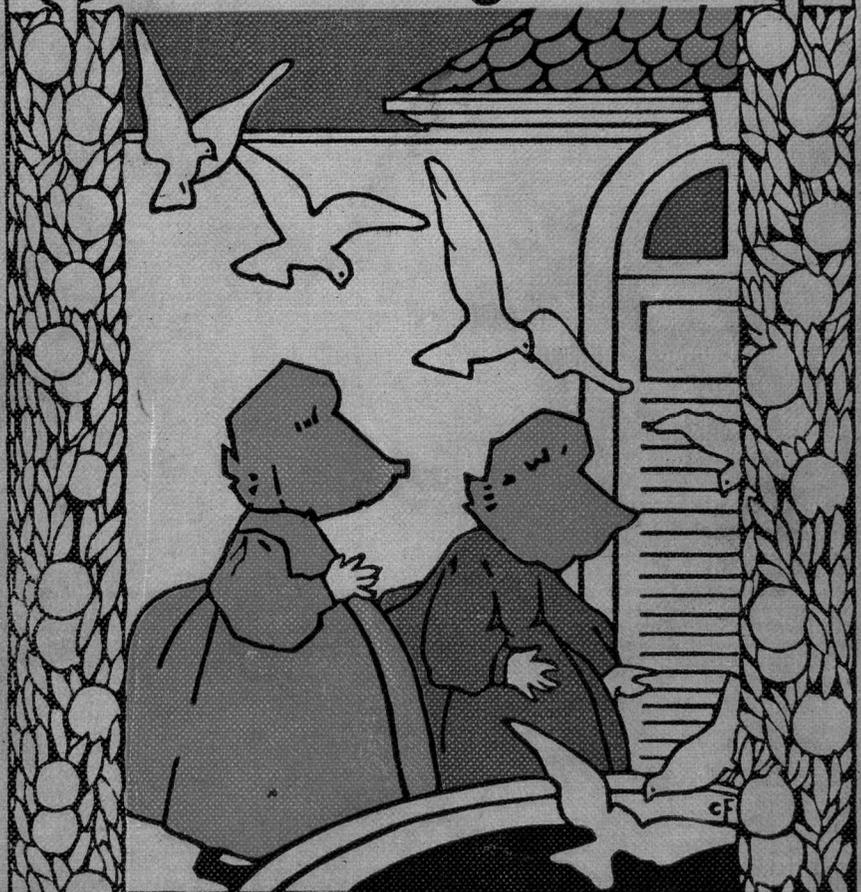


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# The Sunbonnet Babies in Italy

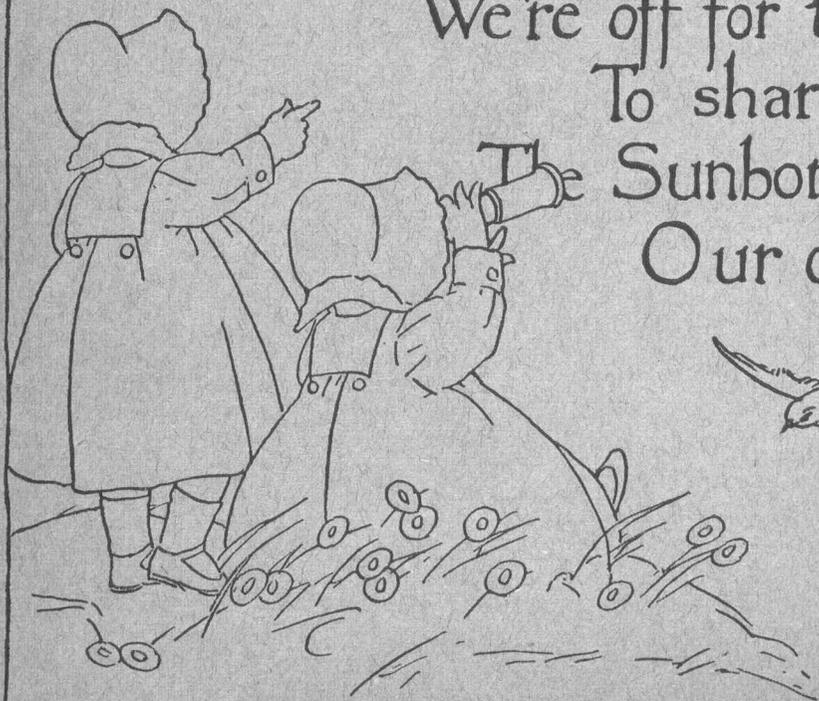


Eulalie Osgood Grover

There's a far-away land,  
That is set in a  
Where song-birds are singing  
The summer and

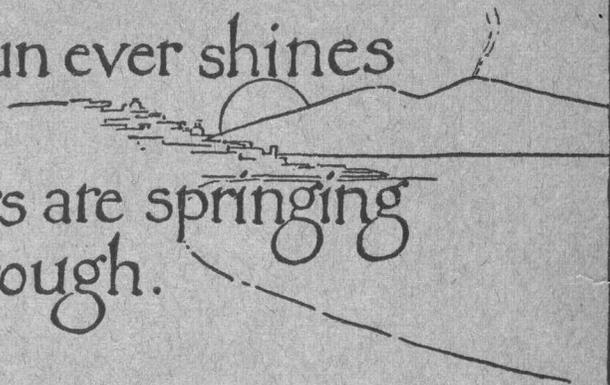


We're off for that  
To share in  
The Sunbonnet  
Our own



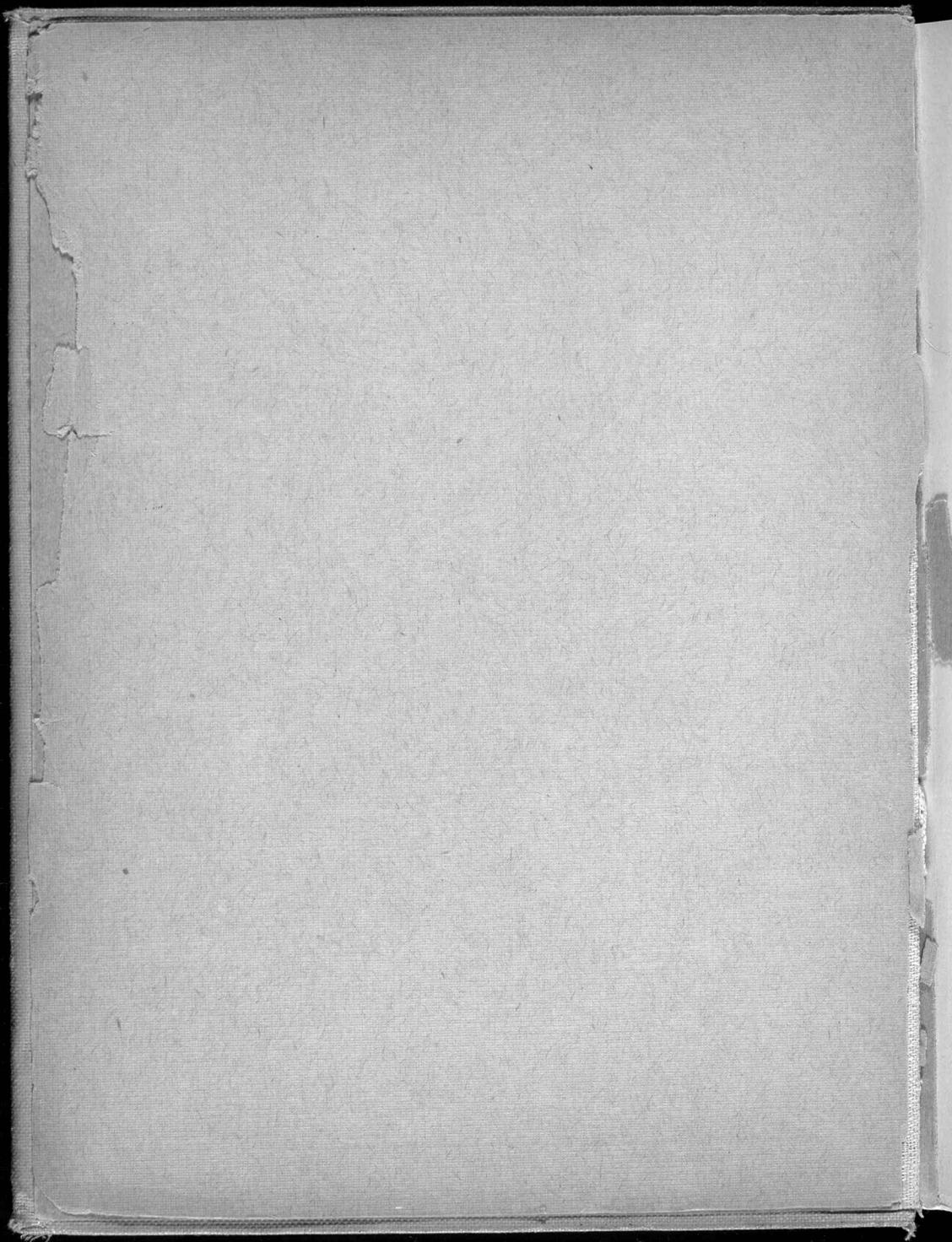
where the sun ever shines  
sea of blue.

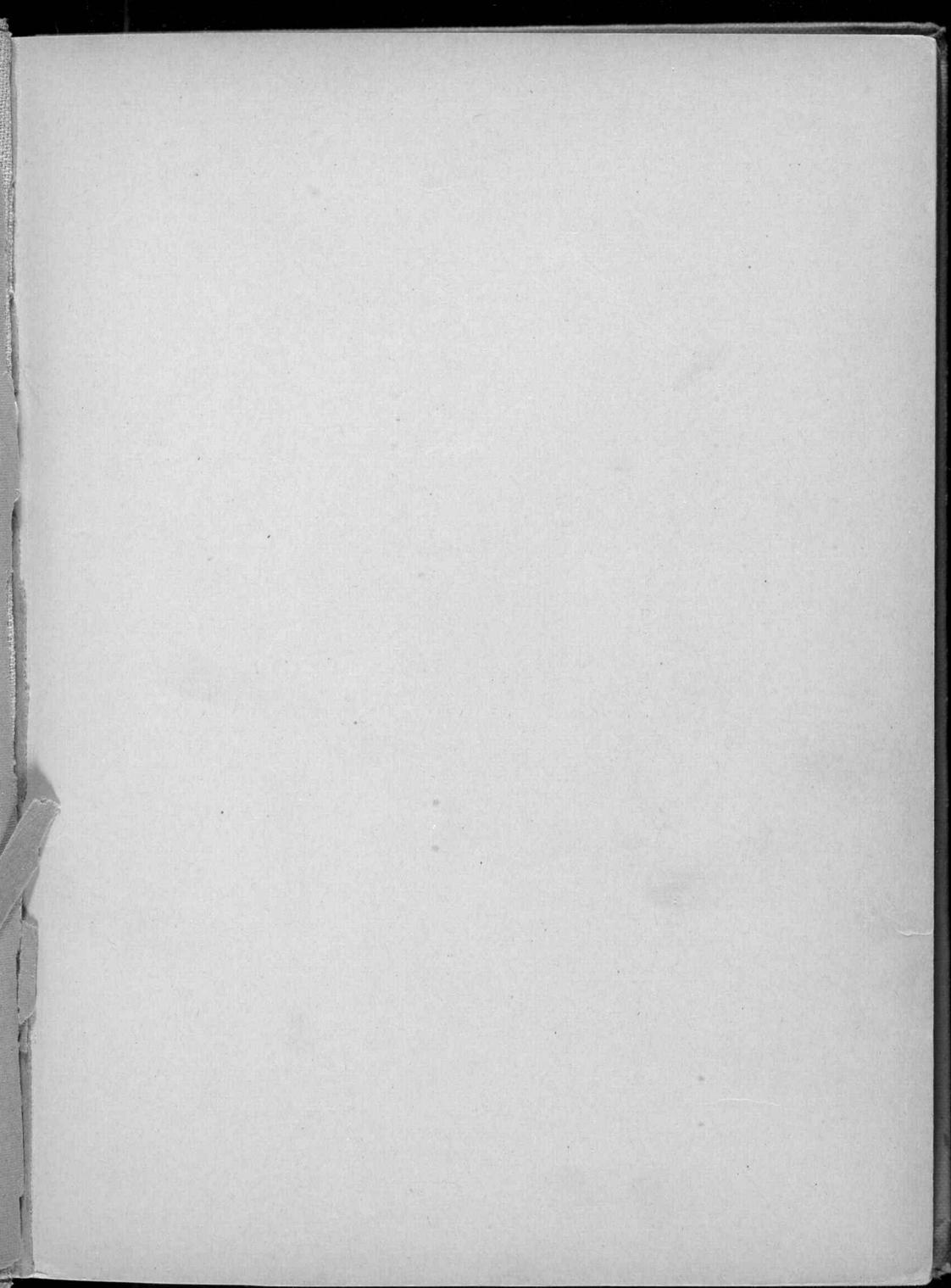
and flowers are springing  
winter through.

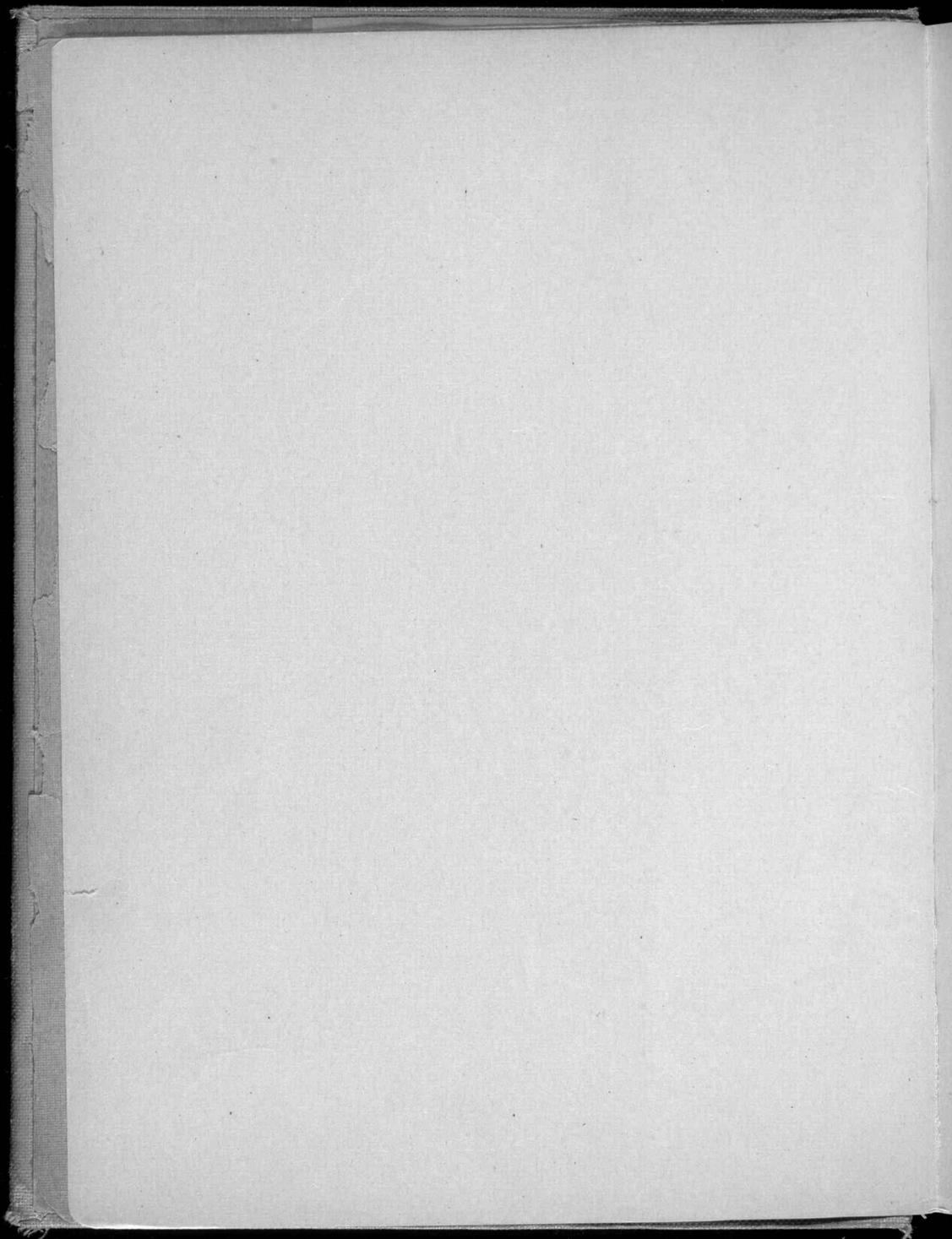


land, fair Italy's land,  
its song and its play.  
Babies shall be our guide-  
little Molly and May.

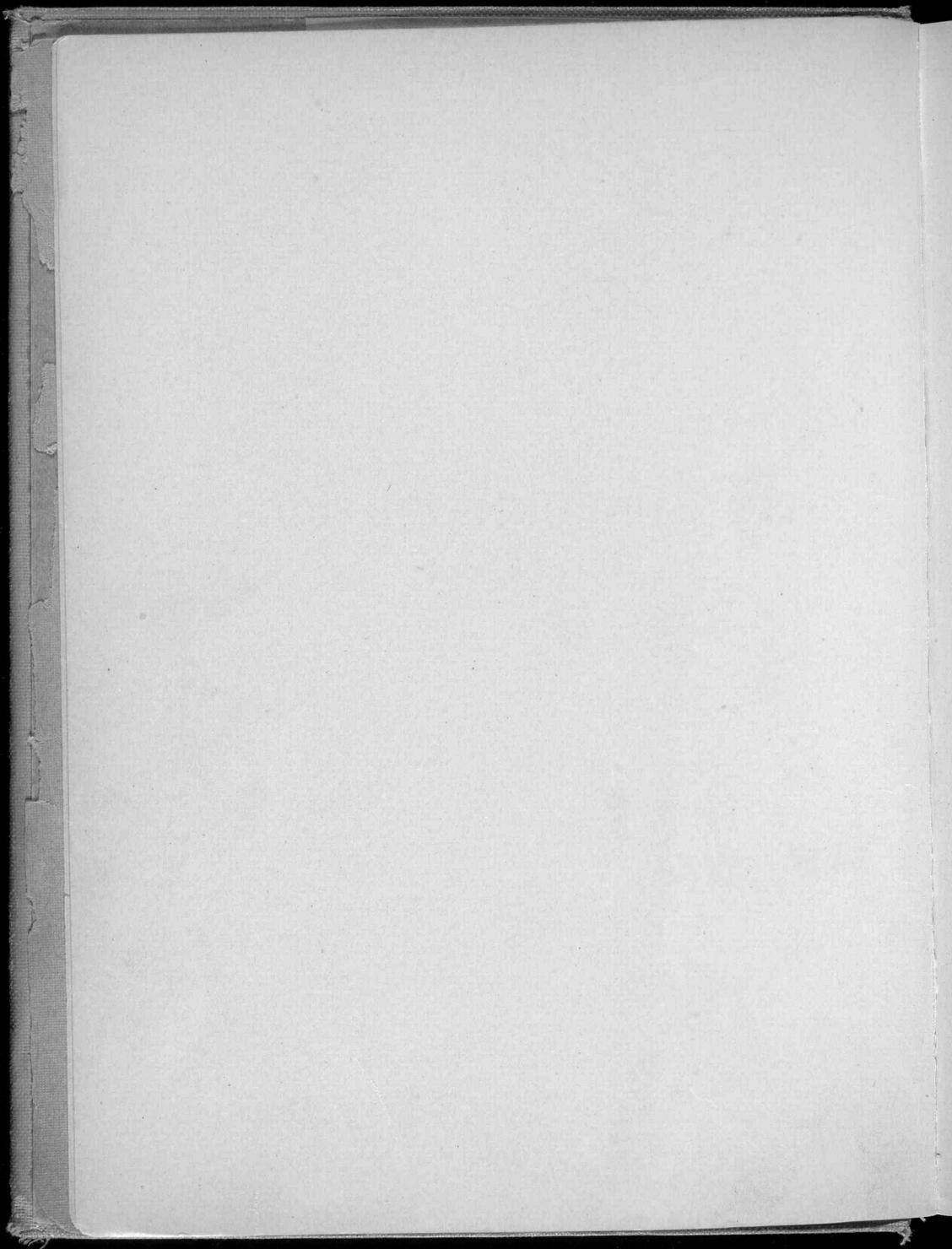








THE SUNBONNET BABIES  
IN ITALY



*The*  
SUNBONNET BABIES  
IN ITALY

By EULALIE OSGOOD GROVER

Author of "The Sunbonnet Babies' Primer," "The Sunbonnet  
Babies in Holland," "The Overall Boys,"  
"The Overall Boys in Switzerland"

ILLUSTRATED BY  
BERTHA CORBETT MELCHER  
AND  
JAMES McCracken



RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

Chicago

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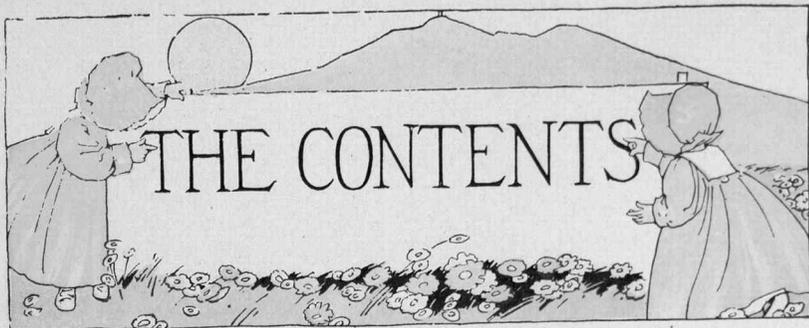
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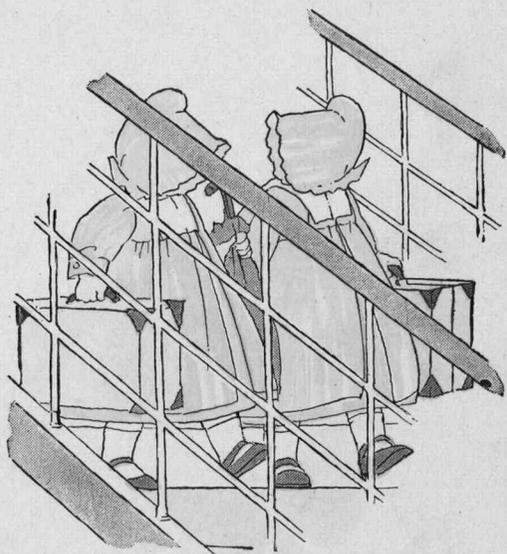


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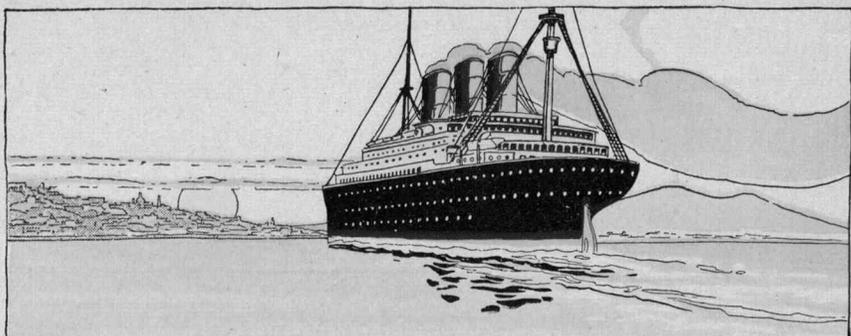
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The Arrival at Naples



*A map showing the places the Sunbonnet Babies visited in Italy*



## THE SUNBONNET BABIES IN ITALY

### THE ARRIVAL AT NAPLES

“See that smoking mountain, Molly! Look! I believe it is a volcano. It is Mount Vesuvius. Yes, I know it is Mount Vesuvius!”

May, the Sunbonnet Baby, was talking with Molly, her little Sunbonnet Baby sister. They were standing on the deck of a great ocean steamer. They had been sailing on the steamer for days and days. They had sailed more than four thousand miles away from their home in America. Now they were almost at the end of their journey. They would very soon be in Italy.

The big steamer was moving slowly up the beautiful Bay of Naples, straight toward the

busy, noisy city of Naples. Rising from the shore, not far away, was the smoking mountain of Vesuvius, about which the Sunbonnet Babies' father had told them such strange stories.

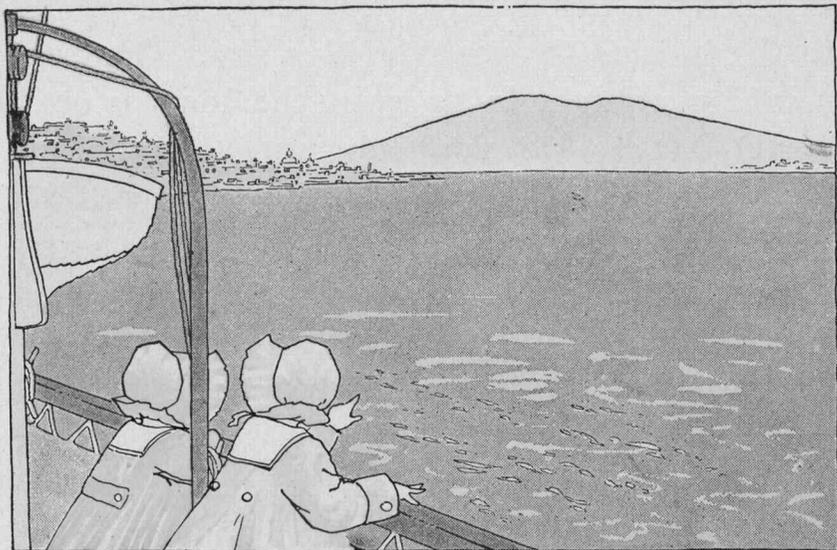
He told them that Mount Vesuvius was like a great kettle full of boiling rock, that sometimes the fire under the kettle becomes so hot it boils over, covering the mountain sides and even the plains with melted rock and hot ashes. Such mountains, he said, are called volcanoes.

Molly and May stood on the deck of the steamer eagerly watching the smoking volcano, wondering if it would ever boil over again.

"I almost wish it would boil over now!" cried Molly. "Wouldn't it be wonderful to see red-hot rock come right out of the top of the mountain and fall down all around it!"

"Yes, it would be wonderful," said May, "but I am sure I don't want to see it. The hot ashes might even reach us here on the steamer."

"Father says he will take us to see the old city of Pompeii," which was buried by Vesuvius nearly two thousand years ago. Men



*"Pompeii must be right over there," said May*

are digging away the ashes and cinders now, so we can see just how the people used to live."

"Pompeii must be right over there near the foot of the mountain," said May. "Isn't it strange to think that those trees and farms may be growing on top of an old, old city?"

"Look at the big city just ahead of our boat!" cried Molly. "It is Naples. We are almost there!"

"Why, the city is the shape of a big, new moon," said May. "It curves right around

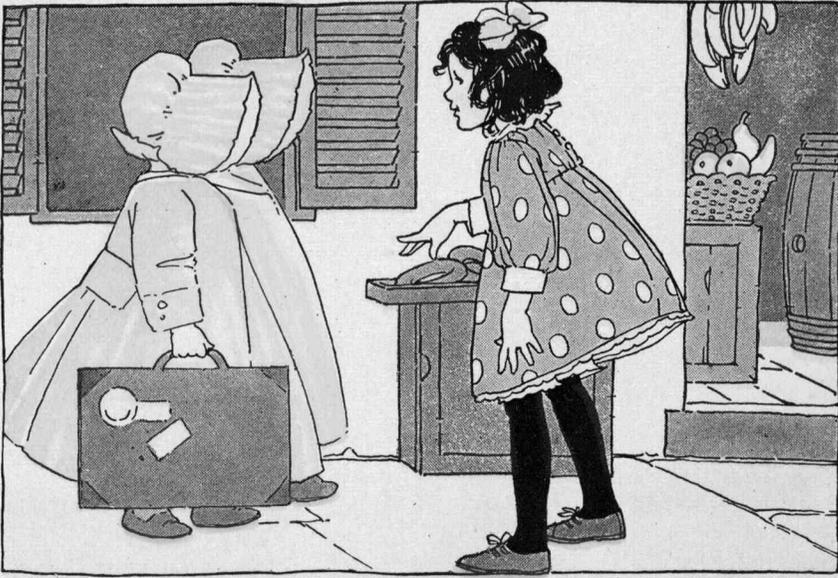
the shore of this lovely, blue bay, and climbs up the hillside to meet the blue sky. Our boat is sailing straight in between the long points."

"O May! Do you suppose it is snowing at home today? It seems like summer here, but it is really the middle of March. The trees and the grass are all green. And there is a boat full of oranges and lemons just being unloaded."

"See that basketful of beautiful roses! I hope we can go ashore quickly. I want to buy a lovely red rose for mother to wear."

Not many minutes later the happy travelers were hurrying from the big steamer. There were other travelers going ashore, too, and a crowd of noisy, jolly people seemed to be waiting for them. Most of the women and little girls were bareheaded and wore gay-colored dresses and aprons. They were very much interested in the strange travelers, especially in the two little Sunbonnet Babies.

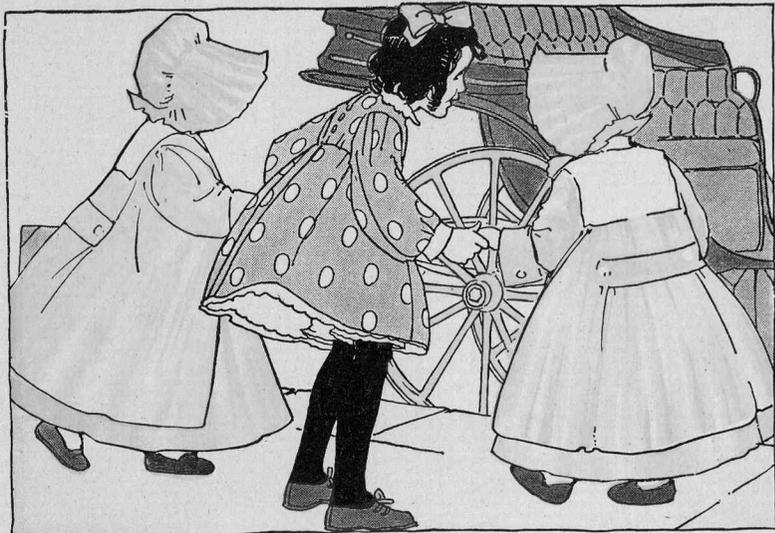
A smiling, brown-eyed Italian girl ran along beside them, peeping at the two happy faces hidden under the big sunbonnets, and talking very fast in a soft, sweet voice.



*They knew she liked them because she smiled so sweetly*

The Sunbonnet Babies could not understand one word she said, but they knew she liked them because she smiled so sweetly.

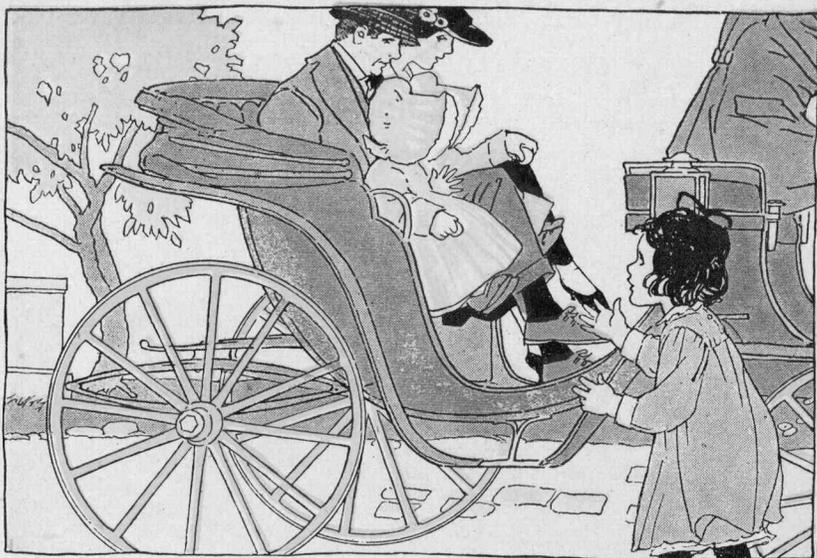
If it had not been for this kind little girl, Molly and May might easily have been frightened. A great many men and boys were standing close about them shouting and swinging their arms, trying to get passengers for their carriages. Even the Sunbonnet Babies' father did not quite know what to do, so many men wanted to carry his bags for him.



*She took Molly and May each by the hand*

The little girl, seeing his trouble, looked up with a smile and asked him to follow her. She then took Molly and May each by the hand and led them through the crowd to a long line of carriages. In a moment a smiling, brown-eyed man was beside them, bowing and offering to drive them to their hotel.

The little girl called the man *il padre*, which means "father," and he spoke to her as *Tessa mia*, which means "my Tessa." Indeed, the little girl looked so much like the brown-



*They each took a big brown penny out of their bags*

eyed man, it was easy to guess that she was his own little daughter. They had the same bright smile, the same soft voice, and the same kind manner.

The travelers gladly stepped into the man's low carriage and told him where to drive them, saying a pleasant *grazie* to the little girl whom they were leaving behind. Yes, they did something more than just say "thank you." They each took a big brown penny from their bags and dropped the pennies into Tessa's hand.

16    *THE SUNBONNET BABIES IN ITALY*

Then they all three said *grazie* again, and laughed and waved their good-bys. The driver cracked his long whip, and the horses dashed away up the busy street.





The First Drive



### THE FIRST DRIVE

The Sunbonnet Babies were now really frightened. The streets were crowded, and the drivers all seemed to be trying to get ahead of the carriages in front of them. They cracked their whips, they shouted to one another in loud voices, and they drove their horses as fast as they could make them go.

The noise and the strange faces and the stranger language might have frightened even the Overall Boys just a little, if they had been with Molly and May.

But no one needed to be frightened. The men in Naples are fine drivers, though they do like to make a great show about it. And the nervous little horses enjoy dashing through the streets to the sound of cracking whips.

Everybody was jolly and happy, so the Sunbonnet Babies soon forgot their fears and began to enjoy their first drive in Italy. The carriage passed along a busy street where there were many small shops and handsome stores.

After a few minutes Molly said, in a somewhat disappointed voice, "Why, this street looks like the streets in our city at home. I thought it would look different in Italy."

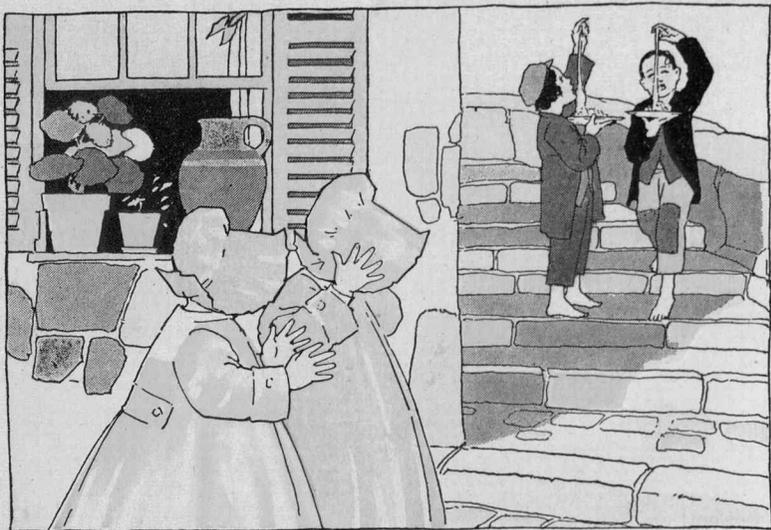
"Look up that side street," said her father. "Did you ever see a street like that in America?"

"That is not a street, father," said Molly. "That is a long flight of stairs. But why do they build stairs out of doors?"

"Yes, that is a street, and a very popular one, too," said her father. "Naples is built on the side of a hill, you know, and many of the streets that go up the hill are flights of steps like this one."

"O father, may we get out and walk a little way up the street?" asked Molly. "I want to see what all those people are doing."

"And I want to take some pictures with my camera," said May.



*They lifted the long, white strips of macaroni high above their heads*

So they quickly got out of the carriage and began climbing the long flight of steps. It was about noon, and some of the people seemed to be eating their midday meal.

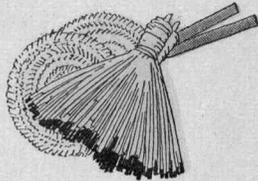
One poor old man was sitting on a step eating some hard bread and olives. Near him were two barefooted boys who had just bought a plate heaping full of macaroni. A man stood in an open doorway cooking the macaroni over a queer little stove and selling it to the people.

The boys had no knives or forks to use, but

fingers were much better. They lifted the long white strips of macaroni high above their heads, then they opened their mouths very wide, and down it slipped. They didn't bite it, they didn't chew it, they just sucked the long pieces down their throats as fast as they could. They seemed to be racing with each other to see who could swallow the most in the shortest time.

Molly and May watched the boys anxiously until the macaroni was all gone. Then how they laughed and clapped their hands! They thought it was the strangest dinner and the strangest game they had ever seen.

The boys thought it was a fine dinner. They were business boys. That morning they had sold more brushes and fans than usual, so they were celebrating by having some delicious macaroni for dinner.



These boys made their own brushes and fans, and went about the streets selling them. Of course Molly and May each bought one of the fans, for they wanted the boys to have another good dinner the next day.

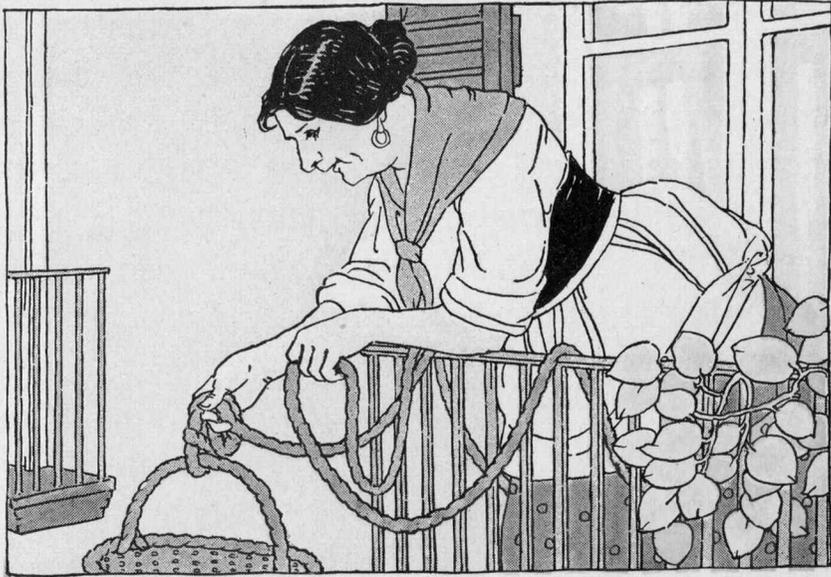
As the little party walked on up the steps they saw many things that were strange and interesting. Little children were leaning out of the high windows, talking and laughing with other children in the houses across the way.

Women were hanging out their washing on ropes stretched from one window to another, and talked loudly with people who were on the steps below.

One woman stood on a narrow iron balcony in front of her window and lowered a basket by a long rope. When the basket reached the steps, a small boy ran to it and took out a covered bowl in which he found two big copper pennies.

The boy carried the pennies to a man near by, who was making hot snail soup over a small stove. The man filled the bowl with some of his delicious soup, and the boy put it carefully back into the basket. Then the woman drew it slowly up, up to her high balcony.

The small boy reached the balcony almost as quickly as the basket did, for he knew that some of that hot soup was for him, and he liked snail soup almost better than macaroni.



*One woman stood on an iron balcony, lowered a basket by a long rope*

As Molly and May watched the preparations for dinner on the little balcony, May suddenly cried, "Look! Look! They have a big dog up there!"

"No, that is not a dog, it is a goat," said her father. "I suppose it lives up there with the family and gives them milk every day. That family must have more money than most of the people who live on this street. They eat snail soup for dinner, they have a balcony in front of their window, and they keep a goat."

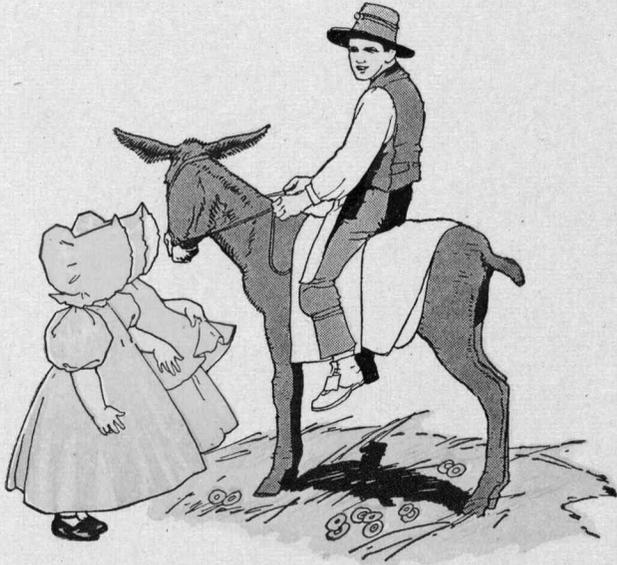
"Perhaps the little boy's father owns one of these small shops and makes lots of money selling macaroni, or soup, or onions, or bread, or flowers, or roasted chestnuts," said May.

"Well, shall we buy our dinner here, or shall we go to the hotel for it?" asked their father. "Wouldn't you like some snail soup, or macaroni, or onions for dinner?"

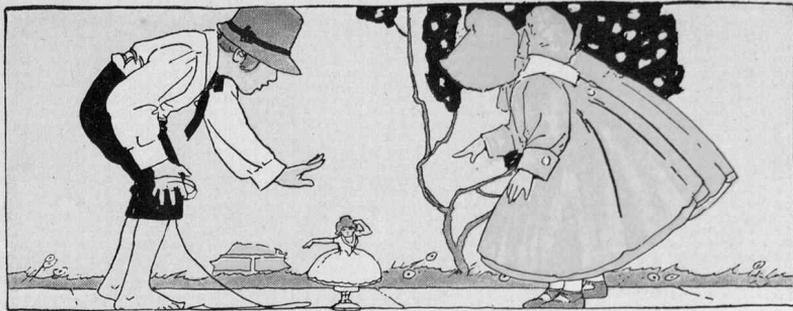
"Oh, no, no!" cried both Molly and May. "We are hungry, but we don't want snail soup or onions."

So they hurried back to their carriage and were soon driving rapidly up the hill to a fine hotel, where they were to stay for several days.





Seeing Strange Sights



### SEEING STRANGE SIGHTS

Next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, the Sunbonnet Babies were out upon the sidewalk watching some small boys spin their tops.

One of the boys had a top which looked like a tiny doll with a very full skirt. The boy gave the top a strong twist with his hands, and away it went dancing across the sidewalk and back again, just as if it were alive.

When the boy saw that his dancing doll pleased the Sunbonnet Babies, he sprang up and made a very low bow and held out his cap for a penny, saying, "Un soldo, signorine!"

The Sunbonnet Babies' father had put a number of big Italian pennies into their bags, and had said they might spend them just as they wished, so of course each of the happy,

barefooted boys received a penny, for which they said *grazie* a great many times.

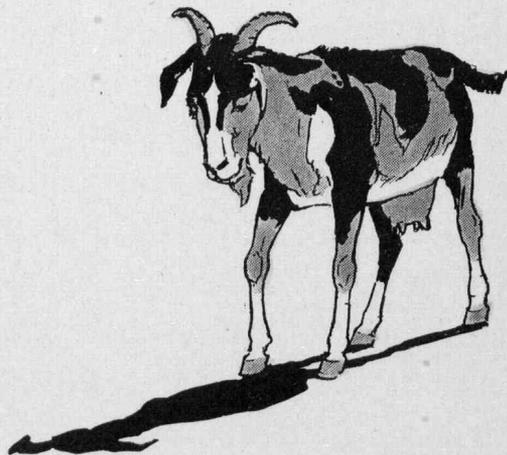
Molly and May had already learned that *grazie* in Italian means "thank you" in English, and that *un soldo* means "one penny."

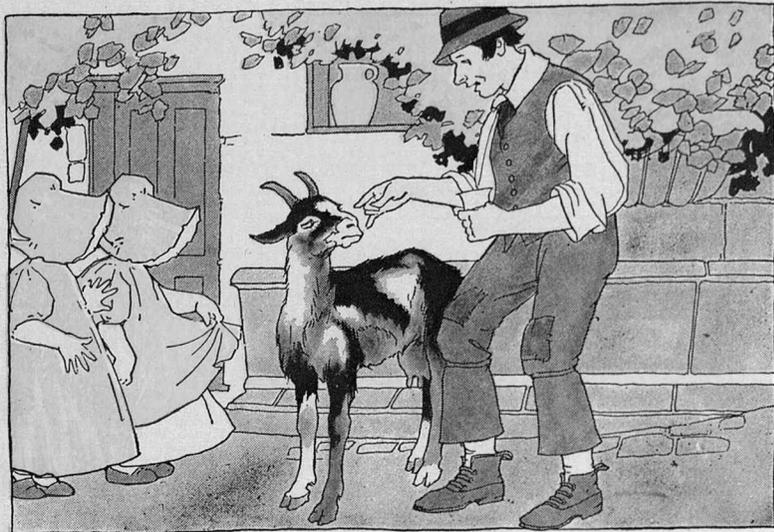
While they were giving their pennies to the boys, and while everybody was laughing and saying *grazie*, something very interesting was coming up the street.

The sharp tinkle of a bell made Molly look up quickly and cry, "O May! Look at those little goats! A man is driving them up the street. He is stopping at the door of that house. What do you suppose he is going to do?"

"I know!" cried May. "He is going to milk the goats. Look! A woman has come out of the house with a tin cup in her hand."

"Yes, and now the man is milking right into her cup."





*"Oh, what a queer milk cart!" laughed Molly*

"And there are two other women who want their cups filled."

"Oh, what a queer milk cart!" laughed Molly. "People surely get fresh milk when it comes from a live milk cart like that."

"See what the man is doing now!" exclaimed May. "He is driving one of the goats right into the house. I believe he is going to take it up stairs. Probably some one lives up there who cannot bring her cup down to the street, so he drives a goat up to her door and milks it there."

"I wonder if goat's milk is as good as cow's milk. I should like to try it some time," said May.

Just then the Sunbonnet Babies heard a pleasant voice saying, "Buon giorno!" and they looked around to see their driver of the day before smiling at them from his carriage.

"Oh, good morning!" they said. "We will go and tell father that you are here. Perhaps he will want you to take us for a drive."

Sure enough, in a few minutes they were all seated in the low carriage ready for a long drive into the country. The driver, whose name was Pietro, sat high up in front, close behind his two small horses.

When everyone was ready, Pietro cracked his long whip in the air, the horses jingled the bells on their high collars, and away they went through the narrow, crooked streets.

It did not take them long to reach the country road which followed the shore of the lovely blue bay. Here and there beside the road grew tall pine trees whose tops looked like great, green umbrellas raised against the deep blue sky. On the hillside above the road were small groves



*The carriage passed a number of country people carrying baskets*

of lemon and orange trees bearing heavy loads of green and yellow fruit.

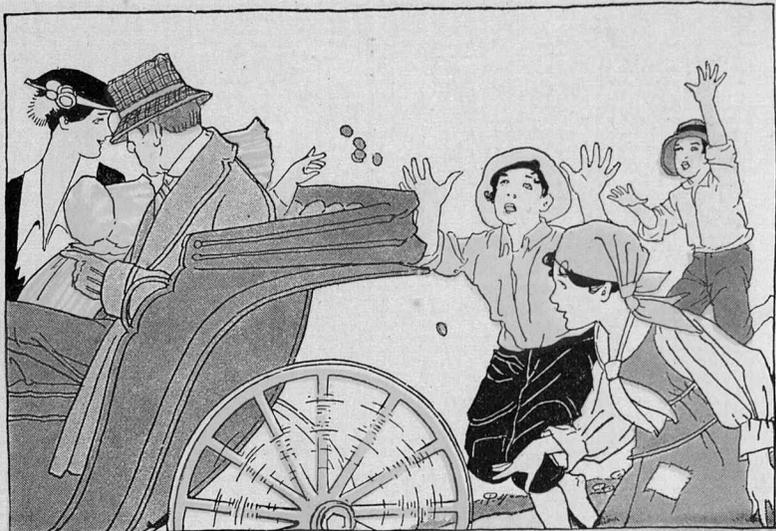
The carriage passed a number of country people walking toward the city carrying baskets full of things to sell—jewelry and flowers and fruit. Two small boys carried strings of onions over their shoulders. They hurried happily along, as if they expected to make their fortune selling those onions. They called a merry “Buon giorno” to the little American girls as the carriage rolled past them.



*Two small boys carried strings of onions over their shoulders*

Soon the road led through a village where the people seemed very poor indeed. The little children were ragged and dirty and hungry, and there were, oh, so many of them! Most of the children were too small to earn money, but they were not too small to beg for it.

“Oh, I never, never saw such poor little children!” cried May. “Where do you suppose they all come from? See, they are running after our carriage and begging for *un soldo*. Let’s give them some pennies, Molly.”



*Molly and May opened their bags and began throwing pennies*

So Molly and May opened their bags and began throwing pennies into the crowd of eager little children, who kept up with the carriage even though the horses were trotting fast.

It was great fun for everybody. The children caught the flying pennies in their mouths, in their caps, and in their hands, scrambling for them on the dusty road. But soon the horses trotted too fast for them, and they were left far behind. Molly and May could see them dividing the pennies so each child should have at least one.

After a while Pietro looked down from his high seat and said that he would like to take them to a very wonderful place if they would not ask him any questions about it until they got there.

Pietro had been so kind they trusted him and told him he might drive them anywhere he wished. He then turned his horses away from the blue bay and up a low hill, where almost no trees or green things were growing. At the top of the hill Pietro said they must leave the carriage and each pay a *lira* to the gatekeeper there, and they would see something interesting.

They wondered if there really could be anything interesting on such a barren-looking hill, but they did as Pietro told them. Then a man, with a burning torch in his hand, led the way through a gate.

"Now," he said in quite broken English, "I will show you something wonderful!"

"This is not a bit wonderful," said Molly. "It looks like a big football field with a high wall of earth all around it. There isn't even a flower or a bit of green grass anywhere."

"Follow me," said their guide, "and you shall see the wonderful thing. Perhaps you will be frightened, but I will take care of you."

So they followed the guide across the bare, round field. But they had not gone far when Molly said anxiously, "How strange the ground sounds as we walk on it! It sounds hollow."

"Yes, and how hot it is!" said May. "I can feel it right through my shoes. It almost burns my feet."

"Why, it burns mine, too, May!"

"Do you hear that queer, bubbling noise, Molly? Listen! It sounds like a pudding baking in mother's oven. What do you suppose it is?"

"I will show you," said the guide. "A *very big* pudding is being baked in a *very big* oven. You are walking on the top crust of that pudding. Would you like to take a look underneath it? Here is a man who will scrape off some of the crust and let us see what is going on."

And so, with a hoe, the man scraped away two or three inches of loose gravel, and there they saw hot sand boiling and bubbling just like a hot pudding. A cloud of black smoke rose



*"Oh! oh!" cried May. "Is the world going to burn up?"*

from the boiling sand, and a very bad odor made Molly and May cover their noses with their handkerchiefs. May tried to pick up a small stone near her feet to carry home with her, but it was so hot she dropped it very quickly.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Where are we? Is this a volcano?" cried Molly.

"That's just what it is," said their guide. "This is the volcano of Solfatara, and we are on the top of it. This big round field, or basin, is the crater of the volcano. It boiled over many

years ago, then it cooled off. Now it is getting hotter again, but it is not nearly so hot as Vesuvius over yonder."

"Oh, it's hot enough!" exclaimed May. "I don't like volcanoes. I'm not having a nice time. I want to go back to the carriage. What if the volcano should boil over while we are on it?"

"It will not," said the guide. "It is not hot enough yet. But something may happen some time. I hope I shall not be here when it does. Now let us take a look into those cracks where the smoke and gas are pouring out. I will swing my torch over one of the cracks and you shall see something wonderful. Now watch!"

In a moment hot flames shot several feet into the air, and clouds of black smoke surrounded the little party.

"Oh! oh!" cried May. "Is the world going to burn up?"

"No, indeed!" said her father. "Don't be frightened. That was only a little gas which the guide set on fire with his torch, just as mother lights her gas stove at home. There is a pretty big furnace underneath us, and it sends



*A cloud of black smoke rose from the boiling sand*

off a good deal of gas. It is the gas that smells so bad and makes us cover our noses."

"I don't like it," said Molly. "Please can't we go somewhere else? I don't like volcanoes."

"I don't like them either," said her mother. "We have seen enough of this one, I am sure."

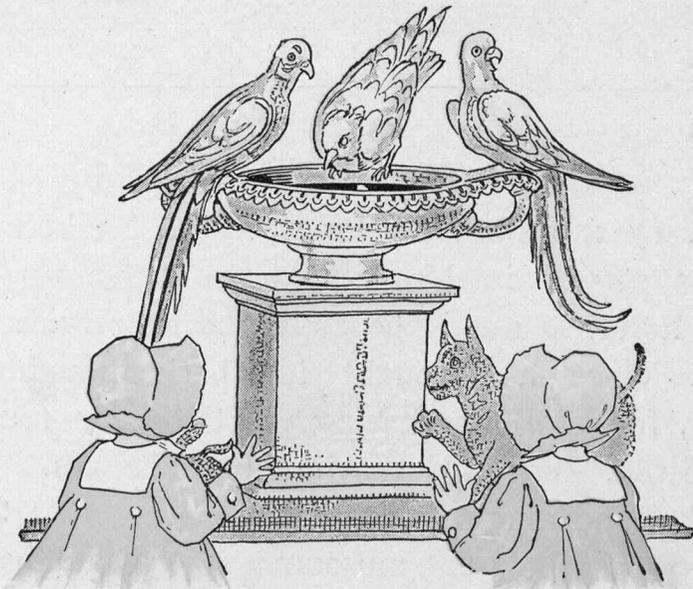
So they went back quickly to the carriage and were soon on their way to Naples.

"Just think how hot the earth must be inside, if it can boil so near the surface!" exclaimed Molly.

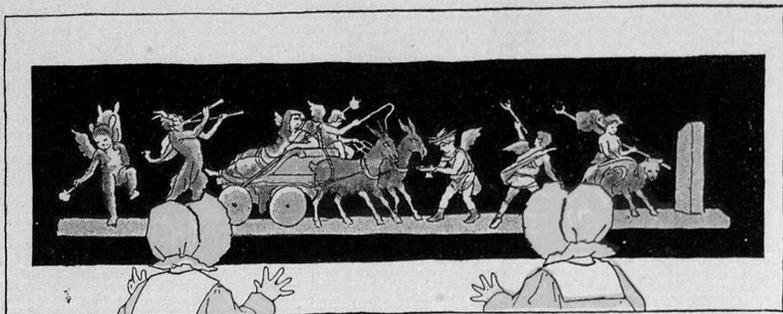
“You know, ages and ages ago, our world was part of the red-hot sun,” said their father. “When it broke away from the sun it began to whirl around very fast. Little by little it has grown cooler, until now there are only a few places on the surface that are still hot. These places are called volcanoes. Once in a while the hot mass inside bursts through and burns everything it touches.”

“I am glad I have seen Solfatara,” said May, “but I think I don’t care to go so near another volcano—no, not even Vesuvius.”





A Visit to the Museum



### A VISIT TO THE MUSEUM

Every morning, as long as the Sunbonnet Babies stayed in Naples, Pietro drove up to their hotel to see if he could be of service to them. Once he brought his little daughter, Tessa, for Molly and May wanted very much to see their first little Italian friend again.

That morning Pietro drove them across the city to visit the great museum. Tessa had been to the museum many times, and knew which rooms would interest the Sunbonnet Babies most.

"Follow me," she said. "I will show you the oldest and loveliest things you ever saw."

Fortunately the Sunbonnet Babies' father and mother understood Tessa's language, so they could tell Molly and May in English all that Tessa said in Italian. Before long the two

little girls began to understand a little of the strange language themselves.

They spent nearly the whole forenoon in the museum looking at strange, old things that had once been in the homes of Pompeii.

The city of Pompeii was buried under many feet of ashes thrown out by the volcano in the year seventy-nine. It remained buried more than seventeen hundred years. In fact, the world had forgotten all about the old city, when one day an Italian workman discovered a very old house right underneath his farm. Some say he was digging a well when he discovered it.

Other men helped dig away the earth and ashes, and now, after more than a hundred years, a large part of the old city is uncovered.

The strangest thing about it is that the ashes and cinders which buried the city did very little injury to the houses, except to crush in the roofs.

Many of the beautiful paintings on the walls of the houses, as well as lovely marble vases and fountains, are almost as perfect now as when they were buried so many, many years ago. But the sun and the rain and the air might

spoil them if they were left in the uncovered houses, now that the ashes have been taken out. So the best things have been carried up to the city of Naples and put in the museum there for safe-keeping.

It was some of these interesting old things Tessa wanted the Sunbonnet Babies to see. They wandered together through room after room of the great museum, looking at vases and dishes of all shapes and kinds. There were queer old bronze pots and pans and kettles, and lovely bottles and pitchers made of beautiful blue-green glass. There was an iron fireplace, and there were queer bronze lamps and money chests and rings and bracelets and combs and needles and thimbles and fishhooks. But the children were most interested in some slates and slate pencils and inkstands and pens and musical instruments which they found there.

"It looks as if the boys and girls who lived two thousand years ago had to study and practice just as we do now," said Molly.

"Yes, and the women baked bread, too," said Tessa. "Here are some round loaves that



*The children were interested in some slates and slate pencils*

a poor woman was taking out of her oven when the ashes from the volcano covered her.”

“And here are jars of apricots and olives which were put up nearly two thousand years ago. I wonder how they would taste now.”

“I am glad I don’t have to eat them,” said Molly. “But when are we going to Pompeii to see where all these things were found, father?”

“We will go tomorrow, if you like,” said her father. “But I am hungry now, and Pietro is waiting outside to take us back to the hotel.”

"We are all hungry, and I guess we are all tired, too. I know I am," said May

As the little party drove back through the busy streets they were not too tired to enjoy the sights around them.

"I believe half the people of Naples live out of doors," said Molly. "See, there is a shoemaker working at his bench right on the sidewalk. And look at that tailor, sitting by his shop door, sewing as fast as he can sew."

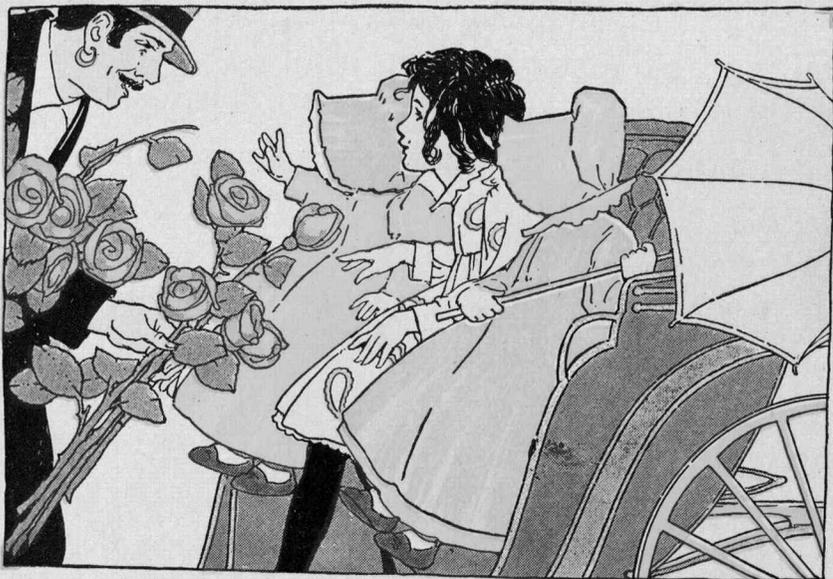
"Do you know what that man on the corner is doing?" asked Pietro.

"He is writing," said May.

"Yes," said Pietro. "He writes letters for people who cannot write for themselves. He is writing a letter now for the woman who stands beside him. She tells him what she wants to say and he writes it down for her. A great many of our



people cannot read or write, so the public letter writers do a very good business."



*"Oh! oh! oh! May we have them?" they cried all together*

"I should rather sell flowers than write letters," said Tessa.

"So should I!" exclaimed May. "Look at the beautiful roses that man has to sell. He wants us to buy some. Please stop, Pietro!"

But before Pietro could stop his horses, the man had sprung up onto the low step of the carriage and was holding a big bunch of beautiful roses right in front of the three happy children.

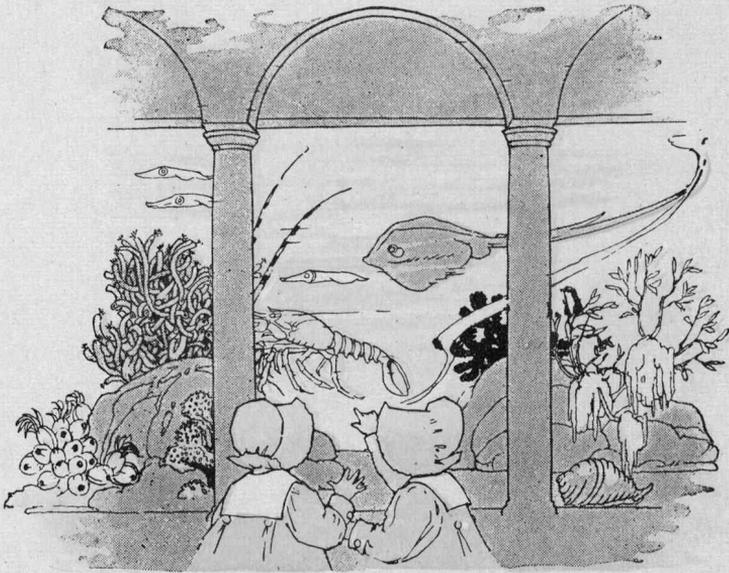
"Oh! oh! oh! May we have them? How much are they?" they cried all together.

“Una lira, signorine, una lira,” said the man, smiling and lifting his cap.

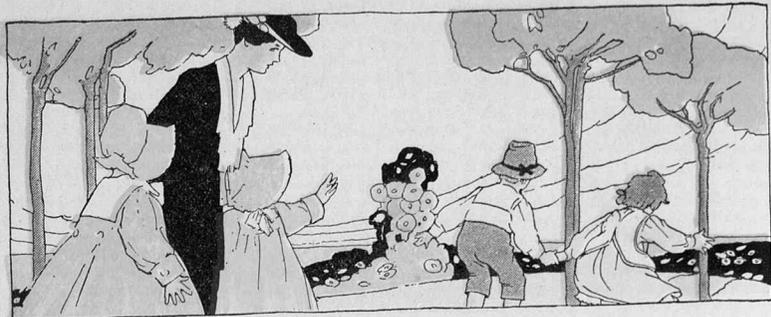
“O father!” cried May. “He will sell us a big bouquet of beautiful roses for one lira. That is only a few cents, isn’t it? Please buy some for us.”

In a moment one bunch of the lovely roses was in Molly’s hands and another bunch was in May’s hands and another in Tessa’s hands, while the happy flower man hurried back to his stand with three whole lire in his pocket.

A little later Pietro and Tessa were driving alone toward their home on a crowded side street. Tessa still held the lovely roses, and tied up in her handkerchief was the money the Sunbonnet Babies’ father had paid Pietro and his little daughter for taking care of them all the forenoon. It seemed a real fortune to Tessa. She had a wonderful time planning how she would like to spend it, and thinking about her generous little American friends.



An Afternoon in the Park



### AN AFTERNOON IN THE PARK

That afternoon the Sunbonnet Babies begged to visit the lovely park near the shore of the bay. They wanted to run and play games with other children under the tall green trees.

“How would you like to take a look under the deep water and see all the strange creatures that live there?” asked their father.

“Oh, that would be wonderful! But how can we do it?” asked Molly.

“We can do it easily when we get to the park,” said her father.

“Let’s do it the very first thing. Just think of seeing how all the big and little fish live ’way down in the deep, deep ocean!”

“I am afraid we shall be drowned,” said May. “I think I shall not like to go under

the deep water any better than I liked to walk on top of the volcano."

"Why, it will be as easy as walking on this path," said their father. "Here we are at the door already. Shall we open it and take a look into the fish world?"

"Oh, dear! I feel as if I were Alice in Wonderland," said May. "Is this the door into the long, dark tunnel? I wonder if we shall fall down, down, down the tunnel just as Alice did. O father! Will the fish talk with us, the same as the rabbit and all the other animals talked with Alice?"

"If you should happen to fall asleep, as Alice did, the fish will probably tell you all their secrets," said her father. "But there is no long, dark tunnel here down which you must fall. We will each pay this man at the door two lire, then he will open the door and let us go in."

In another moment the door closed behind them, and they stood in the strangest place they had ever seen. It looked like the bottom of the great ocean, with ragged rocks and

slippery seaweed everywhere, and many kinds of strange fish swimming quietly about them.

And yet, the water did not wet the children, and they could not touch the fish. A strong glass wall held back both the water and the fish.

Molly and May walked along a narrow path close beside the glass wall, and watched the queer fish chase each other about in the water or lie lazily under the shadow of a big rock.

At last Molly said, "Why, the bottom of the ocean looks very much like the top of the earth. There are hills and valleys and rocks and sand and green things growing everywhere."

"See that tiny forest of pink coral. I suppose our coral neck chains grew at the bottom of the ocean in just that way."

"And see those timid little animals peeping from the doors of their pretty shell houses. I wonder if they like always to carry about such heavy houses on their backs."

"Here is a whole family of lazy turtles," called May. "Look at that big fellow! I believe his shell is large enough for me to creep into, if he were not inside of it."



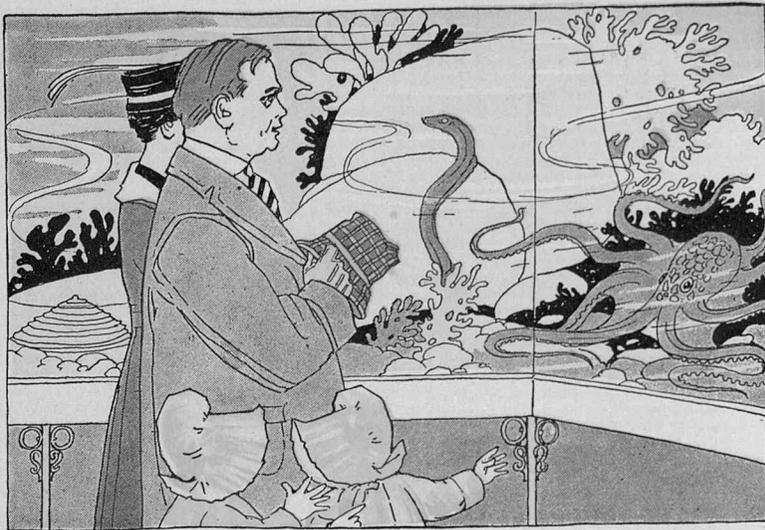
*"Look at that big fellow!"*

"I advise you not to try it while he is there," said her father. "If he once took a bite of you, he would never let go."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Molly. "But see those little starfish and that big soft jellyfish. They are not afraid of the turtle. And those eels are playing close about him."

Just then a frightened scream came from May, who had walked ahead of the others.

"Come quickly!" she cried. "Here is a big, big round thing with eight long arms, or



*"Its two big round eyes are looking straight at me!"*

legs, I don't know which they are. They keep reaching out as if they were trying to get hold of something. And its two big round eyes are looking straight at me! I'm glad the glass wall is between us. It's the worst looking thing I ever saw in all my life! What is it, father?"

"Well, well!" exclaimed her father. "That is an octopus. A real, live octopus! It is a big one, too. It can easily reach six or seven feet with those long legs."

"Why is it called an octopus, father?" asked Molly. "Why haven't we seen one before, and what does it do with so many legs?"

"It is called an octopus because it has eight feet, and the word octopus means 'eight-footed.' We have never seen one before because it lives at the bottom of the ocean, and we have not visited the bottom of the ocean until today. I suppose it uses its feet more in catching food than it does in walking. I have heard that when it winds them around anything it never lets go."

Just then their mother called, "Come with me! I have found the strangest fish you ever heard of. If you touch the fish, it will give you a tiny electric shock. Who wants to try it?"

"Oh, I do!" cried Molly, and in went her hand to stroke the sleepy fish lazily swimming about in a small tank of water. But the hand came out more quickly than it went in.

"Oh! oh!" she cried. "My hand prickles just as if it were asleep. What a strange, strange fish! You touch it, May."

"No!" said May. "I don't want to touch it. I don't want an electric shock. I want to go back to the park and play."

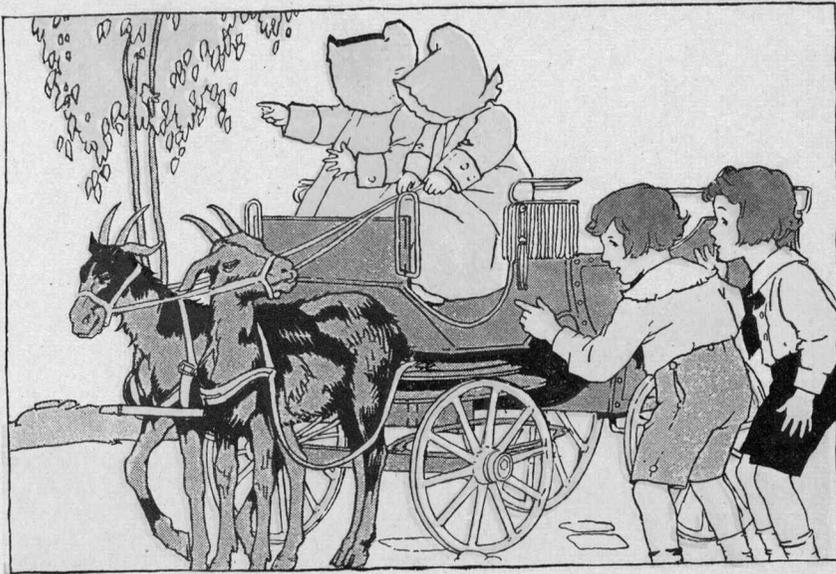
"Very well," said her father. "I believe we have stayed with these deep-sea creatures long enough. We will go out through the secret door, the way we came in."

And so, in a few moments, they were all standing in the bright sunshine looking out over the deep blue water which was the home of so many strange and interesting creatures.

"Have we really been 'way down under that deep water, father?" asked Molly. "Or was it just a fish museum that we were in?"

"That is a good name for it," said her father. "We have been in an aquarium. Many of the fish that are caught alive in the Mediterranean Sea are brought to this aquarium, so people may study and enjoy them."

"I feel as if I had really and truly been to the bottom of the sea," said Molly. "I am glad I am not a fish. I should much rather be a little girl and have a ride in that goat cart. Those Italian children have just had a ride.



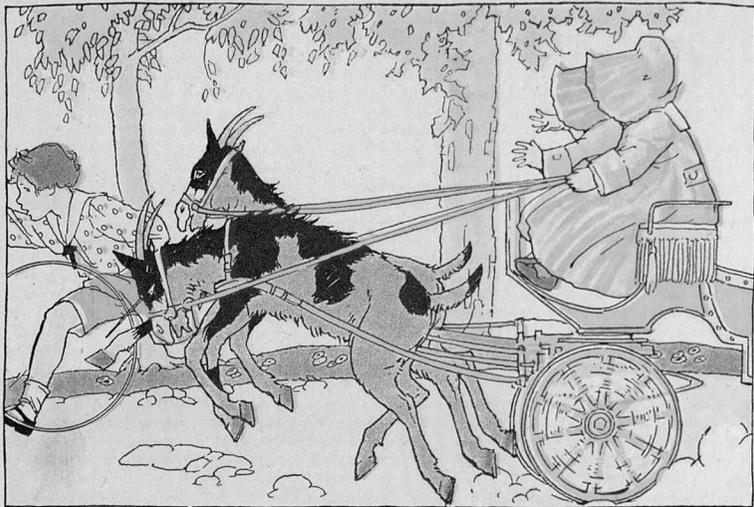
*May shook the reins and away they went*

See, they are each paying the man a penny. O sir! Please may we ride next?"

"And please may I drive the goats?" asked May. "I know how to drive my pony."

In another moment Molly and May were climbing into the small cart. May then shook the reins and away they went, with the man following close behind them.

They passed groups of jolly boys and girls playing marbles, spinning tops, or rolling hoops. They were clean, well-dressed children, not



*Suddenly a little boy began to race with the goats*

ragged and poor like so many children Molly and May had seen in other parts of the city.

Smiling nurse maids pushed dear little babies about in handsome carriages, or sat on shaded benches watching the little children at their play.

Everyone was interested in the small goat cart with its happy passengers.

Suddenly a little boy who was rolling a hoop began to race with the goats. He ran along beside them, driving his hoop as fast as

he could make it go. The goats did not want to be left behind, so they trotted faster and still faster, but the little boy with his rolling hoop kept up with them.

The Sunbonnet Babies began to be a bit frightened, they were riding so very fast. May pulled on the reins and cried, "Whoa! whoa! stop! stop!" The small Italian goats did not understand English, so they ran faster than ever. They were enjoying the race, and so was the man who owned them. But when he saw that his little passengers were afraid, he sprang forward to stop his team. Just at that moment the goats turned sharply about, and over went the cart, Sunbonnet Babies and all.

Everybody was then really frightened, though only for a moment. Molly and May were on their feet in a jiffy. The boys and girls all laughed and talked at the same time, and the man scolded his goats for their naughty trick.

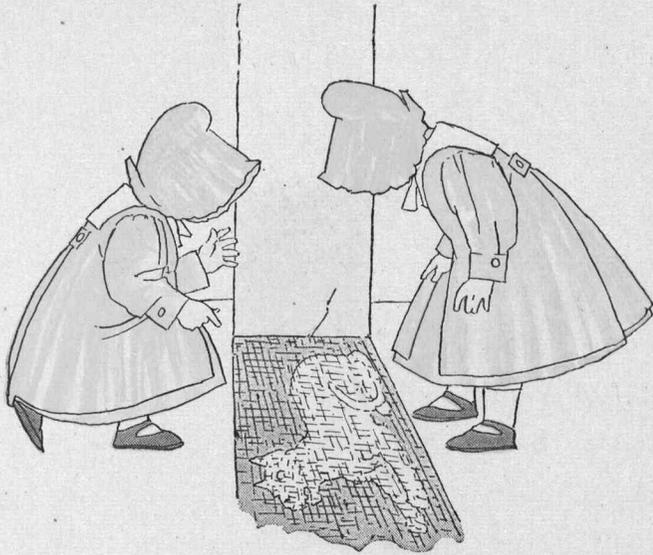
"Please don't scold the goats," said the little boy with the hoop. "You ought to praise them. They knew if you stopped them they would lose the race, so they tried to turn around and go in

the other direction. Then the cart tipped over and spoiled the fun."

"It was fun, wasn't it?" exclaimed Molly. "But let's not do it over again. Let's have a tea party now."

"Oh, yes! Let's have a tea party!" cried May. "Here is a lovely place for it in front of this pretty tea house. Who wants some grape juice and some little cakes?"

"Oh, I do!" "And I do!" cried two happy voices in real American English, for the little boy with the hoop was an American, just like the Sunbonnet Babies. And so they had the jolliest tea party under the big trees in the park that three little American children ever had together, which is saying a very great deal.



The Buried City



## THE BURIED CITY

“Goody! This is the day we are going to Pompeii!” cried May, as she opened her eyes quite late next morning. “I hope father has not forgotten his promise.”

“Indeed he has not!” said her mother. “We have the nicest kind of a surprise for you, but we were afraid you were going to sleep all day.”

“Oh, what is it? What is the surprise, mother?” cried both little girls at once.

“It is something splendid, and it will last a whole week, perhaps longer,” said their mother. “Each morning you shall hear about the surprise for that day, but only for one day at a time.”

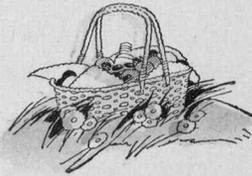
“Please tell us what it is for today,” begged Molly. “What fun it will be to have a new surprise every day!”

"Well," said their mother, "how would you like to have a picnic dinner today?"

"Oh, we should like it better than anything else we can think of!" exclaimed May. "But I thought we were going to Pompeii today."

"We are," said their mother. "We shall have our picnic in the prettiest place we can find in old Pompeii. People do not live in the ruined city now, for the houses have no roofs. But father says they have the cunningest little inhabitants he ever saw. They are part of the surprise, so I must not tell about them now."

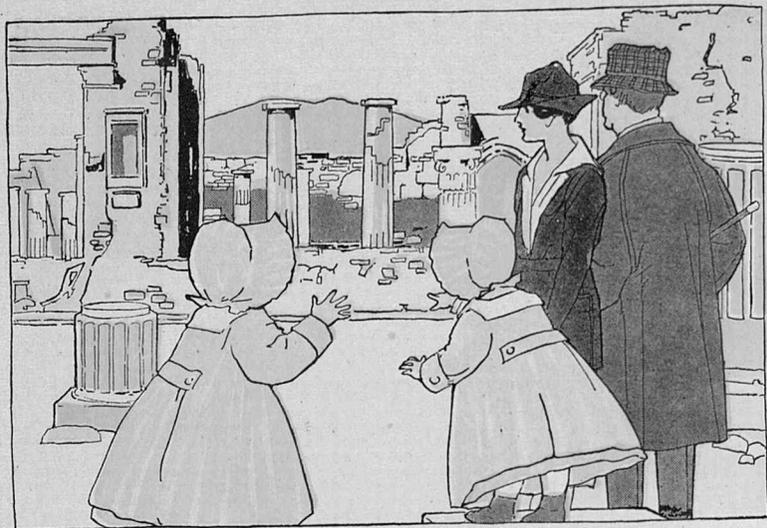
"Is the picnic basket ready, mother?" asked Molly. "Is it brimful of good things to eat?"



"Yes, everything is ready, and Pietro will take us to the station just as soon as you have had your breakfast."

After a short but very rough ride the train stopped at a small station, and a man called, "Pompeii!" as he walked quickly down the platform unlocking the doors of the compartments.

As the Sunbonnet Babies stepped from the train, they expected to see the famous ruined



*Molly and May felt as if they were in another world*

city, but they saw only a few whitewashed houses which did not look ruined at all.

“O father!” cried Molly. “People are living in this town. This can’t be Pompeii.”

“Yes it is,” said her father. “This is new Pompeii. The old city which we have come to see is only a short walk from here.”

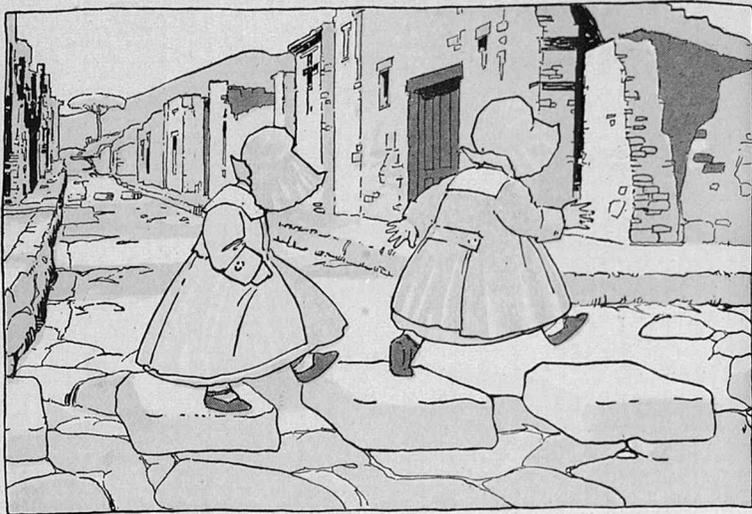
When they finally passed through the gate into the city, which had lain buried more than seventeen hundred years, Molly and May felt as if they were in another world. They walked

down the narrow, quiet streets, looking into the empty shops and houses, trying to imagine twenty thousand people living and working and playing here so long, long ago. The smoking volcano not far away made them wonder what the people were doing when the hot ashes buried their city.

The guide said many of the people probably escaped, though some stayed to care for their homes and were buried in them. He told how a little mother bird was found sitting on her nest, buried by the ashes. She would not leave the little eggs that needed her wings for protection. He told, too, how a Roman soldier had been found standing at his place of duty when all his friends had run for safety.

Many of the streets were not wide enough for two small carriages to pass, and the sidewalks were so narrow that the Sunbonnet Babies could hardly walk side by side on them.

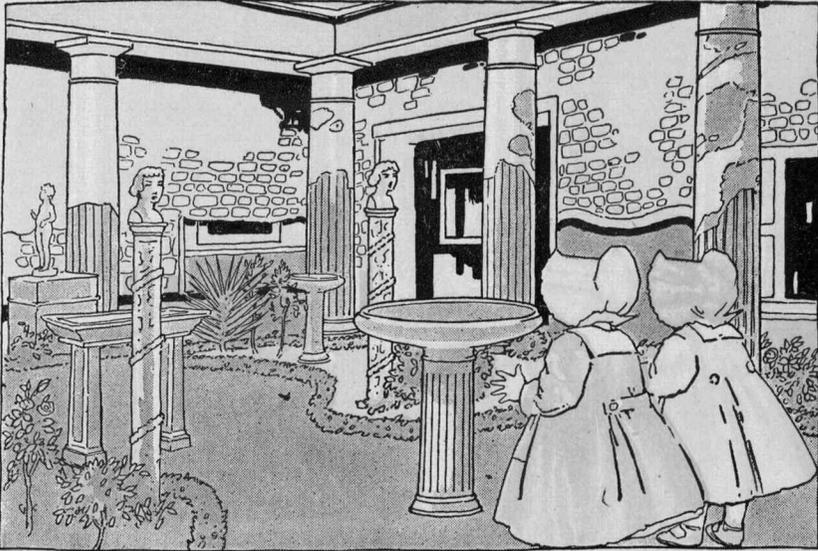
Molly and May thought it great fun to jump across the streets on the high stepping-stones which they found at every crossing. They played they were dainty ladies of two thousand



*It was great fun to jump across the streets on the high stepping-stones*

years ago who did not want to soil their pretty shoes.

At last they came to a house where a watchdog with a rope around his neck lay in front of the door. He looked rather fierce, but they were not afraid, for the dog was not alive. He was only the picture of a watchdog, made by means of small black and white stones placed close together in the sidewalk. Just below him were two Latin words meaning "Beware of the Dog."



*The rooms all opened upon a lovely little garden and court*

The outside walls of most of the houses had no openings, except the front door, though some had small shops on each side of the door, where the owner carried on his business.

Molly and May stood behind the counter in one of these shops and played they were selling ripe figs to the passers-by. They went through a small door into the house and found that the rooms all opened upon a lovely little court and garden, around which they were built.

This house was not so badly injured as some,

so it looks much as it did when people lived in it long ago. Everything has been left almost as it was found when the ashes were taken out. The little garden has been replanted with flowers and green grass.

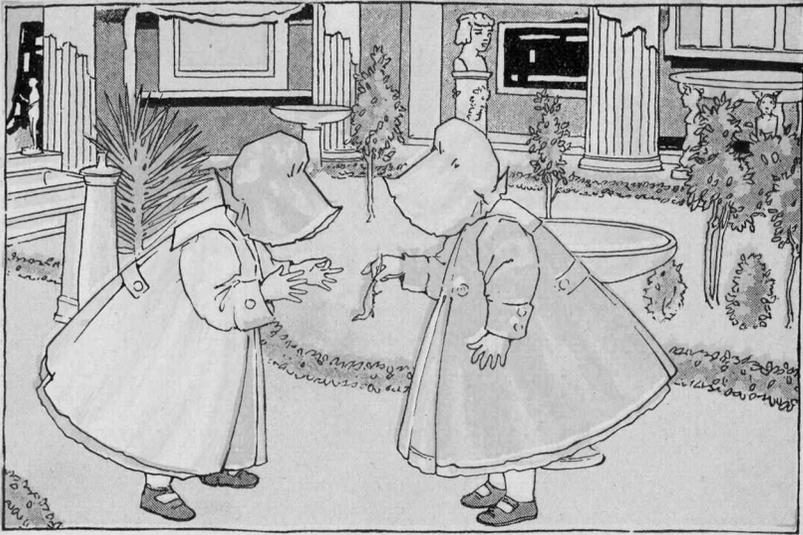
Around the four sides of the garden there is a broad porch, and opening from the porch are living rooms, bedrooms, and dining rooms. On the walls are many pictures, which are almost as beautiful as when they were first painted.

While they were walking about in this lovely old house, May suddenly saw a queer little animal. It was as green as grass, and it had a long pointed tail and four big feet.

“What can it be?” she cried.

“I think I know,” said Molly. “It is one of the tiny inhabitants mother said we should find here. I think it is a lizard. Look! There are two more. How fast they run! They are frightened. Poor little things!”

The guide gave a long, low whistle which made the little lizards raise their heads and listen. He whistled softly, until they had lost all fear, standing very still while the Sunbonnet Babies



*Molly lifted up a little lizard very gently by its long pointed tail*

touched their soft, green backs. Molly even lifted one up gently by its long pointed tail. But this frightened the little creature again, and it jumped so hard it left its tail hanging between Molly's fingers, while it ran across the garden and up the wall of the porch, without any tail.

Poor Molly was now as frightened as the little lizard, for she thought it would surely die without its tail. But the guide said it would run away and wait for another tail to grow, though he thought lizards didn't like to lose their tails.

Soon they came to the market place of the old city, and the Sunbonnet Babies begged to have their picnic dinner there. It was not like any other picnic that Molly and May had ever had. There were no trees to sit under, and they were not allowed to build a bonfire. But they made believe that the tall columns of the old houses were great trees two thousand years old, and they were sure Mount Vesuvius was the biggest bonfire any picnic party ever had.

Before the afternoon was over, however, the Sunbonnet Babies had seen enough of the dead city. They were glad to leave it to the timid little lizards, while they went to find a real house in the new city of Pompeii where they could spend the night.





A Long Drive



### A LONG DRIVE

“What’s the secret for today, mother?” asked Molly very early next morning. “Are we going to climb Mount Vesuvius?”

“I hope not,” said her mother. “Solfatara was bad enough for me. I don’t want to go so near to another volcano.”

“Neither do I,” said May. “But what *are* we going to do, mother?”

“Father says he will tell us the secret at the breakfast table, under the orange trees in the garden. Who will be ready first?”

“I shall be!” cried Molly.

“No, I shall be!” cried May. “I am glad we didn’t go back to noisy Naples last night. I love this dear little ‘Tavern of the Sun’! I believe the garden is the only parlor the hotel

has. It is a really and truly sun parlor, isn't it, mother?"

"We are ready for the secret, father," called Molly, a few moments later, as she skipped out into the lovely garden.

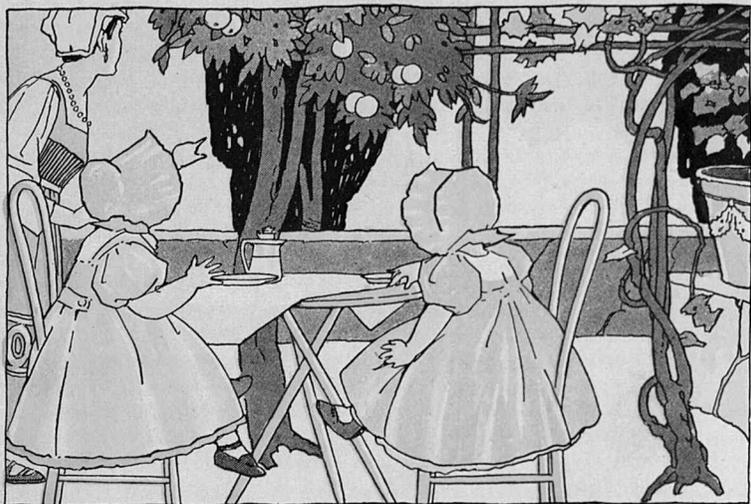
"Well, let us have some breakfast first. Then we will have the secret," said her father.

"Look! We are going to have bread and honey and delicious hot chocolate for breakfast," said Molly. "And best of all, we are going to eat it under this lovely orange tree."

While they were enjoying the sweet taste of the bees' honey and the sweet smell of the orange blossoms, a more wonderful sweetness came to their ears. It came from a tall, dark tree near by. It was the sweetest bird's song the little Americans had ever heard.

"O Maria! Please tell us the name of that wonderful bird," they begged the pretty Italian maid who brought them a fresh pot of honey.

"Why, that is our nightingale," answered Maria, laughing. "He has a nest somewhere here in our garden. I think there must be



*A nightingale had a nest somewhere in the garden*

some little brown eggs in it now. During the month of April he sings all day and all night, except for two or three hours just after sunset. Oh, we love our little nightingale!"

"I love him, too!" cried Molly. "I wish he would live in our garden trees at home."

"Well, children, are you ready for the secret?" asked their father, at last. "Here is Pippo, who wants to take us for a long drive."

"Is that the secret, father?" asked the Sunbonnet Babies eagerly.

“Yes, Pippo is going to take us on one of the most beautiful drives in all the world. We shall spend two days on the way, for we shall not want to hurry.”

A few moments later they were all seated in a low Italian carriage, with Pippo on the driver's seat, high in front of them. He cracked his long whip many times above the backs of the two small horses, but they seemed to like the sound, for they dashed along over the hilly road as if it were play.

After driving several hours over this lovely mountain road they came to the beautiful blue waters of the Gulf of Salerno. Now began the most wonderful part of the drive. The road followed the shore of the gulf, clinging all the way to the steep slopes of the mountains, which came close down to the water's edge.

Molly and May were wild with excitement over the strangeness and beauty of it all. Molly begged to sit up on the seat beside Pippo, where she could see better and where he could tell her all about the wonderful things they were passing.

At first the mountains sloped gently away, above and below the road. Small groves of orange and lemon trees and vineyards of purple grapes grew on the sunny slopes, while the blue waters of the gulf sparkled like millions of diamonds under the brilliant sunshine.

They passed tiny fishing villages where bare-footed women and little children seemed to be the only inhabitants. The men were probably away on fishing trips, or were sleeping lazily in the shade. In one of the villages the Sunbonnet Babies begged to stop and buy some oranges.

"O Pippo! Please ask if we may pick a few oranges from that tree just above the road," begged May.

Pippo smilingly said a few words to a woman standing near by, and she smilingly answered, "Si, si, signor. As many as they wish."

Molly and May were out of the carriage in a moment saying, "Grazie, grazie, signora!" as they scrambled up the slope to a place where they could reach the ripe, yellow fruit. The woman kindly showed them the ripest and juiciest oranges. Then she broke a small branch



*"I never tasted anything so good as this orange"*

from a higher part of the tree, and gave it with a pretty bow to the little American girls.

"Look, May!" exclaimed Molly. "Here are ripe oranges and green oranges and lovely white blossoms all growing on the same branch. I'm sure I never smelled anything so sweet as these orange blossoms!"

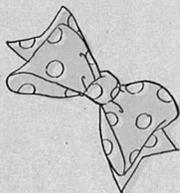
"And I'm sure I never tasted anything so good as this orange!" said May, who had made a hole in one of her biggest oranges and was eagerly sucking out the sweet juice.

"I wish I had something pretty to give the woman," said Molly. "I know what I will do! I will give her my hair ribbon. She may have a little girl at home who will like it. Mother always carries extra hair ribbons for us, you know."

So, out from under the pretty sunbonnet came a big pink bow, which was given quickly to the kind woman. Into her other hand May slipped something from her purse. A moment later Pippo's long whip cracked over the horses' heads, and they were off.

The children waved good-by to their new friend, but she was looking with happy eyes at the beautiful pink bow in one hand and at the little piece of money in the other.

While Molly and May were busy gathering oranges, their mother was opening the well-filled lunch box. The next half-hour Pippo let his horses go as slowly as they liked, while the party in the carriage ate their picnic dinner and enjoyed the lovely scenery. Of course Pippo had his share of the lunch, which he seemed to think was very fine.



By the middle of the afternoon they had reached Amalfi, the largest and probably the oldest fishing village on this rocky coast.

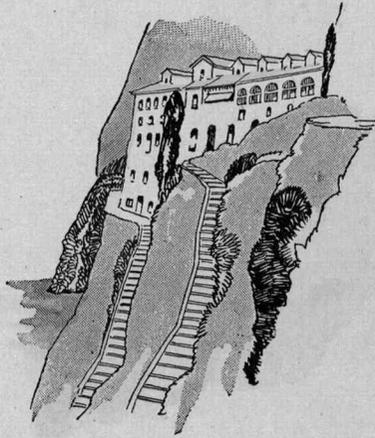
"We will spend the night in that old monastery on the cliff," said the Sunbonnet Babies' father.

"Very well, sir," answered Pippo. "But you will have a good many steps to climb before you get up there."

The steps were very soon found, nearly two hundred of them, and up, up, up the little party climbed.

"How did the monks ever build such a great monastery 'way up here on the mountain side?" exclaimed Molly. "It seems as if it might fall into the water any minute."

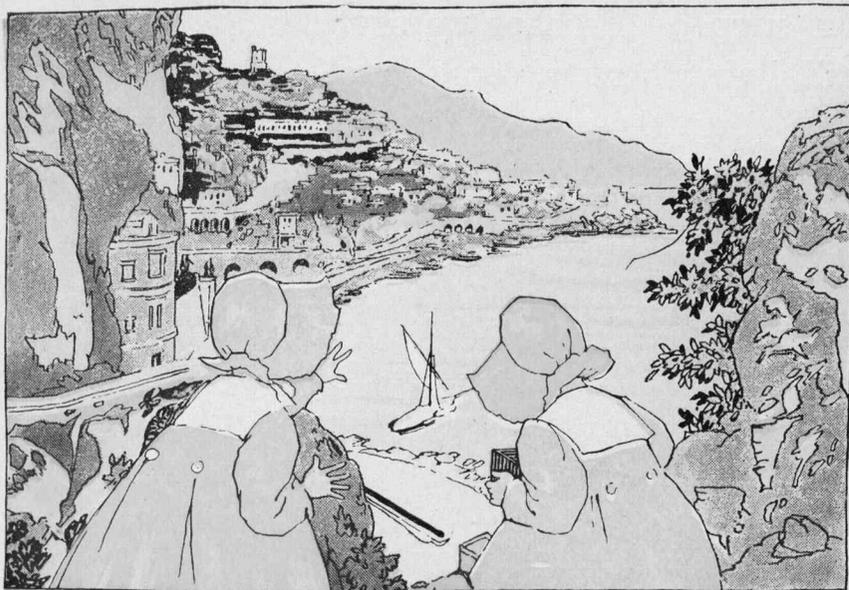
"A piece of it did fall into the water a few years ago," said a smiling Italian man who was standing near by. "I saw it with my own eyes. I was not much larger then than you little girls are now."



"Oh, tell us about it, please!" begged the Sunbonnet Babies.

"Well, it was this way," said the man. "Our government spent a great deal of money building the fine road over which you drove to-day. The road had to be cut into the side of the mountain nearly the whole distance along this rocky shore. A broad stone wall was built on the side next to the water, so that carriages would not roll off. But there are places between here and Sorrento where the mountain is so steep the road could not be built on the outside of it. It had to be cut through the inside of the mountain. One of those places is just below this old monastery. You will drive through the tunnel in the morning when you start on your journey again.

"Well," continued the little man excitedly, "probably so much cutting away of the rock weakened a part of the mountain on which the monastery was built. One day, when the sun was shining as lovely as it is now, we heard a great ripping and splitting noise. It seemed like an earthquake. But no, it was not an



*"I'm not sure that I want to drive through those dark tunnels"*

earthquake! It was a piece of the mountain falling into the water below, carrying a small end of the monastery with it. Oh, it was terrible! I can never, never forget it!"

"I'm sure I never could forget it, either," said Molly, who was almost crying.

"And I'm not sure that I want to drive through those dark tunnels to-morrow," said May.

"Well, let us explore the old monastery now," said their father. "Then we will have

our supper. Perhaps we shall find a few monks still living here in some quiet corner."

Before they went to bed that night the Sunbonnet Babies stood a long time at their open window. A full moon hung high in the sky, making the silvery blue water of the gulf shimmer like a fairy sea. The little whitewashed houses of the village clung to the side of the dark mountain as if they feared some evil fairy might push them down into the water.

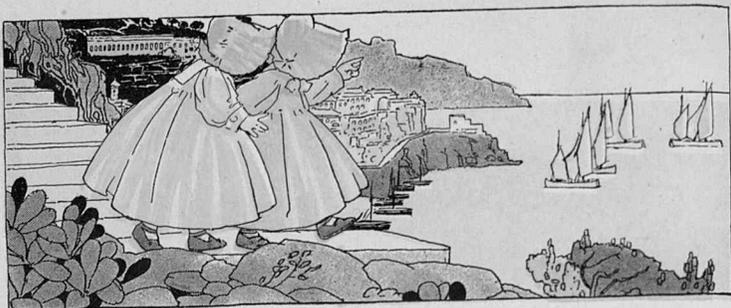
Suddenly out of the evening silence came the sound of music. Far below their window the Sunbonnet Babies could see a young singer with his mandolin. His clear, high voice gave the lovely Italian song a strange beauty on the evening air.

"Is it fairyland, or is it heaven?" Molly whispered.

"Or are we just dreaming?" asked May, as they crept into the little white beds that were waiting for them.



## Pirates



## PIRATES

Next morning Molly and May were awake early, watching the busy boats come home after a long night of fishing out on the deep sea. They ran down the many steps to the shore, where the tired fishermen were hauling in their nets and counting their catch. The big nets were then spread out to dry. Later in the day they would be carefully mended and made ready for another night of fishing.

Their father told the children how Amalfi was once one of the most important towns in Europe. It sent its ships far away, and did more trading with distant parts of the world than was done by any other city.

But that was eight hundred years ago. Soon Amalfi was overcome by the people of Pisa,

who were jealous of its power and trade. And two hundred years later a terrible storm and earthquake swept away nearly all of its fine beach and harbor, leaving only a small group of houses clinging to the steep mountain side.

So Amalfi changed from being one of the most important towns in the world to one of the least important, except for the beauty of its location.

Thousands of people from all parts of the world still go to Amalfi every year, but not to buy and sell. They go to enjoy the wonderful sunshine and water and mountains which make this part of Italy one of the loveliest spots in the world.

The Sunbonnet Babies were sorry when Pippo said they must go on with their journey. They wanted to stay and watch the women who were washing clothes in the river, and they wanted to follow a steep, narrow path which led away up the mountain side. Some women and girls were coming down this path bringing large baskets of fruit on their heads.

But Pippo told the Sunbonnet Babies that the

best part of the drive was still ahead of them. And he was right.

The road took them first through a short, dark tunnel, not far below the monastery where they had spent the night. It then clung to the sides of the steepest mountains the children had ever seen. Wonderful stone bridges led across deep gorges, and dark tunnels took them inside the mountains.

On one of the bridges which crossed a great crack in the mountain side the Sunbonnet Babies begged to get out of the carriage.

"Very well," said Pippo. "You will see an interesting old fishing village in that gorge."

"What! A fishing village in that dark place, Pippo?" exclaimed May.

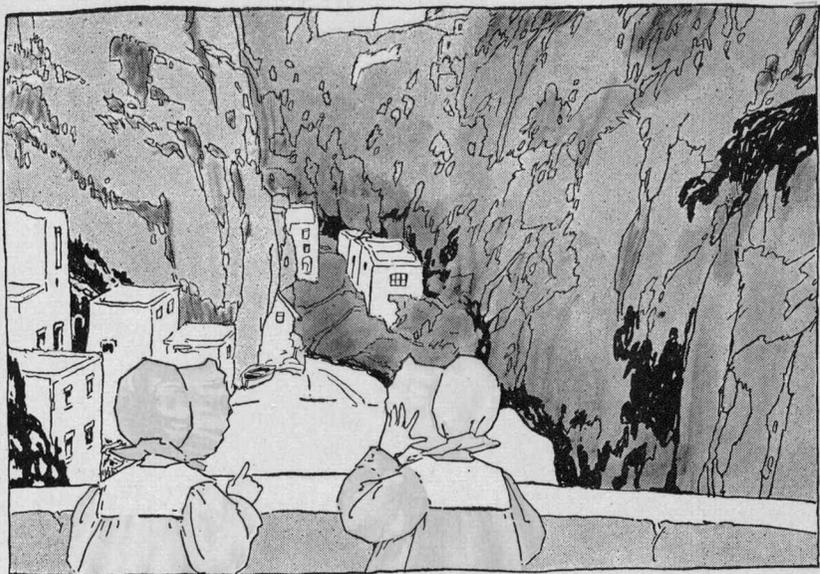
"Yes," said Pippo, "but only a few fishermen live there now. Their houses are really only caves in the mountain wall."

"It looks as if pirates might live there," said Molly.

"Do you suppose they will come out and steal us if we take a picture of their gorge? I am going to try it anyway."



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*"It looks as if pirates might live there," said Molly*

"You need not be afraid," said Pippo. "There are no pirates here now; but once upon a time they probably did live here. The gorge was a fine place to hide in before this road was built."

It was hardly twenty miles from Amalfi to Sorrento, but it took four hours to drive there. The road finally left the shore and climbed up over the green hills that separate the Gulf of Salerno from the Bay of Naples. It led through large vineyards and through groves of orange and lemon and olive trees, until at last it reached

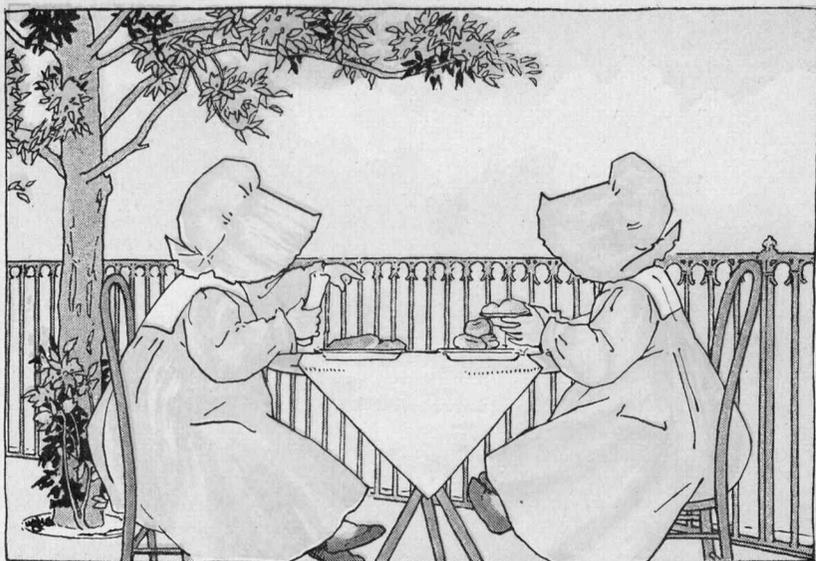
the beautiful town of Sorrento. But Pippo did not stop his horses until he had taken his party to the prettiest and quaintest little whitewashed hotel in the town.

The nicest thing about the hotel was its garden. It seemed as if all the fruits and flowers Molly and May had ever heard of were growing in this garden.

The owner of the hotel peeped under the big sunbonnets and said, "Well! well! I think you belong in my garden. Run out and pick all the oranges and all the roses you want. Find the prettiest spot in the whole garden, and a little round table shall be set there with a tea party on it for the two sweetest little girls in Italy."

Such a wonderful time as the Sunbonnet Babies had during the rest of that sunny afternoon. They skipped along the shaded walks. They picked handfuls of lovely flowers. They filled their skirts with the ripest and biggest oranges, then they sat down on a low marble bench and sucked out the sweet juice.

The place which they chose for the tea party was 'way at the end of the garden where



*They could look out over the lovely Bay of Naples*

they could look out over the lovely Bay of Naples. As they peeped through the high iron fence they looked straight down, at least a hundred and fifty feet, to the blue water softly washing the rocky shore below.

A delicious supper for two was set on a small, round table. Then Molly served May to chicken and rice, and May served Molly to cakes and ice.

When they went to bed that night they both agreed that it had been the happiest day of

the whole journey. But the next day brought new surprises of which they hadn't yet dreamed.

First they explored the lovely old town of Sorrento, and decided this was the place where they wanted to live always. Only the promise of a ride on the wonderful blue water of the bay made them willing to leave Sorrento even for a little while.

"How shall we get down to the water's edge?" Molly asked, as they stood by the iron fence looking down at the blue water so far below them.

"I will show you the way," said a brown-eyed Italian boy. "Come with me."

He then led them to a hole in the ground and down some steep, winding steps. When they reached the bottom of the steps they were in a great cave close by the water's edge. Several rowboats were lying in the cave, and two small, dark-eyed men were standing near by.

Molly was sure this was a real pirates' cave. When one of the dark-eyed men put her mother into his boat and pushed it off into the water, she burst into tears.



*She ran toward the pirate, stamping her feet*

“O father!” she cried. “They are carrying mother off in that boat! They must not! They shall not!”

She ran toward the pirate, stamping her feet very hard and commanding him to take her mother out of his boat. She was not crying now. She was very brave. She would save her mother and all the rest of her family from the dreadful pirates.

As the small, dark man looked at her, a smile came into his brown eyes. Then he

threw back his head and laughed a loud, merry laugh.

"I really am not so bad a pirate as you think I am, little girl," he said, after a moment. "I have lived five years in your America, but I wanted to come back to my sunny Italy. I like the way you take care of your mother. I believe you are brave enough to stop a big ship out there on the bay and climb aboard her, just as a real pirate might do."

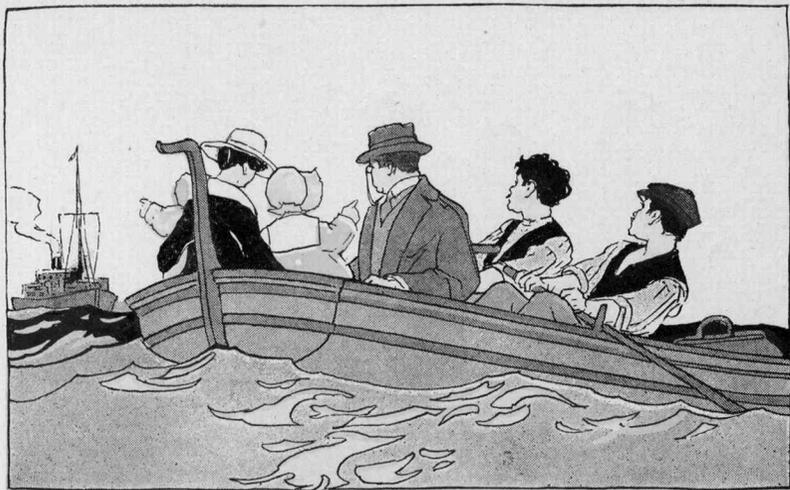
"Oh, no, I am not!" said Molly. "I am sure I am not!"

"Well, let's try it," said the man. "Your father and mother are willing. I am sure you will not object, if your little sister does not."

Now, May was clinging to her father's hand, looking very frightened indeed.

"If you are really a *good* pirate," said Molly at last, "and if you will not let anything happen to us, we will go with you. But you must take good care of my mother."

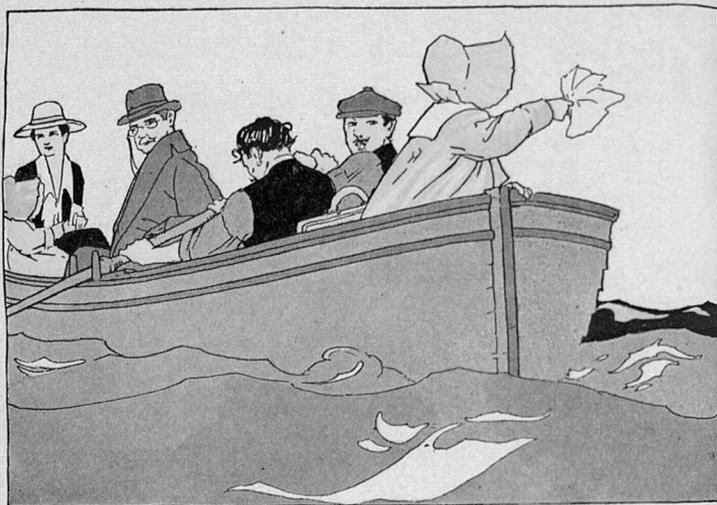
"I promise you I will," said the man. "But, remember, you must be as brave as pirates and do as I tell you. I am the captain, you know."



*The waves were really quite high for so small a boat*

So they obeyed their captain and got into his boat. The two men then pushed the boat out of the cave, pulling hard on the long oars.

The waves were really quite high for so small a boat to ride over. But Molly and May sat very still, wondering if they really could be as brave as pirates. They were thinking so hard they did not see a small steamer coming down the bay, until it was quite close to them. Then Molly said excitedly, "O Captain! Captain! Is that the ship that I must stop?"



*Molly stood bravely waving her handkerchief*

“That’s the ship,” answered the captain. “You must stand right up here in the bow of our boat and wave your handkerchief hard. When the captain of that ship sees you, he will know you are commanding him to stop his boat.”

“But will he really stop it?” asked May.

“He wouldn’t dare not to stop it,” answered the pirate captain. “He knows me, and when I tell him to stop, he stops.”

“How exciting!” cried Molly, as she stood in the bow of the boat waving her handkerchief.

"He is doing it! He is stopping his ship!" cried May.

"Of course he is," said her captain. "Now we must row our boat close up to the big one, and you must all climb aboard her."

"Oh, we can never climb up over the side of that big ship!" exclaimed May. "See how our boat is tossing about. We shall be drowned!"

"Tut! tut! You must be as brave as your little sister," said her captain.

"I will try to be brave," said May. And, as their small boat tossed up and down on the rough water close beside the taller ship, she was very brave.

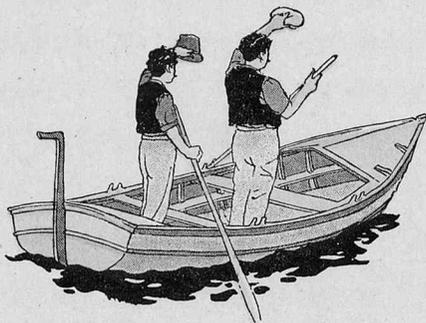
The sailors quickly opened a gate on the deck and pushed out a short gangplank. Two sailors then ran down to the end of the plank and held out their arms to catch the little pirates as they climbed aboard the ship.

Molly and May never knew just how it was done, but in some way their captain swung them from his small boat up onto the gangplank of the big boat, and the sailors held them fast. Their father and mother came up safely, too,

and even their traveling bags were put onto the steamer. They were hardly aboard, however, when the ship began to move. The Sunbonnet Babies looked quickly over the deck rail to see why their pirate friends were not with them.

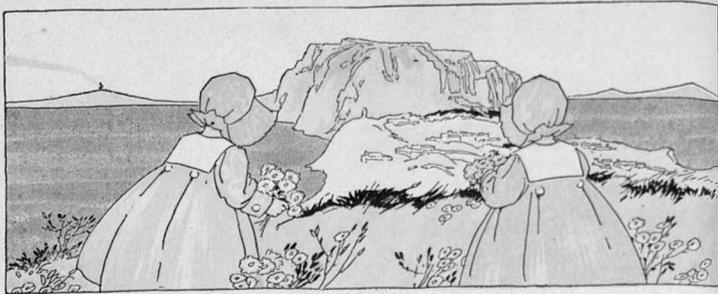
"They have left us!" exclaimed May. "They are rowing back to their cave again!"

Sure enough, the two men were pulling rapidly away from the big boat toward the shore. When they saw the Sunbonnet Babies waving to them, they smilingly took off their caps and called, "Addio, little pirates! Be brave and have a happy time."





## The Humpbacked Island



## THE HUMPBACKED ISLAND

"Where are we going, father?" demanded Molly, as the boat which they had just come aboard sailed slowly out toward the open sea.

"And why did we climb onto this steamer 'way out here in the deep water?" asked May.

"Oh, this is part of the surprise for to-day," answered their father. "Don't you like it?"

"Of course we like it," said Molly. "I even like those pirates, though I am glad they have gone back to their cave. But please tell us where we are going, father."

"Well, we are bound for the island of Capri, away off in the distance. It is about seven miles from here."

"But why didn't this boat come to the shore and get us?" asked May again.

"Just because the water close to the shore is not deep enough for so large a boat to sail on," said her father.

"Did those men know you wanted to go on this steamer?"

"Yes," answered her father. "It is their business to bring out in their boats people who want to go to Capri."

"Then they really are not pirates at all," said Molly in a disappointed voice.

"No, I am afraid not," answered her father. "But they have helped you to play a real pirate's trick. How did you like it?"

So they talked and asked questions as they sailed on over the clear, blue water, until the sun dropped suddenly behind the rim of the hump-backed island. Then beautiful rainbow colors were poured out over the sky and the sea and the island. But soon the rose and golden tints changed to silver and violet, and the rocky old island looked like a great purple camel with a double hump on its back, kneeling in a sea of shimmering blue and lavender.

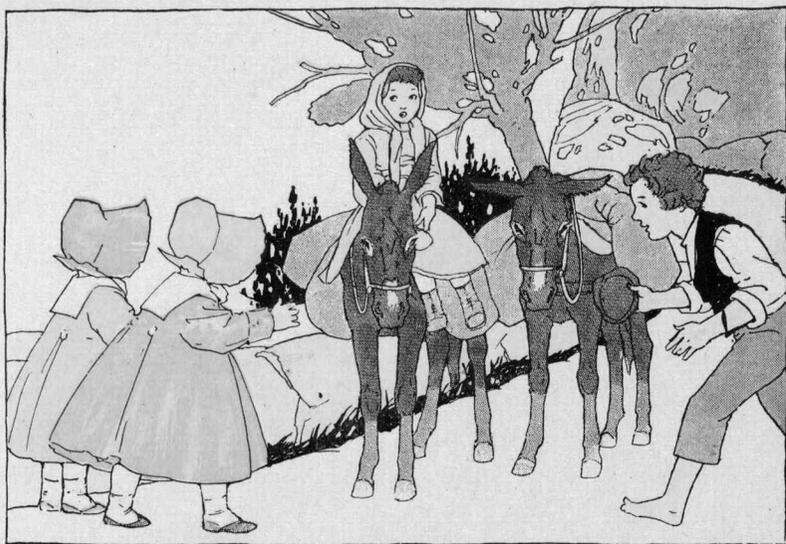
Between the humps nestled the pretty village

of old Capri, surrounded by lemon groves and vineyards. High up on one of the humps clung the little village of Anacapri, and close down by the water's edge snuggled a few pink and white and blue houses waiting to welcome travelers who might come to their shore.

It would be hard to tell all that Molly and May did and all that they saw during four happy days on the island. The people of Capri seem to live out of doors, for the warm sunshine and fresh breezes make summer and winter much alike there.

Some of the streets of the little old town are no wider than American sidewalks, and most of those that lead uphill have steps in them. Long ago, when these streets were built, there were no horses and carriages on the island. People carried their heavy loads on their heads, or on the backs of faithful donkeys.

Donkeys can climb stairs almost as well as men, so they are still used a great deal on this mountainous little island, for there are only two or three roads that horses and carriages can go over.



*"Would the little girls like to ride on our donkeys?"*

As the Sunbonnet Babies took their first walk through the narrow streets, they met a boy and girl coming down the hill on two small donkeys. The boy sprang quickly to the ground. He lifted his cap and said in polite Italian, with much motioning of his hands, "Buon giorno, signore. Would the little girls like to ride on our donkeys?"

"Oh, thank you! Of course we should like to ride," answered Molly very quickly.

"Please may we both ride?" asked May.

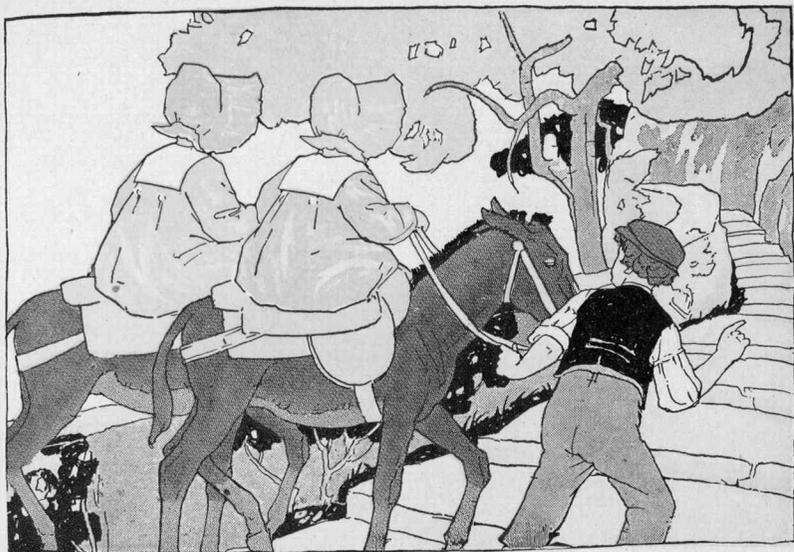
"Yes, indeed!" said the little Italian girl, jumping lightly from her donkey. "We will take you over our whole island if you would like to go with us."

"Goody!" exclaimed May. "Please take us first very, very high up where we can look 'way off over the blue sea toward America."

"We will take you up the long stairs to Anacapri," said the boy. "I will get a carriage for your father and mother, and they can drive up over the fine new road."

The Sunbonnet Babies did not understand all the boy's strange words, but they understood some of them, and they each understood the others' motion language. In a few moments Molly was proudly seated on one of the small donkeys and May on the other. Giorgio and Luisa, the friendly Italian boy and girl, followed close behind them, while the children's parents rode comfortably along in a low carriage.

They had gone only a short distance, however, when the two donkeys left the smooth road and began to climb some steps cut into the steep hillside. Giorgio and Luisa gave the



*The donkeys began to climb some steps cut in the hillside*

donkeys each a sound slap to keep them from turning back, for donkeys are lazy animals.

Before the Sunbonnet Babies really knew what was happening, their father and mother were nearly out of sight around a bend in the road, quite far below the steps up which the donkeys were climbing.

"Father! Father! Where are you going?" called May.

"We are going to the same place you are. We are going to Anacapri," her father shouted

back. "Let us see who will get there first. Giorgio knows the way."

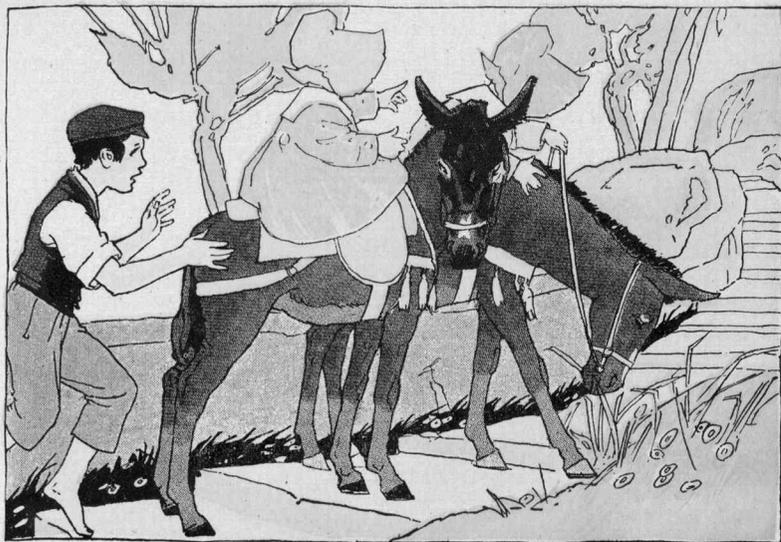
"They are going the long and easy way, while we are going the short and steep way," Giorgio said, with much motioning. "If these donkeys are not too lazy, we shall be there first," and he gave them each another quick rap on their backs with his hand.

"You should not strike your donkeys, Giorgio," Molly said. "We can make them go without your help."

"All right," said Giorgio, laughing. "You may try it, but you will never reach Anacapri."

"Oh, yes, we shall!" answered Molly. "Just watch us. Come on, May!"

Then they each pulled quickly on the short reins, but the donkeys did not stir. They patted the donkeys' necks and urged them to go on, just as they did with their ponies at home, but the donkeys only turned their heads and looked with sleepy eyes at their strange little riders. May's donkey even began to nibble the grass at the side of the path. It acted as if it had no thought of going up the hill, while Molly's



*May's donkey began to nibble the grass at the side of the path.*

donkey winked its eyes and stood very still, in spite of all her efforts to make it move.

"O Giorgio!" she cried at last. "What are we going to do? I never saw such stupid animals. We shall never reach Anacapri. Father and mother will think we are lost."

Giorgio and Luisa wanted very much to laugh at their anxious little riders, but they were too polite to do so.

"You see," Giorgio said, "our donkeys do not like strange ways. They do not like to

have anyone but Luisa and me drive them. They understand what we mean, and our blows do not hurt them."

"Then please drive them now," said May. "I don't want to sit here any longer."

So Giorgio and Luisa gave the donkeys each a sound slap on their backs, which made them swing their tails and start on up the long steps. The donkeys stopped often to rest, but they were reminded each time that their young master and mistress were close behind them.

At last they reached the top of the steps, and Giorgio and Luisa drove the donkeys to a lovely garden where small tables were set under the green trees.

"What a lovely place for a tea party!" exclaimed May. "Let's have one ready for father and mother when they come."

"Yes, let's have it at this table close by the wall, where we can look down and see the lovely water. My! It must be 'most a thousand feet 'way down there! See how tiny those boats look, and what a wonderful color the water is! It looks as if an artist had painted it that way."



*"What a lovely place for a tea party!"*

"Let's plan our tea party before mother gets here," said May. "What fun it will be to surprise her!"

So they asked the waiter to please bring some grape juice, with bread and butter and little cakes, enough for six people, for Giorgio and Luisa were to share the party with them.

The carriage soon drew up to the garden gate, and the Sunbonnet Babies ran to meet it, calling: "Hello! hello! See, we are here first! Our d... were so funny climbing up the long



*A young Italian boy and girl began to dance*

stairs. They almost went to sleep, but Giorgio and Luisa kept them moving. We are going to have a tea party now. Come quickly, and look over the garden wall. We never, never were so high up above the water before!"

As they were drinking their grape juice, a young Italian boy and girl ran into the garden and began to dance. Their mother made music for them on an instrument that looked like the head of a small drum, with little bells fastened all around it. She tapped the inst<sup>vay.</sup>

sharply with her fingers and jingled the little bells.

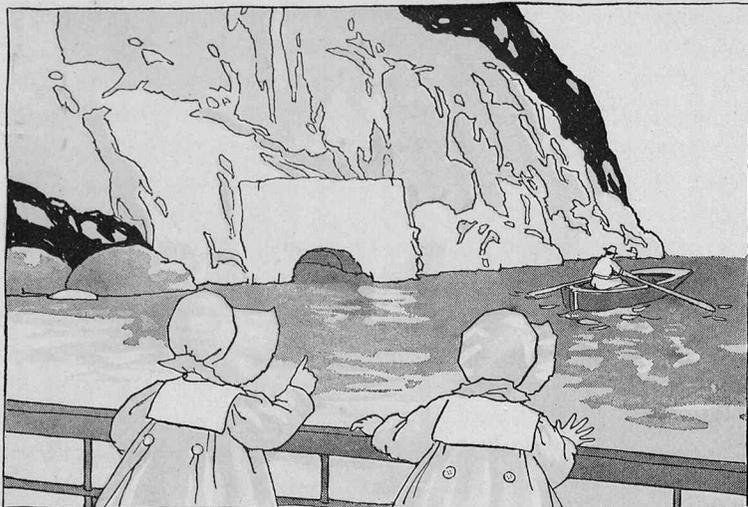
The dancers were dressed in gay, pretty costumes. They seemed to be telling each other a happy love story by motions, glances, and graceful dancing. It was the famous tarentella dance which the people of Southern Italy love so much.

When the dancers had finished their story, Molly and May gave them each some grape juice and little cakes. Then they rode back down the hill on their two sleepy donkeys.

The next day the Sunbonnet Babies were given a wonderful boat ride all the way around the island of Capri. In many places the shore rose from the blue water very steep and high. Gay-colored jellyfish floated about, and little forests of red coral clung to the rocky wall just below the water's edge.

When they had sailed nearly around the island, their steamer stopped quite suddenly, and they were told they must all get into some small rowboats that were waiting near by.

"What is the trouble?" asked May excitedly.



*"There is a man who wants to take us in his boat"*

"Is our boat sinking? Have these men come to rescue us, father? The shore is much too steep for us to land here, isn't it?"

"Oh, no!" said her father. "Our boat is not sinking, but we are going to take a look at the inside of the island. The Overall Boys saw the inside of a glacier up in Switzerland, you know."

"Oh, goody!" exclaimed Molly. "See, there is a man who wants to take us in his boat. Please, can't we hurry?"



*They had to keep their heads low to slip through the opening*

A few moments later they were being rowed straight toward a low hole in the steep shore. The hole was not more than three feet high and three feet wide above the surface of the water. It led into a narrow passage about fifteen feet long, which was just large enough for a rowboat to slip through if heads were kept very low.

“Oh, my! Where are we going?” whispered May, as she lay very still in the bottom of the boat. “This is more dangerous than going

inside of a glacier. I know it is! I wish the Overall Boys were here!"

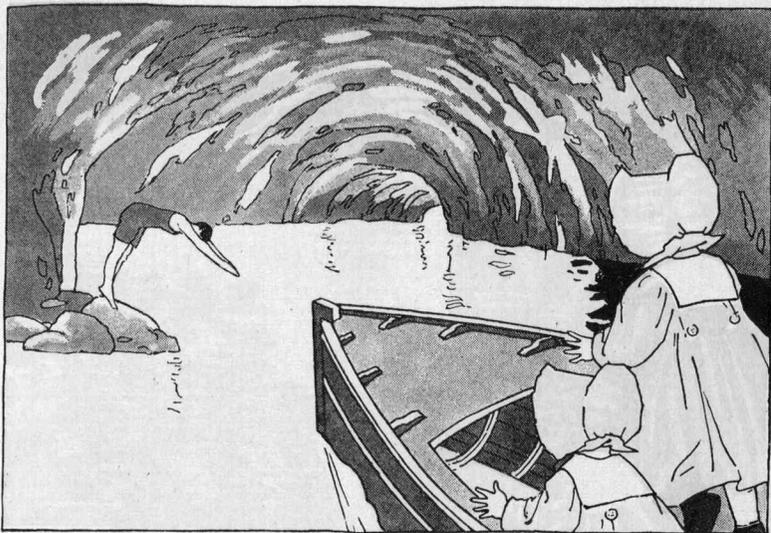
"Heads up!" called the boatman. "You are now in the beautiful Blue Grotto, the most wonderful chamber in Italy."

The next few moments no one spoke. The Sunbonnet Babies were sure they were dreaming, or that they had fallen asleep while lying in the bottom of the boat and had wakened in the land of the water nymphs.

Molly peeped gently over the edge of the boat, hoping to see a pretty nymph swimming about in the wonderful greenish-blue water. Just then a slender figure sprang from a narrow ledge at the farther side of the cave.

"Look, Molly!" whispered May. "It *is* a nymph—a really, truly nymph! It has gone way down under the water. The water is so clear and light we can see everything in it. It looks as deep as the sky."

"See, the nymph is coming up now!" said Molly eagerly. "What a beautiful color it is! It is diving and splashing and playing, just like a real boy."



*"Look! It is a nymph!"*

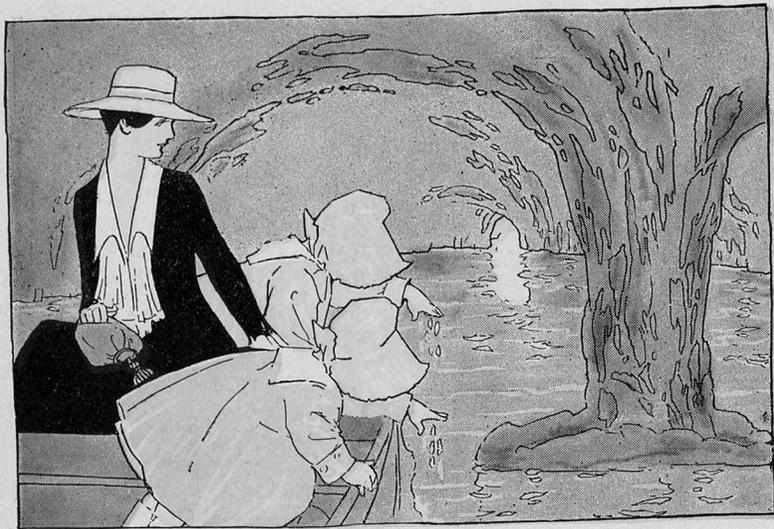
"And it is a real boy," said their father. "He is showing you the wonderful light and color in the water."

"Oh! Would I look as beautiful as that if I should swim in this water?" Molly asked eagerly.

"And would I?" cried May.

"Put your hand into the water and see," her father answered.

In a moment four little hands were splashing in the clear water. They were no longer



*The drops of water were like strings of lovely opals*

the rosy hands of Molly and May. They looked like white marble hands, softly tinted with blue. The drops of water that fell from their fingers were like strings of lovely opals and sapphires. The children wanted to catch some of the drops to carry home, but the boatman said they would look just like any other water drops out in the sunshine.

“But what makes them look so strange and lovely in this grotto?” asked Molly.

“Perhaps because most of the light that

comes into the grotto shines through the water," said her father. "In some way the red and orange and yellow rays of the sunlight have been lost, but the blue and green and violet rays seem to be all here. So everything looks cool and blue instead of warm and rosy, as it does just outside."

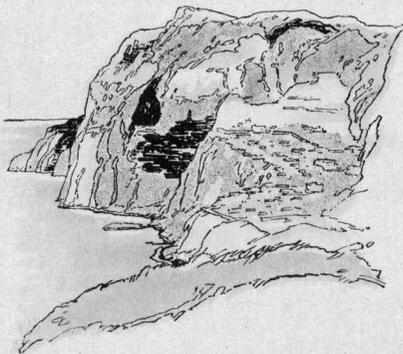
"How was such a great cave ever made under this island?" asked May. "Did the Italians make it?"

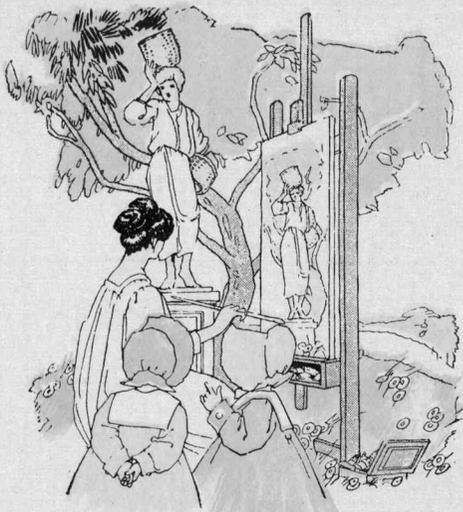
"No, indeed!" answered the boatman. "The sea made it ages and ages ago. This cave used to be a resort for the Roman emperors and their friends two thousand years ago. One emperor about that time built wonderful palaces on the island, and on hot summer days he and his friends would come down into this cool grotto to swim and to rest. Since then the island has sunk a little, so the water in the grotto is higher than it used to be. But even now the walls of the cave are forty feet high and a hundred and seventy feet long. It is almost as large as a good-sized church, you see."

"But the door is only three feet high," said Molly. "What would happen if a big storm came up while we were in here?"

"We couldn't get out," said the boatman. "Boats are not allowed to come into the grotto unless the sea is perfectly quiet. When it is rough it is very dangerous to be in here. We are allowed to stay only fifteen minutes, and our time is up now."

So they tossed a shining silver piece to the little boy who had made them think he was a really, truly water nymph, and their boats slipped quickly through the narrow passage back into the bright Italian sunshine.





In the City of Rome



## IN THE CITY OF ROME

“I feel as if vacation time were over,” said Molly, a few days later, as she looked from their window out upon a busy street in Rome. “I should much rather play in the orange garden at Sorrento or climb over the island of Capri with Giorgio and Luisa than to see Rome.”

“So should I!” said May. “I am sure there can’t be any more surprises as nice as the ones we have had.”

“Oh, yes, there can be!” said their father, who overheard what his Sunbonnet Babies were talking about. “There is one big surprise coming, which I believe you will think is even nicer than Sorrento or Capri.”

“O father! Is it here in Rome?” asked May.

"No," answered her father. "Not the surprise I am thinking about, though there are many nice ones here. We can drive about the city a little now, and see what it looks like."

"That will be fun," said Molly. "I hope the streets will not be so noisy and dirty as they were in Naples."

They were soon driving through broad streets and narrow streets, through streets where electric cars were speeding along, through old, old streets, and through big beautiful squares. It seemed as if they passed more great stone churches and handsome fountains than they had seen in all their lives before.

Their driver stopped his carriage near one of the largest of the fountains and said they should each throw a penny into the basin of water and take a drink from it before leaving Rome. Then they would surely visit the city again, for the legend says:

Cast your obulus in Trevi's fountain,  
Drink and, returning home,  
Pray that by stream or desert, vale or mountain,  
All roads may lead to Rome.

"I am not sure yet that I want to come

to Rome again," said Molly. "I think I will not throw my penny into the fountain until the last day I am here."

"I will show you something that will make you want to come again," said the driver. "I know what the Americans like."

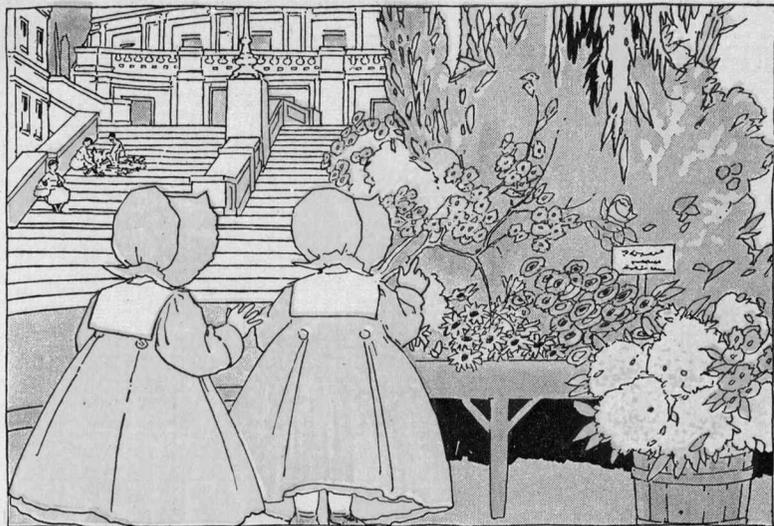
He then drove them through more narrow streets, until they came to a large square with a fountain in the center of it. This fountain looked like an old Roman war vessel.

Already the Sunbonnet Babies had learned that in Italy a public square is called a *piazza*, and their driver told them that this square was the Spanish Piazza.

"It should be called the Flower Piazza!" exclaimed May. "It looks like a big flower market. May we buy some of those lovely cherry blossoms?"

"Yes, indeed! Buy all you want," said their driver. "This is only one of our flower markets. There are many others in the city."

"Why are the people waiting on those great stone steps?" asked Molly. "And why do they wear such odd, pretty clothes?"



*"It should be called the Flower Piazza!"*

"Those people are models for artists," answered their driver. "Many of them live in the country and come into the city every pleasant morning. They wait on these steps, hoping artists may come and ask them to pose for their pictures. They are dressed in the old Roman costumes."

"I like their costumes," said May. "I wish your people would all dress that way. How nice that little girl looks with her bright-colored apron and red coral beads. She is barefooted and bareheaded, too."



*"Isn't she lovely?"*

"See, she is running down the steps with a tall jar on her head. Isn't she lovely? I wonder if she will let us take her picture."

"I will ask her," said May. "Do you suppose that woman is her mother? She is knitting with long, crooked needles. Her cap looks like a white handkerchief laid over her black hair. Perhaps they think father and mother are artists who want to paint them in a picture."

"I will tell them that my little daughters are the artists," said the Sunbonnet Babies'

father. "It does not take you so long to make a picture as it does most artists, so I think they will be glad to pose for you."

And they were. When the camera had been snapped, Molly and May each gave the little girl a *soldo* and said they hoped a real artist would paint a beautiful picture of her soon.

"I should much rather see the picture you have just taken in your queer, black box," said the little Italian girl.

"Would you really like to have us send it to you when it is finished?" asked Molly.

"Oh, yes, thank you! I would take it home to *il padre* and show him what happens when I come to the big city."

"Where do you live?" asked the Sunbonnet Babies' father.

"We live in the country, two miles beyond the city walls. We go out through St. Paul's Gate. My father has a little farm out there."

"May we drive out to see you some day?" asked the Sunbonnet Babies' father again.

"We should be proud to have you do so, sir," answered the little girl's mother politely.

"We will come next Friday afternoon, if you will be at home that day."

"And we will bring the picture we have just taken," Molly said to her smiling little friend.

"Please tell us what your name is," said May.

"My name is Maria," answered the little girl brightly.

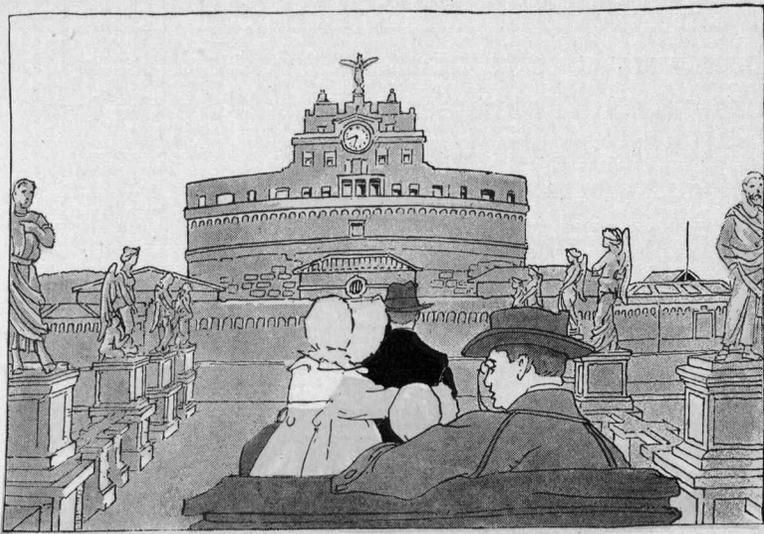
"Why, that is the Italian name for Mary, isn't it? My name is May."

"Addio, Maria! Here are some cherry blossoms for you, and here is a bunch of kisses. Addio!"

Then they drove away, blowing kisses from the tips of their small fingers to the lovely little model standing on the Spanish Flower Steps.

Soon they came to a handsome bridge which crossed the river Tiber. Their driver said this bridge was built by the famous Emperor Hadrian in the year 136. At the end of the bridge was a great round castle, which was also built by Emperor Hadrian, as a burial tomb for himself.

Three hundred years ago ten large stone angels were placed on each side of the long bridge, and another angel was put high on top of the round castle. Since then Hadrian's Tomb is



*The Bridge of the Holy Angels*

often called the Castle of the Holy Angels, and the bridge is called the Bridge of the Holy Angels.

As Molly and May drove slowly across this fine old bridge between the two rows of angels, they felt very small and very young indeed.

“I wonder if any of the bridges in America will last eighteen hundred years,” Molly said thoughtfully. “And what do you suppose the boys and girls were like in those days?”

“I believe they were very much like the Roman children to-day,” said her father. “And

I am sure those old Roman men must have been very wise to build such fine bridges as this one. In a few moments we shall see the largest church in all the world."

"Why, I thought the largest buildings were all in America," said May.

"The largest and tallest business buildings are there," said her father, "but not the largest churches. Half a dozen of the big churches in New York City could be set down right inside the Cathedral of St. Peter's, and forty thousand people can walk about in the Cathedral and not be crowded at all."

"Oh, dear! We shall get lost in such a big place!" exclaimed May.

But when they were once inside the great cathedral, it did not seem so large as they had expected. Not until they had walked around one of the great pillars which support the high dome did they realize how very, very large the cathedral was. They had to take as many steps in walking around that one pillar as they would have taken in walking around their own home in America. And there were four of these

great pillars, besides many smaller ones. On some of the pillars there were marble figures of babies as large as men, and figures of men as large as giants, while each of the many chapels along the two sides of the cathedral were the size of small churches.

"Is this great church named for St. Peter whom we read about in the Bible?" asked Molly.

"Yes," answered her father. "And he is supposed to be buried under this beautiful altar. See, there is an old bronze statue of him on the side of that pillar."

"And look! A woman is lifting up her baby to kiss the foot of the statue!" exclaimed May. "Why is she doing that, father?"

"She wants to show her honor and love for St. Peter. And she wants to teach her child to honor him, too," said her father. "One of the great bronze toes is nearly worn away, so many people have kissed it. Now are you ready to do something almost as hard as climbing a mountain?"

"Of course we are! We are ready for anything. What is it, father?"

"Follow me and you will soon find out."

Then they all passed through a small door on one side of the great church and began to go up some broad, winding stairs. They climbed up and up and up, until it seemed as if they could not climb any higher.

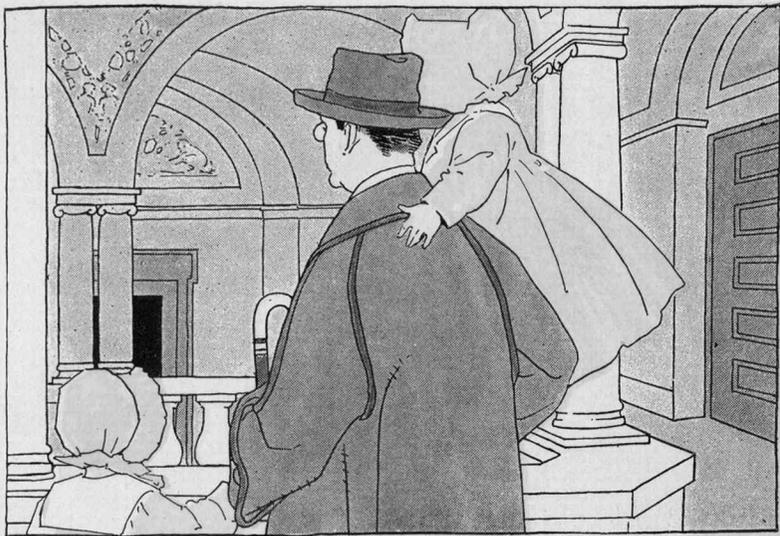
"Would you rather have come up these stairs on a donkey?" asked their father at last.

"Oh, dear! I don't know," said Molly, laughing. "I guess the Capri donkeys could come up here all right, but I think I'd rather be on my own feet. A donkey might get tired and lie down, or turn around and go back."

"Well, here is a resting place for us," said her father. "We have climbed as far as the base of the great dome. We can walk around the gallery now and look down into the church where we stood only a little while ago."

"How tiny the people look 'way down there! And how high the great dome still is above us!" exclaimed May.

"It is more than two hundred feet from this gallery to the top of the dome," said her father. "Shall we climb up there?"

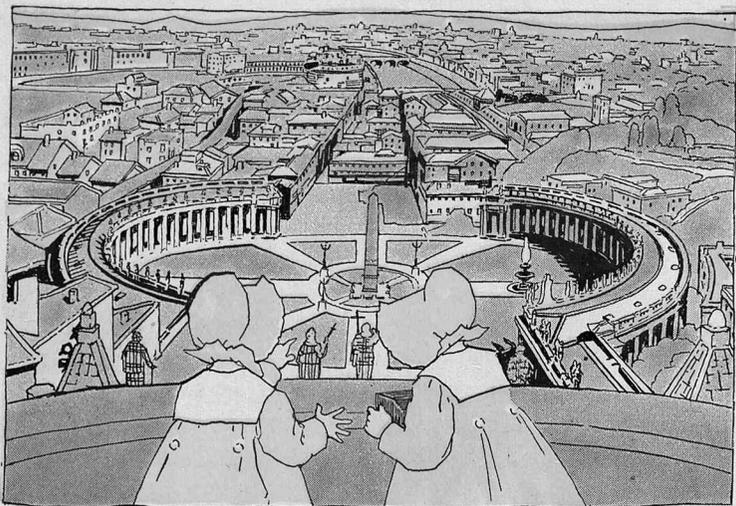


*He carried his little girls by turns*

“Yes, indeed!” said Molly, who had courage for anything.

Their father did not want the little legs to grow too tired with the long climb, so he carried his two little Sunbonnet Babies by turns up the last part of the steep, winding stairs, until they stood on a small open gallery above the great dome.

The whole city of Rome lay spread out before them like a great map. They could see the new city with its fine buildings, and the older



*The whole city of Rome lay spread out before them*

city with its narrow streets and crowded houses, and the still older, dead city, which had lain buried many centuries and now looked very much like old Pompeii.

There was the river Tiber with its muddy water flowing lazily along between the crowded houses. And not far away was the Tomb of Hadrian and the handsome Bridge of the Holy Angels. Their father pointed out parts of the ancient stone wall which once surrounded the whole of old Rome, and St. Paul's Gate, through

which Maria said they must drive in going to visit her father's farm.

Beyond the old city wall they could see miles and miles of level farms and pastures, and away in the distance rose a line of dark mountains against a blue sky. It was a big and wonderful view, but Molly and May soon became more interested in what they saw on the great, flat roof of the cathedral just below them.

"It looks like a little village down there," said May. "Is it really the roof of the cathedral?"

"It really is," answered her father. "Those men are busy repairing different parts of the cathedral and the great palace buildings. They say there are eleven hundred rooms in that palace. There are art galleries and museums and chapels in it, and it is also the home of the Pope, who is the head of the Catholic Church. We must visit the art galleries some day. There are many beautiful things in them."

"Look, father!" cried May at last. "How dark the sky is growing! It is going to rain."

"I am afraid it is," said her father. "We must leave this hilltop and hurry to our hotel."

A few moments later they were out on the beautiful piazza in front of the cathedral. It had already begun to sprinkle, but they found a carriage and driver waiting to take them wherever they wanted to go.

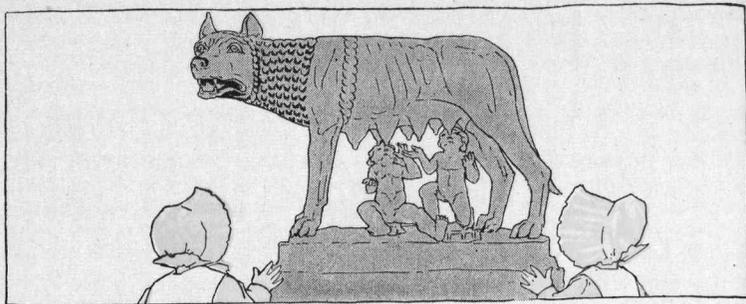
"I am sure it will rain hard before we can reach the hotel," said their mother. "How would you like to drive to a restaurant near by and have one of our nice tea parties?"

"Oh, we should love it!" exclaimed Molly and May. "It is hungry work to climb so high."

After a tea party of hot chocolate and bread and butter, they were rested once more. The shower had passed, and they had a wonderful time buying Roman beads and sashes and hair ribbons in the gay little shops along the busy street.



The Story of the Twins



### THE STORY OF THE TWINS

“Shall we visit the very oldest part of the city to-day?” asked the Sunbonnet Babies’ father one morning.

“Oh, dear! I am tired of old things,” said May. “I should much rather ride in the park and hear the band play, as we did yesterday.”

“Don’t you like to hear old stories?” asked her father.

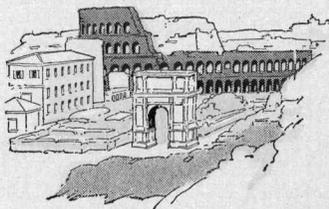
“Why, yes! I always like stories, you know.”

“Well, wouldn’t you like to hear an old story about some twin boys? And while I tell the story, wouldn’t you like to sit near the place where the boys were supposed to have grown up?”

“Yes, of course we should!” exclaimed Molly. “I like old things, father. You tell such interesting stories about them.”

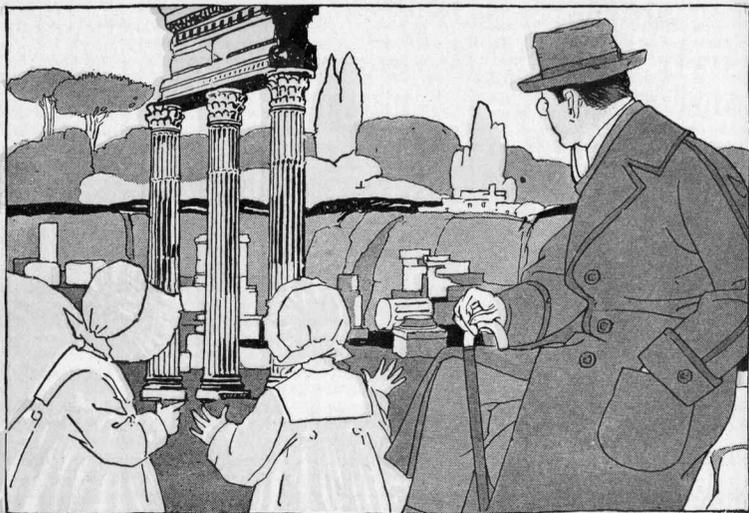
Half an hour later they were walking slowly about the old Roman Forum looking at ruins of beautiful buildings and temples which had once been the center of the busy city. In one of the narrow streets they saw some large squares and circles made in the pavement, on which the men and boys used to play their games.

They saw, too, the great open-air theater, or Colosseum, in which the old Romans held their famous sports. Sometimes the sports were very wicked and cruel. The Colosseum was built in the shape of a huge circle without a roof.



It once seated eighty-seven thousand people around its high sides, leaving a large open space in the center for the games.

Then they saw beautiful great arches, built in honor of old emperors, and tall marble columns which were once a part of lovely temples. But these things were all so broken and ruined the Sunbonnet Babies soon grew tired of looking at them.



*They saw beautiful arches and tall marble columns*

“When are you going to tell us the story, father?” asked May at last.

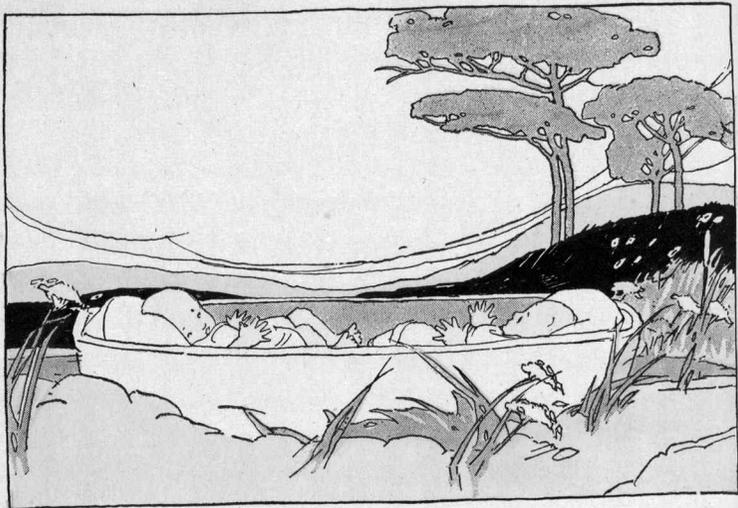
“Well, let us have it now,” answered her father. “Let us sit down on this old stone block right where we can look at the hill over yonder. The present city of Rome is built on seven hills. Our story tells how the city was first started on that hill and how the first wall was built around it.”

“Is the story really true, father?” asked May.

“People used to think it was true, but it happened such a long time ago we cannot be sure about it. Even if it is not true, it is a good story about twin brothers who were said to have lived nearly three thousand years ago. The father of the boys was supposed to have been the young god Mars, and their mother was a beautiful maiden called Sylvia.

“It was Sylvia’s work to care for the sacred fire in the temple of the goddess Vesta. Such maidens were treated with great honor, but they were not allowed to marry. So the people were very angry when Sylvia said the great god Mars was her husband and the two baby boys were her own little children. As a punishment the young mother was buried alive, and her helpless babies were put into a wooden trough, which was set afloat on the river Tiber.

“Now it happened just at that time that the river overflowed its banks. But very soon the water went down, and the little trough in which the twin babies lay was left safely on high ground. Of course the babies became very hungry and probably cried loudly for



*The little trough in which the babies lay was left safely on high ground*

their mother to come and feed them. But the poor mother could not come, though another mother did. She was a mother wolf, and she carried the hungry babies away to her lair, where she tenderly nursed and cared for them.

“Some time later a shepherd found the baby boys living in the woods with their wolf mother. He was a kind man, and he took the children home to his wife. She named the boys Romulus and Remus, and brought them up to be shepherds like her husband.

“When the twin brothers grew to be young men, trouble arose between the shepherds belonging to their mother’s father, who should have been king of the country, and the shepherds of the wrongful ruler. Romulus and Remus did many brave things of which their grandfather heard, and one day he asked to have them brought before him. He then discovered that they were the twin sons of his beautiful daughter Sylvia.

“The proud young men gathered an army together at once and seized the country in the name of their grandfather, the rightful king. They then decided to build a city, but they could not agree upon a place for it. Romulus wished to build it on one of the seven low hills in that region, while Remus wished to build it on another. Finally they went to their grandfather for advice, and he told them to watch for a sign from the gods. So Romulus stood on the hill which he had chosen and Remus stood on his hill, both watching for some sign to show them the right spot on which to build their city.



*Remus saw six vultures flying over his head*

“At last Remus saw six vultures flying over his head, but shortly afterward Romulus saw twelve vultures. The people took this to be a sign that the gods preferred the choice of Romulus, so they made him their king.

“Romulus began at once to build the walls of his new capital. He harnessed a heifer and a bull to a plow, and between the rising and going down of the sun he plowed a furrow in the shape of a square around the top of his hill. On this furrow he built the wall of his city.

“Remus had seen the birds first and he felt that he should be the founder of the city. One day, as he stood watching the building of the new wall, he laughed at it scornfully and leaped over it. Romulus was deeply hurt, and he killed his brother on the spot, crying, ‘So may all perish who cross this wall!’

“Romulus named his city *Rome*, and he and his shepherds lived in thatch-roofed mud houses within the protection of its walls.

“The story says this was the real beginning of the wonderful city of Rome. The hill which Romulus chose was the one right over there. It is called the Palatine Hill. The old Roman emperors lived on it for many centuries. The ruins of their walls and great palaces can still be seen,” said the Sunbonnet Babies’ father, as he finished his story.

“I wonder if it was there that the mother wolf took care of Romulus and Remus,” said Molly. “If so, I think Romulus was right in wanting to build his city on the same spot.”

“Rome is now so large it covers all of the seven hills, as well as the land between

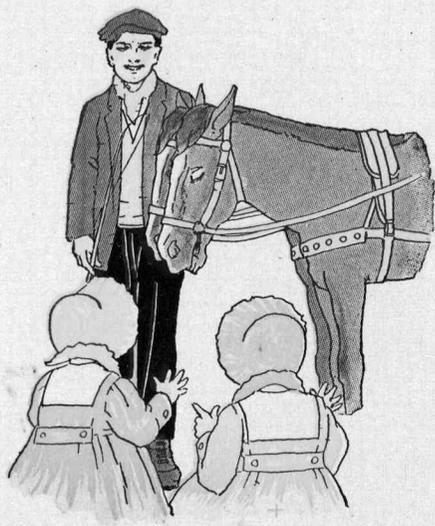
them," said her father. "Our hotel is on one of the hills, and the park where we drove yesterday is on another. Who wants to drive in the park again to-day?"

"I do!" and "I do!" and "I do!" cried Molly and May and their mother.

"Please may we drive first through the Spanish Piazza and buy some more flowers?" begged May. "Perhaps we may find Maria on the big steps. If she is there, father, may we ask her to drive in the park with us?"

"Yes, indeed!" answered her father. "We may meet the king and queen in the park. They drive there nearly every day."

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed May. "Let's buy the loveliest roses we can find and toss them into the king's carriage."



Travel Adventures



## TRAVEL ADVENTURES

The next few days were spent in traveling northward, sometimes by train, sometimes by automobile, and sometimes behind two small Italian horses.

Each night the Sunbonnet Babies slept in some quaint little town near a great old church or castle built hundreds of years ago.

Some of the towns stood on steep, rocky hills and were surrounded by strong, stone walls. There was always a village well within the walls, where the women and girls filled their graceful jugs with water every morning.

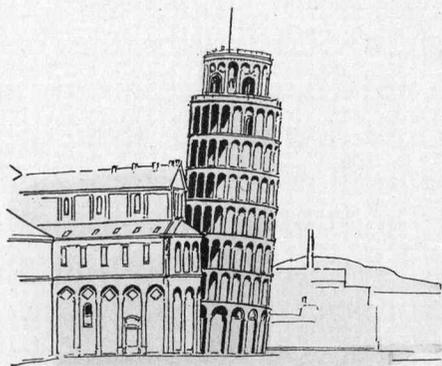
During spring and summer the men and women in these hillside towns work on their fertile little farms in the green valleys below. In the fall the children take long trips to the

woods to gather ripe chestnuts to grind into flour, for the Italians are very fond of chestnut cakes.

The most wonderful thing which Molly and May saw on this northward journey was the Leaning Tower at Pisa.

For seven hundred years the beautiful white marble tower has stood there leaning lazily over to one side. Soon after it was started, the ground under it began to sink. The builders straightened it up as well as they could, but when it was finished its top leaned to one side nearly fourteen feet.

The Sunbonnet Babies were almost afraid to go up the winding stairs inside the Leaning Tower. But at last they bravely climbed the three hundred steps, round and round and up and up, until they reached the top where the great bells hang.



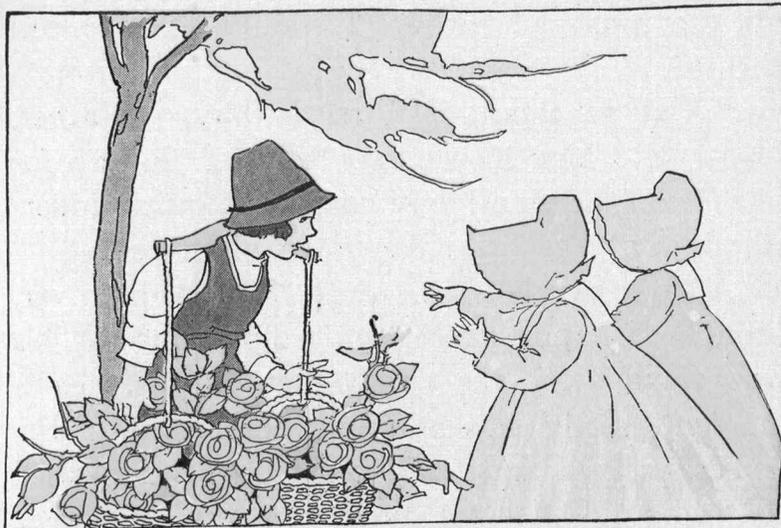
Even though a strong railing was around the top of the tower, Molly and May thought they would surely slip off, it leaned so far to one side. But they soon forgot their fears.

Near by they saw the great black and white cathedral and the beautiful round baptistry where the babies of Pisa are all baptized.

Toward the west they looked across broad, green fields to the blue sea seven miles away. Two thousand years ago the sea was only two miles from Pisa, but the river Arno, which flows down from the mountains, brings with it a great deal of soil which it drops when it reaches the sea. In this way five miles of new land have been made between Pisa and the sea.

There was not much except the Leaning Tower in the now quiet little city of Pisa to interest the Sunbonnet Babies, so they followed the river Arno up toward the mountains as far as the beautiful city of Florence.

It was Maytime, and there were roses everywhere—roses to sell and roses to give away. For the first time in their short lives Molly and May had all the roses they wanted.



*"Will you please let me sell your roses for you?"*

"No wonder Florence is called the City of Flowers," said their mother one morning, as they visited the big flower market.

"Yes, everybody seems to be buying or selling flowers. Isn't it lovely?" cried Molly.

Then, before her parents knew what she was doing, Molly ran up to a small boy who was carrying two baskets of beautiful roses on a wooden yoke across his shoulders.

"O little boy!" she said. "Will you please let me sell your roses for you? I will give you

all the money I make. I should love to sell them!"

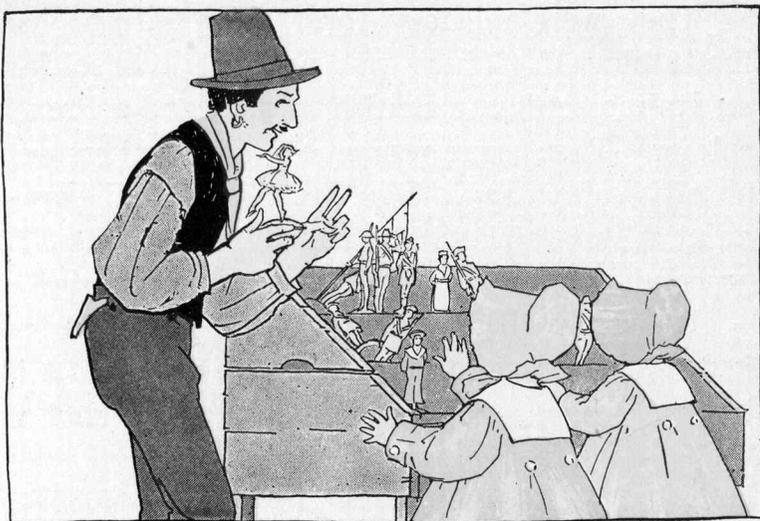
"And so should I!" cried May. "Father, please ask him if we may sell his flowers for him," for the small boy could not quite understand what the little American girls wanted.

A few words from their father, however, brought a happy smile to the boy's face. This was enough for the Sunbonnet Babies. In a moment Molly was standing beside one of the flower baskets and May beside the other, with the radiant little Italian boy between them.

"Now," said Molly, "you hold the baskets while we sell the flowers. We will sell some to our own father first. Please, sir, here is a bunch of pink roses for you. They cost only one lira. I am sure you want them."

Of course he did want them, and many other people wanted to buy of the pretty little flower girls, too.

In a very few minutes the two baskets were empty, and the small boy was hurrying away to his father's flower stand with more money in his pocket than he had ever had



*They watched Filippo spin his tops*

before, while Molly and May found other interesting things to do.

From a corner of the market place they heard some one calling, "Ecco! Signor Filippo will now present his troupe of trained tops for the crippled soldiers."

"Oh, let's see them!" exclaimed May. "Tops are such fun, and we ought to help the poor Italian soldiers, too."

So they watched young Filippo, who had been a soldier in the great war, spin his wonderful tops.

They were military tops which Filippo had made himself. There was an American soldier, an Italian soldier, a British soldier, and a French soldier. Then there was a Red Cross nurse and a jolly sailor boy. But prettiest of all was a dainty little girl with butterfly skirts, dancing gracefully about among the stiff soldiers.

It was really wonderful, the way Filippo kept the tops spinning. Molly and May paid him a whole lira for the fun they had in watching them.



As they were about to leave the market place they heard a clear, beautiful whistle which made them stop and listen.

“It is my blackbird, signorine,” called a little boy. “See, he is here in this cage. I caught him in the field and taught him how to whistle. Now he can whistle better than any other blackbird in Florence. Would you like to buy him?”

“Why, yes, of course we should! But we cannot take care of a bird while we are traveling. He will be happier with you. We will give you

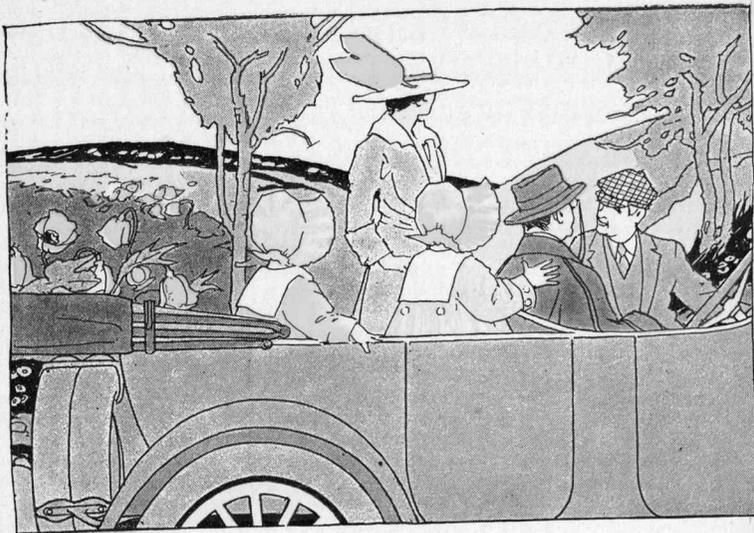
some pennies to buy food for him." So they dropped two big Italian pennies into the little boy's hat, while he bowed very politely.

One whole lovely afternoon was spent in motoring over the hills beyond the city of Florence. They saw groves of olive trees that were hundreds and hundreds of years old, and large vineyards where purple grapes were growing.



On a hilly road beyond a small village they passed two women who were bringing down from the woods great bundles of fagots on the backs of small donkeys. They would burn these fagots in their fireplace stoves at home, for wood and coal are hard to get in Italy.

Best of all the things the Sunbonnet Babies saw on this happy drive was a rollicking brook. It came tumbling down over big stones and under white birch trees close by the roadside.



*Beyond the brook was a wheat field bright with poppies*

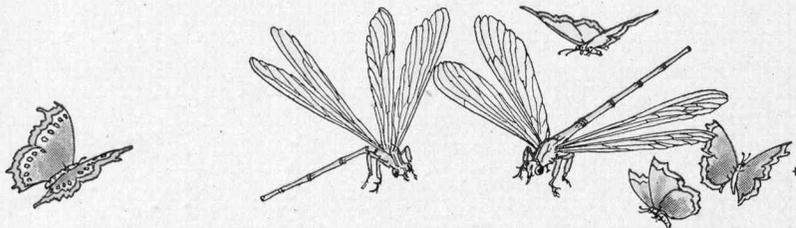
Beyond the brook was a trim little wheat field, bright with scarlet poppies.

“It looks just like a brook I know in New England,” said their mother. “Let us walk a little way and find out where it comes from.”

“Oh, yes! Let’s walk!” cried Molly and May and their father.

So they left their car and began following the brook under the shade of the tall trees. The children picked handfuls of scarlet poppies and beautiful blue cornflowers. They listened

to the happy nightingales and mocking birds singing in the trees above them, and they watched handsome great dragon flies dart along close above the cool, splashing water.



On and on they walked, until at last they came to a beautiful, quiet spot shut in by trees and bushes, with only the brook flowing through it.

“What a splendid place for a picnic!” cried May. “How I wish we had something to eat!”

“I have some small cakes of sweet chocolate,” said her mother. “Perhaps a good fairy will come along and change them into strawberry sandwiches for us. Let us sit down on the grass and see.”

So they all sat down by the the brook and their mother divided the little round cakes of chocolate among them. They each had three.



*"Sh-h! I believe the fairy is coming!"*

"Sh-h! I believe the fairy is coming," whispered May. "I hear footsteps!"

At that moment the bushes were pushed gently aside and a little, barefooted old woman peeped smilingly through at them. A small, brown-eyed girl was with her. She was barefooted, too, and they each wore a wreath of grape leaves around their flying hair. The little girl had a bunch of fresh grape leaves in her hand, and the little old woman carried a small basket of luscious wild strawberries.



*The child laughed and darted into the little group*

The child laughed and darted into the little group, laying a large grape leaf on the lap of each of the strangers. The little old woman followed close behind her, shaking strawberries from her basket onto each green leaf. Then the little girl quickly laid another leaf on top of the strawberries.

They were about to slip away into the bushes again when May called, "Wait, wait, good fairies! Thank you for your strawberries, and please let us give you our sweet chocolate."

The small basket was passed quickly around again and the tiny tinsel-covered cakes were all dropped into it. Then the two little people, with smiling lips and shining eyes, slipped away into the tall bushes.

"Oh! oh!" whispered Molly. "Were they really, truly fairies?"

"Of course they were," answered May.

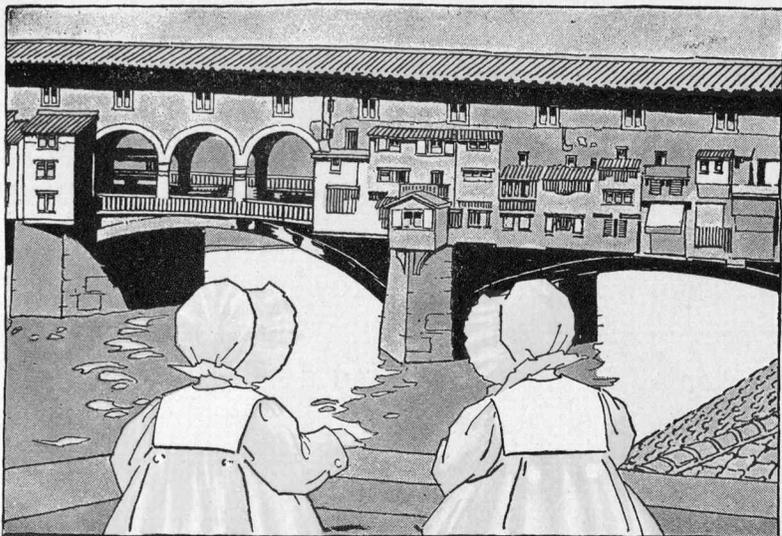
"Well," said her mother, "they brought us strawberry sandwiches, anyway, and no one but fairies could have known how much we wanted them."

"That is so," said Molly. "Let's call it our Fairy Tea Party. I never, never tasted such sweet strawberries!"

The drive back to the Flower City was a quiet one. Molly and May had so much to think about. But when the next morning came they were eager for the new day's experience.

"What shall we do to-day, father?" asked Molly at the breakfast table.

"Well, how would you like to go shopping on an old, old bridge which crosses the river Arno?" asked her father.



*The Ponte Vecchio, where the Sunbonnet Babies went shopping*

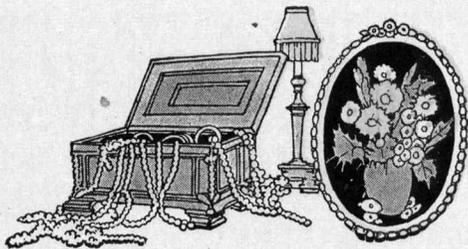
“Shopping on a bridge!” exclaimed both little girls. “What can we buy on a bridge?”

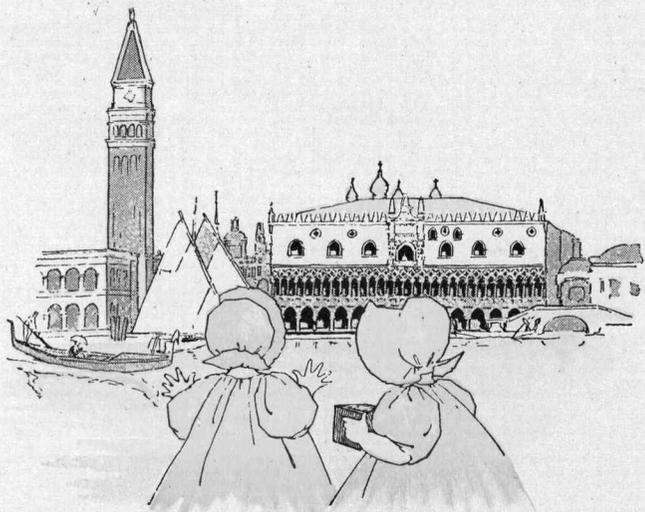
“Oh, all the pretty jewelry you want,” answered their father. “It is a two-story bridge. It is called Ponte Vecchio. On each side of the lower story is a row of small shops, most of which sell jewelry—pretty neck chains and pins and rings. The second story is part of a long, covered passage connecting two famous old palaces. The passage is more than a third of a mile long. It was built for the wedding of

a prince in one of the families. The palaces are now filled with beautiful paintings and sculpture. We must go to see them soon."

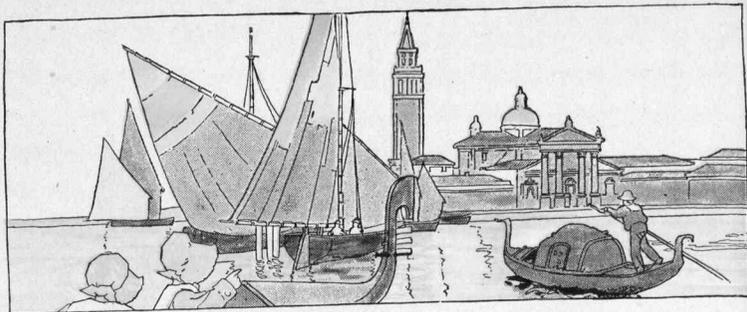
And so several days were happily filled with shopping and driving and seeing beautiful pictures and wonderful old churches.

They found a tall bell tower in Florence even more graceful and lovely than the Leaning Tower at Pisa. It is called a "Lily in Stone," it is so very beautiful. The tower has stood there beside the great cathedral for nearly six hundred years, and it is as fresh and beautiful now as when it was first built.





The City in the Sea



## THE CITY IN THE SEA

“To-day brings the great surprise,” said the Sunbonnet Babies’ father one morning. “You remember I said we should visit a place here in Italy which you would like even better than Sorrento or Capri. We are going to that place to-day.”

“Oh, where is it?” exclaimed both little girls. “How shall we get there? What are we going to see?”

“You must not ask so many questions. It would not be a surprise if I should tell you all about it,” said their father. “But we shall take the train this morning, and before we go to bed to-night we shall be there.”

All day Molly and May were much excited thinking about the wonderful surprise awaiting

them. Their train carried them slowly northward through the lovely Italian country straight toward the high mountains.

"Must we go over those mountains, father, or can we go through them?" May asked eagerly.

"We shall do both," answered her father. "We shall go over a part of them and we shall go through the rest. In a moment our train will enter the first tunnel."

"Oh! Oh! We are in it now!" exclaimed Molly. "How dark it is!"

Then, almost before she knew it, they were out in the bright sunshine again, creeping along a high bridge above a deep valley. In and out of many tunnels they went, and across many high bridges from which they had wonderful glimpses of the valleys and rivers below and of the mountains towering high above them.

"Is this Switzerland, father?" Molly asked at last.

"No, indeed," answered her father. "We are crossing the Apennine Mountains, which

stretch down through Italy like the backbone of a fish. But we shall soon be leaving the mountains behind us and shall see the canals and the rice fields on the other side of them. Then you may think you are in Japan."

And so they traveled northward, seeing many new and interesting sights, until just at sunset they came to what their father called the "Jumping-off Place."

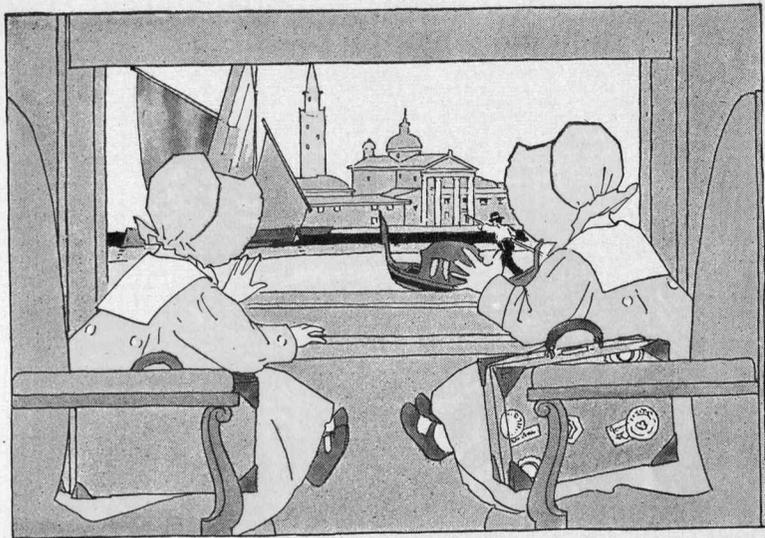
"Close your eyes for a moment," he said. "I will tell you when to open them."

So Molly and May closed their eyes very tightly until their father said, "Now you may look."

"Oh! Oh! Where are we? Our train is running right on the water!" exclaimed May as she opened her eyes.

"Why, yes! There is water on both sides of us!" cried Molly. "There is water all around us. It looks like the sea. O father! Is there a bridge under us? Will our train sink?"

"No, our train will not sink," answered her father, laughing. "There is a real railroad track under us. The track is built on strong



*"Our train is running right on the water!"*

wooden posts or piles which are sunk deep down into the ground under the water."

"How far out on the water will the train go?" May asked, in a voice just a little frightened.

"About two miles," answered her father. "We are going to the City in the Sea."

"Oh, I know now!" cried Molly. "We are going to Venice! We are going to Venice, May! That is the wonderful surprise. We are almost there. I can see some of the houses now."

A few moments later their train was pulling into a busy covered station and everybody was getting off, for no one goes beyond Venice by train. A porter took their bags, and the Sunbonnet Babies thought he would show them where to find a carriage or a taxi to take them to their hotel. But no, he led them to a long line of small black boats which were drawn up to the station platform.

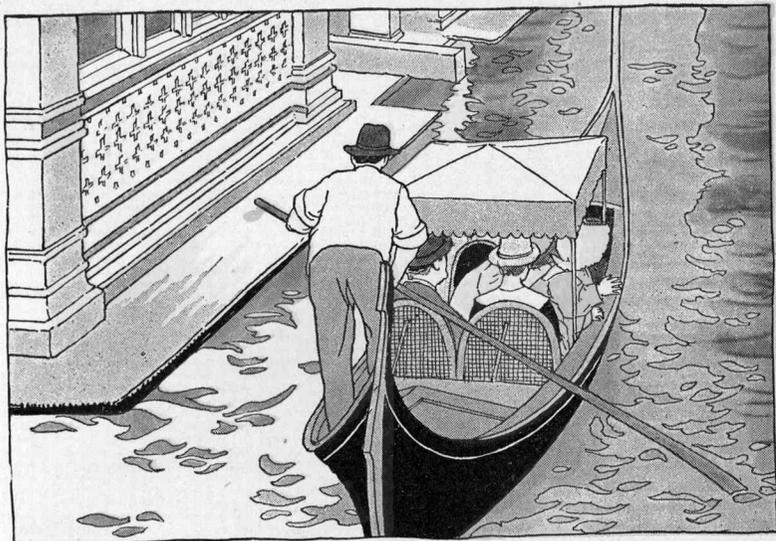
“O father! Are these boats gondolas?” asked Molly excitedly. “And is this one of the water streets you have told us about?”

“Yes,” said her father, “and this man is going to take us to our hotel in his gondola. So jump in!”

When they were all seated, an old man standing on the platform gave their gondola a push with his long pole and they were off.

The gondolier stood in the back of his graceful boat and paddled it lightly forward with one long oar.

Out into the sunset glow of the broad canal they slipped quietly. The soft colors of the setting sun, caught and reflected by the shining



*They glided around corners and through narrow canals*

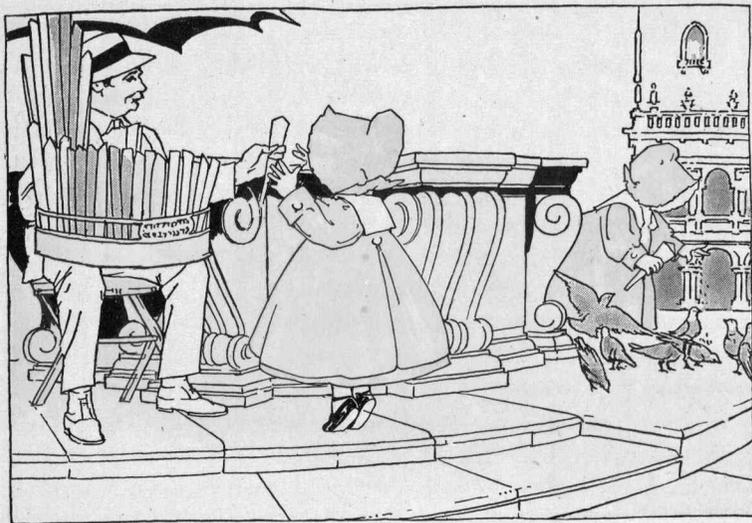
water, made a picture more beautiful than they had seen in any art gallery in Italy.

They glided around corners and through narrow canals, until at last their gondolier stopped his boat close by the marble steps of a handsome stone building.

“This is to be our home while we stay in Venice,” said the Sunbonnet Babies’ father.

“Oh! I wish we could stay here always,” Molly said softly.

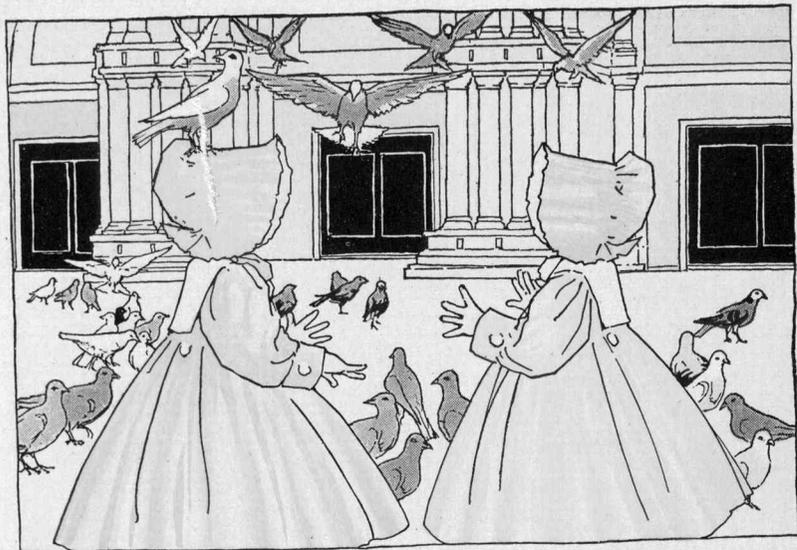
“And so do I,” whispered May.



*The pigeons were as tame as little chickens*

As the days went by, Molly and May did not change their minds. Venice was like a fairy land to them, and the hundreds of beautiful pigeons that live about the Piazza of St. Mark were the cunningest of playmates.

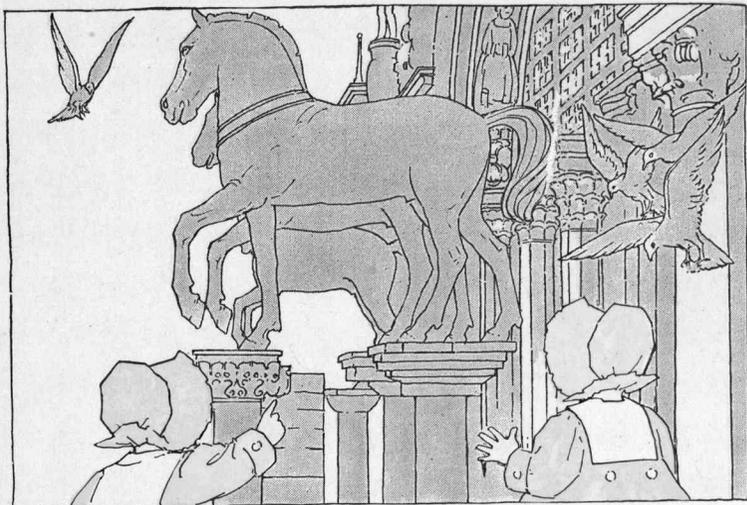
Each morning the children hurried to the piazza to help give the doves their breakfast of corn and peas. They were as tame as little chickens. They would coo and flutter about the Sunbonnet Babies and eat from their hands as if they had always been friends.



*Sometimes a brave little pigeon would stand on one of the sunbonnets*

Sometimes an especially brave little pigeon would stand on one of the pretty sunbonnets, turning his head about very proudly to be sure that everyone was seeing him. But the pigeon was no prouder than the little girl under the bonnet, who stood very still lest she frighten the pretty thing away.

There are very few dogs or cats in Venice, so the pigeons have nothing to fear. They are the pets of the whole city, and they sleep in the prettiest places near the tops of the buildings.



*The great bronze horses at the Cathedral of St. Mark*

There are only four horses in the city, too, and they are great bronze horses two thousand years old. They have stood above the doorway of the beautiful Cathedral of St. Mark, on one side of the piazza, more than seven hundred years. Napoleon carried them off to Paris and placed them on top of a fine arch there, where they stayed for eighteen years, but at last they were returned to Venice.

During the World War these famous horses were taken down again and hidden away in a

safe place where bombs and robbers might not touch them.

Now once more they are standing above the beautiful doorway, with the pretty pigeons flying lovingly about them.

There were many other things on the big piazza, aside from the doves and the horses, which interested the Sunbonnet Babies. There was a strange old Clock Tower which has been standing there since the time Columbus discovered America. Two big bronze men stand on top of the tower and strike the hours on a great bell with their heavy hammers. First one man raises his hammer and strikes the bell and then the other man strikes it, until the right hour has been struck, from one to twenty-four o'clock, which is midnight.

It seemed strange for Molly and May to go to bed at nineteen o'clock instead of seven, but that was what they did in Italy, for there the clock faces have twenty-four hours on them instead of twelve.

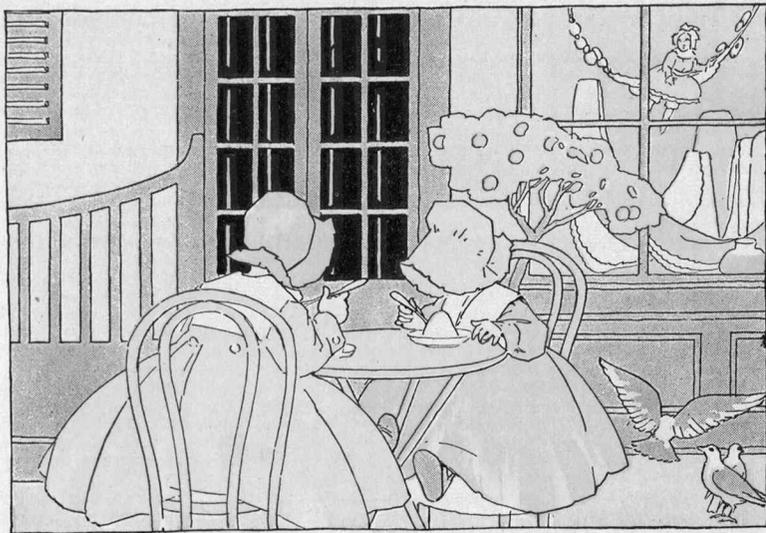
There is another tower on the piazza, too, much taller than the Clock Tower. It is the

Cathedral Bell Tower, and it stands nearly in front of the beautiful cathedral.

A few years ago the tower which had stood on this spot for a thousand years fell quite suddenly, for the bricks with which its walls were made were turning to dust. But the Venetian people soon built a new tower just like the old one on the same spot, and they expect it to stand another thousand years.

Molly and May climbed to the top of this tall tower and looked out over the wonderful city surrounded by the beautiful blue water. They saw the green trees of the public gardens, and the orange and blue sails of fishing boats coming slowly in, loaded with fish caught out in the deeper sea. They tried to count the many gondolas moving quietly through the busy canals, and they watched the tiny pigeons fluttering about on the piazza below.

Around three sides of the piazza are handsome little shops, with a broad covered sidewalk in front of them. Nearly everything that is nice can be bought in these shops, from beautiful laces to delicious ice cream.



*The Sunbonnet Babies often had cherry ice cream*

The Sunbonnet Babies often begged to sit by one of the small tables on the covered sidewalk and have some cherry ice cream while the band played in the center of the piazza.

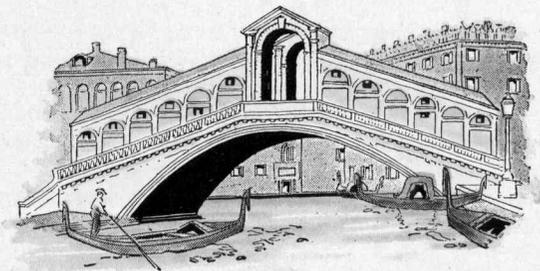
The Piazza of St. Mark is really a wonderful place. It is the open-air reception room for all the Venetian people, as well as for many strangers who come to visit their city—yes, and for hundreds of beautiful pigeons, too.

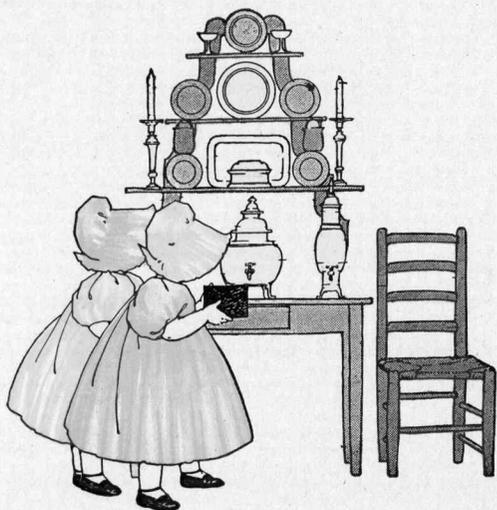
But Molly and May loved the whole of Venice. They liked to wander along the busy,

narrow footpaths and see how the people worked and played. They found they could walk all over the city on these narrow streets, for there are nearly four hundred little foot-bridges which cross the many canals. Some of the bridges have steps going up on one side and down on the other.

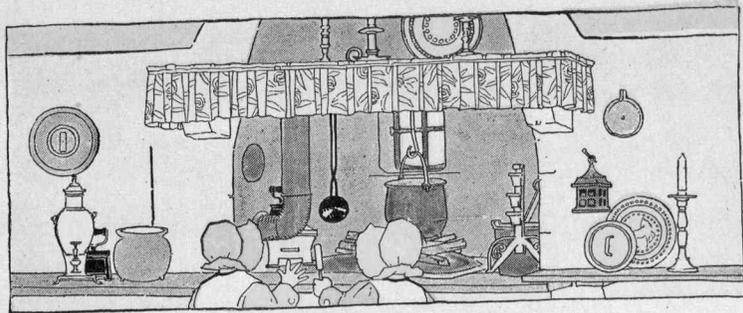
The largest and finest bridge is called the Rialto Bridge. It has two rows of small shops on it, much like the famous bridge in Florence.

Molly and May liked to go shopping on the Rialto. They always bought a bag of big red cherries, for Italian cherries are almost better than chocolate creams.





The Gondolier's Home



## THE GONDOLIER'S HOME

Every day Antonio, their gondolier, came to take the Sunbonnet Babies and their parents for a ride in his graceful boat.

Antonio usually wore blue trousers and a white shirt, open at the neck and fastened with a large red tie. But some days he dressed all in white, with a bright red sash around his waist. Then he looked very handsome indeed.

One morning Antonio invited the Sunbonnet Babies to visit his home and see his little girls. Antonio had lived in America seven years and could speak English quite well.

"My little girls want to see you very much," he said. "I have told them all about your pretty blue eyes and your big sunbonnets. Will you come with me to-day?"

So it happened that Molly and May were soon gliding through narrow canals into a part of Venice they had not seen before.

It was morning, and they passed a milk man delivering his milk in a flat-bottomed boat.

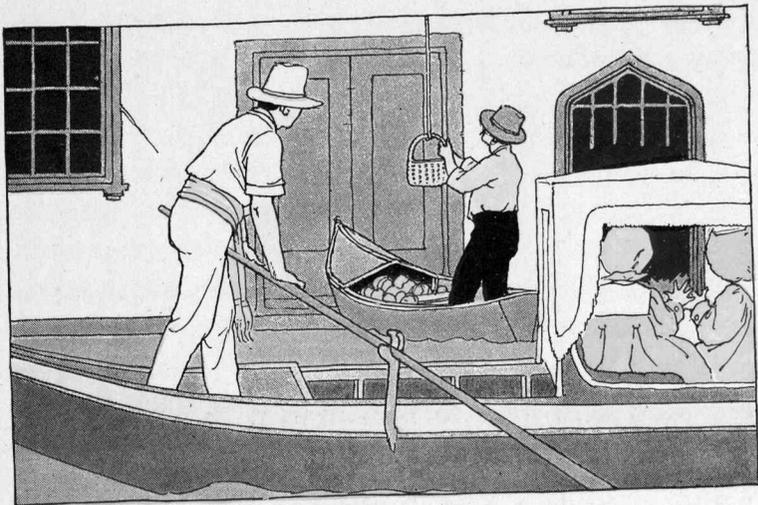
"That is a new kind of milk cart," exclaimed Molly. "In Naples they have live milk carts, and in Holland they have dog carts, and here in Venice they have boats."

"And see! There is a man with a boat load of vegetables," said May. "He has just sold a string of onions and a cauliflower to the woman standing in the doorway. If she should step out of her door she would step right into the canal. O Antonio! Is that the only door into her house?"

"Oh, no!" said Antonio. "Nearly every house in Venice has a canal door on one side and a footpath door on the other side."

"See the woman up there on her balcony," said Molly. "She is lowering a basket by a long rope. What is she saying, Antonio?"

"She wants a cauliflower and a string of onions, too, but she thinks the man is asking



*He put them into the basket and took out the lira*

too much for them. She has put a lira into her basket and she is telling the man that he must not touch it unless he is willing to give her a good cauliflower and a long string of onions for it. The other woman had to pay a lira and a half for them. We will watch and see what happens."

"The man talks as if he didn't like it," said Molly. "But see! He is putting them into her basket and is taking out the lira. Now he has laid a red rosebud on top of the onions.

He is lifting his hat and smiling at her while she pulls up the basket."

"I knew she would get them," said Antonio. "She is a good business woman."

As they glided along under the arch of a low bridge, May asked, "How can your water streets always look so clean, Antonio? Don't people ever throw things into them?"

"Oh, yes!" answered Antonio. "But our canals are all washed out twice a day. The tide brings two or three feet of water into every canal in Venice, and when it goes out it carries all the refuse away into the sea. It is very easy to keep our city streets clean."

"But, Antonio, why did the people want to build a city 'way out here in the water? Why didn't they stay on the land?" asked Molly.

"Well, it was because, thirteen hundred years ago, the Huns came down from the north and drove many of the Italian people away from their homes and spoiled their towns. The only safe place for them seemed to be out here on some small, low islands, so they came and began to make new homes for themselves. They

soon liked it here and built better homes and fine ships. They sailed their ships far away and traded with many people. They built their houses and beautiful palaces and churches on great wooden posts which they brought from other lands. After a while their city became the richest and most beautiful city in all the world. We are not so rich now, but Venice is just as beautiful and we are very proud of her."

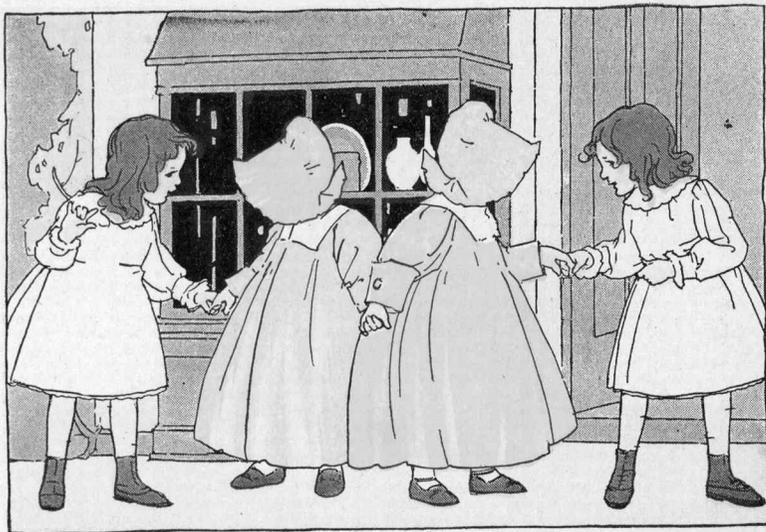
"Of course you are," said May. "It is like living in a wonderful, great picture book. I should like to live here always."

"Well, this is where my little children live," said Antonio, as he stopped his gondola in front of a low door just above the water's edge.

"Anita mia! Maria! Come quickly! Here are two little friends for you."

As he called, two little girls about as tall as Molly and May came bounding to the door. They had large brown eyes and brown, curly hair, and their cheeks were as pink as roses.

Molly and May thought the little Italian girls were lovely, but Anita and Maria never had dreamed of such beautiful blue eyes and



*They led the Sunbonnet Babies into their house*

such lovely golden hair as they found under the two pretty sunbonnets.

They took the Sunbonnet Babies each by the hand and led them into their house. It was a large, stone house, and they lived on the first floor, not much above the canal.

The little guests were taken through the large hall, which was the parlor, too, out into a small courtyard beyond. Though this yard had a stone floor, it looked like a real little garden. There were long boxes of vines and blooming



*Lying on a pillow was a dear little baby boy*

plants on the walls, and two or three small trees in large pots. Lying on a pillow in a shady corner was a dear little baby boy.

Anita and Maria were so proud of their baby brother they wanted to show him to Molly and May the very first thing.

“His name is Giorgio,” said Maria. “He is only three months old. See, I can hold him in my arms.”

“Where are his little feet?” asked Molly. “Why is he tied up so tightly?”

"Oh, we always do our babies up in long linen bands," Anita said. "It helps to keep their little legs straight. And see, Giorgio's bands are fastened with red and green ribbons. Red and green are the Italian national colors, you know."

"Doesn't he like to play and to kick with his feet? Our babies do in America," said May.

"Oh, no!" answered Anita. "He isn't big enough yet to know that he has any feet. But see, he can smile for you."

"Mother is going to give baby a bath in the canal now," said Maria. "He thinks it is lots of fun and so do we. Would you like to watch him have his bath?"

"Oh, we should love to!" exclaimed Molly and May.

So they watched Giorgio's mother unwind the yards and yards of linen bands which held his tiny legs so stiff and straight. When the little clothes were all off, the mother fastened a soft cord loosely around under the baby's arms. Then from the stone steps in front of her door, she lowered her baby very gently into the water



*Up and down she dipped him*

of the canal. Up and down she dipped him, up and down, while he laughed and splashed like a real boy.

“Just see him kick!” cried May. “He does know that he has feet, Anita, and he knows how to use them, too. Isn’t he having a good time?”

“And isn’t he cunning?” said May.

At last the splashing and rubbing were over, and Giorgio’s mother covered him with a warm shawl and carried him into her kitchen. She

laid him on a high table, and wound the long linen bands around the little legs once more.

"When Giorgio is a bit stronger," she said, "I shall loosen his bands so that he can kick and play. Then it will not be long before he will be wearing little pants. Now he must go back to his pillow in the courtyard while I get our dinner. We want you little girls to have dinner with us."

"Thank you!" said Molly and May. "We should like to very much. This is a lovely kitchen. Do you keep all of your dishes on the walls?"

"Oh, no, indeed!" Maria answered, laughing. "Mother keeps only her best brass and pewter dishes on the walls. Some of them are very, very old. When Anita and I are married, mother will give them to us and we shall put them on our kitchen walls. We think they are beautiful."

"Yes, they are lovely," said May, "but what an odd stove you have. It looks like a part of the wall."

"It is built right into the wall," said Anita. "Our dinner is cooking in the two black kettles

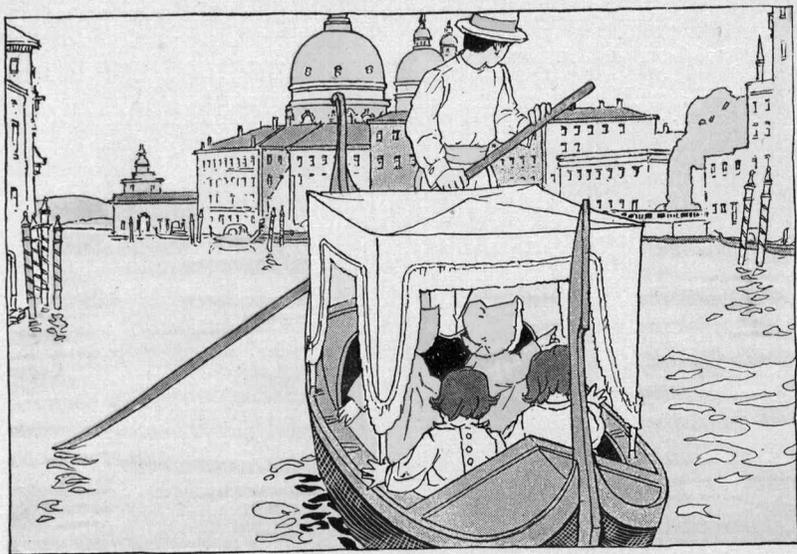
hanging over the fire. It will be ready very soon now."

There was boiled fish in one of the kettles and corn meal mush, or polenta, in the other one. The poorer people of Venice have polenta and boiled fish for dinner nearly every day. Perhaps once a week they have meat and a fresh vegetable, and sometimes macaroni with grated cheese sprinkled over it.

Molly and May liked the polenta and boiled fish very much. It was nicely cooked, and they were hungry. When they had eaten all they wanted, a basket of ripe red cherries was placed on the table. Antonio had brought the cherries home as a special treat for the Sunbonnet Babies and his own little girls. And how they did enjoy them!

After dinner Antonio took Molly and May back to their father and mother in the hotel. Anita and Maria went, too, for they liked to ride in their father's fine gondola, and they wanted to be with their little new friends as long as possible.

"I wish we had something nice to give them,



*Anita and Maria liked to ride in their father's gondola*

so they will never forget us, May," whispered Molly, as they stepped out of the gondola.

"I know what we can do, Molly. Let's give them our sunbonnets. Mother has two more in her trunk, and we are going home soon, you know."

In another moment the two pretty sunbonnets were changed from the golden heads to the brown. Molly tied her pink bonnet over Anita's brown curls and May tied her blue bonnet over Maria's brown curls.

“Now there will always be two Sunbonnet Babies in Italy,” they said, laughing. “Thank you for our happy, happy day. Addio, little Italian Sunbonnet Babies! Addio!”



A Letter to the Boys and Girls

*Dear Boys and Girls:*

*The Sunbonnet Babies think Italy is the nicest country they have ever seen, excepting of course their own dear America. I wonder if you will agree with them when you read all about what they did and what they saw in that sunny, happy land.*

*To be sure, in the little country of Holland they saw great green pastures where thousands of fine cows were feeding, and fields and fields of beautiful tulips, and miles and miles of canals, and tall windmills pumping water or grinding grain.*

*They visited quaint little villages where the people dressed in odd, pretty costumes, and they had happy times playing with the Dutch children. But they did not see a mountain or even a high hill in all Holland, and there were no lovely, woodsy lakes like those they knew in America.*

*The Overall Boys have told them about the wonderful mountains and the dark forests and the beautiful lakes which they saw in Switzerland.*

*But the Sunbonnet Babies saw all these things in Italy, too, and, what is more, they saw a beautiful, beautiful city surrounded by lovely, blue water, with miles of water streets flowing through it.*

*Then they visited another city which, many, many years before, had been buried by hot lava and ashes thrown out from a volcano near by. One*

day they walked across the crater of another volcano and saw hot, boiling sand almost at their feet.

They took long, beautiful drives through the country and along the seashore. They explored a great cave under the Humpbacked Island, and had an exciting experience with two pirates.

But they enjoyed best of all their many little tea parties from sunny Capri to the City in the Sea. Nearly every afternoon they sat by a small table under an orange tree, or beside the blue water, or on a city sidewalk, and had nice things to eat and drink.

The people were always kind to them and the sky was nearly always sunny. It is a land of sunshine and flowers and fruit, like our own sunny Florida, though Italy is much more beautiful. It is hardly twice the size of Florida, but nearly one-third as many people live there as live in the whole of our great United States. It is a crowded, happy, lovely country, and Molly and May will never forget their wonderful journey through it.

Sincerely your friend,

EULALIE OSGOOD GROVER

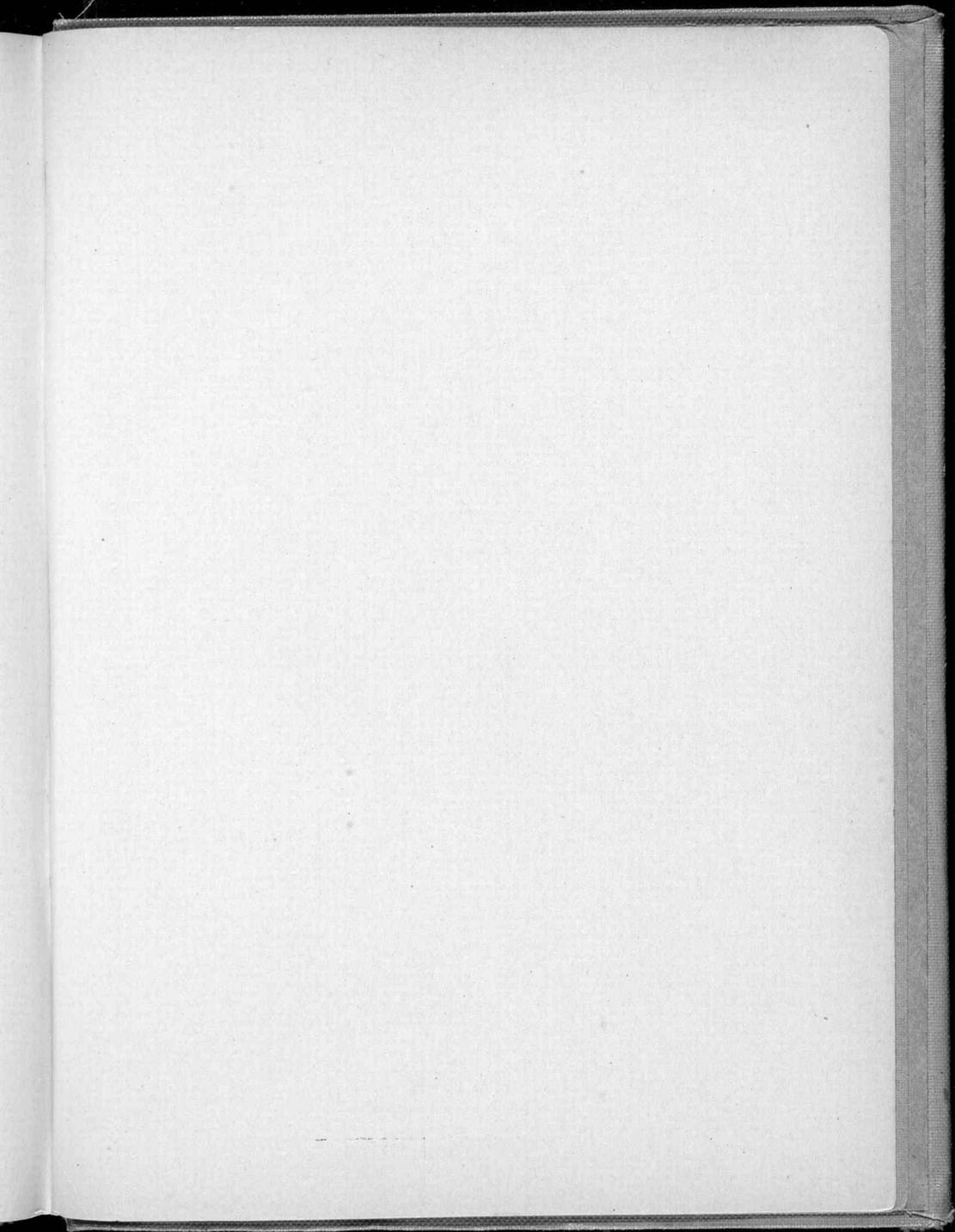
# PRONUNCIATION GUIDE FOR ITALIAN WORDS

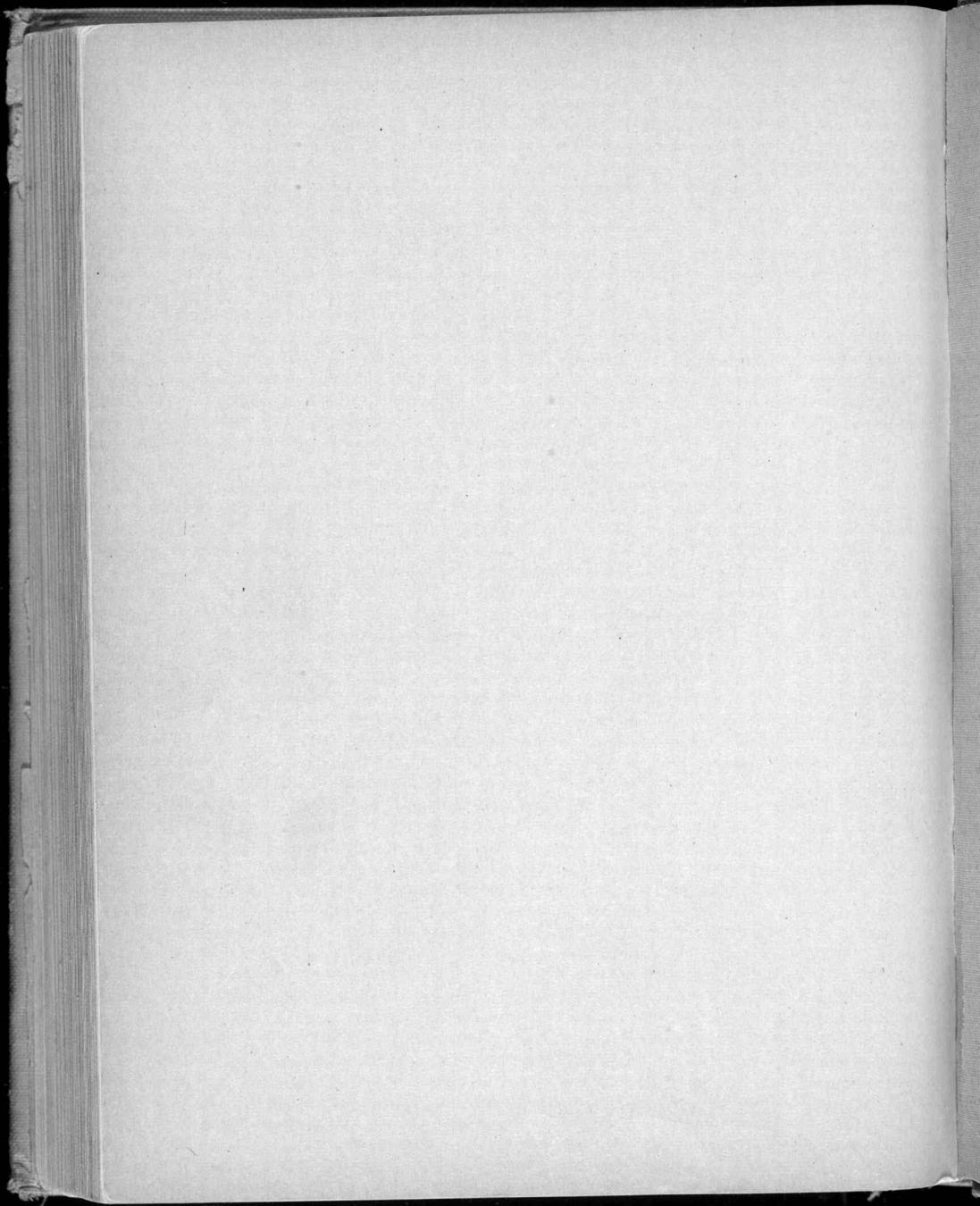
## KEY TO DIACRITICAL MARKS

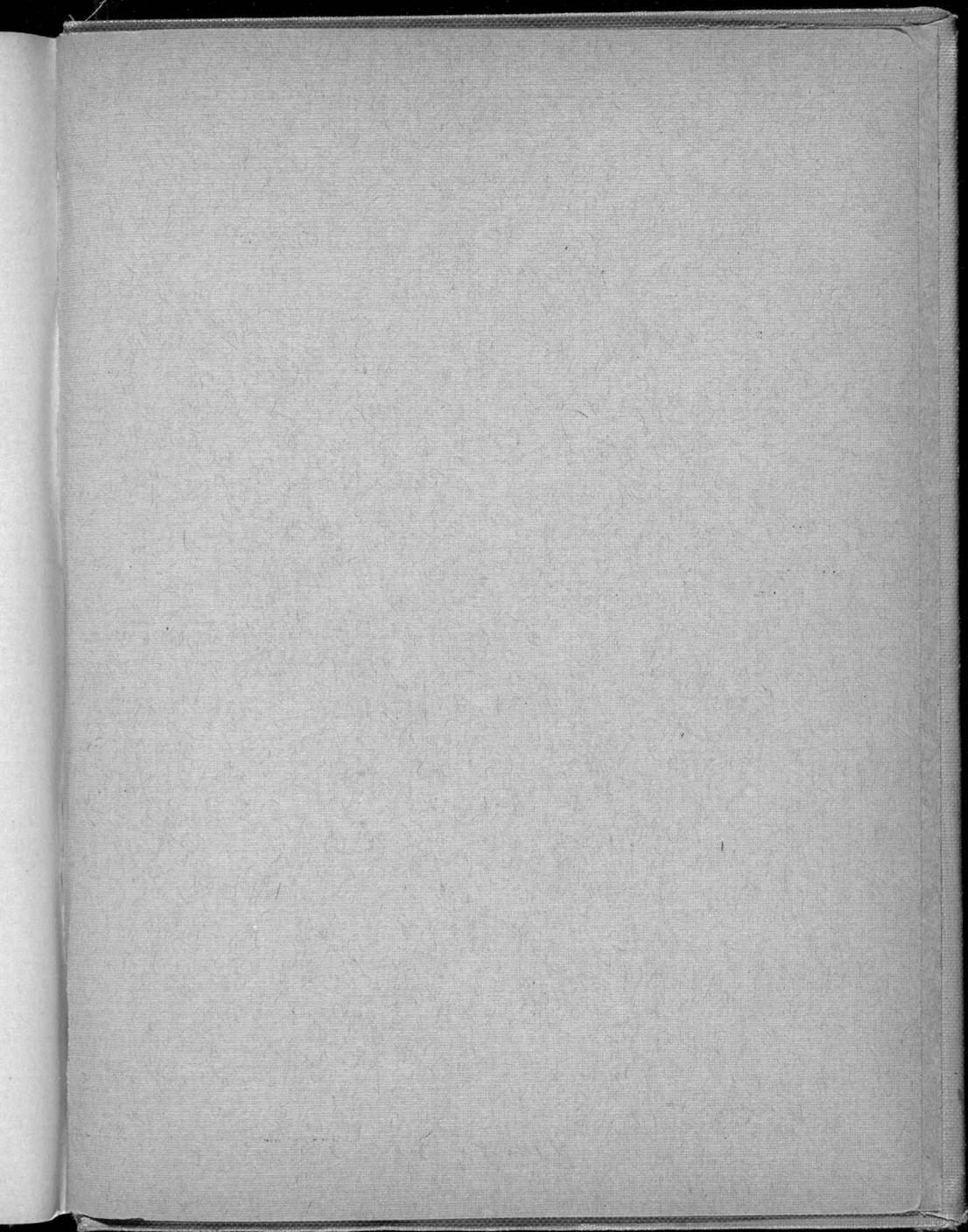
ā . . . . .	as in ale	ī . . . . .	as in ill
â . . . . .	as in care	ô . . . . .	as in old
ä . . . . .	as in arm	ö . . . . .	as in soft
ē . . . . .	as in eve	ōō . . . . .	as in food
ñ . . . . .	as in cañon		

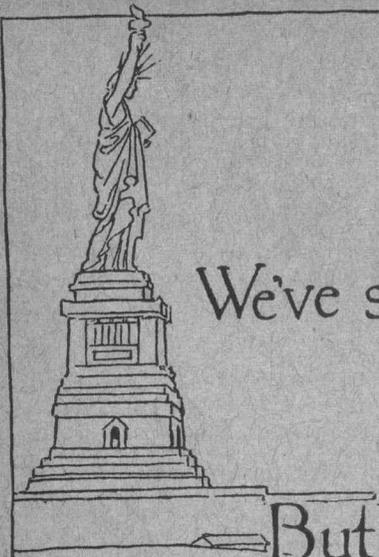
*addio* (ād dē'ō)  
*Anacapri* (ā nā kā'prē)  
*Anita mia* (ā nē'tā mē'ā)  
*buon giorno* (bwōn jōr'nō)  
*Capri* (kā'prē)  
*Giorgio* (jōr'jō)  
*grazie* (grād'zi ā)  
*il padre* (el pā'drā)  
*Luisa* (lōō ē'sā)  
*Maria* (mā rē'ā)  
*piazza* (pē ād'zā)  
*Pietro* (pē ā'trō)  
*Pippo* (pīp'pō)

*polenta* (pō lān'tā)  
*Pompeii* (pōm pā'ē)  
*Ponte Vecchio* (pōn'tā vāk'kī ō)  
*Rialto* (rē āl'tō)  
*Salerno* (sā lār'nō)  
*si signor* (sē sē nōr')  
*signora* (sē nōr'ā)  
*signorina* (sē nōr ē'nā)  
*signorine* (sē nōr ē'nā)  
*Solfatara* (sōl fā tā'rā)  
*Sorrento* (sōr rān'tō)  
*tarantella* (tā rān tāl'lā)  
*Trevi* (trā'vē)  
*Tessa mia* (tās sā mē'ā)  
*una lira* (ōō'nā lē'rā)  
*un soldo* (ōōn sōl'dō)



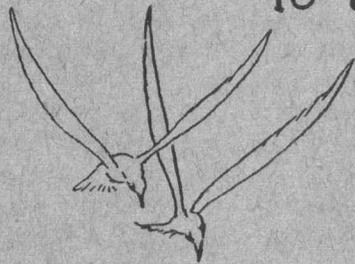






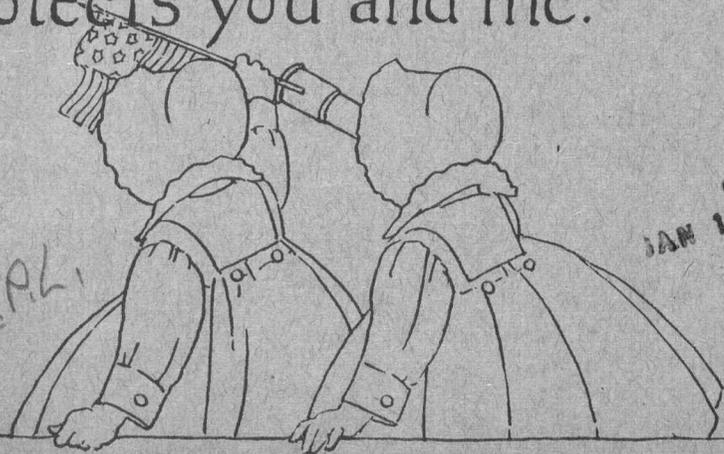
Oh, Italy's land  
And we're all  
We've seen Florence and  
And sights

But the place we like  
Is our Homeland  
And so we'll go back  
To the flag that



is a wonderful land,  
of us glad that we came,  
Naples and Venice and Rome,  
too many to name.

best in all the wide world,  
across the blue sea,  
to the Stars and the Stripes,  
protects you and me.



D. P. L.

JAN 10 1923

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