

**PAPPINA, THE LITTLE
WANDERER: A STORY
OF SOUTHERN ITALY**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649522972

Pappina, the Little Wanderer: A Story of Southern Italy by Katherine Wallace Davis

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

KATHERINE WALLACE DAVIS

**PAPPINA, THE LITTLE
WANDERER: A STORY
OF SOUTHERN ITALY**



PAPPINA PIERNO

PAPPINA
THE LITTLE WANDERER

A STORY OF SOUTHERN ITALY

BY
KATHERINE WALLACE DAVIS

Author of "Cradle Songs of All Nations," Etc.

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY
CHICAGO

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I PAPPINA PIERNO	7
II THE CONQUEST OF GIUSEPPE.....	29
III FETE DAY AT NAPLES.....	46
IV IN THE VALLEY OF POMPEII.....	58
V AT CAVA	77
VI HARDSHIPS AT SALERNO.....	97
VII THE RECONCILIATION	116
VIII ADVENTURES ALONG THE COAST AND IN AMALFI.	127
IX SORRENTO. WHERE HARDSHIPS END.....	151
X NAPLES AND A NEW LIFE.....	162

C. L. TRIMMER SEP 9 1941

THE PUNCHINELLOS

CHAPTER I

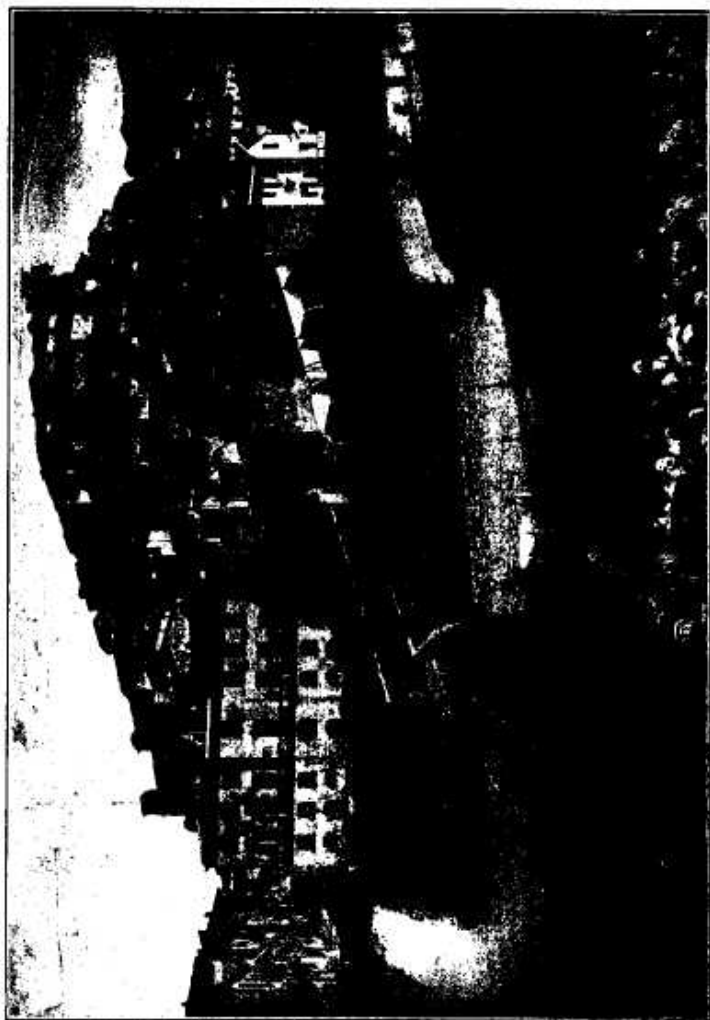
PAPPINA PIERNO

IT WAS away up in that part of Naples called San Lucia, where clothes seem forever hanging out to dry, that Pappina lived with the rest of the Pierno family, a tribe too large to enumerate.

Pappina was only seven years of age, but she was different from every other child living in dingy, dirty San Lucia. Few even of the grown people of the neighborhood cared to be clean, and as for their hair—why, they paid no attention to that, but let it go as it found itself. But Pappina took delight in combing her silky black hair and in washing her beautiful face and dimpled hands.

This was a wonder to all who lived near.

“The one who washes! *Per bacco* [Great heavens]!” they said when they saw her. But their amazement did not disturb Pappina. She went about her play in the sordid old tenement-court like a sunbeam astray.



DOING THE FAMILY WASHING IN ITALY

Only when she sang and danced and the people gathered around her did she seem to take much notice of her neighbors.

"Such a voice in one so small! It is from the angels!" the women would say, as, charmed by her singing and her grace, they would toss her *un soldo* (a half-penny).

The other children would run with every *soldo* to buy macaroni, for the children were always hungry in San Lucia, where even *soldi* are scarce; but Pappina, a true little Neapolitan, loved dress and display. She spent her money for trinkets with which to adorn her bewitching, graceful self.

Pappina's love of beauty sprang from her eager little heart like a sweet flower from a patch of rich earth on a rocky hillside.

It grew with very little nourishment from without, for in all her seven years she had hardly been out of sight of the hivelike tenement where her hard-working father himself had been born. On rare days she was taken to a near-by street where for generations the women of the neighborhood had gone to do their family washing at a free fountain; and of course, as all little girls in Italy do, she went to a gray old church regularly with her mother.



IN SAN LUCIA

Down the narrow street, past the mean shops, to church was the longest journey out into the world the bright-eyed little maiden had ever taken.

Her brothers, however, were great travelers. Sometimes at night they came home with tales of the wonderful foreigners who thronged the Toledo, of the splendid shops where all the treasures of the earth were gathered—jewels that sparkled like the sun; flowers that