that dates back to the days of Caesar.

CHAPTER XVII

LOTTERY TICKETS

FILIPPO played the mysterious game of Moro, skittles, and stone throwing, and bought tickets in the *tombola*, the open lottery, for it must be remembered that a great many people buy lottery tickets in Italy.

Giovanni bought tickets but he seldom won anything, and never the great prize, but still he never seemed discouraged, but continued to buy as usual.

When Filippo had saved a little money from his expeditions in the streets, selling papers, apples, etc., he determined to buy a lottery ticket for himself. So one day, taking all his little store, he went to the shop where his father bought his tickets and invested it all in two tickets, feeling sure that one of them would win the grand prize.

He waited with what patience he could for the drawing to come off and when the day arrived,

he could hardly eat his breakfast or do anything else, he was so anxious to get his money.

To tell you of the things he was intending to do with that money would be to write another book. He meant to buy everything his mother and sister wanted and then have money enough to take the whole family to New York, and to buy them a home near Uncle Beppo, and many other things.

When the numbers of the prize-winners were published he could hardly see them so excited was he. He read them through once, and not finding either of his numbers on the list he was sure there must be a mistake, that he had read them too hurriedly.

Again and again he went through the list, only to be disappointed at last. His disappointment and grief were so great that he became ill. When Teresa put him to bed at night he was in a high fever, but she knew that this was the result of over-excitement, and thought he would be all right in the morning—and he was.

This was a hard lesson for the little fellow, but it was just what he needed, for he determined never to buy any more lottery tickets and to save his money to "go to America with."

About this time Giovanni had letters from his brother Beppo, and they were so encouraging that Filippo made up his mind that when he was old enough at least to visit his uncle and see what the chances were there for a young man.

His uncle wrote that at first he bought fruit and a push-cart and went through the street selling it. He made a fairly good profit on it and saved his money until he had quite a sum, but he was never satisfied with city life; he wanted to live in the country.

After several prosperous years he determined to go into a country village and see if he could not do as well there. His two children, a boy and girl, were growing up and were big enough to help, so, by the advice and aid of the priest, he went to a town in central New York, and with his money opened a fruit store, where he sold lemonade and soda as well as fruit.

He had thrived beyond his wildest expectations, and now owned the very comfortable house in which he lived; his children had a good education, and he was very happy; he needed only one thing to content him, and that was some one of his own family with him. Would not Giovanni and Teresa come!

Giovanni and Teresa talked the matter over, but the final conclusion was that there were too many family ties in Italy.

"But I may go when I am big, may I not?" asked Filippo.

"We'll see when the time comes," answered his father.

This, of course, satisfied the child at the time, but he always kept in mind the fact that he was to go to New York when he was a man and all his little plans were made with that end in view.

He saved his money and built many a castle in the air, for if Uncle Beppo could prosper and make money in America he could, and then he could send for father, mother, and sister Estella and they would all be so much better off.

You see Filippo had imbibed some of the spirit of the times, and had become a thoroughly go-ahead person. Times were bad for poor people in Rome, and he determined to better not only his own condition but that of his family.

He thought his mother and sister quite the prettiest women he had ever seen, and he loved them with all his heart. He wanted them to live in a house all by themselves and to have finer clothes and more jewelry, like the great ladies

he saw in the streets, and he felt not only willing but able to work and earn money for this purpose.

Giovanni was of old stock and wedded to the ways of his father and it grieved him to see how unhappy his boy was, for he saw that in course of time Filippo would follow Beppo to America, and he and Teresa would be left behind alone.

Since she could remember, Teresa had had coral earrings and necklace, for these are two pieces that no Italian woman is without, and several handsome pieces of gold jewelry, for jewelry is the passion, particularly of the women of Naples and Rome.

As Estella had grown up Giovanni and Filippo had given her many articles of coral and gold, until she was better provided with personal adornment than most girls in her station in life. She was very happy and contented, and sang and danced in the sunshine all day.

Filippo and Estella learned to dance the *Santanella*, which is the favorite dance of Southern Italy. Whenever they heard an organ they went out and danced in the street or sometimes they got Marta, a neighbor girl, to come and play the tambourine for them.

When the two girls danced it they stood opposite to each other, each grasping the corner of her big apron, and then began their evolutions.

They placed their arms alternately akimbo, while they raised the apron high in the air, occasionally drawing it tightly across the knee. Sometimes both boys and girls danced it, in which case the boy rested on one knee and placed the other at the disposal of the girl; the posturing and manipulations changing continually. It is most inspiriting.

When Teresa's bridesmaid was married they all dressed in their best clothes and went to the wedding. They met the wedding party at the priest's house where the ceremony was performed and then they all went in procession to the altar of the church for the benediction.

There was a feast and a procession to the bridegroom's house. The bride wore white and enormous quantities of jewelry, pearls, and corals. When they arrived at the door of her new home, they found the door locked. In answer to loud knocking, the door was opened by the groom's mother, who embraced her new daughter-in-law and put on her a new apron, thus receiving her into the family and carrying out an old Tuscany

custom, for she had come from the vine-clad hills of Tuscany. The marriage feast commenced at noon and was kept up until midnight, but at nightfall Filippo and Estella were so tired that they could hardly get home.

"Don't want to go to any more weddings," said Estella, as her eyes closed in sleep.

CHAPTER XVIII

Naples

BEFORE Giovanni was married he had spent a few weeks in Naples, but he had not enjoyed his stay there very much, for the Neapolitans are very different from the Romans. They are more emotional and far more excitable.

He loved the beautiful bay and never was weary seeing Vesuvius, although he said he was really very much afraid there would be a terrible eruption before he got away.

He was there in the autumn when there was a little festival in honor of the Virgin of Piedigrotto, which he described to Teresa and the children. It lasted nearly forty hours and during all the time the whole population of Naples was in the streets singing, dancing, and playing every kind of musical instrument.

In olden times this celebration was a court function and royalty attended it in gilded coaches.

The Italian aristocracy still favor it, and come in from their country places at Sorrento and Castellamare to take part in the ceremonies, which are kept up all night.

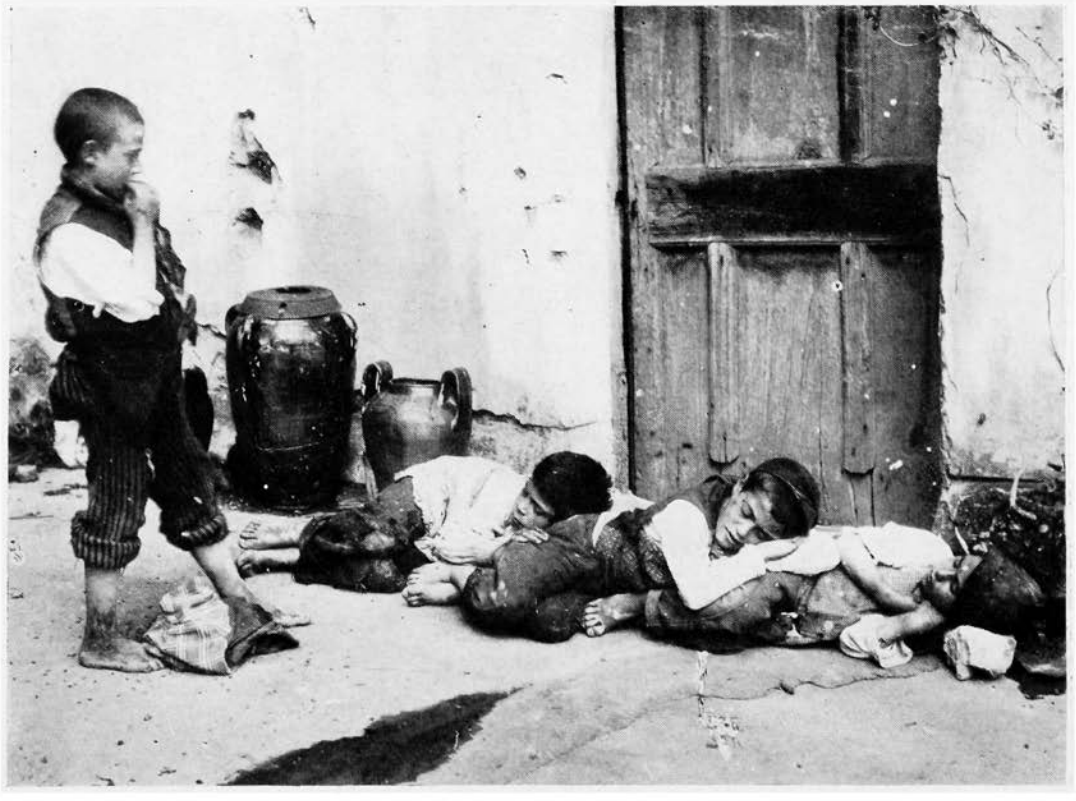
Giovanni's friend was a cab-driver and was, he thought, most brutal to his horse. He would beg his friend not to whip his horse so much nor to drive him so fast, but the more Giovanni pleaded with him the more he beat the poor beast.

"The decorations of uncle Josef's harness is is not to be compared with that of the Neapolitan horses," said Filippo's father, "for some of the harnesses are literally made up of charms. The horse carries a bell on his head with four jingling clappers; this has a brass crescent above it and one below it with horns pointing downward."

"Has he got a horn and a piece of wolf-skin?" asked Filippo.

"Yes, and the horn is tied with a bunch of bright colored ribbons. The head-stall is bedecked with a pheasant's tail; two brass flags wave to and fro above the collar. The harness is studded with rows of brass-headed nails and there is no end of brass-plating.

There is no bit in the horse's mouth, such as



Italian Beggars

is used with our horses, my boy. There is a metal plate resting on the nasal bone above the nostrils; this has two outstanding arms to which are attached the reins and an extra strap on each side; this passes through a ring, and is fastened to a pointed plate with rough edges which rest on the under jaw opposite the nose-plate. One pull on this causes the nose and jaw to be held in a powerful grip which my friend said was more effective than a common bit, such as we use. It may be so, but I think I wouldn't like it. However, I know nothing about horses, so I cannot say.

"The people in Naples have a special devotion to St. Januarius," he continued thoughtfully, trying to bring back his impressions of that wonderful visit. "They never speak his name without taking off their hats or making some sign of veneration.

"Among other things," Giovanni said, "the poor people in Naples were more badly off than those of Rome. They practically live in the street; they only seek shelter in their dark windowless homes after nightfall.

"Indeed, in the hot summer months, they often sleep on the roofs if they have access to them;

if not, they bring their poor pallets to the street and calmly lie down to sleep secure in the knowledge that they possess nothing that would be of value to a thief. In the morning they perform their ablutions at the tank of running water, in front of the door, and as they have slept in their clothes, they have no bother of dressing, and are ready for the day in a short time.

"The women wear a very different dress from your mother or any of the women here. Some of them look like great black crows. They put on two black silk petticoats and tie them around the waist. One is turned up over the head and fastened with a hook and eye, with the frill falling over the face."

"How did you learn all this?" said Teresa.

"Why, one of the women came into Scipio's house and I saw her undo it, and then watched her when she prepared to go away. Oh, there's many a queer thing in Naples, beautiful as it is."

CHAPTER XIX

THE CARNIVAL

AT the time of a canonization and on other *fête* days, the whole interior of the Vatican basilica is hung with velvet draperies, which are supposed to enhance the beauty of the decorations, but in reality they detract from and hide it.

Through Father Gaetana, who belonged to his family, Giovanni was able to secure this work, which was fairly profitable. When Filippo was free he accompanied his father and soon learned to climb the ladders nimbly, drive tacks, and be of considerable use. In this way he learned to know the pictures, the different schools of art, and when he was only a lad had a knowledge of ancient art that would have been creditable to many a student.

As the pleasure as well as the serious business of life for an Italian begins and ends with the Church, nothing escapes a religious flavor, and

it was most natural that Filippo should find his greatest pleasure in religious processions.

He could not remember the time when he had not looked forward to the Carnival also as a season of great enjoyment, and for him none of its glories had fled, although Giovanni told him he could remember the time when people came to Rome for the Carnival from all parts of the world.

"In the olden days," he said, "there was more pomp and splendor about the frivolity of the affair, but that has passed with the magnificence of many other pageants at Rome.

"Still the citizens endeavor to keep up the spirit of the festival, but the modern carnival falls far short of the spectacles that gladdened the eyes of high and low half a century ago.

"Crowds of people filled the streets, wearing masks and patches, and painted to make as much sport as possible. Men put on girls' clothes and danced and kicked about in horse-play, threw confetti and flowers into the carriages of the curious tourists.

"In the evening ladies carried little transparent lanterns of red, blue, and green; nobody was well dressed, for the fun would ruin good clothes; nothing did the crowd more good than to catch

sight of a well-dressed person; he or she became the target for showers of confetti and sometimes far less pleasant things.

"Horse racing was a feature of the Carnival; there were no riders, but in order to excite the animals, plates of gilded copper with gilded spikes in the inner side hung at their flanks and pricked them as they ran.

"The heavy guns boomed from the Castle of St. Angelo, and the Carnival began; the fun was fast and furious for a few hours and then again the heavy boom was heard and the Carnival was over for the day.

"On the evening of the last day, King Carnival was carried to his grave with many lighted tapers, all of which were suddenly extinguished at 12 o'clock, and Strada de Popolo was silent as the grave; the great playtime was over for a whole twelve month."

On Giovedi Grasso, that is Thursday in mid-Lent, Filippo was invited to the house of his god-brother, where they burned the effigy of an old woman. This is an ancient and curious custom, resembling the Spanish one of burning Judas, and one that has given Italian children great pleasure.

They took some old clothes, skirts, drawers,

and stockings, and stuffed them with rags, paper, and straw, putting a big bunch of fire-crackers in the center.

Then they put on a mask and wig made of paper and shavings. The gloves and boots were stuffed with fire-crackers and a fringe of crackers was hung around the petticoat and more bunches were fastened to the parasol which they put into her hand.

When finished they hung the image with pieces of wire in the center of the court, or as nearly so as they could, and held her in place by wires fastened to the upper balconies.

Raphael had invited all his little friends to come and see the sport and they had a fine time watching the image burn and waiting for the crackers to explode.

As several of the other boys had made an image also, they went from Raphael's home in a crowd to see them all. Thus you see Filippo was brought in contact with boys who were his superior by birth and station, but as Raphael was so fond of him, and he was a well-behaved lad, Raphael's friends accepted him as theirs also.

Giovanni told Filippo that when he was young he had seen some curious processions in Genoa,

where he used to go with his father to help decorate the Cathedral. As he did not quite understand the origin and meaning of these, it will be better to quote from one who does.

"The religious processions of Genoa are characteristic of the first half of the ninteenth century. One of them dates back six or seven centuries to the time when St. Francis of Assisi brought into existence a number of pious confraternities who used to go about the streets in large companies, scourging themselves, exhibiting holy relics, and calling sinners to repentance.

"The pageants were called *casa*, or houses. The sackcloth and scourges of the original processionist were soon replaced by silken robes and silver wands. Two of these companies were noted, and have lasted longer than any other.

"The crucifix was in one case flesh-tinted; the other was of dark wood. They became known as the Christo il Bianco, and Christo el Moro, and their followers were known as the companies of the black and white Christ. They were headed by a military band, the banners presented a beautiful display of color, and a vast throng of people followed in the train of the richly vested ecclesiastics.

"The principal personages carried staves surmounted by images of saints in gold or silver. The crucifix was the central object, and, notwithstanding its weight of two hundred pounds, the honor of bearing it was eagerly sought. It was carried in a socket attached to a leather girdle worn around the waist and supported from the shoulders. A platform with full-sized figures, representing some episode in the life of the patron saint of the *casa*, was also a part of the procession. This was so heavy that thirty persons were required to move it, and only those trained to the work could do it successfully."

The Good Friday pageant always drew crowds of spectators. The whole scene of Christ's crucifixion was gone through with life-size pasteboard figures, and Christ was taken from the Rood with sobs and groans, after all the Stations of the Cross had been made.

After sunset the streets were illuminated with colored lights; the procession included white-robed figures, little children furnished with angels' wings, and half-nude flagellants who used chains to beat and bruise their bodies in penance for sin. Their identity was concealed and it was generally supposed they were personages of high

degree. The image of Christ was placed on a catafalque heavily draped with black and this was carried by black-robed penitents.

The next morning men went about clapping bits of wood together to summon the faithful to church, since no bells are rung from Holy Thursday until the Gloria in Excelsis (Glory be to God in the Highest) is sung on Holy Saturday, when the Easter ceremonies are begun.

CHAPTER XX

ASH WEDNESDAY AND PALM SUNDAY

AT Rome in olden times, children of three and four years of age were taught little sermons on the birth of Jesus. These they delivered between Christmas and the Epiphany. The little ones wore cassocks and surplices, and preached with the same assurance that they collected money for sweetmeats, afterwards.

On Ash Wednesday, after the Mass, which Teresa and her children attended at St. Peter's, they knelt before an altar while the priest made the Sign of the Cross on their foreheads, dipping his finger into the ashes of last year's palms, which had been burned for the occasion, and saying, "Remember man (mankind) that thou art dust and into dust thou shalt return."

When Palm Sunday came Giovanni took Teresa and the children to see the doves sent out from the different churches. It was a pretty sight, as

well as a very old custom. The birds nest in the nooks and crannies of the walls of the churches and neighboring buildings, as in the case of the doves of St. Mark's at Venice. Sometimes the State furnishes a fund for their support, but oftener the money is provided by individuals. It is forbidden to shoot the birds. Many must, nevertheless, be killed, otherwise the increase would prove unmanageable.

In some parts of Italy the poor people arrange on Good Friday to sing a grave and solemn chant in twenty-four verses, following the life of our Lord in His Passion. Each verse takes five minutes, and the listening crowd preserve order and quiet.

The *festa dell addobbo* is celebrated on the second or third Sunday in June. Each parish has this feast once every ten years.

Great preparations are made; every one cleans and restores his house; the poor use whitewash and are clean once a year at least.

Rich people, charitably inclined, give complete suits of clothing to thirty or forty families of children; these they wear on the following Sunday in procession through the streets, which are decorated with flowers and plants. The rich

people of Italy do a great deal for the poor, who seem to expect it and complain if they do not receive help.

One morning Giovanni came back hurriedly to say that one of their neighbors had died, and the funeral would take place that night. A funeral is never at any time an enlivening sight, but when a burial takes place at night accompanied by attendants with flaming torches, it is a weird and ghastly sight.

Teresa went to the house and found that they had draped the room in black, put the fires out, and sent for the blind singers to come and chant the dirges, which consist of praises of the dead and the penitential psalms.

There are several Brotherhoods of Death; a majority of Italian men belong to one or the other of these; by paying a small sum annually, they are certain to secure for themselves and their families a proper burial. Their bodies are escorted to the grave by members of the confraternity wearing hoods and long cloaks that reach to their heels.

The robes are black or white, or both, according to the Brotherhood, and are decorated with skulls and cross-bones in a gruesome fashion.

Italian Funeral

Sometimes a Brother from one of the societies comes and takes away the body and keeps it until the funeral; he is sure to do this if the people live in very small rooms.

The palls used at funerals are very large and heavy, with silver fringe and thick tassels. All the old Roman families have one of their own with a coat of arms in the center. For ordinary people the undertaker or the Brotherhood furnishes one.

The coffin is carried on a high catafalque, and as the procession passes along the street every Italian removes his hat and comes to a standstill until the cortège has passed. Audibly he exclaims, "Health to ourselves." The De Profundis and other psalms and prayers are said or sung for the repose of the soul of the dead man who is being carried to the Campo Santo, as the cemetery is called.

CHAPTER XXI

EASTER

EASTER is the great day of the Church, and to all Romans one of unusual significance. Thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the Christian world arrive during Holy Week, and the city is so full that everybody is uncomfortable.

One year, when Teresa's father and mother had come to visit their children and grandchildren, the little family made even more of a holiday than usual of it, for did not grandfather and grandmother want to see how Easter was kept in Rome!

Grandmother had brought a basket of eggs from the country, and Filippo and Estella were delighted to have the opportunity of helping to color them. They gave most of them away to their little friends, who in turn gave them similar presents, until the house was full of eggs.

After breakfast they went into the Piazza di

Spagna and sat on the stairs and watched the crowd, bright and picturesque as every Italian crowd is, as it surged through the square on its way to church.

Then they went to St. Peter's, for the old folk wanted to see the Pope as he was carried through the great aisles in solemn procession. They arrived just in time to see the procession as it came in.

The Holy Father was seated in the great chair of state, called the Sedia Gestatoria. It had heavy leathern curtains and the guards wore swords and carried halberds. The chair was carried on the shoulders of twelve grooms dressed alike in long red robes that reached to their heels.

Two other grooms similarly dressed, walked behind the Pope and carried huge fans of peacock's feathers, which are called flambella. One end of the fan stick was fixed to a stave of the chair so that the grooms had only to steady them. The motion of the chair moved the fans continually.

The dignitaries of the Church, cardinals, bishops, archbishops, and priests of lesser degree in full robes, walked solemnly in their order, presenting a most imposing sight.

Filippo and Estella were told that the Pope, as a lesson in humility, washed the feet of twelve poor men, worthy of the privilege, and afterwards gave each of the men a bouquet of flowers.

Then, our little family attended the exposition of the Saint Veronica relic—the holy veil or handkerchief with which a pious woman is said to have wiped the face of Christ on His way to the Cross. This veil retained the imprint of His features, and the Roman people regard it with peculiar veneration.

The Easter dinner of Filippo and his relations was an unusually good one. Teresa had prepared peas with majoram and bay; fresh fish, a lump of lamb, and sweetbreads with fruit and pastry, for it was their custom to celebrate the passing of Lent, with its fast days, by a substantial feast.

It was while the grandparents were visiting them this time that Giovanni was photographed with his father and Filippo, and fine specimens of three generations they were, too.

Harvest festivals are looked forward to by the humbler classes in both town and country, and Teresa's mother told of some of the customs of Sicily.

On the first Sunday in October the grain to be

used for seed the following year is taken to the church to be blessed by the priest. The sacks containing this grain are, if possible, tied with a thread of flax gathered during a year of great abundance, for the peasant saying is that, otherwise, there will be small return from the seed. This is, of course, merely a superstition.

In sowing the seed in the spring, however, the peasant makes the sign of the cross, and the land, when prepared, is blessed by the priest with the sacred sign and holy water.

In the country districts about Rome the peasant girls have a pretty custom, which is carried out with the knowledge of all interested.

When the grain on a arge farm has been threshed and stored in the granary, the girls invoke the blessing of Heaven upon the year's harvest.

For this purpose they take their rosaries and walk around the grain while they recite their prayers. As each bead of the rosary is said, they pick up a handful of the seed and place it in their aprons, and continue to do so until their prayers are ended. The owner of the grain concedes that the small quantity thus gathered belongs to them and they sell it as they please.

CHAPTER XXII

FIRST COMMUNION

GIOVANNI thought Filippo should have received his first Communion when he was about ten years old, but he seemed to have grown idle and careless, and when he came up for examination he could not pass.

Giovanni and Teresa alternately coaxed and scolded the boy, but it was not until he was twelve years old that he knew his Creed and Catechism well enough to please Father Gaetana. To the surprise of the whole family, Estella was ready for her first Communion at the same time; she had heard all the talk about Filippo's being indolent, and she determined that they should have no fault to find with her. Filippo was so happy that he danced and sung for very joy.

Estella wore a white dress with a veil and wreath, and looked a little fairy, her brother told her. Filippo was given a new suit of black and wore on his arm a white ribbon bow with

gold tassels on the end. There was not a prouder nor happier family in Rome that Easter when the children were confirmed.

When the services in their own church were over they went home to the Italian early breakfast of coffee and a bit of bread, and then to St. Peter's. Here they saw the Pope in his chair again when he came out on the balcony to give his blessing and send a shower of fluttering papers upon the waiting multitude. The papers were mostly little printed prayers. After the services Teresa and the children remained that they might get a better view of the sepulchre and the tomb which had been arranged for the Easter service. Then they set out for Santa Maria Maggiore to see the cradle in which the Child Jesus was once laid.

As they passed the Capuchian Church with a Cross fastened on the door, the children reminded each other how their mother had always lifted them up to kiss the Cross whenever they passed that way, before they were big enough to reach it themselves.

Filippo was so frolicsome that he would run on ahead of the rest of the family and lift up the great leathern curtain that hangs before all

church doors, just to show how strong he was.

When they had had their dinner Giovanni broached a subject he had long had in mind. He asked Filippo if he had made up his mind about aiming to enter the priesthood, because if he had decided to do so, he would have to make a change in his studies; or rather, he must keep on with his studies; otherwise, having gone to school the required time, he must now begin to work in earnest.

They talked long and seriously, but at last Giovanni was forced to acknowledge to himself that Filippo showed no indications of a vocation to become a priest.

"I want to go into business and make money for you and mother and sister," he said; "money enough to go to America and see Uncle Beppo and my cousins out there.

"I will work with you, father, and do as you tell me, until I am twenty-one, then I must go into the army for three years. When I return you will certainly think I am old enough to do as I like, won't you?"

"Yes, you can do as you like in all things but one; you cannot marry without my consent until you are twenty-five," laughed his father.

"I would have only a year to wait, and that wouldn't be long, but I don't want to marry; I want to make some money."

Disappointed as he was, Giovanni dropped the matter, seeing no good in argument when one was so determined as Filippo was.

When Filippo and Estella were a few years older Giovanni told them of an old custom of his youth. On St. Valentine's Day the young people chose their mates for the coming year.

The girls chose first, the boys replied with bouquets and other presents.

During the year the two Valentines met at entertainments and visited each other, went to the Corso together, and treated each other as intimate acquaintances. On the succeeding Valentine's Day each girl chose another mate, unless she wished to marry the first one, in which case she named him the second time. There was nothing obligatory about the arrangement; it could be dropped at any time at the inclination of either one; it was simply a pleasant way of becoming better acquainted.

CHAPTER XXIII

SCHOOL DAYS AND ARMY LIFE

GIOVANNI kept Filippo in school until he was fifteen; then he said he might leave and help him in his work. This the young lad was glad to do, as he hated school and was eager to begin the business life.

Nothing occurred to disturb the even tenor of their ways until the year Filippo was twenty-one years, then he was summoned by the Government to present himself for inspection and selection.

He passed his examination unusually well, as he was a fine specimen of a young man, physically, and his education had been beyond that of the majority of lads of his station. If he had failed in this he would have been sent to evening school after his enlistment.

Night schools and technical schools continue the soldier's education, and when he leaves the

army he is fairly well equipped to meet the world.

The Italian soldier may not marry during the years of his service. The prohibition seems needless, since his pay would not do much towards supporting a wife, to say nothing of children. Ten centimes—one penny—a day, is not a princely large wage, even though he has in addition his clothes and board, with wine and coffee to make the hard bread palatable.

When Filippo expressed his preference for the cavalry service he was told that his wish would be gratified. He returned to the little house in Via Margutta quite elated, and talked incessantly of what he would do when his term of service had expired.

He would save his money—he had a little in the bank already—and he would take his father and mother and "baby sister" to New York to see Uncle Beppo and to begin life under what he thought would be better conditions.

The family was sad and sorrowful, and he was glad when the day of his departure came, for he could not endure the unusual gloom. Hope was high in his breast, and he looked forward to the

future with the bright anticipation that is the heritage of youth.

At last the day came, when with others he was uniformed and equipped, and he must leave Rome. Giovanni, Teresa, and Estella went to the camp to see the company depart, and although their hearts were filled with aching, they could not but feel proud of the well set-up and handsome Filippo.

Again and again they said good-bye, and although they had been expecting the order to march for a half hour, when it came it found them with many last words unsaid.

Then a rapid run, a banging of canteens against the hips, a noisy dancing of cartridges in their boxes, a confusion, a cloud of dust that envelopes and covers every one, and Filippo has gone to his three years of military life.

With tears in their eyes and a lump in their throats, the family slowly return to the now desolate home, realizing that though Filippo may come again, he will never be the same, nor will he ever again live in the dear old home.

Estella tried to cheer her father and mother, but her efforts were of little avail for they could see the future and fear it more than she did.

However, they soon had a comforting letter from the soldier boy, and the loneliness became bearable.

Filippo was able to come home for several short visits, and how proud and happy they all were! He told them that by doing some light work for one of his officers, he had been able to make some money, and enjoined upon them all the necessity of being ready to go to New York when his service expired, as he would then have money enough to take them.

At last came the day when he returned to them and at once begged them to begin their preparation, for he was more determined than ever to seek a home in America.

"It is hard transplanting old trees," said Giovanni, "but we must go with the children, Teresa; we cannot be left behind to eat our hearts out after them." So he took his little hoard of money that he had carefully saved for so many years, and the four went to Uncle Beppo; and so pleased were they with the new world that they settled down near their relatives, and it is needless to say that they prospered and were happy, although they never forgot Rome and their happy life there.

When he was a middle-aged man, Filipo went back to Rome on a visit, and then it was he began to appreciate the advantages he had enjoyed as a boy and to be very grateful that he had been born a Roman.