WINGS OF SONG

THE STORY OF CARUSO

BY
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AND
TORRANCE GODDARD

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TO
GLORIA
IN MEMORY OF HER FATHER,
ENRICO CARUSO,
WE DEDICATE THIS BOOK

ILLUSTRATIONS

WINGS OF SONG

CHAPTER I

THE life of a singer should be written in music. Caruso and his art are so much one that it is often impossible to say when Caruso ends and music begins. His very name is a symbol for song, like that of the nightingale; but unlike that lyric bird, he could not hide in dusky groves to wait for night and the moon, but stood in the midst of men, singing his way into the hearts of the world. When the song ended, something of music was gone forever from the earth and something of sadness has lingered in the hearts that loved him.

It is not, however, of Caruso the singer seen through thousands of opera glasses that I will write, but of the man who turned away while the applause still sounded in his ears to the pleasures and interests that made up his daily life. Although I looked on at his triumphs with immeasurable pride and delight, it was the life apart from the stage that I shared with him. It was during the three years of our marriage that I came to

know his loyalty to his friends, his kindness to those less fortunate, his interest in the ambitions and desires of his companions, and his delight in secretly making their dreams come true.

There are others far better fitted than I to discuss the merits of his technic and his success in the creation of great operatic rôles. When people speak to me of Caruso they do not ask my opinion as a musical critic. They ask about his personality, about his interests, his life at home, how he amused himself, when and how long he practiced, what he did on the days he sang, and so on.

I think such questions are natural because they are an indication of a curiosity in all of us to discover, if possible, the secret of success. We all want to find the talisman that will make us rich or beautiful or famous, according to our ambitions. It may lie in some unnoticed corner—this charm that will bring us our heart's desire. We see and applaud the success and the fame, but it is not given to many of us to tell the secret of it. In the years that I had with my husband I was privileged to come close to the spirit behind the golden voice, and it was because of this spirit that Caruso was able to bring pleasure and happiness to so many people throughout the world.

When the great golden curtains of the Metropolitan Opera House drew together and the last enthusiast had ceased to shout for Caruso; when the lights in the immense house grew dim and faded out and the heavy

doors swung shut upon the glare of Broadway, there remained behind the scenes, seated among his friends, a simple and kindly man looking forward with pleasure to a good supper and home. It is of this man I will tell you.

When I was fourteen years old my father took me to hear Aïda. It was my first opera and it was also the first time that I saw Caruso. I was impressed with the opera house and the endless rows of faces reaching to the ceiling. I followed eagerly the story of the Egyptian drama, but I was too young to appreciate the art of the singers. If I had been asked at that time what Caruso meant to me I should have replied, "A man dressed in an Egyptian costume, with a wonderful voice."

My father had very conservative ideas about the training of his three daughters. Neither I nor my older sisters were allowed the freedom that is granted, without question, to the girl of today; and even in those days we were more carefully protected than any of our friends. We were not allowed to go anywhere without a chaperon, and I remember my sisters' protests when father insisted on calling to escort them home from dances at eleven o'clock. My sister Torrance had the worst of it, for she was fond of books; so father kept her with him in the library almost until the day she married. I do not think it occurred to her to make any protest. But I did not care about books. I wanted to go out and have a good time with other young people, and

I found it hard to be patient with what I considered my father's old-fashioned ideas.

When Caruso became a frequent visitor at our home I was surprised and a little disappointed to find that he agreed heartily with my father. He thought that American girls had entirely too much liberty and lost much of their charm by acquiring too soon a knowledge of the world.

My mother was an invalid and lived in the country. She was not able to stand the noise and excitement of city life.

After my sisters married I tried to take charge of the house, but I was young and, I am afraid, was not inclined to take my domestic duties seriously. My father evidently thought so, too, for he began to look about for a housekeeper.

My aunt, Mrs. Walter Benjamin, was, before her marriage to my uncle, Miss Carina de Saint Seigne, of Florence. For her three daughters she employed a young woman who had recently come from Italy with the intention of singing in opera. However, she found it more lucrative to be a governess. My aunt, herself an accomplished musician, sympathized with her musical ambitions and spoke to my father about her. After some persuasion father agreed to pay for her singing lessons on the condition that she should take charge of the housekeeping in our home. My aunt did not approve of this arrangement. With a greater knowledge of the world, I think she foresaw that to bring a

stranger into a family was not wise. But father saw in Miss B. not only a housekeeper but also a companion for me. So it ended in Miss B. coming to our house, where she was treated as one of the family and where she lived until my father's death.

Soon after she came I developed some trouble with my throat. She took me to a specialist, Doctor Marafioti, who soon cured me. He was always kind and attentive, and one day he asked me to serve punch at a tea he intended giving in honor of his friend, Enrico Caruso.

The day of the tea was bitterly cold and the snow fell steadily all day. We had difficulty in getting to the house, but once there, we were welcomed into a delightful room full of flowers and firelight and friendly faces.

About the middle of the afternoon Caruso came in. He wore an electric-blue suit, rather tight fitting. I thought "What an amazing way to dress," and the next moment Doctor Marafioti was presenting him to me. After a formal greeting Caruso moved away from the table where I was serving punch and stood by the mantle just behind me. All afternoon he stood there not speaking a word to me, but talking to all his Italian friends in broken English. As everyone in the room was speaking Italian, I could not help feeling that he was using my language so that I might not feel an outsider, and to include me in the circle. Later, when I came to know him better, I saw that this consideration was a charac-

teristic of his in all his dealings. He would show the same cordiality and friendliness to a timid little Italian bootblack who came to present him with a handful of wilted carnations that he showed to the manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, Mr. Gatti-Casazza, when he called to discuss an operatic production.

At the end of the afternoon Caruso offered to drive us home. As we sat in the car he noticed at once that I was not wearing gloves. As a matter of fact, I was so excited that I had left them at Doctor Marafioti's house. He quickly stripped off his own gloves and insisted that I should put them on. When the car stopped at my father's door I drew them off and handed them to him with an embarrassed little speech of thanks. But he shook his head. "Keep them as a souvenir of Caruso," he said, smiling. So I kept them carefully put away until the time came when I no longer needed souvenirs.

In the five years that followed my first meeting with Caruso I heard a great deal about music and singers. Miss B. was studying with Mrs. Edith Griswold—later Mrs. Giuseppe Gaudenzi—who, with her husband, came often to our house and were great favorites with us all. From their conversation I gradually learned more and more about singers, their methods, their technic, how they began, their successes and their failures. I met many Italians at that time whom I now number among my kindest and most devoted friends.

My father was very fond of music and enjoyed talking with our new Italian acquaintances. I think he en-

joyed, too, the atmosphere of gayety and good humor they brought into the house—that joy of life which is so much a part of the Italian temperament.

One of the friends who came to see us was the baritone, Pasquale Amato, then singing at the Metropolitan and one of the most popular of artists. Another we saw often was Bruno Zirato, a young Italian who had only recently arrived in America and who was teaching at New York University. Later he became secretary to Caruso and a faithful friend to us both. He married Nina Morgana, who appeared often in concerts with Caruso, and is now singing with the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Among other friends was Maestro Tanara. Caruso considered him a splendid teacher and sent him many pupils. When a son was born he named him Enrico and asked Caruso to be his godfather. I was not invited to the christening, but from Miss B., who was intimate with the Tanaras, I heard about the preparations for a grand party. Nothing was spared to do honor to the occasion or to the famous godfather.

At the last moment many more guests arrived than were expected and there were not enough teaspoons. We were the nearest acquaintances and I was delighted to send over some silver spoons that belonged to my grandmother. In return for the spoons I was invited to the party.

It was a little late when I arrived. The guests had already assembled in the drawing-room. Everyone was

laughing, having a good time and drinking the health of the baby. I stood at the head of the stairs, dreading to go alone among so many strangers. As I waited, uncertain whether to go down or to slip away home, a little buzzing noise started down near the front door. It grew and grew until at last it formed into words: "Caruso! Caruso! He's here!" It was like a long sigh of pleasure. It was too late for me to move, as Caruso was making his way through the crowd toward the stairs. They held him back, shaking his hands, patting his shoulders, whispering a word in his ear, while he laughed, spoke to one, gripped the hand of another until at last he was free and started up the stairs. He raised his eyes and saw me, and still looking at me but no longer laughing, he came on up the stairs toward me. It seemed ages till he reached the top where I stood and took my hand in his. We both knew at that moment that our lives would be united. The feeling was so strong that neither of us spoke, but stood silently looking at each other. Strange as it may seem, from that time until we were engaged to be married we rarely spoke to each other and we were never alone together.

At the moment, however, we continued to stare at each other, and perhaps would have come, in time, to words if Miss B. had not hurried up and saved what seemed to her an awkward situation by pouring out a flood of Italian. Enrico turned to her reluctantly and replied in English. I do not think he heard what she said, for he turned and looked at me. After a while I

understood that she was urging him to dine with us. He hesitated; then looking at me, still speechless and embarrassed, he said, "Shall I come?" I could only nod in reply.

Even today every incident of that meeting stands out vividly in my mind. Among other details I remember what I wore. How I wish that I could describe myself as being perfectly gowned on that important occasion! But, alas, I must be truthful and admit that at that period of my life I had positive and somewhat original ideas about clothes. I was the despair of my older sister. She did not have enough authority to forbid me to wear the creations I bought, but I can remember only too well her strong disapproval of a heavily jetted black gown with a long train and clinging lines. The heavy jet earrings I planned to wear with it added just the touch of sophistication I thought necessary to carry off the costume. I do not know how my long-suffering sister persuaded me that it was not suitable for a girl of seventeen, but I think after one wearing I decided it was too hampering and uncomfortable, and was willing to go back to pink taffeta.

On the occasion of the christening party I wore a brilliant blue satin gown trimmed with nutria and enhanced by a bright purple velvet girdle. With this creation I wore a wine-red hat!

So Caruso came to dine with an awkward and badly dressed girl whose tongue clove to the roof of her mouth when she tried to speak to him. Celebrated per-

sons had been entertained at our house before, but to me they were of no importance. Marconi, Edison, Michael Pupin, admirals of the Navy, war correspondents, members of the President's cabinet—none of them could compare with my own special celebrity. For his sake I was determined that the evening should be a success. After I had arranged the flowers and decided on a gown to wear I wandered nervously around the house—into the kitchen, where Miss B. was making strange Italian dishes, and into the drawing-room to change the position of the flower vases for the third time, up to my room to look at the yellow gloves hidden in my wedding chest and to wonder whether I should remind Caruso that he had given them to me.

The evening did not start well. Unfortunately the butler had left for the war the day before, and the waitress did not know how to mix cocktails. I had never made one, but I determined to do my best. When they were passed I watched anxiously to see Caruso take the first sip. He raised the glass to his lips, a surprised look passed over his face. After holding the glass a moment he slipped it carefully behind a photograph on the table near him. To this day I do not know how bad it was, and I never remembered to ask Enrico.

Knowing that father was fond of books, Enrico steered the conversation politely from the opera to literature. He had bought a portrait of Edgar Allan Poe that afternoon, and soon he and father were discussing that writer. I listened in astonishment while Caruso talked

of Poe's life and works, his reputation abroad, and so on. We have always had a special interest in Poe in our family because as a young man unknown and rather wild, he came to see my grandfather, Park Benjamin, then associated with Horace Greeley. Grandfather immediately recognized his ability, loaned him money and otherwise encouraged him, until the erratic young genius found his feet under him and began to publish his work. My grandfather did not live to see his protégé become famous, but it was a curious coincidence that, unknowingly, Caruso should have chosen to speak of him and to admire him. Later Enrico confided in me that Poe was the only American author he knew anything about, and that he had read up a little about him before he came for dinner.

I did not know anything about Poe except that he wrote a long poem called "The Raven" that I had to learn by heart when I was at school in the Sacred Heart Convent at Torresdale. So I did not contribute anything new or startling to the conversation. Anyway it probably would not have made any difference, as no one spoke to me or paid any attention to me. Caruso, although he glanced in my direction occasionally to see if I was still in the room, never addressed a word to me all evening.

I could see, however, that Enrico was rapidly becoming one of father's favorites, and I did not know whether to be glad or sorry. If a young man happened to please father—or, better yet, proved to be an intelli-

gent listener—father would address his conversation exclusively to him while the rest of us sat silent except for a whispered word to one another now and then. After dinner father would offer the favored one a cigar and carry him off to the library, where he would study him through clouds of smoke and catechize him thoroughly on whatever subject the unfortunate young man thought he knew anything about. Meanwhile my sisters and I would wait impatiently and angrily down in the drawing-room until our visitor could take advantage of a pause in the conversation to escape and come stumbling down the stairs, mopping his brow, or until father discovered that his knowledge was purely elementary and, looking at him in a disillusioned way, tell him that probably his daughters were in the drawing-room.

This happened often to my sisters, but my visitors were either too young or too ignorant to stand the library test, as we called it. They were usually, after the first few words, completely ignored, so that we would have to carry on a brilliant if nervous conversation to cover the silence at the head of the table.

That night Enrico wore a gray-blue Tuxedo suit with blue velvet lapels, white silk socks and black patent-leather slippers. When he arrived he had on a flowing cape and a wide-brimmed felt hat, a little on one side. I thought it a strange way to dress, for I had never seen anything but the conventional black and white for dinners. But I thought perhaps all tenors dressed that way, until he explained that his costume was one that

had been made for him to wear as Flammen in Lodoletta, the new opera he was singing that winter. Not thinking it striking enough for his part, he had decided to wear it off the stage.

After we were married I asked him what had become of the costume and he roared with laughter and said it was the only time he had worn it. Then he added, looking at me musingly, "You know, I think I wanted to make a good impression the first time I came to your house." He entirely succeeded, for he looked just as I believe he wanted to appear—a romantic and striking figure.

CHAPTER II

ENRICO came to the house again and again, and gradually began to feel at home with us. Each time that he sang at the Metropolitan he sent us three tickets so that we might hear him sing.

My father said, "I don't see why Enrico sends three tickets. Dorothy doesn't care anything about music." Neither could father understand why we were always in the first row of the orchestra. "It is very kind of Enrico to send us these tickets," he would remark gloomily every time the tickets came, "but, as a matter of fact, I don't hear anything but the drums."

But I knew the reason we sat in those seats. From the stage Enrico could see me plainly, and while he sang his beautiful arias he looked at me. We had never been alone together and Enrico had rarely spoken to me, but in the midst of the thousands of people that filled the great opera house, at such times we felt alone and close to each other. It was as though he were singing to me over and over again all the love he had never had a chance to express.

I know now that Enrico was only following the custom of his country in neither expecting nor making any effort to see me alone. But I used to wonder sometimes why he did not call upon me in the afternoons or ask

me to tea with him, as an American would have done. In Italy, men have great reverence for a young girl, and Enrico would have considered it highly improper to have suggested such a thing. He was very anxious to conduct his courtship so that it should be beyond criticism, but he was so correct that I might almost be forgiven if at times I failed to realize that it was a courtship. There were moments when I felt sure that I had made a mistake and that Caruso, with his experience and his friends all over the world, could not possibly be in love with the silent and stupid girl I felt myself to be in his company.

I became even more sure of this when one night my father said, "I don't see why Caruso likes to come here. He certainly is not in love with Miss B. and he treats Dorothy like a child."

But one day, in spite of careful chaperonage, we found ourselves alone. Miss B. and I had been motoring with Enrico, and when we returned to the house I found awaiting me a note from a friend asking me to dine with her informally—to come early and not to change my gown.

Enrico said, "Shall I drop you there on my way to the hotel?" As Miss B. had an engagement, no objection was made.

As I stepped into the car I thought, "This is the first time that we have ever been alone together." The car started, Enrico leaned forward and taking my hands said, "Dorothy, when do you think we can be married?"

Enrico's affairs in Italy were in a bad way. On account of the war he had not been able to go back and settle his estate or attend to matters that were worrying him, and which could only be arranged by himself. He did not want to go to my father and ask for me in marriage until at the same time he could ask when the wedding might take place. So we decided it was best to keep our engagement secret for a short time until the legal affairs in Italy had been adjusted and his villa near Florence had been put in order.

We had so much to talk about that we wanted to be alone. We finally compromised on long motor drives into the country with the chauffeur as chaperon. Even seeing me this way worried Enrico. He could not bear to deceive father, and yet in spite of cables and agents that he sent posthaste to Italy, the legal matters could not be hurried.

Everyone who came in contact with Caruso was impressed by his honesty and his simplicity. He never attributed evil to anyone. He never criticized. He praised sincerely or he kept silent. He had an extraordinary faith in human nature, and was so entirely honest himself that he could not believe anyone would be other than honest in dealing with him.

It never seemed to occur to him that his friendship was of any particular value, or that he had anything to contribute apart from his voice; and that was something for the general public.

He had a curiously humble feeling about his voice.

He believed reverently and sincerely that it had been bestowed upon him by God as a gift which he was to use to give happiness and delight to men.

He said that was what his name meant: *Car' uso*—a dear use. He rarely spoke of his singing, and when he did it was in a strangely detached way, as though he were only a medium through which the music passed. I have heard him say, shaking his head sadly, "Caruso did not get into communion with his audience tonight. The voice was cold"; or, "Caruso sang well; he gave his best tonight."

I think now, in looking back at those drives together through the early spring days, that it was the happiest time of my life. I lived joyfully in the present; and if I thought of the future, it was to dream of a wedding more beautiful than any girl had ever had. Beyond that stretched a vague land of promise into which we would walk together. For Enrico it was a peaceful and perfect interval, partly because, away from the footlights and the constant stare of the public eye, he was living the part of the happy lover instead of acting it.

Like Desdemona, I listened with wide eyes to the tales he told me of strange people and far-off lands, of kings and emperors for whom he had sung and who later became his friends. I saw the jewels given him by dead and forgotten rulers to express their royal pleasure —rubies from the Czar of all the Russians, pearls from the exiled Emperor of Germany, watches, rare enameled

boxes, medals, all of which he brought to show me with boyish pride and delight.

He told me, too, with some hesitation, about his two sons. I think he realized that the knowledge of that part of his life might turn me against him. But instead I only admired and respected him the more, and had only sympathy for the love he had lavished so freely in those young days that had later brought him so much sorrow. He had not been able to legalize his early marriage, but when his sons were born he hastened to recognize them in the courts of Milan and to give them his name.

Enrico told me also of his mother. Although she died when he was fifteen years old, his devotion to her was one of the deepest emotions of his life. Wherever he lived, her portrait hung in his bedroom; and often in moments of doubt or discouragement he stood before it silently, looking up into her strong peasant face, as though he drew from it sympathy and help. In her serene gaze there was not only the simple endurance one often sees in faces of this type; there was also a fineness and austere nobility that set her apart from her class.

For her son, Anna Caruso made many sacrifices. As he said, "My mother went without shoes so that I could sing."

Of the twenty-one children born to her he was her favorite, the flower of her heart. Of him she expected great things, and there is a touching reason for her belief. She had a patroness and friend who was a lady

of noble blood. At the time of Enrico's birth this lady also gave birth to an infant who died soon after it came into the world. Hearing of her friend's illness and the despondency into which she had been thrown by her baby's death, Anna Caruso hurried to her side and placed in the lady's arms her own newly born babe, Enrico.

Anna Caruso believed that from this noble foster mother her baby drew into his tiny being, superior qualities that set him apart from her other children. It was Enrico who begged for a daily bath, dragging pails of water up to his room and splashing about like a small brown bird in a puddle. It was he who strangely insisted that his shirts should be clean and would not wear one if it were torn. It was his suggestion that she should cut him shirt fronts of clean white paper when he went to sing hymns in the church. How proudly she watched him march off to the singing lessons for which she paid with daily sacrifices, hiding her hunger or her weariness behind her beaming pride in his growing talent!

Enrico's father, Marcellino, seeing his son strong and intelligent, put him to work in a factory; but nothing—hardships, work or discouragement—could stop his singing, and he drudged through the days chanting solemn hymns, which he learned to please his mother, or shouting the Neapolitan street songs that he sang to please himself. At night, when his day's work was finished, he sat under the street lamps outside his father's house

and carefully copied by the flickering yellow light, the music of his beloved songs.

Anna Caruso, with that mysterious intuition of a mother, believed that her son had a great future ahead of him. She encouraged him by every means in her power, and with her praise, wisely mingled reminders that only hard work would bring success. It was her faith in him that kept the spirit of song alive in the little boy. After her death he realized with sorrow and bitterness the necessities she had denied herself for his sake, and young as he was, he took a solemn oath that these sacrifices should not have been made in vain.

In his early years her memory inspired him to struggle on through the obstacles that sprang up in his path, and in the days of his success, when he stood before her portrait, it was to remember with deepest gratitude her faith in him and to know with thankfulness that he had realized her ambitions.

For some time past I had wanted to tell Miss B. of our engagement. At last Enrico gave me permission to do so, and I confided all my happiness to her. How fast I talked and what a joy it was to tell someone of this secret that had lain hidden in my heart! Every girl knows with what tender pride she tells of her first love and with what glowing colors she paints the future that rises from her happiness like a mirage of rose and gold. At the same time I explained to her our reasons for not telling father and begged her to keep my secret for a little while.

The Home of Caruso's Ancestors

My happiness was so great and bewildering that I actually began to doubt if I were doing right in promising Enrico to marry him. I asked myself anxiously if I loved him because he was a famous singer. Was it his fame and popularity that influenced me in my decision? If he was just any Mr. Caruso, "unknown, unhonored and unsung," would I still love him and be willing to marry him?

I finally brought myself to tell Enrico how I felt about him. He listened with sympathy and then advised me to go away for a while to some quiet place where I might be alone and think it over. He wanted me to be sure—as sure as he was—that we would be happy together.

Needless to say, in the days spent away from him, I grew more and more certain that it was Enrico I loved, and I returned ready to share his life and to do all in my power to make him happy. When I reached home I found that my father had been told of our meetings. The whole matter had been put before him in such a way that he was furiously angry with us both.

I went at once to father, but he would not listen to me. He refused to see Enrico or to permit our engagement.

As in the case of all celebrities, there had grown around the name of Caruso a tangle of poisonous stories fostered by people who wished to injure his professional reputation. Father evidently had been told these stories and believed them to be true. He pointed out the difference of twenty-two years in our ages, insisting that the

life of Caruso was one I could not share; that he was devoted to his singing and that I would be sacrificed to his public. He also dwelt upon the difference in tradition. Enrico came of a peasant family. My ancestors, he reminded me, were among the early settlers of New York and New England and were ladies and gentlemen.

None of these arguments was strong enough to shake my love for Enrico and, with the optimism of youth, none of them seemed to be of the least importance beside the fact that Enrico and I loved each other.

But I am afraid that many fathers would have felt as he did, and that any one of the reasons taken alone would have been a strong argument for forbidding the marriage. To my anxious father I must have seemed a foolish, headstrong girl, determined to wreck her life by a wholly unsuitable marriage. As he put it, "Caruso as a singer is one thing, but Caruso as a son-in-law is something entirely different."

In the end, finding me still obstinate, he forbade me to see Enrico again without a chaperon, and added, like the father of romance, that Caruso was never to cross his threshold again.

I knew that Enrico's respect for parental authority was so strong that he would feel we had to obey and that he would consider father's refusal to allow him to come to the house as a terrible insult.

After this I decided to keep my secrets to myself. The days became dreary and hopeless. Enrico was so

unhappy that he thought his voice was failing, and it seemed to me that unless my father relented and allowed us to see one another I would surely die of a broken heart.

How many times during those days did I bless the inventor of the telephone, Mr. Alexander Graham Bell! Without those reassuring conversations with Enrico I could never have had the courage to face my stern and silent father. Every time we talked together, which was four or five times a day, Enrico would say, "We must obey father. But you must trust me and wait patiently. Everything will be all right."

I had written my sister Torrance about my engagement to Enrico, and now I sent her a desperate letter telling her of the terrible thing that had happened. She was in camp at Anniston, Alabama, where her husband, Capt. Frederic Goddard, was with the Blue and Gray Division. When she received my letter she came North and stayed at our house.

Together we decided that since father had said I was not to see Enrico without a chaperon, as long as she was with us we would be obeying the letter of the law.

Enrico was a little doubtful about the propriety of this arrangement. He was so honest that he hated the idea of taking advantage of father, and I don't suppose he considered my sister a very formidable duenna. However, what lover ever let scruples of conscience torment him at such a time? We resumed our drives

in the country, with Enrico sitting happily between Torrance and me.

As I said before, I knew little about music. I knew even less about singing. But I had a remarkable memory for useless things—for instance, the words of old songs once popular on Broadway. The more banal the song, the more likely I was to remember the words. My sister was equally accomplished, and so, to Enrico's amusement, we sang to him everything we could remember. He would shake with laughter and beg us to go on, and sometimes he would pick up one of the tunes and sing with us. He specially liked "Under the Bamboo Tree" and insisted that the words were Italian: "If you lik-a me, like I lik-a you."

On one of our trips away from the city we motored to Washington Rock in the Watchung Mountains. I think it was from this point that Washington looked down upon a battle. It remains in my memory, however, as the place where my sister and I tried to teach Enrico the words of "The Star-Spangled Banner," which he was to sing at a Red Cross concert the following week. It sounded very amusing to us, sung with an Italian accent. We tried without success to modify the Italian *r,* but "the rockets' red glare" was a frightful stumbling block and the *r*'s rolled like drums.

On the way home the car was stopped at a crossing. The street cleaner, an old Italian, caught a glimpse of Enrico and with a shout of "Carus'!" he flung his brush into the gutter and leaped upon the running board.

Leaning in the window, he overwhelmed us with a flood of Italian and garlic, while Enrico laughed, replied to him in the Neapolitan dialect and shook his hand. As the old man turned to jump off he slyly poked a bill into the pocket of his overalls.

At some of the Italian restaurants out in the country Enrico tried to teach us to eat spaghetti. He would not allow us to cut up the long strips, but insisted that we should roll it about our forks and put the whole mass into our mouths. I can still see the tears in my sister's eyes as she tried to swallow, and I know I looked just as funny with the long ends of spaghetti hanging from my mouth to the plate.

But we were not happy meeting in this way. Enrico, especially, felt that to disregard father's wishes would bring him bad luck in the future. We wanted to put an end to the situation, but we did not know how to go about it.

One day we lunched at a restaurant on the Palisades. Enrico was nervous and tired and had a headache. I was restless and miserable, because I foresaw the time coming when my sister would have to leave me, and Enrico and I would be separated again. Sister sat looking from one to the other of us, sad because we could not be happy and because she loved father devotedly and yet could not take his side against us.

Enrico walked over to a phonograph and started the record that happened to be on it. In a moment his own voice singing the sad and beautiful aria from Aïda filled

the air. I saw him turn away and bow his head in his hands. In a moment I was beside him, and putting my arms around him tried to comfort him. He was like an unhappy child, standing there with tears rolling down his cheeks. Beside him the glorious voice, the Caruso known to the public, went on singing, "Celeste Aïda—Celeste Aïda, forma divina!"

"Let us get married now—right away!" he cried to me desperately. "Let us do it and have no more deception." I clung to him, wiping away his tears and willing to do anything if he would only be his smiling self. At that time I was worried that he should have so many headaches and wanted above all things to be able to be near him and to take care of him.

I beckoned to my sister, who was looking at us with tears in her eyes.

Enrico turned to her: "Why should Dorothy and I not get married today?"

Sister hesitated. She wanted us to be happy and I know it struck her as a romantic idea, but she shook her head. "There's father," she reminded me. "It would hurt him terribly."

"What then?" asked Enrico.

"Won't you come and see father?" she asked him.

"But he has already refused to see me!" Caruso spoke angrily. I knew this had been a very sore point with him.

"No, no!" I interrupted. "You don't need to come, Enrico; father wouldn't see you, anyway."

Sister put her arm around me. "If he refuses, then I will help you. I will come with you to the minister or you can be married from my house. But please make one attempt. It will take a lot of courage." She looked gravely at Enrico.

Enrico nodded: "You are right, *sorella mia;* he is father, and for that reason I will come to see him tonight."

I shall never forget that evening. Fortunately, Miss B. was out, so we had father all to ourselves, and he was in his best humor. After dinner I went to my room, shaking with nervousness.

Down in the library I could hear father talking with Torrance. The smoke of his cigar drifted up the stairs to me as I sat by the open window. Now and then I could hear my sister laugh nervously.

The doorbell rang. My heart stopped beating and the room swam around me, but I gathered together enough energy to tiptoe to the head of the stairs. Down below in the hall I heard Enrico's voice. I saw the top of the butler's head as he came up the stairs and stood by the library door.

"Mr. Caruso is calling, sir," he announced solemnly.

CHAPTER III

I DO not know what charm Enrico used to persuade father to consent to our marriage, but when I saw their smiling faces I knew that everything had been arranged. Father agreed on one condition—that we should wait for six months. At the end of that time, he said, we should know whether we could be happy together or not.

Every day I worked at the Red Cross or sold Liberty Bonds. My brother Romeyn had joined the Marines and was already in France; my sister's husband, Frederic Goddard, was at Camp Upton, waiting orders to sail; and my cousin, Rogers Benjamin, was in the Aviation Corps.

In June, Enrico began work on his first motion picture under the direction of the Famous Players. Soon after he started going regularly to the studio, my father took a house at Spring Lake, New Jersey, and we left New York and went there to pass the summer.

At this time Enrico gave me my first present. It was not the conventional engagement ring, for in Italy it is not the custom to give a ring until the day of the marriage.

He brought me instead a diamond bracelet so beautiful that I felt I should not accept it until I had asked

father. When I showed it to him he exclaimed at its beauty and then said, looking at me in rather an annoyed way: "Now, Dorothy, don't throw this around the house. Take care of it." From which you will guess that in my family I had a reputation for carelessness.

During these early summer days father was so happy in my happiness that I thought I was the most fortunate girl alive. The house at Spring Lake was so arranged that we could give Enrico a suite of rooms opening on the veranda, where he could be as quiet as he desired. He needed rest, for he was working every day from eight in the morning till late at night at the studio of the Famous Players.

On Friday afternoons he motored down from New York, and each time he came he brought us all presents —cigars for father, pretty things for Miss B. and jewels for me. One day on the beach I admired a dog. The next time he came he brought me a police-dog puppy that we named Spoletta. After we were married Spoletta accompanied us to the Hotel Knickerbocker, and lived in lonely luxury on the roof.

Enrico was with us in Spring Lake when the telegram came from the War Department saying that my brother Romeyn had been wounded at the Battle of Belleau Wood. Father walked about with his hands thrust deep into his pockets and his mouth grim, saying, "It's all right. It's his duty. All the men of our family have gone to war." Enrico followed him with tears running down his cheeks, saying comforting things and every

now and then shaking him by the hand or putting his arm around him.

We were all proud of Romeyn and never more so than the day we heard he had refused to be sent back of the lines from the dressing station, but, although wounded, had managed to rejoin his regiment in time to take part in another attack on the enemy.

Enrico would have sent Romeyn a box every day. He took a solemn sort of joy in selecting articles he thought might be of use in the trenches and having them shipped to France.

On one of his visits to Spring Lake I taught Enrico the words of "Over There," which he was to sing at a concert in the Auditorium at Ocean Grove. On the night of July twenty-seventh we went with him to the concert, which was given for the benefit of the Red Cross. The war enthusiasm was at its height. A month before, our soldiers had started to leave America —great shiploads were leaving daily from every port. There were not many people at that concert who had not someone connected with them in France or preparing to go there.

When Enrico sang "Over There" the immense crowd went crazy. Women wept hysterically and men leaped upon the seats, shouting and waving flags. For the moment everyone was swayed by an emotion too strong to be contained. It was due partly to the tremendous enthusiasm that swept over the country when the United States began to take part in the actual fighting. Enrico

understood this and took no credit to himself for the tremendous ovation that he received; neither would he accept any payment for singing, but asked instead for a medal to commemorate the event.

A few days later a second telegram came from the War Department. Father took the message from the delivery boy, who rode off whistling, "There's a Smile that makes me Happy!" Turning his back, Father felt for his glasses and tore open the envelope. Then standing very straight, as he must have stood when he was a midshipman in the navy and "The Star-Spangled Banner" was played, he read the telegram. Enrico went over to him quickly and put his arm over his shoulders and I clung to his arm, for I dreaded to read the words of the message. It seemed to me that in the midst of that terrible fighting Romeyn must have lost his life.

The telegram regretted to inform us that my brother had been wounded again and was among the missing.

I am sure that my father's anxiety during the two months that he had no news of his son accounts for his impatience with me and perhaps to some degree for his treatment of Enrico. It must have been hard for him to see Enrico safe and well while Romeyn lay perhaps in a German prison, wounded and neglected. I know, too, that at that time, unknown to himself or any of his family, he was suffering from the beginning of the illness that later caused his death.

Through the heat of the summer Enrico worked steadily on his motion picture, a film play called My

Cousin. I felt that the work was making too great a demand on his strength and was never favorably disposed toward his entering the motion-picture field. It seemed to me—and I think to many of his friends—that it was only as a singer he should appear before his public; that he did not need to divide his time between two arts when he was already supreme in one. But he thoroughly enjoyed the novelty of it and was interested in the actual technic of the production.

Apart from the amusement he derived from it, he was offered $200,000 for six weeks' work, and that was a large sum to refuse.

It was characteristic of Caruso that he could never be idle. This may have been one of the secrets of his success. Whatever he undertook he did with a thoroughness that amounted almost to perfection. He had that capacity for taking infinite pains that is often despised by those who expect to achieve great things by inspiration alone. He took as much care in the arrangement of his newspaper clippings as he did in the preparation of his songs for a concert. His account books and ledgers were wonders of neatness. He wrote slowly, in a large round hand, every word legible.

As an example of the care Caruso took with trifles, I think the way he pasted clippings is a good illustration. He had great scrapbooks that contained all his newspaper notices. These were saved for him from the daily papers and he spent many hours sorting them and putting them into the books. First he would cut the notice

out, then, spreading it with library paste, he laid it on the page of his book, smoothing and pressing it till it lay as flat as though it had been ironed. Here for most people the work would end, but not for Caruso. From a newspaper or a magazine he would cut a border or scroll and with this narrow strip he would outline the clipping. I have watched him spend hours placidly cutting and pasting and smoothing, looking up now and then to smile contentedly at me. In the next room his secretary would reply tactfully to telephone calls: "I am very sorry, indeed, Mr. Caruso is busy and cannot be disturbed." After each call Enrico would grin at me like a naughty boy playing hookey from school.

So when he arrived at Spring Lake the first thing he did was to look for something to do. One morning he said to me mysteriously, "Let's go to the village store. I want to buy things." We drove to the only store that seemed to interest him—the village hardware store. After carefully looking over the stock he bought a large galvanized iron tub, almost big enough to use for a bath. He followed the storekeeper from one end to the other of the small shop, selecting a rake, a hoe, a spade, trowels of various sizes, watering pots, sprayers and pruning shears.

"Enrico," I protested at last, "the gardener has all these things. He takes care of the grounds."

But he only pointed to an implement for trimming the edges of the grass, motioning to the salesman to put it with his other purchases, and turning to me, said darkly:

'But he doesn't do it properly. Wait, I will show you." Almost hysterical with laughter, I watched him buy a new-type lawn mower that incidentally never ran after Enrico tried to level the lawn under the trees with it. He studied it as carefully and thoughtfully as though his one occupation in life had been cutting grass. Then with a funny guilty look at me he had it sent out to the car.

As a final gesture he bought a pair of khaki overalls, and then with a sigh of regret that the profession of gardener called for no more tools, he wedged himself into the car, where he sat beaming with pleasure, with the lawn mower resting affectionately against his knees and a large watering can in his lap.

Every morning after that I followed him about while he clipped the hedge, trimmed the edges of the drive and dug in the flower beds. The lawn defied his most persistent efforts, for under the trees there were roots that interfered with the growth of the grass. Nevertheless, Enrico felt that with proper care the sod should be soft and even, and finally he decided that the roots of the trees absorbed all the water and proceeded to dig a network of irrigation ditches across the lawn that he assured me would hold enough water to keep the grass moist. So he worked cheerfully on, filling the immense tub with dirt, whistling and singing to himself, only stopping to mop his dripping face or to hitch up the large khaki overalls.

From a distance the little Italian gardener looked on,

his brow wrinkled like a monkey's. When he saw Enrico struggling to move the tub he would dash forward protesting in a rapid flow of Italian. But Enrico would wave him back, and he would retire to the door of the garage, where he would watch, with uneasiness mixed with a sort of paternal pride, the gardening operations carried on by his famous countryman.

Enrico delighted in this hard manual labor. It was in his blood to dig and to plant, to carry burdens and to cover himself with warm earth.

Father, looking on from the shade of the porch, protested at his energy and begged him to come and sit on the porch, but all to no purpose. He would not stop until he had finished the two hours' work he set himself, and then he would hurry down to the beach and plunge into the cool sparkling ocean.

We were alone only on short motor drives in the afternoons, but we were so happy to be together that it made no difference as long as we knew that father was content. As Enrico said, "You will only be at home a little longer. We must think of father and not be selfish."

Have you ever noticed on a summer day that the wind will suddenly change and come from the east, cold and full of rain? The sky, a moment before so sunny and blue, is filmy with clouds and one has strangely a premonition of sorrow and trouble. Into the midst of these golden summer days drifted a fog of mysterious whisperings that gathered into clouds of

suspicion and at last banked on the horizon in dark and threatening storms.

Father frowned and walled himself behind books and newspapers. There were long whispered conferences, which ended abruptly when I approached. I waited for my father to speak, but every day I grew more uneasy, for I did not know from which direction the storm was coming. At last one day father said sternly there were several things that had to be settled before I married.

First he wanted to know why Enrico had not enlisted in the Army. I reminded him, that Enrico had already tried twice to enlist, once in the New York militia and then in Connecticut. Both times he had been refused on account of his age, and also probably because when his class in Italy was called he would have to serve in the Italian Army. Up to that time his class had not been called, but he was too much of a man not to hope that he would be able to take part in some of the fighting.

In the meantime he gave his services to the Red Cross, accepting only a medal as payment. By his concerts he had already raised several million dollars. Besides that, he bought a great number of Liberty Bonds, and I know that he gave privately to many relief organizations. I have in my possession a testimonial given to Caruso setting forth with many expressions of appreciation that by his concerts he had raised in all $21,000,000 for the Allied Armies.

But there were other questions. What would my status be in Italy as the wife of Caruso? He insisted

that Coudert Brothers should be consulted on that question. Enrico went to Mr. Lorenzo Semple, of that firm, who later wrote father a letter reassuring him on that point and congratulating him on his prospective son-in-law.

It was quite right that father should think of my future, but Enrico and I felt there was something back of these questions other than a desire for my welfare. He seemed to us to be two persons. I think he wanted to say, "Bless you, my children, go and be happy with each other." I know he was fond of Enrico, and respected him and admired him, and there were times when he seemed entirely contented that I should marry him. Then he would change completely, as though he were under the spell of some malicious influence constantly working against us, and for days he would not speak to us or notice us in any way.

Enrico had gone to Saratoga, where he was to give a concert. He was desperately unhappy at the change in father's attitude toward him and did not know what to do to please him. We talked to each other every day over the telephone, but it was unsatisfactory, as everyone could hear what I said. But he knew that I was worried and frightened at the turn of affairs, and although he did his best to encourage me, I knew he was as nervous and sad as I was. I foresaw that father's next move would be to end our engagement and forbid Enrico to come to the house.

I telegraphed to Enrico in Saratoga that things were

going very badly and that I would like to see him. He immediately canceled a concert he had in Newport and hurried to New York to meet me. With a friend I went to his apartment and we talked matters over, trying to decide what to do. Enrico felt that there was no use appealing again to father, and yet if we went on as we were he would certainly forbid us to marry. We decided to be married and then there would be no more danger of being separated. We argued that possibly father would be glad to have the matter taken out of his hands and that once we had taken the decisive step he was romantic enough at heart to forgive us.

It was rather an unhappy and anxious couple that met the day of their wedding. Two friends accompanied me to Enrico's apartment at the Hotel Knickerbocker. There we found Enrico and Bruno Zirato in correct wedding costume, even to the gardenias. Enrico stood beneath the picture of his mother and wept, while Zirato tried to comfort him.

In a simple dark blue traveling gown, how far I was from the bride in white satin and tulle that I had imagined I was to be!

From the hotel we drove to the City Hall to get the marriage license. Clerk Scully, of the Marriage Bureau, did not recognize Enrico or did not hear his name. He asked him what his occupation was.

Enrico looked bewildered. "Occupation?" he repeated anxiously.

"Yes; what do you do for a living?" asked Clerk

Scully, without looking up from the form he was filling out.

"Oh"—Caruso looked relieved—"what do I do? Why, I just sing, that's all."

We went to the Little Church Around the Corner to be married, but the rector in charge was away, so we went to the first one we came to after that, which was the Marble Collegiate Church, at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street.

Enrico and Zirato wept all through the service, while my friends looked on anxiously. Immediately after the ceremony Enrico and Zirato dried their tears and we set out briskly for the studio of the Famous Players, where Enrico's motion picture was to be shown for the first time. When Enrico introduced me as his wife Mr. Lasky looked so incredulous that he had to be shown the marriage certificate, on which the ink was scarcely dry. The whole company then overwhelmed us with congratulations and good wishes.

We spent two hours looking at Enrico's picture, and in that time the news of our marriage had leaked out. The apartment was filled with flowers and every moment a bell boy brought in a new sheaf of telegrams or notes of congratulation.

Enrico made me sit at the desk the moment we reached the hotel and write a note to father asking his forgiveness. We felt so sure that he would send us a message to come to him that we were disappointed when we opened the telegrams and none was from him; and

though many friends called us on the telephone to wish us happiness, the message that we waited for so hopefully did not come.

I passed the next day whirling along in a mist of telegrams, letters, visitors, presents, reporters and just people. Cables from all over the world fluttered down upon us—affectionate messages from my sisters and brothers, from friends near and far. Everyone wanted to add a little word to our happiness, and as the day wore on it seemed to me that nearly every person I had ever heard of was sending greetings to Enrico and friendly messages to me. I was dazed by the fierce and pitiless light that suddenly turned upon me and thinking of my father, I began to be afraid that this publicity would not please him and would prejudice him against us. Enrico was used to living in the limelight, but to me it was a new and terrifying experience.

We tried to get out of the apartment to take a drive, but the moment we appeared we were mobbed by a jostling crowd of people. Enrico drew me back and I think for the first time in his life resented the public's extreme interest in his private affairs. Finally Mr. Regan, the owner of the Knickerbocker Hotel, begged us to go on the roof and pose for the photographers, as they were filling the lobby of the hotel and would not leave.

Later in the day we managed to escape by a rear elevator through the kitchen. We drove up to Van Cortlandt Park and congratulated ourselves that at last

we were alone together and away from staring eyes. We jumped out of the car and immediately were surrounded by newspapermen, photographers and men with motion-picture cameras. There was nothing to do but grin and bear it as pleasantly as possible.

Enrico tried to spare me as much of the publicity as he could, but did not try to prevent my reading the newspapers, and it was on that first day of my married life that I read an interview a reporter had with my father in which, in a burst of anger, he said that he would never see me again; that I had married a public singer and that he would never forgive me.

This made me miserable and was a terrible blow to Enrico. He had felt as certain as I of father's forgiveness, and I think if father had followed his own inclinations and allowed himself to be ruled by his kind and generous heart, we should have had not only his forgiveness then but his love and confidence as he grew to know and understand Enrico. The knowledge of his anger troubled Enrico, but he still continued to hope that father would relent and send for us to come home.

Gradually, much to our contentment, we slipped out of the columns of newspapers and were able to adjust our lives without being surrounded by reporters and cameras. The routine of this new life was so different from anything that I had seen or experienced that for some time it seemed to me I was not so much a part of it as an astonished spectator.

At home, meals had been served at regular hours.

Now we ate at any time—sometimes not at all. If Enrico was practicing no one thought of food. If he was having an important conference nothing was said about a meal. If he slept late in the morning, the day would start with luncheon, and on particularly busy days we might have only a cup of coffee until an eight o'clock dinner.

Enrico's suite at the Knickerbocker consisted of his bedroom, dressing room, the secretary's room, the studio, drawing-room, dining-room, a pressing room and a room for the valet. After we married he engaged an adjoining suite with extra bedrooms and a drawing-room for me. In the old suite he transacted business, received his friends and studied, but the new suite he looked upon as his home, where we might live as much as possible away from the world. At intervals during his busy hours he would stroll over to see me, and as it would have hurt and astonished him not to find me, I was always there. During our life together I left him only once, to go to a luncheon.

CHAPTER IV

I OFTEN wondered how Enrico found time to do the many things that formed part of his daily routine. The mail alone took up a great deal of time, even though Zirato attended to the bulk of it. There were always anywhere from fifty to two hundred photographs to be autographed, as well as many personal letters that he invariably answered himself. On some days he gave four or five auditions to young singers who came to him with recommendations. He practiced six hours a day, and when studying a new opera or learning new songs, he spent even more time working with his accompanist.

Every week one of his cartoons was published in the Italian paper La Follia. Through his studio, except while he was practicing, passed a continual stream of visitors. Zirato could frequently send them away satisfied, but among them were friends from all parts of the world that had been associated with Caruso in one way or another, and they insisted on seeing him. He always found time to see them all, and he had that remarkable art of making each person feel that his whole attention was given to him and that he had plenty of time at his disposal.

Usually all business matters were attended to in the mornings. For luncheon we would go to a little restaurant near Broadway in the Forties that was run by Doctor Pane. Enrico had once been able to do him a favor and Doctor Pane made a special point of cooking for him the simple Italian dishes that he enjoyed. After luncheon, which usually consisted of spinach, fruit, chops or chicken, and a very nourishing Italian soup, *minestrone,* Enrico would pass several hours playing a card game called *bazzica* with Doctor Pane and whichever of his intimate friends happened to drop in. Late in the afternoon we would return to the hotel, where Fucito would be waiting. If there were no auditions Enrico would practice until eight or nine o'clock.

In the evenings after Fucito had left no one was allowed in the apartment. Caruso seldom accepted invitations to dine or to attend evening affairs. Rarely he went to the theater. He liked to see Ethel Barrymore, who was an old friend of his as well as of mine. He also liked to go to any play in which George Cohan appeared. He knew him well and also his charming daughter Georgette, whom he had known as a little girl.

I think he would have attended the theater more often if he could have gone unnoticed. But whenever it was known that he wanted seats a box was forced upon him. He was always recognized and was called on to sing or to make a speech. Once I had to make a speech and I was so horribly embarrassed that I never wanted to sit

in a box again. In fact, we were both content to have those few peaceful hours to ourselves, when we could amuse ourselves as we pleased.

I had a great deal of time alone, so I often had a book in my hand. Enrico would say, "Why don't you occupy yourself?" He did not consider reading an occupation, and as he did not like to see me idle, he soon found something for me to do. He came in one day carrying three large albums and two bandboxes full of loose stamps. These he wanted me to help him arrange in the books. So that was how we spent the evenings when Enrico was not singing at the Metropolitan. We would sit,one at each end of the dining-room table, in front of us a pile of stamps to be sorted. Enrico, wearing huge gold-rimmed glasses, studied the stamps through a magnifying glass like a benevolent owl. He was perfectly happy doing this or spreading in front of him gold coins from his wonderful collection, of which he was making a card index. He liked to feel that I was keeping him company in his work and taught me about the stamps, perforations, watermarks and various little marks whose presence increased their value. I never dreamed of refusing to do this work, because it seemed to make him so happy. Incidentally I learned a good deal of geography, which I regret to say I have completely forgotten.

Around eleven or twelve o'clock Enrico would suddenly announce that he was hungry. Probably dinner would have been forgotten and I might have had noth-

ing but a cup of coffee since breakfast. But I never reminded him of meals, because I preferred to wait until he was hungry and eat with him. So in the middle of the night he would send for an enormous loaf and a minute steak which the chef arranged in the form of a sandwich. Enrico would fall upon this ravenously, while I would try to eat it with some degree of delicacy. In the end I had to give it up, and the midnight suppers to an onlooker must have appeared to be orgies indulged in by famished souls.

When I found that I was to be so much in the house I bought some lovely house gowns and negligées. But Enrico said such things were pretty but not useful. He did not think they were good to work in and not at all appropriate for pasting stamps and putting in clippings. So he designed for me gowns cut something like a man's dressing gown, made of the most beautiful brocades. They were certainly very comfortable, even if at times they were rather warm.

In regard to his own clothes, he was fastidious almost to the point of absurdity. Even as a child, under the most difficult conditions, he insisted on being clean and neat. So now he carried his immaculateness to excess. He never returned to the house without changing everything he wore. He had quantities of clothes. It was a task of one man alone, working steadily, to care for his wardrobe, and he insisted that I, too, should have many more gowns than I could possibly wear and as many shoes as though I were a centipede. He would

never wear anything that was in the least degree old. Although he invariably wore dark ties and quiet-colored shirts, he always appeared a little eccentric in his dress. I came to the conclusion that the difference lay in the cut of his suits, which was not that of an English or American tailor, and also because at the last moment he would add a flower in his buttonhole, allow a bright handkerchief to peep from his pocket, and set his hat a little on one side. At home he wore a dark brocaded pajama suit, the coat cut like a house jacket. With this he wore a soft silk shirt with low collar.

On the day Enrico sang at the opera the routine of the day was different. The doors between the two apartments would be opened at nine o'clock and we would wake to the sound of music. Salvatore Fucito, the accompanist, would be in the studio playing over the music of the opera to be sung that night.

Enrico would drink a cup of black coffee, take his bath and an inhalation, all the while listening to the music and whistling or humming an accompaniment. Dressing was a machine-like routine that had to be followed exactly. Two valets assisted him, and they were not allowed to speak to him or to make the slightest noise or any unnecessary movement as they went about their duties. Silently and noiselessly they handed him his clothes, shoes, collar, tie, handkerchief, while Caruso continued to hum in time with the distant music, glancing occasionally at the score that was propped on a music stand near by. The reason for this automatic procedure

was that Caruso might give his entire attention to the opera. Woe betide the unfortunate valet who handed him the wrong article! Enrico would swear at him under his breath but none the less forcibly, and the unhappy man did not remain long in doubt that he had committed the unpardonable sin of interrupting the morning's program.

One of his household was a timid little man named Gravina, who in his early days had been a famous comedian in Italy. Soon after I was married he sought me out and falling on his knees begged me to intercede for him with Caruso. He was too nervous, he explained, and so he upset the Signor *Commendatore,* and when he was sworn at he became more nervous. Would I kindly speak for him?

Of course I agreed to do so, but when I spoke to Enrico he only grunted and looked at me with an annoyed expression, so I did not say any more at the time.

"What has become of Gravina?" I asked later, not seeing the little man.

"I dismissed him," answered Enrico. "But since you were so sorry for him, I continue to employ him"—he paused and his eyes twinkled—"as associate paster of clippings." I learned afterward that he paid Gravina for this work $100 a month.

Later Enrico found him a position in a motion-picture company. He went to California and we heard he was doing extremely well. At the time of Enrico's illness Gravina hurried to his bedside, traveling across the

continent to see his old master and to do whatever he could for him.

In our household was a man connected in an interesting way with Enrico's early life. When Caruso was a young man living in Naples and was doing the military duty required of all young men in Italy, he used to go into the armory when no one was about and try to sing loud enough to fill the great building. One day his sergeant heard him and offered to take him to Vergine, who was at that time the best-known singing teacher in Italy. Enrico accompanied him nervously to the home of the *maestro,* where Vergine received them and listened indifferently while Enrico sang for him.

When he finished, Vergine said, "You can't sing. You haven't any voice at all! It sounds like the wind in the shutters!"

Enrico, instead of being discouraged, asked if he might attend Vergine's classes, not as a pupil but merely as a spectator. Vergine, walking off, shrugged his shoulders and replied that it was a matter of no importance to him what young Caruso did.

Enrico, nothing daunted, went to the classes, and sitting unnoticed in a corner, listened closely to Vergine's instructions to his pupils. The star pupil was a young tenor called Punzo, who Vergine prophesied would be the greatest tenor of the age and thought so highly of him that he permitted him to become engaged to his daughter.

A few months after Caruso began to go to the classes

a competition was held. Many of the pupils of Vergine were to take part, and Caruso, coming timidly forward, asked the *maestro* if he might compete with the others.

"What! Are you still here?" cried Vergine. However, touched perhaps by the boy's ambition, he gave his permission and Caruso sang. At the time Vergine said little in praise, but he immediately took the young Caruso into his class and after a while gave him a chance to sing a small rôle in opera.

Shortly before our marriage a man came to see Enrico, looking for a position as valet. When he said he was Punzo, Enrico remembered him and immediately engaged him. He treated him as he did his other servants, and when we went to Italy, Punzo went with us. As we sailed into the harbor of Naples, Enrico called me aside and whispered, "Remember, Doro, in Italy Punzo is not my servant; he is my assistant."

With these two men near him, who were really more his friends than his servants, Enrico would dress, singing and humming all the while.

On the nights Enrico sang we passed the day very quietly. No business was transacted; there were no auditions, no visitors and no practicing except the gentle humming that went on for a short time in the morning. It was never quiet in the apartment. All day long there was a steady current of visitors. Zirato had to be in many places at once, seeing them in Enrico's place and sending them away satisfied, answering letters, cables,

telegrams and invitations; sending out acceptances or regrets, making or breaking business appointments, seeing tradespeople, in fact attending to a thousand details, and protecting Enrico from every annoyance so that he could rest and be in good voice for the evening.

To escape from this tumult that often in spite of Zirato's care would penetrate into the farther apartment, we would drive to the outskirts of the city and leaving the car, walk for a mile or two where we could be alone, with no one to stare at us. We returned in time for luncheon, which on such days consisted of consommé and cold chicken taken in the seclusion of the apartment. During the afternoon Enrico rested or played solitaire.

At six o'clock Fucito would return and for ten or fifteen minutes would play exercises while Caruso let his voice out to its full volume. It was the only time he used exercises of any kind. While singing he would walk up and down the room, stopping only when Punzo appeared in the door with a cup of black coffee. It had to be of an exactly specified strength and temperature or it ran the chance of being flung to the floor!

At seven o'clock, accompanied by his secretary, Zirato, and one of the valets, Caruso left for the opera house. He allowed himself an hour to dress and to make up. I was always with him in his dressing room, but he received no other visitors before the performance. While he was making up he smoked one cigarette after another, for he never believed in the theory

that smoking injures the voice. He smoked even in the hour before his appearance on the stage.

Just before he went on he inhaled a quantity of tepid salt water. Drawing it deep into his lungs, he expelled it before it strangled him. I always watched this performance with some anxiety. Another rite followed that was almost religiously carried out. His dresser and his valet stood on each side of him. One man handed him a tiny glass of whisky. As he finished it the other man gave him a small glass of sparkling water and this was immediately followed by a quarter of an apple. Caruso believed that this cleared his throat.

In each of his costumes, at the point where his hands fell, were two shallow pockets. In each pocket he carried a small vial of salt water. He had become expert in using this on the stage, unperceived by the audience.

Caruso was always nervous before a performance. He never took his singing as a matter of course. Each appearance was for him the supreme effort of his life. He said once to me: "I know that I shall sing only a certain number of times. So I think to myself, 'Tonight I will hold back my voice. I will save it a little and that will mean I may be able to sing a few more times.' But when I go before the audience, when I hear the music and begin to sing, I cannot hold back. I give the best there is in me—I give all."

At the end of the first act I would go to his dressing room to tell him how his voice sounded. Caruso never took it for granted that he sang well. In his heart he

must have known it, but he wanted to be told again and again. He never wanted to be praised for anything he might do for people, for any kindness that he had shown, but he delighted in being praised for his singing, for his cartoons and for his modeling. And yet no matter how much he was praised, he never seemed to absorb it into his personality. He took the tribute to his singing as homage to the divine gift that God gave him, not as a recognition of anything that he did himself. He seldom spoke of his singing or of music unless he was trying a new song, when he would turn from the piano and ask me how I liked it. When he went to sing for the Victor Company he spoke of that and would be pleased if the day had gone successfully. Someone once asked him his favorite rôle and he replied, "I have none. They are all hard work."

Each time he sang, Mr. Gatti-Casazza, manager of the Metropolitan, visited him at the end of the first act. He kissed Enrico gravely on both cheeks, congratulating him on the performance. Although it was almost a matter of routine, Enrico always received him with surprised delight and would invariably ask him the same question: "How do you feel the audience to be?"

For each performance at which Enrico sang he was entitled to seventy dollars' worth of tickets, but there was rarely a night that he did not buy personally from three to four hundred dollars' worth to distribute among his friends. Caruso remembered to whom he sent the tickets and knew, too, in which seats he should find his

friends. During the performance he would look for them, and if they failed to appear he would be bitterly disappointed, and it required many explanations and apologies to convince him that they had not remained away deliberately.

Caruso had a curiously humble feeling about annoying his friends. He was quick to see a fancied neglect or to imagine that people were tired of him. He often preferred to remain alone rather than disturb anyone. If I suggested that he should send for someone to play cards with him or to chat for a while, he would shake his head and say, "No, no, Doro. He might be busy—he might not want to come, and if I asked him he would feel that he had to." He was very sensitive about such things as they affected his friends, but with his new relatives, my brothers and sisters, he was even more particular.

One Thanksgiving evening I was not able to attend the opera, as I was recovering from influenza, so Enrico sent my usual seats in the front row to my sister Torrance and my brother Romeyn. There was a long family dinner at my father's house that night, and it was late before they could get away. When at last they arrived at the opera house the first act was over. They were met in the lobby by Zirato.

"Why—why are you so late?" he cried. "Mr. Caruso is so hurt that he cries. He thinks you don't come because you don't like him. Come quick now to the dressing room!"

Conscience-stricken, they followed the agitated secretary through the crowded corridors and back of the scenes. They found Enrico sitting dejectedly in front of his dressing table. As they came in he looked at them and turned away. "Nice family I have," he said solemnly. "Very affectionate family who don't even care to hear the brother sing. Perhaps"—with terrible sarcasm—"he does not sing well enough, eh?" It was only after many protestations and embraces on their part that he allowed a faint smile to penetrate the heavy gloom that darkened his brow. Later, however, he proved his forgiveness by winking at them in one of the most solemn parts of the third act of Forza del Destino.

After the second act of an opera I did not usually visit Enrico's dressing room but spent that time in inviting to supper the friends we had agreed upon earlier in the day. When the opera was over I went to sit with him while he removed his make-up. He spent as much time taking it off as in putting it on, using a great quantity of pure cold cream made especially for him by an Italian chemist, Dr. Albert Manganiello, who took particular pride in keeping him supplied with it in large quantities. There was nothing unusual about the preparation except that it was free from glycerin and absolutely pure. He followed the application of this cream, which removed all the paint, with hot towels saturated in diluted witch hazel. Twenty or thirty of these towels would be applied to his face, followed by lukewarm applications of the same liquid.

When he was dressed he went to the stage door, and there he always found Mr. Scholl, a little German Jew who by day was an umbrella maker and by night the leader of the claque in the Metropolitan Opera House. Enrico never employed him in his official capacity any more than he ever paid for any advertising of his voice, but Mr. Scholl's admiration for Caruso was unbounded and he never failed to be at the door when the performance was over, to hold it open for his beloved tenor and to say, "Good night, Mr. Caruso."

"Ah, Scholl, good evening. Very kind of you to come."

For those few words Mr. Scholl would wait an hour or more after the great house was darkened. And no matter in what place Caruso sang, there he would be long after midnight, his little figure bowing at the doorway and his timid voice wishing him a good night. During Enrico's long illness in the Hotel Vanderbilt, Mr. Scholl mounted guard at the door of the apartment, entering the names of callers in a great book, ushering in friends, replying to inquiries and barring the way to cranks and impostors. Except for his anxiety about Caruso's condition, I think he was happier doing this work than ever before in his life.

After long years of labor Scholl had managed, by difficult and tedious economies, to accumulate $5000. When he was entirely convinced that Enrico was well on the road to recovery, he took the savings of many hard years and returned to Germany. He was there

when Enrico died, and his telegram was one of the first that I received at the hotel in Naples. "I am coming. Scholl." In the confusion that followed Enrico's death I did not think about Mr. Scholl until one day he presented himself before me, white, forlorn and apologetic. He had tried to leave Germany carrying his money with him, not knowing that it was against the law in Germany at that time to do so. He was imprisoned and his money taken from him.

After yards of red tape had been disentangled, he was released, but found that to reclaim his money would require another long delay. So he left it behind him and came directly to Naples. His devotion meant more to him than his ducats. After his arrival he went at once to Enrico's tomb. Leaning over the casket, he sobbed: "Won't you say one more word to poor old Scholl—only one more word to poor old Scholl, who loves you?"

As he did not recover his money, I persuaded him to return to America with me a few weeks later. Soon after we landed he followed his beloved singer into another world, perhaps to continue his chosen occupation, to open celestial doors for him, to bow and smile happily at the old greeting: "Ah, Scholl, good evening. Very kind of you to come."

CHAPTER V

WHEN we reached home after the opera supper would be waiting for us and our guests. Enrico would change into a dark blue velvet jacket which he called his drinking jacket, although he seldom drank anything except whisky-and-soda before he went on the stage, and a little champagne afterward.

These suppers were always very gay and amusing, and everyone was delighted to be included in the invitation; they knew that when the strain of the operatic performance was over, Caruso was at his best. And what a best it was! He seemed to personify the very joy and richness of life as he sat at the head of his long table, laughing and joking and telling stories in his queer precise English. He delighted in making a joke in English —"Making a funny," he called it.

It was at one of these suppers that he told the story of his first appearance in opera. It is impossible to reproduce the best part of the story—his slow and careful pronunciation of the English words, the eloquent pauses, the dramatic gestures, shrugs and spreading of the hands, with his eyes shining as he acted again those days of his youth. He told the story with relish, but with a little sadness, too, for the boy who had suffered

and a little pride for the man in the prime of life who had made good the promise of his early years.

In those far-off days Caruso was beginning his operatic career by acting as understudy for a tenor in a small company that toured the little country towns of Italy. The tenor was robust and never showed the slightest symptoms of weakness, so the young Caruso had no opportunity to appear in any other rôle than one that passed entirely unnoticed. Nevertheless, he was perfectly happy, because he had at last arrived at the point when he could travel around in a leisurely and happy-go-lucky fashion with congenial companions, and at the end of each week receive a small sum of money that never by any chance outlasted the first three days.

One afternoon the company, with its scenery and baggage, arrived at a town in which, as it happened, lived several friends of Caruso's who had formerly been neighbors in Naples. Fortunately there was no demand for his services that night; so, shouting a street song, he hurried off to find his friends, who received him with open arms. As Caruso would be with them only for two nights, they wished to celebate his arrival in true classic style. Enrico entered into the festivities with high spirits, and by the time the stars began to appear in the sky he was leading his companions in the songs they had sung together in the streets of Naples and drinking freely of the pleasant and potent vintage of that locality.

The noise and fun was at its height when the door burst open and one of his companions from the opera company rushed in. "Caruso, come! *Subito, subito!* The tenor has been taken ill. You must sing. Do you hear, Carusito? You've got to sing!" Dizzy and not sure that he heard aright, Caruso stumbled after the messenger down the narrow stairs. Supported by his comrades, he was escorted triumphantly to the opera house; they would have led him immediately upon the stage if the impresario had not chased the noisy followers out of the theater without any loss of time.

Unfortunately Caruso did not remember the name of the opera in which he had to sing the leading rôle at such short notice, but it was one that he did not later include in his repertoire, one which is sung no longer; but he described with feeling the heat of the dressing room, the closeness of the wig on his aching dizzy head and the terrible difficulty he had in stooping down to put on his shoes. He managed to finish dressing more by the sense of touch than sight, for, as a matter of fact, nothing remained steady before his eyes long enough to be seen. He had to make a dashing entrance, which he accomplished without mishap; he got through his first aria, but he could not remember any of the stage directions, continually getting in the way of the other singers, to their dismay and annoyance. It was not long before the audience realized his condition, and to add to his discomfiture, they hooted and howled, shouting directions and encouragement and turning the performance into a

riot, which proceeded in front of the curtain to the hilarious accompaniment of cheers and laughter—and behind the scenes, with hisses and imprecations.

At the end of the performance Caruso was promptly dismissed from the company. He walked away from the darkened theater, scowled at by his companions, who felt that he had disgraced them, laughed at and mocked by the little boys of the street, who ran after him shouting, *"Ubbriaco! Ubbriaco!"*—drunkard.

Quickly sobered by the night air, he saw what an opportunity he had lost, the very chance he had been awaiting eagerly for months past. He needed no one to tell him that he owed his disgrace to his own fault. But that thought has never yet helped anyone to a philosophical state of mind or made it possible to endure misfortune more easily. It was a broken-hearted boy that buried his face in his pillow that night.

All the next day he remained alone in his little attic room; and as the hours dragged on, the events of the night before seemed more disgraceful, his plight more desperate and life less and less worth living. Toward dusk, alone and without food, hungry, weak and discouraged, he decided to end his life. But how? With what weapon? All his money had been lavished on the festivities of the previous evening—he shuddered now at the thought of them—consequently he could not buy poison—"nor for that matter, a rope," he thought gloomily, looking up at the beams over his head. He had never owned a gun. He got up and thrust his hand

down into his coat pocket. There remained one lira that had slipped into a hole in the lining. Not enough for poison, but enough for a bottle of wine before he died; he would fortify himself with the wine and then consider further how to die.

He ran down the stairs and in a few moments returned with a bottle of red wine. Hastily he drank some, feeling better even as the wine flowed down his throat. He set the bottle down and looked about him. Whether it was because he had had no food or that the wine was unusually strong, certain it was that the thought of suicide had lost its appeal. At any rate he would enjoy the wine in peace and later consider the question of death.

But after the second drink he felt even less inclined to allow his thoughts to dwell on unpleasant matters—in fact, he felt a strong urge to seek out his friends of the night before and tell them what a great injustice had been done him. He could sing as well as that pig of a tenor! Just let him have another chance and he would show them how a tenor ought to sing—not roaring and gasping and breathing hard, but softly—so—growing louder, gently rising from one register to another.

He began to sing softly, swimming his hands in the air as he rose to the notes and soared upon them. Ah, the song was so beautiful, so simple, so—— He broke off and listened—a trampling on the rickety stairs—someone bounding up, up, quickly, like a goat. Caruso

sprang to his feet as the door burst open. "Caruso, come!" gasped the messenger. Caruso, asking no questions, leapt down the stairs and out into the street, paying no attention to the puffing messenger who tried to keep up with him. But a word here and there reached him: "They won't listen to the tenor! . . . They hissed him! . . . Call for you!"

Caruso stopped short. "Call for me? Liar! They don't even know my name!"

"Not your name," panted the boy. "They call for *Ubbriaco.*"

How lucky that he had the good red wine inside to fortify him! He would sing now. Let them wait and he would show them! *"Madonna mia,"* he whispered as he ran. *"Madonna mia."* It was a breathless prayer —and it was answered, as prayers sometimes are when we determine that they shall be. In ten minutes Caruso came rollicking onto the stage. Ah, thanks to that wine he is still fortified! The audience greets him with howls. They leap upon their seats shouting, *"Ubbriaco! Ubbriaco!"* He begins his aria. Silence. Not at that time the voice of a great artist, but the voice loved by the people, full of natural emotion, of surprising sweetness and melody. He sings the riotous audience to silence and then to frenzy. He comes before the curtain again and again, drunk, not with the good red wine but with the first sip of success, the taste of which was to be on his lips forever after!

And then what triumph! The company delighted, the tenor frowning darkly and threatening to leave the company at once, and no one trying to stop him. The impresario, apologetic, increases Caruso's salary then and there to the splendid sum of ten lire a performance —which is, when you have it in your hands, all of two dollars and a half.

If there were no guests with us after the performances at the Metropolitan Opera House, Enrico would eat a light supper of consommé and cold chicken and wander about the apartment, still nervous from the strain of the evening. He would stand in front of the vitrines that contained his collection of bronzes, enamels, coins and watches, and opening the doors, silently take out one beautiful object after another, examining it and fondling it as though he derived a spiritual comfort and quiet from communing with it. Only a few of his most valuable pieces were in the apartment; the rest were in the Canessa Galleries, where Mr. Canessa, an old family friend, took charge of them. Mr. Canessa, who is an antiquarian of international fame, often brought rare and beautiful objects of art to the attention of Caruso, but in the end it was always Enrico's own taste that decided the purchase.

In *Il Carroccio*—the Italian review—Mr. Canessa tells how Caruso came to be a collector. One day as they were talking together Mr. Canessa showed Enrico a tiny gold coin on which was engraved the head of Queen Arsinoë II.

"That little thing costs five hundred francs," said Mr. Canessa carelessly.

Caruso took it into his hand and examined it intently. "It's beautiful. I like it. But what is the use of only one? I don't want one coin."

Mr. Canessa laughed. "There is only this one," he explained. "It is a very rare specimen."

"Very well, then," said Caruso, "it's mine."

That was the beginning of the purchase of gold coins and medals, collected from all countries and of all ages, that finally made Caruso the owner of one of the unique coin collections of the world. There were more than 2000 specimens, bits of metal dating from the fifth century B.C. to the present time.

From gold coins Caruso went on to collect watches, bronzes, pottery, antique glass, enamels and furniture. It became his pastime to haunt old shops, to wander through the narrow streets of ancient towns, to attend auctions and to spend hours poring over priceless collections in the great museums of the world. From the dark shelves of dusty shops, from tombs of Egyptian monarchs, from Pompeii and Persia, from French châteaux and castles in Spain, from monastery and mosque came the treasures of the Old World.

To walk through his collection in the Canessa Galleries is to move through an atmosphere of romance that opens the heart and stirs the imagination with its remembrance of the great ages of the world. One passes from one splendid epoch of history to another

and comes close to the gorgeous figures that have been woven into the immense tapestry of civilization. Here is a bronze Bacchus made by that great craftsman, Leone Leoni, which is really a comic portrait of Morgante, the court dwarf of Cosimo de' Medici. Here is a tiny snuffbox encircled with pearls, presented by a royal prince to General Lafayette, who, besides being a general, was an accomplished courtier. Over there is a mortar of the early Renaissance that might have ground the poisons of the Borgias. Beside you is a chair bearing the emblem of Saint Francis of Assisi.

In cases are ranged exquisite opalescent glass, frail bubbles, made by the hands of craftsmen in the year 2500 B.C. and used by the ladies of the Egyptian courts to hold their rarest perfumes. There stands a Persian vase, ancient and beautiful enough to have held Omar's crimson wine. On the walls hang medieval embroideries in colored silks, laced with gold and silver threads, delicately wrought on velvet and portraying the prophets and saints, seraphs and angels of the monasteries and double-headed eagles and banners of royalty.

How many tireless fingers worked on this gown, stiff with embroidery and jewels, that was made in the golden age of England, whose luxury-loving Queen Elizabeth may have numbered it among her 3000 "embroidered and laced gowns." With its roses, carnations and tulips, its wreaths and floral devices, and

heavy designs of gold and silver thread, it is a garment fit for such a queen.

Furniture, watches set with jewels, fragile glass and deathless bronze, gold coins, tapestries and terra-cotta vases—it would require many volumes to do justice to their loveliness. And Caruso knew the history of each one—knew and loved to tell it. Holding a bit of glass of bright Limoges enamel in his hands, he would caress it as he talked, as tenderly as though the polished inanimate surface could respond to the touch of his fingers. Late at night, when the house was still and the noise of Broadway a distant thunder, he would arrange and rearrange the glass shelves in the vitrines, placing the enamels, the watches, the snuffboxes, with due regard to size and color, considering all the details, even to the pattern of the antique lace that lay beneath them.

CHAPTER VI

CARUSO had an adoration for all those minor arts that have found expression in delicacy of design and handicraft—those exquisite little masterpieces wrought in the leisure that followed the great ages of plastic expression in Persia and Magna Græcia and in Italy. He would stand silently before the exhibits in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, passing slowly as if in a dream from one object to another, engrossed in a contemplation of the skill that was able to create such beauty.

From Mr. Canessa's sympathetic article about Caruso and his collection, published in an Italian paper, I translate this conversation:

"And Caruso has no paintings?" Mr. Canessa was asked.

"No, he has none. He adores them, they enchant him; but only the great painters, the glorious pictures, please him. He once said to me, 'A gallery of marvelous paintings or nothing at all.'"

Although Caruso did not collect paintings, he might easily have filled a gallery with portraits sent him by unknown admirers. Some of these were not so bad, but others, copies of his portrait embroidered on silk,

painted on china or burned on leather, were ludicrous. Although he recognized them to be the dreadful caricatures of himself that they were, he invariably wrote notes of thanks to the artists; and if he thought the donor in need of money the letter would be accompanied by a check.

One day we had been in the Canessa Galleries selecting some furniture and bronzes for our apartment. Enrico wanted to decorate my drawing-room himself, and, I think, would have sent over the entire collection in his desire to make that room beautiful. I suggested that we adopt the Japanese method and have only a few things at a time placed in the apartment. After we had enjoyed these for some time we could return them to the gallery and replace them with others. Enrico was delighted with this idea, and spent a happy afternoon choosing among his treasures the first ones that we should put into our home.

As we came out of the gallery we met an old friend of Enrico's, a Neapolitan, who at the time was running a restaurant in New York. He greeted us and then turned excitedly to Enrico. "I have the most wonderful painting of Naples to show you. I assure you that it was done by a great artist, and I came by it through a stroke of luck. It hangs in my restaurant. You must come to see it immediately. You, who are a connoisseur in these matters, will appreciate it."

Enrico consented good-naturedly to accompany him to the restaurant, and in a few moments we stood before

the painting. It was one of the most terrible chromos that I have ever seen. I turned anxiously to look at Enrico, expecting him to burst out into a storm of reproaches that his friend should have induced him to waste his time by coming to see so frightful a thing. To my amazement he stood looking at it thoughtfully, his face absolutely expressionless.

"How much is it?" he asked Mr. G.

"Five hundred dollars—and that is little enough!" cried the owner of the painting.

"Enrico!" I cried, clutching his arm. "You won't buy it! Why, it's horrible!" I had a vision of this dreadful daub that looked as if someone had spilled on the canvas several assorted cans of floor paint, hanging in our apartment.

Enrico paid no attention to me. "All right," he said calmly, "I will take it."

"But what will you do with it?" I asked, almost ready to cry with vexation. The delighted owner was already calling a waiter to help him lift the picture from the wall.

"I will send it to L," Enrico grinned at me. "He is from Naples, and he will like a present from Caruso. Besides"—he lowered his voice—"this man needs money. He would never ask me for it. So you see, Doro, we will do good all around."

He ordered the chromo shipped to Mr. L with Caruso's compliments and all day at intervals he chuckled to himself at the probable reception of the

gift. "Perhaps he will think he must hang it in his gallery next to the Corot." And he added that Mr. L was a collector and had some rare works of art. "But none like this!" Enrico said, laughing.

He was even more delighted the next day when he received Mr. L's bewildered thanks. It was not until he found that the chromo was actually hung in Mr. L's gallery that he relented and begged him to take it down —he was only "making a funny."

No one ever enjoyed his friends so much as Caruso, and no one was so loyal to them. Commenting once on the engagement of one of his friends to a very unattractive girl, I said, "But, Enrico, she is so ugly!" He looked at me gravely: "That may be, but as he is a friend of mine, we will not say that again." It was a lesson I never forgot. To him his friends could do no wrong, and many times I have stopped myself from making a criticism that to most people would have been an obvious remark; it would have been to him a disloyalty to a friend.

Caruso did not like visitors at all hours, and this is understandable; for, besides studying and practicing, he had important conferences that could not be interrupted and business affairs that he could not always postpone. But there were a few friends for whom the machinery of the day would stop and who came into his home at any time. In some cases, as with Antonio Scotti, whom he called affectionately Totono, he would wave a greeting, beg him to make himself at home and go on with

whatever was occupying him at the moment. Two or three of his Italian cronies drifted in and out, making no demand on his attention, and his companions at the opera house were always sure of a welcome. Amato, De Segurola, De Luca, Martinelli, Polacco, Moranzoni, Bodansky and Papi—for these there was always a clasp of the hand and a greeting.

There were others who came only occasionally but to whom he was devoted and for whom all work would be dropped at once. One of these was Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini. The first time I met that delightful singer she came in to see us one afternoon late, before a concert she was to give at the Hippodrome. Enrico jumped up from the table where we were pasting stamps and greeted her affectionately, kissing her on both cheeks. In a few moments I understood why Enrico was so fond of her and was hoping she would like me as much as I liked her. The poor lady was suffering from a cold and was worried about the condition of her voice for the evening's concert.

"Wait then!" cried Enrico. "I have a good spray. It will make your throat well. Come with me." He led her into his bathroom, and making her sit on the edge of the tub, he sprayed her throat carefully with a mixture of ether and iodoform. I can still see Madame Tetrazzini balancing on the rim of the tub, in full evening costume, with a short ermine cape about her shoulders, while Enrico, wearing his immense gold-rimmed spectacles, hung over her like an anxious owl.

As he sprayed she had to pant quickly and not stop for a moment or the ether would have gone down into her lungs and anæsthetized her. This spray acted something like a varnish or a coat of shellac over the vocal cords. The results must have been beneficial, for according to the morning papers Madame Tetrazzini sang with her usual pure and beautiful voice.

I think there was no person to whom Enrico was more devoted than to Mr. Calvin G. Child, one of the directors of the Victor Company. For many years Caruso had made all his arrangements with the company through Mr. Child, and their relationship had grown from that of a business acquaintance to a close friendship. No matter how nervous or troubled Enrico might be, a few soothing words from Mr. Child would serve to restore his equilibrium. If he was depressed and sad Mr. Child left him happy and contented; if he was worried and anxious Mr. Child put his mind at ease. Enrico trusted him implicitly and relied with the utmost confidence on his advice and judgment. There was never a shadow of misunderstanding between these two men, so entirely dissimilar in most respects and yet so alike in their devotion to the most perfect expression of the singing voice.

One day Mr. Child called Caruso's attention to a note in a record that shook a little. "It's not quite right, is it?" he asked mildly.

"Oh, that's emotion," rejoined Caruso, and Mr. Child nodded, entirely content.

But while friends might drop in during the day, Caruso liked to do as he pleased in the evenings, and as I have related before, he liked nothing better that first winter than to arrange and paste his stamps. Occasionally he would be persuaded into accepting an invitation to dine, and often something like this would happen: About four o'clock of the afternoon of the dinner he would say sadly, but making a visible effort to be resigned and brave, "Well, Doro, we won't be able to paste in our stamps this evening." There were times, I must confess, when I wanted to shout "Hurrah!" But I soon came to know what he wanted me to say, and so to please him I would shake my head sorrowfully and say, "Isn't that too bad, darling!"

There followed a short and thoughtful silence, and then—"We might send a telegram. Such a big banquet, it doesn't matter whether I am there or not. Do you think so, Doro?"

Trying not to smile, I would consider the matter carefully and say it did not really matter.

As though freed from a terrible punishment, he would spring up shouting for Zirato: "We will send the telegram! I like to stay home!" And then the ever-tactful Zirato would hasten off to make Mr. Caruso's excuses in person, and return to assure him that the committee understood perfectly, regretted exceedingly, and so on, with so many kind protestations that I would blush for the wicked Enrico, who sat beaming with pleasure already clad in his brocaded robe, at the prospect of a

quiet evening at home. If a telegram was sent it was worded so convincingly that no one could have been offended, and in my heart I did not blame Enrico, for most banquets were interminable affairs, with long speeches which he could only understand if he concentrated his whole attention on the speaker.

If, however, it was a dinner given in his honor Enrico would accept, but would send Zirato with a message to his hostess asking to be seated beside his wife. "Tell her," he would say to Zirato, "that I married my wife to be with her. If I have to be away from her I would rather stay home."

I was very proud that he should feel this way, but I often wondered if my hostess thought it was really all my doing and that I was an unusually jealous wife.

At a banquet Enrico rarely ate anything, but as the meal progressed he gradually collected all the menu cards, on which he drew caricatures of the guests, to their great enjoyment. And not only at banquets did he occupy himself in this way but at any moment of the day, in the midst of an important conference, at luncheon in a restaurant, when talking over a contract—at any and all times he automatically reached for a pencil and began to draw. He had an astonishing faculty, which no doubt is the peculiar art of the cartoonist, of seizing instantly upon the characteristic feature of a face and turning it into a burlesque of that person—amusing, but rather uncanny, for underneath the parody there was always a likeness of the real person. Caruso had

in his possession a collection of all the cartoons published in the American newspapers during the war.

One day we passed the window of a bookstore in which was displayed a caricature of President Wilson which he had drawn. It was signed E. C. Enrico stood close to the glass staring at it, his nose pressed against the pane like a small boy. At last he sent me in to ask the price of it. When I returned and told him it was seventy-five dollars he was overcome with astonishment and delight. I think the thought of that seventy-five dollars pleased him more than the $10,000 check he received for a concert.

Caruso was such a versatile person, he had so many interests that it seems almost a paradox to say that he was uneducated. And yet in the accepted sense of the word, that is true. He had the knowledge that comes from wide experience of the technic of singing, of drawing and of modeling. He knew sixty-four operas, he spoke seven languages. But he never read a book or pretended to any knowledge of literature. He had never regularly attended school when he was a child. As a little boy he spoke the Neapolitan dialect, but his mother, with that curious vision of future glory for her son, had him taught the Italian language, the beautiful tongue of Tuscany. Incidentally his teacher gave him a little instruction in history and geography.

Growing up as I did under the watchful eye of a father who was an author and whose daily fare of books was more important to him than food, it seemed

strange to me that Enrico should not read. However, I did not dream that he recognized any deficiency in respect to his education until I noticed that for ten minutes before going to sleep at night he read attentively in a little worn book that always lay on his bed table. One night I asked him what the book was and he showed me that it was an Italian book of facts arranged alphabetically, something on the order of a small abridged encyclopedia. Every night he read religiously a few of these dry-as-dust facts, hoping in this way to make up for the scholarship that he had been deprived of in his youth.

In learning a language—French, for instance—he translated some libretto he was working on from Italian into French and then back again into Italian. In writing English—and he always wrote me in my own language—he used words in a new and vivid sense in fresh combinations which made his descriptions unusually vivid and sometimes amusing. If he was in doubt about the spelling, he spelled the word as it sounded to him, often with strange results.

In one of his letters from Mexico he thus describes an outdoor performance of an opera:

> At moment to go on the stage there was illumination plenty by the sun. I had like a shower of rays in my eyes, terribly hot like a Shweedish bath. I was forced to close my eyes and it was impossible to look at the conductor. One sang with me who had a voice which bark like an old dog doing "Whau, whau!" Who you say, is that? But

I do not tell you, because he is my companion, so I go on singing with bag of sunshine in my face.

But at the time of which I am writing we were together and there was no need for letters. Life was full of new and interesting events. Every day was like Christmas, because we were always receiving presents from all sorts of people from all over the world. Enrico took all this as a matter of course, for I suppose it was an old story to him by that time, but to me it was great fun to untie mysterious packages and to open big white boxes. Flowers came into the house every day, often from friends, but even more often from strangers who had heard Caruso sing perhaps for the first time, and who sent them as an expression of their admiration.

I have already spoken of the paintings and drawings of himself. Besides these we were often sent magnificently decorated cakes, fresh country eggs, milk, Italian chocolate, spaghetti, wines, books with the compliments of the authors, engraved testimonials from music societies, and sometimes a rare piece to add to his collections. At regular intervals there arrived a sort of aquarium full of flat herring in oil and bay leaves. Enrico enjoyed these immensely and late at night ate them in place of the steak sandwich. I could not cultivate a real liking for these delicacies, but I ate them anyway so as not to hurt Enrico's feelings by refusing what he assured me was a typical Neapolitan dish. Once in Philadelphia someone sent us an enormous roast of beef. I expressed

some surprise when the large bundle was unwrapped, but Enrico told me reproachfully that it was the gift of a good friend of his, an Italian butcher.

Though these votive offerings were accepted as a proper tribute to his fame, nevertheless Enrico was always touched more than he would admit by such remembrances. He seldom said anything in the way of praise, and because of this reticence, those who lived around him and were constantly serving him often felt discouraged, and not sure that they were carrying out his wishes. It was perhaps harder on Zirato than anyone, for besides being a most conscientious secretary, he was a trustworthy and devoted friend. On one occasion Zirato had done an unusual amount of work, requiring the exercise of tact and diplomacy. Caruso, however, had not indicated by a word or look that he was pleased with the result. On the day that Enrico sang he was usually in a quiet and relaxed mood, and Zirato chose this time when they were talking together in a friendly way to say, *"Commendatore,* why is it that you are always scolding me? I am very thankful that you teach me, but you never praise me, no matter how hard I try to please you. You never say, 'That's well done, Zirato.' "

Caruso thought a moment and replied: "I sing for the public. If I sing an opera and I sing it very beautiful, the newspapers only say, 'Caruso sang last night.' But if I don't sing the opera well, in the morning there are headlines: 'Caruso Has Lost His Voice. Greatest

Tenor in the World is Finished!' And then follows a two-column article to say how badly I sing. When you do something wrong, if I keep you with me one minute after—not a day after nor a week after but a minute after—that is a proof that I value you."

Zirato nodded. "I understand, *Commendatore*—and I am very thankful for those minutes," he added, laughing.

But if Caruso was exacting with others, his sense of honor and justice made him equally hard on himself. I remember the evening that we attended a Red Cross benefit at the Manhattan Opera House, given for soldiers and sailors. As soon as Caruso was recognized in the box the audience began to cheer and to shout to him to sing "Over There." His contract with the Metropolitan did not allow him to sing in public except at concerts specified in his agreement. But the huge audience knowing nothing of this continued to yell and shout for him to sing to them. A delegation of soldiers and sailors came to beg him to sing to the boys, and the committee in charge of the concert also added their persuasions. It was more than human endurance could stand. Enrico yielded at last and going on the stage, sang "Over There," with the immense crowd of men joining enthusiastically in the chorus. As soon as the song was finished he took me back to the hotel; then he went at once to Mr. Gatti-Casazza and told him he had broken his contract. I need not say that under the circumstances he was promptly forgiven.

Another time, in Mexico, he did not want to accept the fee for his performance. I will let him give an account of this incident himself. The Opera, Ballo in Maschera, was given in the Plaza de Los Toros—the bull ring—in Mexico City:

At 3:30 the performance begin. My voice was fine and my spirit very high, but there were some black clouds that beginning to come up, and at the end of the first act beginning to *schizzichiare* [drizzle, in Neapolitan] very thin, thin. We begin the second act and the success was great even more than the first act. I sang those two acts wonderfully and everybody were glad and enjoy very much. But in the second act when I sing the Barcarola in which are the words *"Io sfido, i venti, i lampi, i tuoni,"* etc.—I defy the winds, the lightning, the thunder—there was real wind, light and thunder and the clouds open and water come down like a storm.

I went in my dressing room to be ready for the third act, and I was ready, when the water begin to come down in my dressing room. We stay like that for half an hour, and the public was there with umbrellas and overcoats on the head. When I saw that it was impossible to stay in the dressing room I went out and put on a mantle and ask to the public which were in the boxes, "What go to do?" They answer, "Go home." So I undress under the raining which come down in the dressing room and come home. I think it is the first time in my artistic career that I bring home some money without work. I don't feel to take such money. What you think if I give my check to the poors?

This money, which he did not feel he had earned, disturbed him so much that he did not feel easy in his mind until he had distributed it, as he suggested, to the "poors."

Toward those who tried to injure him Caruso was equally just and merciful. He received many blackmailing letters, which of course, in most cases, were written by people who were not responsible for their words. But when accidentally one of these letters fell into my hands I was always frightened and never at ease until the specified time of the threats had gone by.

When I exclaimed in horror at some of the letters Enrico would say, "We will see. Let us wait a little. Here is perhaps a poor wretch that needs food—not dangerous at all, only hungry and stupid."

When he thought it was a case worth investigating he often succeeded in turning into a devoted friend the very man who had threatened to kill him. Caruso was frequently threatened by writers who signed themselves members of the Black Hand, but he never took any unusual precautions or demanded any protection against these people. "If it's my time to die, I die," he would say calmly.

Persons who were near him at the time of the San Francisco earthquake, on that night of horror and destruction, told me that he acted with the utmost coolness, insisting that his secretary and servants should not try to save any of his effects but hurry to safety outside of the trembling hotel. After he had seen them

depart he returned coolly to his apartment to carry out the one thing he wanted to save—a large portrait of Theodore Roosevelt which the President had presented to him a short time before. A few months later, in London, he was asked to dine at the house of his friend, the Countess de Grey, who was lady in waiting to Queen Alexandra. Both King Edward VII and the Queen were present, and seating themselves on either side of Caruso, they asked him eagerly for details of that terrible disaster. Caruso, in his broken English, was the first eyewitness to tell Their Majesties about the "airthquake."

CHAPTER VII

IT was perhaps Caruso's silence when praise was expected that made everyone stand in awe of him. Miss Nina Morgana, who sang with him again and again in concerts, admitted to me that he struck terror to her heart. "I begin to tremble when I am within twenty feet of him, and I don't know why I should be afraid, as he has always been kindness itself to me." I think his closest friends dreaded his impatience and his irritation when everything was not done exactly as he had conceived it; and yet everyone near him loved him, and on every side there were always new and touching evidences of the affection of those attached to him.

Bruno Zirato, his secretary, tells the following story: Enrico was looking over the bill presented by the management of the Hotel Knickerbocker. Carefully adding it up, as was his custom, he drew a check and handed it to Zirato, who saw at once that the amount he had filled in was $1000 too much. The two apartments were rented to Caruso at a special price, but through a mistake of the bookkeeper he was charged the full rate. Zirato immediately called Caruso's attention to the mistake.

"No," said Caruso, "I have drawn the check for the

amount of the bill as they gave it to me, and that is correct."

But Zirato was not satisfied. Taking the check and the bill, he went in search of Mr. Regan, owner of the hotel, who said at once that it was a mistake and immediately returned the surplus $1000 to Zirato. Zirato said afterward, "I was so delighted that I was right, and so glad to save Mr. Caruso the $1000, that I rushed upstairs with the money in my hand, and running to the *Commendatore,* I cried, 'You see, after all I was right. Here is the $1000 which they returned to me.' And what do you think he said? 'Well, why do you talk about it? Why don't you put it in the drawer?' I felt like a balloon that goes flat."

Enrico praised me no more than he did anyone else. I would put on my loveliest gown and stand before him, waiting for him to tell me how well I looked. "Do you like me in this gown, Enrico?" I would ask. "Do you think I look pretty?"

In the most provoking way he would answer, "Do you think I would have married you if you were not nice looking?"

That was high praise, as I gradually came to learn. I would parade before him as proud as a peacock; he would watch me and perhaps say, with a twinkle in his eye, "How fat you are!" But if someone else had told me that I was the most beautiful and entrancing person that ever walked upon the earth, it could never have meant as much to we as Enrico's teasing voice

and his funny chuckle as he said, "Doro, how fat you are!"

But, oh, dear, how well I remember the day I wore for the first time a wonderful black velvet gown! It was the first of the kind I had ever had. I walked up and down in front of the long mirrors, watching the lovely long train swirling and doubling after me and admiring the softness and suppleness of the material. Nina Morgana came into the room and exclaimed with admiration: "What a lovely gown! You do look beautiful." As I was going to the opera, I had put on diamonds and emeralds, and altogether I felt that I could risk showing myself to Enrico; down deep in my heart, after several critical looks in the mirror, I thought he might agree with Nina. So I walked confidently into his dressing room fully expecting to be greeted with a look of approval. But imagine my astonishment when he looked at me, and with a very black frown, said, "You can't go out of the house in that gown, Doro. Would you really wear such a low-cut dress in public? It shows half of your back. Take it off at once! My wife cannot appear like that."

I backed away and only controlled my tears until I reached my room. But I could not give way to this weakness, because I had to put on another gown and go with Enrico to the opera as though nothing had happened. It would be a dreadful thing to disturb him by making a scene on the night that he sang. However, I think he suspected something, for when I went to his

dressing room between the acts he looked at me keenly, started to say something and then stopped. The next day he returned from a rehearsal and dropped a little white box in my lap.

"For all your tears, my Doro," he said, smiling, as I drew out a chain of diamonds that reached to my knees.

Sometimes, it seemed to me, Enrico treated me very much as he did his bronzes and his enamels—he devised a beautiful setting for them and then wanted them to remain just as he had arranged them. He would not have thought of tying ribbons upon them or decorating them in any way; neither did he like to have me do anything to alter my appearance. He liked me to wear my hair brushed simply back; he did not care for extreme styles. When most skirts were short mine were still down around my ankles. He did not object to rouge and cosmetics on other women, but he disliked them intensely on me.

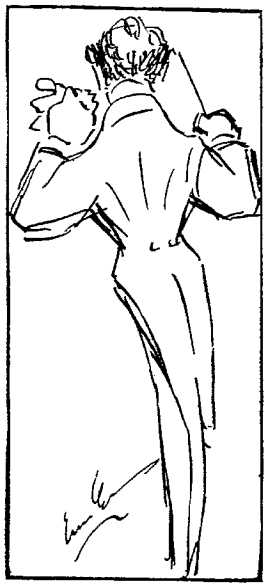
Torrance and I used to tease him about this, and would sometimes appear with fiercely rouged cheeks and then wait for the storm to break on our heads. One day we found in a beauty shop the most astonishing eyelashes. They were glued on a thin strip of pink court-plaster and this strip had to be attached to the eyelids; then presto! one was the proud possessor of the longest and most beautifully curling lashes ever seen —that is, as long as they stayed glued to one's lids. Torrance and I promptly bought some. With great difficulty we stuck them on, and then we went in to sit

demurely beside Enrico, who was playing solitaire. He did not notice us for some time, but at last he glanced up from the cards and his horrified expression was worth all the pain we had endured to get them on.

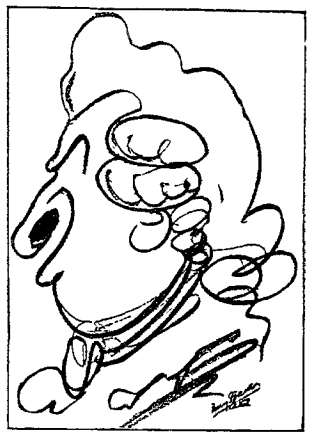
"Indecente!" (Indecent Ones!) he roared. But when at that psychological moment one of my handsome pair of eyelashes came loose and hung in a rakish manner over my left cheek, he lay back in his chair shaking with laughter, crying, "Oh, you funny American girls!"

Caruso loved an obvious kind of humor. The sort of things amused him that would send a small boy into gales of laughter. He enjoyed in the theater a slapstick farce, preferably pantomime, because then he did not have to make the effort to follow the words. He would look out of the window on a windy, rainy day and laugh uproariously as hats were blown off and men chased across Times Square, as umbrellas turned inside out and people were buffeted about by the wind. He was amused, too, by electric signs that jumped or changed—at the kitten winding itself up in silk, flags that sparkled out into red, white and blue lights—all these appealed to him and would amuse him for hours at a time.

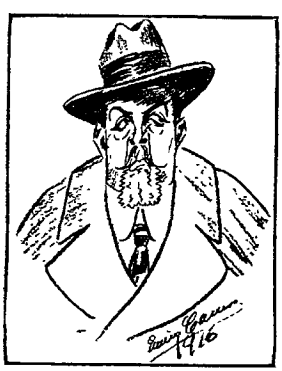
I believe that most people, seeing Caruso in public or reading of the Metropolitan, thought of him as a light-hearted, jovial man. As a matter of fact, he was an entirely different person from the man the public saw and read about. Like all artists, his moods changed rapidly from grave to gay; but he was far more often melancholy than merry. It is true that when he was



Arturo Toscanini



Scotti in *Tosca*



Giuilio Gatti-Casazza

Caruso and Farrar at Rehearsal

Caricatures by Caruso

exercising—playing tennis or going bathing—he did it with an enormous zest and an exuberance of spirit that might have passed for the whole-hearted joy of a man satisfied with life; but at such times he was taken out of himself; he was able to forget himself and the side of life that troubled him.

During those last years of his life Caruso was a melancholy man, with a habit of dropping into periods of sadness and silence. At such times, when he talked at all, he spoke of his past life, recalling bitterly all the sacrifices of his mother, for whom he could have done so much had she lived. He went over his early struggles, the difficulties he had had in the early part of his career, the people who had injured him, had taken advantage of him or, as the years passed, had forgotten him.

Often Caruso would sit and cry for hours over these bygone days, recalling pathetic little incidents that had affected him. He told me of a lady who once came to see him and who at one time in her life had had riches and a splendid name. Through a series of misfortunes she had sunk into poverty and oblivion. But it was not the account of her misfortunes that touched Enrico—it was the sight of her feeble little hands in their black cotton gloves, in one of which was a hole that she vainly attempted to hide.

Caruso at this time was deeply impressed and saddened by the war. His son, Rodolpho, was in the Italian Army, and he had friends who were fighting under the

flags of all the nations and who wrote to him regularly from the trenches and the camps. He did not seem to worry about the personal safety of his son or his friends actually on the battle fronts, but he was struck with horror that the nations were fighting against one another. He had identified himself so closely with the United States that he looked upon it as his adopted country, and it was to America that he gave most generously. He could never do enough for those men who were engaged in the actual business of warfare. But there is no doubt that he was deeply depressed by the long continuance of the conflict.

He said to me once that it seemed to him as though something beautiful and precious that could never be replaced were being destroyed. He had sung for many seasons in Vienna; in Germany, that nation of music lovers, he had had his most appreciative and critical audience, and for that he loved the German public. He had sung season after season in St. Petersburg, and was a personal friend of the late Czar Nicholas. Wherever he appeared he belonged temporarily to that nation; he was literally a citizen of the world. It was difficult for him to be a partisan of any country, this man who had sung to the hearts of them all. At the end he yearned for his own land, for his beloved Italy. No matter how long he remained on foreign shores, to her his allegiance never wavered; and when he fell ill, like a sick child calling for his mother he asked to be taken back to his own country to die in her arms.

Recently in an essay by Virginia Woolf I read of the influence of climate upon temperament. Speaking of the outdoor life of the Italians, she says "with warmth and sunshine and months of brilliant fine weather, life is instantly changed; it is transacted out of doors, with the result known to all who visit Italy that . . . people are inspired with that laughing nimbleness of wit and tongue peculiar to the southern races which has nothing in common with the slow reserve . . . the brooding introspective melancholy of people accustomed to live more than half the year indoors." When I read that, I wondered whether the change from that warm land where the streets are full of song and sunshine to our American city of New York, with its long winter of snow and mist, which obliged him to remain indoors—would account perhaps for the gradual change in Caruso's temperament, for the almost Nordic sadness that characterized his last years.

But although the thought of the war depressed Enrico, he did not try to evade any of the responsibilities that it brought to him. He gave freely both of his money and his time. One day we visited a hospital for wounded soldiers. As we alighted from the automobile in front of the administration building we saw standing on the steps several officers talking together in loud voices. They greeted Caruso as he came up, and as they looked so troubled, he asked them what had happened.

"Well," replied one of the officers, "we have a boy

here on his way to Washington to get some new legs. He lost both in the war, but he'll be all right when he gets his new ones. He's from a small Western town and is here in New York only for today. Of course he's crazy to see the big city he's heard so much about, but we don't see how we can manage. We're short of help as it is, and someone would have to go with him."

"That's easy," said Caruso. "Put him in my car and I will take him to see the city." He added that unfortunately his afternoon was not free, as he had a rehearsal, but that the chauffeur would take the boy about and show him all the sights. "Meanwhile he must come with me and have a good dinner."

He brushed aside the protests of the officers, and soon the legless soldier, smiling with pleasure, was ensconced in the front seat, listening intently to the chauffeur's comments on the big city. Caruso had him carried into a little Italian restaurant that he frequented and where he knew he would be away from curious eyes. After luncheon Caruso walked home and the boy, in the care of the chauffeur, toured the city until dark. A few days later Caruso received a letter from the wounded man, saying, "Many thanks for your great kindness to me. When I get my new legs from Washington I am coming over to hear you sing."

I am well aware that in writing of the life of any man, to recount his good deeds as I have done can prove even a villain to be virtuous and a bandit to have a benevolent turn of mind. I do not mean to tell these

incidents in order that you shall say, "Yes, Caruso was indeed a kind-hearted man." Most of us are kind-hearted if we are in good health and have enough money to get on in the world, and so you may well say too, "Why shouldn't he be kind who had so much?"

But there was something more than simple kindliness and a desire to please in the things Caruso did. We often have the best intentions about doing noble deeds, but so often tomorrow seems the better time to start. The consciousness of having a good deed to do is in fact rather a weight on the conscience. Enrico had the habit, one might call it, of being instantly kind. He had no good intentions, those pitfalls of our weak natures; he did not lay the thought of a noble act away for calm consideration of the morrow; he acted on the moment with an unerring instinct, choosing with the utmost delicacy and discrimination exactly the one thing needed to bring ease to the spirit or comfort to the body.

Caruso was not perfect, and I hope that I have not magnified his virtues to such an extent that you forget his faults, for then I should be placing before you a wooden model when I want you to see a man. Impatient he often was, and irritable, too quick to resent an injury, too sure that it was deliberately intended to wound him. He loved flattery and praise. No one could say too much to please him and no homage was too great for him to accept as his due.

He was silent when a word of appreciation would

have been welcome, indifferent to the havoc caused by his abrupt changes of mood or the reversal of his plans. Anxious to the point of absurdity about his health, and noting desperately every fluctuation, worrying over any small symptom, hurrying to try any new cure that presented itself. He was superstitious, credulous, afraid of pain, which to him was the greatest evil of life. And yet when all this is admitted, these faults are after all only the shadows that throw into relief the portrait of a human being.

Perhaps I write with a prejudiced eye, looking back at my memories, for at times I find it hard to believe that Caruso had any of these faults that I have enumerated; but I want sincerely to bring him before your eyes not as a demigod, sitting complacently on some high mountain and looking down upon less fortunate mortals, but as a man endowed with a splendid talent, which in spite of temptation he held inviolate and sacred until his death.

Someone asked me once if it were true that Caruso dispensed charity to one hundred and twenty people. It is true that there were at least that number in whom he was deeply interested, but he did not look upon his help as charity. The financial side of things was of no importance to him; but he never forgot anyone who had helped him, and many of those he took care of in their old age were those to whom he felt he owed an unpayable debt for their kindness to him when he was a struggling young artist. There were a number of young

singers that he financed, whose progress was of the greatest interest and concern to him, but there was no idea of charity in his mind toward them. They were friends to whom he was in debt, or, as in the case of the young singer, because he had faith in their ability to sing.

He had one old friend to whom he was devoted and whom he worshiped from afar with a pathetic sort of adoration. This was Marie Sophia of Bourbon, the former Queen of Naples. She had been his benefactress in the early days of his career. Even though her reign was over and she lived in exile in France, she was still his queen, the sovereign of his native city. He never failed to visit her when he went abroad, and on his last visit she presented him with a scarfpin, a medal carved with the head of a Madonna encircled with rubies. Through her secretary, Signor Barcelona, Caruso received regular reports of her, and each month he wrote his queen a beautiful and ceremonious letter, addressing her with all the formality due her former rank, to which she clung pathetically even in her old age. The exile of this venerable queen was one of the things he would brood over with tears in his eyes, but he would never discuss her with anyone. To him she was the sacred emblem of royalty.

On a concert tour of the cities of the West, Caruso was once the guest of honor at a banquet given by a prominent citizen. He describes it thus in a letter to me:

The dinner was fine and I near take indigestion. He—the host—continue with a speech and invite me to remember that the Italian colony in this city is poor and then end by asking me if I will sing at a concert for the benefit of these poor. This was the point of the banquet. I stop sketching and told fine words in thanking him and then say, "It was not necessary to give me such a Lucullian feast. It was better to give the money to the poor and show first yourself how to be charitable." But all this I say with laughing, but the concrete point was that I don't need a dinner to make me give to a charity.

During the spring of this year, 1919, Caruso began to study the opera La Juive. He did not tell me that he had begun to learn the music of the rôle; but I noticed, however, on a trip to Atlanta which we took at that time that his accompanist, Fucito, was constantly playing music that was unfamiliar to me. Over and over again, wherever we were, whenever a piano was within reach, the same music was played until it seemed to become a part of our lives. Enrico, without seeming to pay any particular attention to the piano, nevertheless was always humming or whistling an accompaniment to the soft and insistent music.

On our homeward trip Mr. Scholl was on the train, and I was surprised to see Enrico and the timid little man talking earnestly together. As I watched them I saw that Mr. Scholl was no longer timid. There was instead a proud dignity about him as he slowly repeated

certain words, then listened intently as Caruso repeated them after him. I discovered that Mr. Scholl was teaching Enrico the Jewish words of the song "Eili, Eili."

All through that spring Enrico studied Jewish types, Jewish costumes and steeped himself in the music of La Juive, which was to be the new opera to be produced at the Metropolitan the coming season. He sang the aria in the second act with a religious fervor that surprised me, for I knew that Caruso was not a religious man. He was a Roman Catholic, but he seldom attended mass. On the other hand, he had a deep religious sentiment, if I might call it that. He had always been worried that our marriage had been celebrated in a Protestant church, so when, a few months afterward, I became a Catholic and we were remarried in St. Patrick's Cathedral, in New York City, it gave him great pleasure and comfort. He regarded the Madonna of Pompeii as his patron saint, and her picture always hung in his room close to that of his mother. After his illness he proved his devotion to his Madonna by making a pilgrimage to her church on Pompeii, where he made an offering of thanks for his cure.

It was during the winter of 1919 that an honor was bestowed upon Caruso that pleased him more than many of the glittering decorations pinned upon him by foreign potentates. One afternoon an impressive gentleman in a handsome blue uniform that shone with gold lace came to call. It was Mr. Nahan Franko, the famous and

popular conductor—or, to give him his official title, Capt. Nahan Franko, of the Police Reserves—who had come with all proper credentials to bestow upon his fellow artist the title of honorary captain in the Police Reserves of New York City in recognition of the service that Caruso had rendered the police force and other city powers by singing for them at public affairs. After a ceremonious speech he pinned a new and gleaming badge upon Enrico's broad chest. When Caruso had recovered from his astonishment he asked Captain Franko, "Can I make an arrest?"

"Certainly you can," replied Captain Franko promptly. "You can run in anyone you want."

"Run in?" said Caruso.

"Arrest them—put them in jail," explained Franko.

Caruso looked thoughtful. "There are a number of people—" he began solemnly, and then grinned at Franko. "But I suppose it wouldn't do, eh, to start right away? Well, anyway, this is the finest of all," he exclaimed, proudly looking down at the impressive police badge.

A little later came Commissioner Enright and Deputy Commissioner Wallis, with a commission and another complimentary speech. Caruso in turn made a speech of thanks, saying that he had done nothing at all, nevertheless he was both grateful and proud to be a member of the finest police force in the world. Whereupon the flag of the City of New York was handed to him and the ceremonies were over.

It was soon after this impressive event that Zirato announced that Monsieur and Madame Georges Carpentier were calling and would like to pay their respects to Mr. Caruso.

"How lovely!" I cried. "I think they are on their honeymoon, Enrico. Of course we must see them."

"Certainly—of course," said Enrico vaguely, picking up a pencil and beginning to draw. In a few moments a fine-looking young man came in, followed shyly by a pretty girl. I had never met a boxer and I could not believe that this clever-looking clean-cut boy was a fighter. I imagined that they were all heavy ugly men with curled-up ears and scarred faces. But Monsieur Carpentier might have been a young American college boy home on his Easter vacation. Caruso said little and the young couple soon took their departure, expressing their happiness at meeting the great tenor—all done very gracefully.

After they had left, I said, "Think of that young man being a boxer—the French champion!"

"Who?" asked Enrico, looking up from his sketch.

"Why, Monsieur Carpentier, the man who was just here."

"What?" cried Enrico, jumping up. "Not Georges Carpentier, the boxer? *Dio mio,* why didn't you tell me, so that I could be intelligent, so that at least I might have complimented him? Call him back and I will shake his hand." But it was too late; there was nothing left for Enrico to do but bewail our stupidity—his stupidity

—everyone's stupidity—that he should not have had the pleasure of talking to a new friend.

This first winter of our married life was drawing to a close, and when the season at the Metropolitan ended we prepared for the annual trip to Atlanta, where the Metropolitan Opera Company gave a week of opera. It was a week of triumph for the company and of delight for me. I have never anywhere received so much hospitality and kindness as was showered on us in that beautiful city. Luncheons, barbecues, banquets and balls succeeded one another in rapid succession; everywhere there were people who opened their hearts and their homes and took us in.

No one that has been in the Piedmont Driving Club of Atlanta can forget its beautiful terraces, inclosed in green walls of tropical shrubbery, the long windows of the fine old rooms, every one opening upon a new vista of beauty. From one, there is a glimpse of the race track, seen through an avenue of trees; from another, one steps out on a long balcony to look down upon an aquamarine swimming pool; in another direction, there are the lights of Atlanta flickering like fireflies, or a corner of the building covered with climbing roses like a cascade of pearls in the moonlight. What jolly parties we had on these romantic terraces and how happy Enrico was to live again the outdoor life of his native country!

Since 1910 when he sang Aïda in the Auditorium Caruso had spent a week in Atlanta every year, with the

exception of one year, 1915, when he sang in Buenos Aires. The week I spent there with Enrico was a very happy one. The simple and cordial way of including us immediately in their lives and sharing with us their pleasures has always seemed to me the very essence of Southern hospitality. Surrounded by smiling faces and flowers, we spent hour after hour in the warm sunshine. It was a delightful period, with Caruso at his best and merriest. When the time came to say farewell I felt a real sadness at leaving, but how much more sad I would have been if I had known that this beautiful spring interlude was the last visit we would make to Atlanta.

CHAPTER VIII

ABOUT this time we began to make our plans to go to Italy for the summer. I longed to see Enrico in his own land, among his own people; he had told me so much about Bellosguardo, his villa in Italy, that I could hardly wait to see it for myself.

Also, I must confess that it had been hard for me to accustom myself to being always in the limelight that surrounded Caruso. We were seldom alone; wherever we went we were followed by the click of cameras and the questions of reporters, all kindly meant, but one felt as though one would rather be a simple and obscure person if one might have a little privacy. Enrico assured me that in Italy he was not well known and that we would live away from the world in the mountains above Florence. It seemed like a dream of paradise; I threw myself heart and soul into the plans for an Italian summer.

On May , 1919, we sailed for Naples. The voyage was quiet and uneventful, so when the ship stopped for a few hours at Gibraltar I was glad to go ashore and stroll through the streets, looking in at the shop windows and enjoying to the full the privilege of being unnoticed and unknown. In one shop Enrico bought several hundred yards of pongee, which he said vaguely might be

used for something, sometime. I knew he had no definite idea of using it in any particular way, but like the White Knight in "Alice in Wonderland," he wanted to be prepared for anything.

From Gibraltar we went on to Algiers, and again, like Darby and Joan, we wandered about the town in search of a coffeehouse that had been highly recommended to us. As we entered, the doorman glanced at us; at once his expression changed and he dashed forward. I knew our peace was at an end when he told us that he had been for some time the doorman of the Biltmore Hotel in New York. When we came out of the coffeehouse an hour later, a crowd had collected around the door and remnants of that crowd followed us from place to place all day until we returned to the ship.

At Naples we were met by Enrico's brother, Giovanni Caruso, his wife and two children and Enrico's stepmother, Donna Maria Castaldi. She had brought him up after his own mother's death, and had always shown him so much kindness that Enrico was devoted to her. As none of the family spoke English and I did not speak Italian, our greetings were confined to "nods and becks and wreathed smiles." They presented me with a bouquet of flowers and a set of corals. When Enrico saw these gifts he said, "Why do you spend your money so foolishly?" I thought of the bolts of pongee that had been filling every available space in our cabins and smiled to myself.

We spent only a day at the hotel in Naples, for Enrico was anxious to go on and meet his son, Enrico—or Mimmi, as his father called him. When we reached Genoa and found him waiting for us, I was embraced by a tall, handsome boy of fourteen, who, somewhat to my dismay, called me mother. With Mimmi was his governess, Miss Saer, who had brought him up and to whom, I am sure, he owed his perfect English and his beautiful manners. It was quite evident that Enrico was immensely proud of this son of his.

We made only one more stop, and that was in Pisa. We visited the Baptistery; and there to amuse himself, Enrico tried his voice. The church is famous for its echo and for the unusual length of time that elapses between the sound of the voice and its repetition. Enrioc sang a few notes at a time and then listened with great interest as his own voice came singing back to him through the air. After Enrico's death I stopped there once while motoring, and the old guide recounted to me how Caruso had once come into the church and sung, and how he had said it was the only time that he had ever heard his own voice without the aid of a machine.

At last we approached the little town of Lastra a Signa and the end of our journey was in sight. Enrico's home, the Villa Bellosguardo, stood high on a mountain overlooking the city of Florence. As we drove up the steep road the cypress trees stood intensely black against the sunset, and all about us hung the mountains of Tus-

cany, covered with the soft purple bloom of twilight. I thought happily that this lovely land was my adopted country, and that among her quiet hills I should pass my first Italian summer in peace and contentment.

We entered the park surrounding the villa and drove for fifteen minutes through tall sentinel trees that edged the road, until we reached the terrace of the house, where the *fattore* (steward) and his wife and the house servants were waiting to receive us. The house was divided into two wings connected by a long gallery. At one end was the *fattoria,* where the head farmer, or steward, lived, and the other wing was the villa occupied by the owner. As it was still being repaired when we arrived, we were to stay for a few days in the *fattoria.* The floors of this old part of the house were of stone, the furniture of dark wood, simple and massive in its construction; the linens were coarse and unbleached and the china was heavy earthenware. We were served with good Italian food at a deal table under the grapevines. I would have been quite happy to have spent the rest of the summer alone with Enrico in that primitive household.

During the first few days I accompanied Enrico as he drove over the estate, which consisted of forty-seven farms. Since he had bought it from the Baron Pucci he had added to the lands, built more houses for the peasants, improved the old ones and beautified the gardens and park. The house, which was formerly the Villa Campi, was four hundred years old. The new

part was now the *fattoria.* The restoration of the house had been done with the greatest care and every endeavor had been made to follow the original lines and plan of the building. Almost everything used on the estate was either made or raised on the farms. Besides fruits and vegetables, there were miles of olive groves and acres of vineyards. The lower part of the *fattoria* was filled with great vats of wine and kegs and bottles of oil. In another cellar were long shelves, reaching to the ceiling, where lay the bottled wines. Enrico had an arrangement with the farmers to work the farms on half shares (*mezzadria*). Most of the workers were peasants whose families had been on the land for generations.

One sunny day we walked through the meadows where the *contadini* were threshing. The best threshing machines had been sent from America, but they stood unused in the barns, their bright machinery covered with rust, while the peasants clung to the old and familiar implements. The men swung scythes as they walked across the yellow fields, and in place of the rasp and whir of machinery one heard the music of soft Italian voices singing as they worked. Enrico asked me if I had noticed how much of the life in Italy was set to music. "Everyone sings, whether he is at work or at play or making love, because it is the natural expression of happiness and freedom. When they work they sing, because it frees the heart of the weariness that is put upon the arms and the legs and the back;

when they are making love it bursts from their hearts and expresses their feelings better than words."

As I watched the workers under the hot June sunshine the scene was so beautiful that it seemed as if it had been arranged as a stage setting. The swarthy smiling men with bright handkerchiefs about their heads, driving pairs of white oxen over the dark rich furrows, laughing and calling to one another, flourished their whips and sang. In another field men walked slowly across the meadow, singing as the grain fell in a golden pathway behind them. Under the trees a group of women rested; several of them lay full-length on the ground and one leaned against a tree, nursing a baby.

The vivid colors in their caps and aprons, startling under the dark tree-shadows, the yellow grain that flowed like a river of gold almost to their feet, the white oxen plodding across the heavy blackness of the fields, and above all, the mountains with their purple summits, where little villages seemed to have spilled out of the tops and trickled down the sloping sides into the valley. And everywhere singing—the lusty tones of the men bursting into occasional laughter, the soft crooning of the mother who was cradling her babe in her arms, the shrill voices of the girls lying on their backs, giggling as the men swung by with the flails. It was all one with the sunshine, the warm earth, the shimmering heat—it was Italy, free, unconsciously beautiful and poetic.

Those first days of wandering together over the

farms were as blissful as I had imagined in my happiest dreams. Although Enrico had little to do with the actual running of the farms, he was kept informed of everything that went on by his superintendent, Martino. This man had been Enrico's valet for more than twenty years, and because he was entirely trustworthy he had been placed in charge of the estate during Enrico's long absences. He was so honest and good that one liked him at first sight.

One day when Enrico was calling on the mayor of Signa, I sought out Martino to have a talk with him. He could speak English, and I soon discovered that what he enjoyed talking about more than anything else was the time he had spent traveling with his master. We talked first of the war, for it was then only about six months after the Armistice.

Martino shook his head sadly as he spoke of Germany's part in it. "They are such friendly people. I do not understand how they could go to war. But in Germany they loved the *Commendatore,*" he added, his face brightening. "Ah, I could tell you stories, *signora.*"

"Oh, do, Martino!" I coaxed, and sat down beside him on the steps. He looked at me doubtfully. I could almost read his thoughts. Would this American girl appreciate a story of Caruso? I said, "You know, Martino, I love to hear anything about the *Commendatore*—even the smallest thing. And you took such good care of him and were so close to him——" I stopped,

for the brown eyes were filling with tears. He took my hand and kissed it respectfully.

"And now you take care of him for all of us," he said, "and you like to hear about him, eh? Well, we were speaking about Germany. You know, there in that country they love music—yes, I can say it—as it is loved in no other country. They love food, but music is more to them than food. Even with the students you see eating so enormously in the beer gardens, this is true. Once in Berlin the students bought standing room to hear Caruso sing. Oh! *Madonna mia!* What crowds there were that night! Even up to the dressing-room door they roll like waves, and when the house is full they overflow into the streets and nothing can pass by the opera house.

"While the *Commendatore* was singing, there came for him an immense horseshoe of flowers that took up all the dressing room, and I think to myself I must put it in the hall, which was already full of bouquets. At the moment I was moving it Caruso came from the stage, tired and excited as always after a performance, and he stopped to look at the card attached to the flowers, which read: 'To the Greatest Singer, From the Students.'

" 'Let it stay,' he say, and begin to change his costume. So to help him I have to jump around that mountain of flowers wherever I move. Some gentleman come in at that moment and look at the card and say, 'Too bad, because the students did not hear you sing after all.'

"The *Commendatore* stop smoking a cigarette. 'Why not?' he asks. 'Don't I sing loud enough?'

" 'They didn't get into the opera house,' answered the gentleman.

"Caruso's dressing room opened on the street, and there sounded so much noise out there that I went to push down the window, thinking he might be disturbed; but he stopped me, saying, 'Martino, what is the noise?'

"Listening, I hear a sound like humming and people calling, so I raised the window and look out again, and there all the students are in the street. 'Those are the students,' I say, 'and I think they wait for you to come out.'

"Caruso looks at the big horseshoe of flowers and comes over to the open window. When the students see him they roar and howl and throw their caps in the air. Such a demonstration and such a terrible noise, *signora,* you never hear in all this world! For even now it makes my ears ache to think of it. Then Caruso puts up his hand and begins to sing the aria from Marta, and from those boys comes not a sound, not a breath till it is over, and then"—Martino shut his eyes and pressed his hands over his ears—"they shout, they roar like lions, they howl *terrible—terrible.*

"When the *Commendatore* comes out to mount into his carriage they take away the horses and put themselves in the harness and pull him to the hotel. Yes, *signora*"—Martino sighed as he lifted himself carefully from the steps and turned a suspicious eye on two gar-

deners talking together on the lower terrace—"there is no doubt they love music, those Germans; but lately, it seems, it is the music of the guns they like best." He bowed and hurried away in the direction of the sociable gardeners.

Another time, catching Martino alone, I begged him to tell me some more stories. Knowing me better, he was more at ease with me and more willing to talk. This story happened at the time when Caruso was in deep distress over his domestic troubles, for the mother of his children had left him and gone to South America. He loved his children and had great ideals of a family life spent with them; but on account of his engagements he had often to be away from home for long periods of time. Nevertheless, he had complete confidence that everything would run smoothly at the villa in Signa, where he had settled his family. Caruso could not recover easily from such a blow to his pride and his heart; he grew so morose and brooded so deeply over his sorrow that Martino feared that in this gloomy and abnormally melancholy state he might do himself some harm. So during the day he remained always at the side of his master, and at night slept on a mattress outside his door.

When the London season ended, Caruso, accompanied by Martino, went to Berlin to fill an engagement. In his repertoire was the opera Pagliacci, which he sung several times to audiences that had no suspicion that in Canio, deserted and betrayed, Caruso was singing his

own story. Often the sobs in his famous aria *Ridi, Pagliacci,* were only too real and the tears pouring down the chalky cheeks were from the depths of his heart.

Kaiser Wilhelm II was a friend and admirer of Caruso. Soon after his arrival in Berlin, His Majesty sent him an invitation to dine with him alone in the palace at Potsdam. Martino, however, protested violently against Enrico's going alone—Emperor or not, he would accompany his master and remain with him. In vain Caruso spoke about the etiquette of such occasions; Martino said firmly that he would go too. So, as such an invitation is in reality a command and cannot be refused, Enrico accepted and asked if he might bring his valet with him. It is probable that the Kaiser had heard of Caruso's trouble and had an inkling of the situation, for it is not likely that under any other circumstances would he have permitted the stubborn little Italian valet not only to enter his private apartments but also to stand firmly and watchfully behind Caruso's chair while the magnificent powdered footman was relegated to the rear of the room.

Martino said they talked about music all through the meal. During a pause in the conversation, while the plates were being removed, the Emperor looked steadily at Martino and said, "If I were not Emperor of Germany, I think I would like to be Martino." Oh, the immense pride with which Martino told that part of the story. "He would like to be me, you understand, *sig-*

nora, me—a valet. Still"—he shrugged his shoulders expressively—"it is not easy to be a valet."

"Nor to be an emperor these days, Martino," I replied, as he bowed himself away.

In a very short while the repairs were finished and we moved into the villa. I had not been permitted to peep into it, for Enrico wanted everything to be in perfect order before I should cross the threshold of my new home. As I entered for the first time I was impressed by its immense size.

The house was wonderfully cool, for the old walls were so thick that no heat could penetrate them. With each suite of rooms was a modern bath, and except for an English study with deep leather chairs, there was no other evidence of the twentieth century. Enrico opened one carved chest after another to show me antique linens and towels with long knotted fringes made by the patient nuns many years ago, and old brocades woven and embroidered for the decoration of the churches of medieval days.

After we had made a tour of the immense house full of dark furniture—high-canopied beds whose great folds of brocade or damask were held in place by crowns, old wardrobes whose doors were carved with strange medieval figures, mirrors glimmering on the softly stained walls, high-backed chairs and heavy old chests—Enrico led me into the seventeenth-century chapel. In its still and perfect purity it was a strange contrast to the Old World luxury of the house it adjoined. Just

off the chapel was a room which had been built to hold the *presepio,* which is a replica, or model, of the scene of the Nativity and was made for the Queen of Naples.

Almost every Italian family has a *presepio,* and at Christmas it is the center around which the gayeties or the religious devotions revolve. There are all kinds of *presepios*—from one of three figures that adorns the humblest home, to this one that contained eight hundred statues and was exhibited at the Paris Exposition. The models of the Madonna and the Infant Jesus, as well as that of the blind beggar who stands outside the stable, had been carved by master craftsmen, and many of them had been dressed in brocades and velvets by the ladies in waiting to the former Queen of Naples.

Enrico employed an old artist who lived in the house to care for the *presepio* and to restore the parts that time and so many removals from place to place had injured. As all the restoration had to be exactly like the originals, and as the work was of the utmost delicacy and perfection, it often took many months to restore one figure.

In this room built for the *presepio* was a stage fifteen feet long, on which was arranged the scene of the Nativity. Enrico, with the help of the old artist, had made the stable, the stalls and the manger, as well as the rocks and the surrounding scenery. They had also devised a lighting system in order that the star of Bethlehem might shine over the stable and send its beams upon the Babe lying in its mother's arms.

After I had seen this beautiful house I walked out on

the terrace with tears in my eyes and a song of happiness in my heart. It would be a haven where Enrico and I might live together away from the world. Whether he sang in New York or Buenos Aires, in Mexico or Havana, to this place we could return every year; here we might see our children running and playing in the park and calling to one another across the terraces; here we would come after Enrico's career was ended, and grow old contentedly together.

I looked down through the dusky twilight where Florence lay, enchanting in that dim light, with the River Arno running silver between the dark span of the bridges and reflecting in its mirror the first lights of the evening. Across on the mountains an occasional villa gleamed white through the black plumes of the cypresses, while over the irregular slopes spread the shadowy stretches of olive groves. Overhead the violet mountains of Tuscany began to withdraw into a pearly mist and above their veiled summits appeared faintly the first pale stars of the summer evening. The world was entirely beautiful and God had given me everything—all my heart's desire.

Enrico came softly out on the terrace and stood beside me. "Doro," he said, "do you like your new country?"

I gave a little sob of joy. "I love my country and your country and you and everything."

"There, there," said Enrico soothingly, patting my hand, "you are a dear fat child and you must come in out of this mist and eat spaghetti or you will take cold.

. . . Look!" I glanced up from his shoulder. The light had faded away, the mountains were black against the sky, the winding river was blotted out. A gray mist was creeping toward us up the hill from the valley.

"So soon!" I exclaimed. "Can the light go so soon?" A shiver went over me which the old people say is a sign that someone walks over one's grave. Was it a premonition that the most beautiful moment of my life had come—and gone?

CHAPTER IX

AS soon as we moved into the villa twenty-one of Enrico's relatives came to live with us. There was plenty of room in the house, and according to the custom of the country, it was the proper place for them to live. Enrico accepted their arrival as a matter of course, but I wondered to myself what would have happened in my father's house if he had suddenly been called upon to shelter so many members of his family.

These people were strangers to me, and I never was entirely clear in what relation they all stood to Enrico. There was his brother Giovanni, fat, with bluff ways; and Donna Maria Castaldi, the stepmother, with whom Giovanni was always at war. Whenever they were in the same room, there was much shouting and shaking of fingers in each other's faces; they would alternately glare at each other, and hurriedly crossing themselves, turn their dark eyes to heaven as if imploring an astonished heavenly Father to behold the very limit of unreasonableness and obstinacy. I never knew what the discussions were about, but I would not have been at all surprised to see almost anything happen, though Enrico assured me that actually they were not half so angry as they sounded; in fact, were really very fond

of each other. But certainly they used up a great deal of energy in their arguments.

Giovanni's wife and the other women relatives had their eyes always on my gowns when they were not listening with slightly alarmed faces to my English conversations with Enrico. It was evident that they did not trust me, and unfortunately I had no way to allay their suspicions or even to make friendly overtures. I had to look on helplessly while one after another drew Enrico aside and talked to him vehemently, with expressive gestures in my direction. I never asked Enrico what they said, even though after some of these conversations he looked at me with a worried frown.

Mimmi, however, spoke English, and we soon became great friends, much to Enrico's delight and a little to the annoyance of his relations. The older son, Rodolfo, was with us only a short time, as he was still in the Italian army. I am afraid that he resented my being in Signa in his aunt's place and I could not help being sorry for him. It is easy to forgive loyalty, for it can never be anything but a virtue.

Enrico enjoyed the idea of being the head of the family and its main support. It pleased him to sit at the head of the long table in the dining room and look down its length at his wife, his stepmother, his sons and brother, cousins, nephews and nieces, and to feel that like the patriarchs of old he sheltered his tribe and provided for its sustenance and support. He liked a

house large enough to hold all his family as well as any strangers that might come to his gate.

When the mayor, the lawyer, and the doctor came from Signa to call upon him, he received them from the midst of his encircling flock. In his imagination it was the ideal way to live. Actually, after the novelty of seeing his family and the excitement of hearing their news had worn off, he was too sensitive and temperamental to live continually with others. Gradually he tried to withdraw from the family circle; but except at rare intervals, that was not possible. Twenty-one relatives have a pervasive way of being everywhere all the time. I noticed that Enrico ceased to laugh at the sudden sharp family disputes and that he was growing irritable.

He would retreat to the park, where in the company of Martino he would make a new path through the woods, cutting down the brushwood and doing all the work himself in spite of Martino's protests that there were plenty of men about to do the labor. But soon the weather grew too hot for digging and pushing a wheelbarrow, and Enrico was forced to spend part of the time on the shady terraces within reach and sound of the family. Enrico did not mind the heat, but he did mind trying to adapt his life to that of other people. At home the days were planned according to his humor; he was not used to considering anyone else in his household arrangements.

It seemed to me that there were a number of things

we might have done away from the house. I had never been in Italy and I was eager to see the historic places of Florence that I had read of and heard about all my life. When I traveled with my father he not only told me the history of the localities we visited but he made it so dramatic that I never forgot anything he told me. How well I remember my shivers in Paris as he made me walk with him over the route of the tumbrils that carried the poor victims of the Revolution to the guillotine, and how I trembled when I had to pretend to be William of Orange and come down the little winding staircase at the foot of which he was assassinated. I suppose I just wanted to "do" Florence, as the tourists say. But the time was passing, and except for a hurried shopping expedition now and then, I knew no more of the city than I could see from the mountain.

When I talked about going to see the house in which Dante lived, and the little church near by where he was married, Enrico nodded and said vaguely, "We'll go some day." On the days that we went to Florence —accompanied by the twenty-one relatives—we went usually to a great *piazza*—a sort of market that still held in its trodden pavements the smell of innumerable market days. The strong sharp odor of frying fish filled the air and the lungs. It was not pleasant at all, but the family found there certain articles of food that were to be bought nowhere else in Florence, so Enrico and I would wait as patiently as possible until the errands were finished.

One day while we were waiting and the smell of fish was becoming more and more unbearable, I asked him if we could not go to see the house of Lorenzo dei Medici. Enrico shook his head absently, and leaning forward gave an order to the chauffeur. We drove out of the *piazza* down a side street and stopped before a linen shop. Having started a new collection of antique linens, Enrico had given instructions at various shops that any rare or unusual pieces should be held for his inspection. So whenever we came down to the city we had to visit linen shops and china shops—for Enrico was collecting china, too, for the villa. After all this business had been transacted, it was always time to go back up the mountain.

I suppose, to Enrico, the Florentine scene was so familiar that it had ceased to be either beautiful or interesting. If I saw little of the historical side of it, at least I learned to know the city from every viewpoint as we descended the hill at noon and returned up the mountain in the dusk of the evening. It was always a vision of new beauty, varying with the light, changing constantly as the day was fair or misty. I loved the curve of the old houses that followed the bend of the winding river as we left the city behind us on the homeward drive. It was so different from our clear-cut New World, with its sharp light and shadows, its brilliance and noise and confusion. Perhaps the memories that cling about the crowded streets and medieval towers, the ivy-colored walls and hedges of laurel, the gray

fountains and statues with their dark backgrounds of cypresses, enrich the place with that mellow patina of age, which, like the soft brown wash artists spread over ink drawings, gives them a tender unity, a quality of age that enhances them a thousandfold.

As we left the city behind us and made our way slowly up the mountain road leading to Signa, the Duomo loomed up among the medieval towers surrounding it and shone in the late afternoon sun. Gradually and imperceptibly as it receded into the mists of sunset, a golden veil hid the city from our eyes.

On one such evening we returned to find Giovanni and Donna Maria in the garden having so vociferous an argument that the birds flew screaming from the trees. Giovanni was gesticulating with a straw hat which he held in his hand, waving it violently as he talked. Donna Maria must have said something unusually exasperating to him, for as we came upon the terrace he stood for an instant speechless, glaring at her; then suddenly he lifted his hat and bit a large piece out of the straw brim. Donna Maria raised her eyebrows, smiled faintly, and sinking back on the garden seat fanned herself calmly.

The days grew hotter and hotter, and Enrico's nervousness increased with the heat and the necessity of remaining in the tumultuous bosom of his family. One day I missed him, and after searching the house and gardens, found him in the room off the chapel. It was like a small oven, buzzing with flies and filled with the most

horrible fishy smell from the glue that Enrico was placidly spreading over a piece of the scenery intended for the *presepio*. He looked happier than I had seen him for many days, and entirely oblivious of heat, flies or smell. I did not disturb him, but tiptoed softly away, for I knew I could never sit with him in the stifling atmosphere of that retreat, although on other occasions when I came to find him, he looked so pleased to see me that I went in and sat with him as long as I could bear it. From that time the hot little oven became a sanctuary where Enrico would work happily alone or in the silent company of the old artist.

The weather grew hotter and hotter. Inside, the house it was cool, but out-of-doors the waves of heat shimmered over the hills that stood out so clearly in the burning sunshine it hurt one's eyes to look at them. A monastery bell fifteen miles away in the mountains sounded plainly on the terrace where we sat. There was an ominous stillness about this heat that filled me with uneasiness. The birds did not sing, and there was no sign of life in the gardens except when a lizard slipped off the burning wall into the scorched grass.

One evening Enrico and I—with the twenty-one relatives—were sitting in a *belvedere* that lay in an open spot some distance below the house, where a little breeze blew if any air at all was stirring. I stood leaning against an old column, looking down into the valley and thinking how the people must suffer in the crowded streets of Florence. All at once there was a sharp ex-

clamation behind me, and turning quickly I saw all the family on their feet with expressions of the greatest alarm on their faces.

Enrico ran toward me and seizing me by the hand, started up the hill toward the villa. I thought that someone he did not wish to see was coming up the road which we could see from where we sat, and I let him pull me after him, laughing and gasping for breath, until we reached an open space near the house; from there, looking back, I saw the twenty-one relatives struggling up the slope behind me.

"What is it?" I cried in astonishment, as they all arrived in a breathless condition, their faces white with terror.

"Doro, it was an earthquake!"

"An earthquake!" I exclaimed. "I didn't feel anything."

"No, because you were not sitting down."

"But why did we run?" I demanded, for my heart was pounding like an engine.

"We had to get out of the park, away from trees and columns."

Well, I thought it all rather a fuss to make over so small a matter. I walked on up to the villa, while the others followed, filling the air with exclamations of horror and fear. Everyone was on edge all evening. Outside, the watchdogs howled and rattled their chains. The dogs that were allowed in the house would not play or lie down, but stalked about stiffly, with their hair

standing up along their spines. It was an uncanny atmosphere—something like that of a Sherlock Holmes story, I thought to myself, as I climbed into the huge old Italian bed and lay gazing up at the red damask canopy before turning out the light.

I had been asleep only a short while when I awoke, thinking that someone had shaken me. I turned on the light and saw the crystal chandelier swinging to and fro. Outside in the courtyard the dogs were making a tumult. In the distance I heard a horrible roaring sound. I sat on the edge of my bed, seized with a kind of horror that held me motionless with that most terrifying of all fears —the dread of the unknown. The house trembled, the pictures on the wall began to swing out from the heavy cords that held them. A piece of glass slid off my dressing table and crashed on the marble floor.

My voice suddenly returned and in a panic I called, "Rico, Rico!" His voice as he came running through the dressing room beyond was like an echo of my cry. In a moment he had helped me up and led me under the archway of the door.

"It's an earthquake. This is the safest place," he shouted above the noise. "Even if the walls go down, this arch may stand."

I clung to him while the house rocked and swayed. The dogs continued their hideous howling; if they ceased for a moment cries and groans came from the rest of the house, and the wind rushed through the villa, overturning furniture, smashing glass, creating scenes

of havoc in the rooms before us. Outside, trees fell with a hideous ripping sound, crashing like thunder to the ground. The house shuddered and trembled and rocked like a ship in a storm, and from over our heads, under our feet—everywhere—came the splintering of timbers and the noise of snapping wood. My hair stood on end, just as the hair of the dogs had bristled along their spines.

Enrico, looking white and strained, kept his arms around me and his eyes on the arch above our heads. The glass of the windows crashed into the room as a volley of bullets struck them—literally bullets in their force and size, although the hailstones dropped harmlessly on the floor and melted. A terrific storm raged, with a cyclone of wind that wrenched and tore the branches of the trees until in the first lurid light of day the world seemed filled with a host of writhing, twisting and distorted figures struggling with the elements.

It was actually one of the worst earthquakes in recent years. The walls of the new part of the house were badly cracked, especially in the gallery that connected the two wings. In the park trees lay at full length, and the roads and walks were made impassable by masses of branches and roots. The statues in the garden had fallen from their pedestals, but strangely enough the tall column against which I had leaned stood unharmed. Although most of the window glass in the villa and *fattoria* was smashed, nothing happened that could not be repaired.

Down in Florence, however, houses had fallen and people had been killed. Enrico hastily sent *contadini* from the farms to help the homeless ones and offer them shelter. While he was issuing orders I wandered through the gardens, looking with a sick heart at the destruction of the flowers and shrubs, whose leaves and blossoms lay strewn over the wet earth. Everywhere there were birds killed by the hail, and as I looked at their pitiful little bodies not yet cold, a great sense of disaster came over me. There was something so unwarranted and purposeless about destruction of this kind. What had been a serene and beautiful garden the day before, was now a shambles of broken branches, dead flowers and the lifeless bodies of the birds that so short a time ago sang in the trees. It was as though some strange god for a time had wreaked his vengeance upon the loveliness of the earth. It was not the kind Father to whom we turn for comfort who could sanction the havoc that lay before me, but a vindictive element that had suddenly decided to take a hand in the arrangement of our lives and had begun its evil work by attempting to destroy our home.

After that night of the earthquake nothing seemed to go well. The old saying that troubles never come singly was true in our case; for no sooner had the havoc of the earthquake been repaired and almost before we had had time to recover from the shock of that frightful night, there began a series of terrible storms. Thunder roared and lightning flashed and struck all about us. As

these storms came after dark, I spent the day in dread of what the night might bring. Had I been able to find something to divert me during the day, I think I might have had more courage; but Enrico, almost out of his mind with nervousness, secluded himself even from me. I remained isolated and ill at ease with the twenty-one relatives. Even after two months of daily contact, I did not know whether they liked me or not; our talk was still carried on in a sort of sign language, for I did not want to learn the Neapolitan dialect and they did not speak anything else, and smiled when I tried a few words of Italian.

One day I thought I would try to make a cake. But as this was the period immediately following the war, there was no white flour to be had. I tried to find a tapestry to embroider, but there were no silks. I looked for a pattern of a baby's dress and some fine white material, but nothing of the kind could be found in the shops; nor was there any wool to knit if I had been able to do it. Worse than anything else, there were no books to read. Our nearest neighbors were General Angeli and his two daughters, whose estate lay fifteen miles away, but they came seldom to see us—for one reason, because all automobiles were being commandeered and neither they nor we wanted to have our cars conspicuously in the public eye for fear of losing them.

CHAPTER X

AS I have said, theoretically, Caruso loved an open house, lavish hospitality and the idea of having all his friends and relatives around him; temperamentally, he was too sensitive to endure it. He had to be quiet and alone. He needed above all else an orderly routine of life that ran with as little friction as possible. The more or less haphazard plans of a house filled with guests made him nervous and irritable. I could see he was desperately uncomfortable, but I learned later that he was always so at Signa. In America he loved to think of his Italian home, to dwell on its peace and loveliness; for indeed in this case distance could not lend any further enchantment to a country so ideally beautiful. He talked about the life in the sunshine and the open air, among the relatives he loved. Through the long cold winters in New York he spoke again and again of the sun shining on his fields, of his white oxen, the vineyards, the olive groves; but I think they stood for him as emblems of his beloved country and of the purple hills of Tuscany, and in idealizing them as he did the actuality disappointed him when he came face to face with it. The scenes, after all, were those he had known from childhood; they had lost the

power to thrill him with their surprising beauty; the quiet of the mountains, so restful in anticipation, appalled him when he found himself cradled in the silence of the hills.

In America he might close his door, but he had always the warm and comforting knowledge that outside his public was waiting eagerly for him to reappear; in Italy, when he opened the door no one was waiting. It was as though a curtain had fallen behind him cutting him off from adulation and applause, and he was left standing alone in front of an empty house, gazing at rows of vacant seats. The public whose plaudits were the very breath of his life was no longer there, and a loneliness descended upon him as though he found himself severed forever from any further intercourse with the world. Before six weeks had passed he was ready to return to cities and crowds and the great moving pagenat of life.

One morning we were walking in the park—Enrico, the twenty-one relatives and I. At one point there was a lovely vista of Florence. I sat on the wall to enjoy it, and looking down the road I saw that it was filled with people. When they had drawn nearer I could see that they were all women and children. They came on through the lower gates and into the park, where they were met by the overseer. After talking to them a few moments he hurried to Enrico, who was watching the proceedings with astonishment, and told him these were women and children who had come up from Signa; they wanted bread, he said; they were hungry. When En-

rico went to talk to them, they told him there had been so many strikes and riots, so much trouble with the Communisti and the Fascisti, that between them all it was impossible to pay the prices for food that were asked. "I am glad to give you what I can," said Enrico to them in their own dialect. He led them to the *fattoria* and they stood silently while loaves of bread were handed out. The women were deeply interested in my clothes, which were nothing more extraordinary than a white crêpe skirt with a blouse and a big shade hat. But one woman said sullenly, "She wears shoes and we go with bare feet." They left as quietly as they had come, but I felt very unhappy as I watched them trudge off down the dusty road, dragging their children after them. Sometimes a woman would stoop and catch up the child pulling at her skirts.

But this was not the end of the episode. In the afternoon the *fattore* came running into the house to tell us that two or three hundred people were outside the big gate of the park; they were very rough and threatened to throw down the gate. "Let them in," said Enrico, and he went out to meet them. As the gates opened, the mob came pouring into the park, followed by a procession of empty wagons that came to a standstill in front of the *fattoria*. There was an ominous silence. Then a man stepped out from the front rank. He spoke rapidly in Italian, but by his gestures and the expression on the faces of the crowd behind him I could guess what was going on. He said there were riots in Florence, and

that there was not enough food because of the strikes. "We want oil and wine and flour to feed our families. If you don't give it to us we will take it by force!" There was a threatening grumble of assent from the crowd, who made a movement forward. "It's like the French Revolution," I thought to myself, "only I am in it."

"To take private property from a citizen you should have a permit from the mayor," said Caruso quietly.

"We are as good as the mayor!" growled the spokesman, and the others, like a Greek chorus, took up the words and enlarged upon them. "We are as good as the mayor." "We want wine!" "Give us flour!" "Give us bread!"

"I have already given your women and children all the bread that is baked. There is no more ready. But if things are as bad as you say, I will have a large quantity baked today, and you can come for it in the morning," said Caruso.

"You sell your wine too high," cried a man, waving his arms over the heads of his companions.

"Yes, yes," shouted the chorus. "You rich ones, you ask what you like!" "We have to live too!" "If we can't buy we will take it." "We will take it!" yelled a woman, who might have marched to Versailles among the fishwives of Les Halles. The mob began suddenly to press forward.

"Doro," said Enrico sharply, "go in the house!"

"I won't," I said firmly, putting my arm through his.

The crowd was not interested in a family dispute. "Wine, wine, bread!" roared the people.

"Va bene!" cried Enrico. "You shall have what you want!" The men in front heard him and stopped to listen, but in the rear they continued to shout, *"Vino, vino! Pane, pane!"*

"I will open the wine cellar and the vats," continued Enrico. "You must have wine, certainly. I did not know things were so bad with you. Take the grain that is there," he pointed to the *fattoria,* "and the oil. Only one thing I ask of you—to leave enough to last my family and my servants for several weeks." The men close to him nodded but the ones beyond the reach of his voice thought he was protesting and began to snarl like dogs before a fight.

"Enrico," I whispered to him, "ask them not to hurt my rabbits and the white peacock!"

"The *signora* asks," translated Enrico, "that you will not hurt her rabbits or the white peacock!" The crowd laughed and looked at me curiously. Some of the women pressed close around me, smiling at me and examining my clothes and shoes.

The farm wagons were drawn up to the *fattoria* and loaded with kegs of wine brought from the cellars, huge bottles of oil, and grain. The head farmer looked on with tears rolling down his cheeks as the fruits of a year's work were carried off in the wagons. Before they left, the Communisti took our two automobiles from the garage. Enrico let them do as they pleased, only

watching carefully to make sure that a supply of food was left to us.

The next day the leader of the mob returned and gave Enrico some money. He said they had sold the oil and the grain and wanted to restore a part of the money, as they desired only enough to keep them from going hungry while the strikes and riots continued. He also agreed to return our cars. Enrico asked curiously if they had taken property from anyone else, but the man would not answer. Later we learned that our neighbor, General Angeli, was not as fortunate as we had been. He attempted to resist and refused the requests of the Communisti. They had then come in large numbers and seized everything he had, killing his cattle and ruining his crops.

Naturally the condition of Enrico's nerves and spirits was not improved by these excitements. I did not want to suggest leaving Signa, for I did not want him to think that I was unhappy, but I was feeling the unaccustomed heat, which seemed to increase as the days passed, and I had begun to feel also the need of quiet. It worried me to see that instead of deriving benefit from the summer, in preparation for the opera season, Enrico was looking ill and miserable. So I felt very much relieved when he sent for an accompanist and I heard once again the music of La Juive as Caruso began seriously to study the rôle. The return to his music acted like a tonic. He grew happier as he whistled and sang, and less irritable as he spent hours at the piano. He tried over, at this

time, some songs sent him by young composers. I could see that he was slowly recovering his equilibrium; so as each day brought us nearer the time of departure I made up my mind to hide the fact that I was feeling ill, and to take life as calmly as possible. This was much easier since Enrico had commenced practicing, for I could sit in the window while he sang, and listen to him. Every once in a while he would turn to me and say, "Isn't that nice, Doro?"

During the summer one of the family had had a birthday and we had made a great *festa* of the occasion. My own birthday was drawing near, and I looked forward to some sort of a celebration. When the day arrived nothing was said about my birthday, but I had seen a number of big packing cases in the rear hall and I felt sure they contained some surprise for me. When breakfast was over Enrico said, "Come on, Doro; now we will open the cases." I ran out, full of excitement, wondering what in the would he could have bought for me. But there were no presents; only plates, cups and saucers, which Enrico had ordered made for the villa. I admired the china, thinking to myself, "He is just teasing me and is saving some big surprise for me later." When the cases had all been unpacked Enrico said, "Let's go to Florence. I have something I want to do."

"Now," I thought, "the surprise is coming." So I got ready and went with the twenty-one relatives and Enrico down to the city. First we went to a restaurant and ate codfish and still nothing was said about my birth-

day and everyone went off to do errands and shop while Enrico and I drove to the *pasticceria* (pastry shop).

"You stay in the car, Doro," said Enrico. "Ah, ha," I thought to myself, "he doesn't want me to see the birthday cake and the ice cream!" When he came out he had a number of bundles put into the car and we drove back to Signa. At dinner the table was not decorated. I was beginning to think the day was being spoiled for me, because as far as they knew I might be imagining all this time that they had *really* forgotten about my birthday.

At dinner I gathered that they were talking about the packages we had brought back in the car. "What do they say?" I asked Mimmi, who sat next to me.

"They are speaking about the packages father got by express. They were left for him at the *pasticceria.*"

"What is in them, Mimmi?" I whispered.

"Bronze fittings for his cases," he whispered back.

Nevertheless, I still clung to the thought of ice cream and a cake. Never in my life had I missed having a birthday cake. It simply would not be a birthday without one. I waited anxiously for the dessert, for I felt that would be the time for the surprises and the presents.

For dessert there was purée of prunes! That was too much. I rushed out of the room onto the terrace. At home Torrance would have had the most wonderful cake for me, and as I thought of that I burst into tears. I was so far away from America and Torrance and that birthday cake! I stumbled over the big Newfoundland

dog that lay asleep on the top of the terrace steps. I flung myself down beside him. He had had all his hair shaved off, but I buried my face against his warm side and cried while he looked around at me in astonishment and tried to lick my face. "I can't understand what they say in there and you can't understand what I say out here," I sobbed, "but at least you know when I am unhappy."

The next moment Enrico came hurrying out. "What in the world is the matter, Doro?" he cried as he saw me weeping upon the old hairless dog.

"It's my birthday!" I gasped, clutching the dog closer, "and all I had was bronze fittings and prunes!" The dog licked away the tears that fell on his paws. Enrico put his hand on my shoulder and gave me a little shake.

"You are acting like a child," he said sternly. "You are married and you should not behave like this." Without another word he walked back into the house. I was so amazed that I sat up and stopped crying. Then through the window I heard Enrico's voice raised in anger. I listened in astonishment. He was addressing the twenty-one relatives at the table. "Have you no respect for my wife? Did you not realize that it was her birthday today? She planned a beautiful *festa* for you and not one of you has even had the decency to congratulate her."

I looked at the hairless Newfoundland dog, who was gazing inquiringly into my face. "Beppo," I said, "we have a slang expression in America, 'passing the buck.'

Being an Italian dog you may not know about it, but you have just seen a fine example," and then I laughed and went down into the garden.

The next day Enrico set off mysteriously for Florence and returned with a quantity of exquisite Italian lace, which he handed to me without a word. "Oh, Rico," I cried as I opened it and drew out the filmy lengths, "how perfectly lovely! And this is the present you ordered and they did not send it in time?" We looked at each other steadily for a moment. Then we both smiled and let it go at that.

So we had a *festa* which I got up myself. Enrico was in such a good humor because I was not angry with him that I thought it an opportune time to ask him to be kind to Mario and Brunetta. Martino, Enrico's old valet, was now the superintendent of his estate at Signa, and Mario had charge of the Panche, a villa near Rifredi in Tuscany. Martino had been with him for twenty years and Mario about half that time. The house in Rifredi had been Caruso's first home. His ambition in those early days was to have a house that contained two things—a Moorish den and a ballroom. In the Panche he had both. The large ballroom was decorated with dreadful pictures of himself painted on the walls, and the Moorish den was the usual extraordinary combination of weapons and divans. I thought the house dreadful and I was glad that I did not have to live there. Mario was about twenty years old when he had first entered Enrico's service, and for nine years he had

been in love with a pretty little brown-eyed girl named Brunetta. Mario and Brunetta had not married because Enrico had a strong prejudice against married servants, and Mario, much as he loved Brunetta, did not dream of disobeying the orders of the *Commendatore*. While we were in Signa, Mario came to me and, with much hesitation, said, "I have a great favor to ask of you, *signora*. The *Commendatore* is now married and he is so happy with you, perhaps he will understand a little better and feel different about things; perhaps he will even let Brunetta and me get married. We have been waiting nine years," he added wistfully.

I had promised to do all I could. Thinking of this on one of those favorable days, I spoke to Enrico about Mario and Brunetta. "We are so happy, Enrico. Do let them be married and be happy too."

"Certainly not," said Enrico, entirely unmoved by my story. "Nobody employed by me can be married. No man can serve two masters. When a man marries his wife is master."

I could not move him one inch from this position, so I had to tell the unhappy couple that I had failed to get the *Commendatore's* consent to their marriage. Brunetta wept bitterly, because in a short time we were going back to America and Mario was to go with us. There did not seem to be any question in their minds about disobeying Enrico's orders.

Just as they were leaving, a thought came to me. "Wait," I said, "I will try once more. Do not give up

hope yet." A few days later I told Enrico casually that Brunetta sewed beautifully. "I shall need someone to do some fine sewing for me when we get home. She would be a great help to me in many ways. I am sure, too, that if I did not have enough work for her I could easily find her a position, and in that way she would be a help to Mario."

Enrico's eyes twinkled as he looked at me. "If you think she can sew the sort of things you want——" Then, with a gruff voice, he went on, "All right, tell Mario he can get married, but I don't want to hear anything about it or see his wife. In a week we go to Genoa to sail for New York. Let him go on ahead and meet us there. But remember, I want to know nothing about it. And one more thing," he called me back as I was running out; "tell them—*no babies.*"

I went away laughing and gave them the message, which they received with beaming faces and blushes. When we reached Genoa they were waiting for us and presented me with boxes of confetti from their wedding, asking me shyly to give one to the *signor commendatore.* When I gave one to him he pushed it away and looked annoyed. He never mentioned the fact that Mario was married, but he doubled his salary. During Enrico's long illness Mario never left him. It was difficult and nerve-racking work, but the devotion of a friend and the adoration of a fanatic were combined in that loyal Italian heart; when others sank down tired and exhausted he kept on, with the little Brunetta always

hidden away in the background to cheer and comfort him.

After Enrico's death, when I was alone for a short time at Signa while the estate was being settled, Mario and Brunetta never left me. When I was preparing to go to Paris on my way home to the United States, Mario said to me, "We have saved a little money through the generosity of the *Commendatore,* and we want to take a trip to Paris, so we will accompany you." I accepted the fiction gratefully and they traveled all the way with me, adding by every possible means to my comfort. They did not leave me until they saw me safely on the boat. Just before we sailed Mario drew me aside and twisting his cap in his hands, said blushing, "One moment, *signora.* Brunetta and I would like to ask one favor before you sail. Can we make a baby now?" The next year when I returned to Italy they proudly presented to me Dorothea Enrichetta, a tiny baby with brown eyes.

As the days passed, Enrico grew less nervous. It may have been because he was once more engrossed in his music, or possibly he welcomed the thought of leaving the quiet of the mountains. Whatever it was, his spirits underwent a marked change; and when it came time to pack for the homeward trip he was as jolly and contented as a boy. I am convinced that Signa was to him a beautiful ideal. Except for the early years of struggle, Italy was not connected with his musical life, for he had sung there only a few times since he had reached the height of his powers. Once in his early days

in Naples he had had an unfortunate experience. The audience had hissed him off the stage. He had sworn never to sing again in Naples, and so the city of his birth never heard him after he became famous. He did not sing there; he was not known personally to the Italian public as he was in America and Great Britain and Germany.

To him music was his life. He could not be long separated from his piano and his singing. Just before we left Signa he said to me, "Remember, Doro, my art will always come first, even before you."

In a flash of memory I saw a library in New York City—my father's proud white head against the gold, red and brown of his books, and his troubled voice saying, "Remember, Dorothy, you will have only a small part in Enrico's life. His art will always come first."

CHAPTER XI

TWO weeks later we stood on the deck and saw the Statue of Liberty coming closer through the morning mists and the "topless towers" of Manhattan shining in the September sunshine. Enrico's young son, returning with us to enter a military school, stood beside me as the ship sailed into the North River. "Is the city built on a hill?" he asked excitedly. I pointed to the crowded streets on a level with the river and watched, with some of the boy's excitement, as the ship made its leisurely way up the Hudson to her pier, moving with dignity along that great highway where ferryboats, glistening yachts, scows, barges, excursion boats, fishing dories and great ocean liners met and passed one another following their appointed channels amidst a din of whistles, bells and shouts.

A white dog ran along the deck of a barge and barked at the ship; on a ferryboat the passengers hurried to one side to wave to us as we leaned over the rail; a man reading a newspaper on a slim polished yacht, took his pipe from his mouth and waved his cap as we went by. I was home again, and I wanted to take the whole of Manhattan Island in my arms in one delighted embrace.

Enrico began immediately to prepare for his Mexican tour, which was to precede the opera season. I had read

stories in the newspapers of Mexican bandits holding up trains, of shootings, and of people held for ransom, and I was inwardly very anxious that he should not undertake the trip; but the rumors did not seem to disturb Enrico. He went calmly ahead making his preparations to be gone six weeks.

Again the apartment was full of friends and filled with the bustle of the departure for an unknown country. There were endless conferences with strange people who hurried in and out all day long. Through the confusion ran a steady uninterrupted stream of music, for Enrico was going over the operas that he would sing in Mexico City. The weather was very hot and damp. I was still exhausted from the experiences in Italy. It was an effort for me to appear alert and interested in what went on around me.

Enrico, however, plunged once again into the life that he loved, with enormous zest and enthusiasm. Neither the heat nor the confusion troubled him. Surrounded by his friends, by unstinted admiration and homage, he was like an exiled sovereign returning to his kingdom, and he radiated happiness and well-being. He gravitated busily between his apartment and my drawing-room, where he would look sympathetically at me sitting weary and warm, and patting my hand, he would say anxiously, "Do you feel very badly, my poor Doro?" I would assure him earnestly that I was feeling much better and was quite happy to be home. Then he would return contentedly to the other apartment and I would

hear him singing, his voice so full of vitality and power that I could hardly believe I was listening to the man who only a few short weeks before had been so nervous and exhausted.

During Enrico's Mexican tour we kept in touch with each other by letters and several telegrams daily. I sent a telegram to wish him success before each performance, and he always sent one to me as soon as the opera was over. The first opera he sang in Mexico was Elisir d'Amore. The music of this opera is the very essence of radiant youthfulness and emotional ecstasy. When he was in good health and spirits Caruso loved to sing it, and there was rarely a performance that he did not add some bit of fooling to the part of the rollicking village boy Nemorino. But if he was troubled and not quite well it was the hardest of his rôles to sing; he had made it so joyous and full of life that, unless he was in the humor, it drew from him all his reserve strength. Immediately after the performance of the first opera Caruso sang in Mexico, I received a telegram assuring me that it had gone well with the public, and before going to bed that night he wrote me an account of it. His letter ends:

> You remember the big noise that the weather makes when we was at home in Italy? The applause was like that last night.

But not all operas go well; Caruso was extremely critical of his voice and never satisfied if he was not at

his best. The opera Samson et Dalila made great demands on him. The rôle is a long and heavy one and there is far more emotional intensity in the music than there is in any of the Italian operas. No one but a singer can realize the strain of singing for three hours before a critical public. Caruso writes about the performance of Samson:

> When I wrote you yesterday I was beginning to try my voice. What a voice! All the center broken! But little by little I fixed up and went to the theater. The first song was alright, but when Samson try to convince the people my center begin to be tired. Instead to force the voice, I went very careful on the top notes and the first scene pass, but without any applause. At the second act the voice was warmed up, but when I put down the columns, I thank God!

He sang to enormous audiences in the Plaza del Toros —bull ring—in Mexico City, but though he enjoyed the novelty of the setting, the weather often interfered with the performance of the opera. Besides the hot sun, which he described in another letter, there were frequent storms, with the attendant danger of taking cold. He sang Carmen in a drenching rain, and it was not until several days had passed that I felt sure he had suffered no bad effects from the exposure. He writes this description of what must have been a very trying experience:

> After I make all my preparations, I went to the Plaza. There was a beautiful sunshine, but my voice was like

midnight, dark, very dark, and I was trembling. . . . At half-past three we begin and I went out. The applause saluted me, but not enthusiastically. I begin to sing and the voice was very strong and heavy, but I quigley [quickly] judge myself and thought I go well to the end. Then come the duo with Michaela—poor, very poor—and at the end, being nervous, my voice don't sound well. The weather begin to change and big clouds get up. Before the first act finished, it began to rain, and Carmen and I were all *bagnati* [soaked]. We suppose that the public goes, but nobody move. The second act began with 'evy [heavy] rain and there was a big spectacle. Thousands of umbrellas were open and covered all the area of the Plaza. We don't see any heads and don't hear the orchestra. The third act was the worst. I ask when we stop. Somebody told me, "When the public say stop." Somebody had the bad idea to say to the public that the performance was finished because the artists do not want to sing any more on account of the weather. I was in my dressing room to prepare myself for the last act and I heard a big noise. You must know that our dressing rooms are under the stairs of the Plaza and precisely where the bulls are prepared. When I heard this noise I think it is a revolution that start. I sent out to see what was the matter and they inform me what happen.

Quigley I said to tell the public that the performance will continue, and just in time, because they were beginning to break up the stage. Then we finish the opera and half the public don't hear anything because of the noise of the water on the umbrellas. We were all

bagnati [soaked] and that was the only success. Artistically we were all bad.

However, in spite of unforeseen accidents of this kind, the Mexican season was a delightful one. Caruso enjoyed the lavish hospitality the Mexican people bestowed upon him—the splendid *festas* arranged in his honor, the friendliness that met him on all sides, and the outdoor life, which was more like that of Italy. With Zirato, Fucito and Punzo to provide for his comfort, the trip was in every way successful and Enrico returned to New York in time to prepare for the opera season and to begin rehearsals for the première of La Juive.

There seems to be no doubt in the opinion of the musical public that in Halévy's opera, La Juive, Caruso reached the zenith of his operatic career. As Eleazar, the inspired old rabbi who looked as though he had stepped from one of Rembrandt's gold-brown canvases, Caruso was the very incarnation of that religious fervor and self-sacrifice that embody the traditions of the Jewish race.

Twenty years before, Jean and Édouard de Reszke visited Caruso in his dressing room at Covent Garden. Jean, turning to his brother, said, "This boy will be my successor." Caruso, flushed and happy at this praise from the greatest tenor of the day, shook his head and cried, "If I can only do half as well!" In the year 1907, Édouard de Reszke sent Caruso the following letter,

which Caruso valued more than all the treasures of his collection:

Dear Caruso: I am so sorry I could not manage to come and bid you good-bye before leaving London, and tell you again *viva voce* all the pleasure I had from hearing you sing. I never heard a more beautiful voice . . . You sang like a god. You are an actor and a sincere artist, and above all, you are modest and without exaggerations. You were able to draw from my eyes many tears. I was very much touched, and this happens to me very very seldom. You have heart, feeling, poetry and truth, and with these qualities you will be the master of the world.

Please do accept these few words from an old artist who admires you not only as an artist but as a very dear man. May God keep you in good health for many years!

Au revoir until next year.

Your friend and colleague

ÉDOUARD DE RESZKE.

Enrico shook his head over this letter when he showed it to me. But I think in his inmost heart his great ambition was to be worthy of the beloved De Reszke's praise. In La Juive he came close to the high standard he had set for himself.

Although I heard Caruso practice the music of La Juive, I do not know when he learned the entire rôle. He would hum and whistle to himself, and he practiced as usual with his accompanist. He wrote the words and "business" in a little book that he carried

in his pocket, and occasionally he glanced at it; but there never seemed to me any time when he deliberately sat down and studied. Like a gorgeous flower, the opera seemed slowly to blossom from his consciousness. But although the flowering appeared to be accidental, no detail was overlooked to make his part in it a great creation. He gave his costume the most careful thought. He wanted a shawl such as a rabbi wears when he says prayers, so he asked an old and dear friend, Mrs. Selma Shubart, to help him find one. Mrs. Shubart, after some searching, obtained one of black and white silk from a New York rabbi and presented it to Caruso. Even the position of his fingers, as Eleazar blesses his companions in the impressive scene at the table during the ceremony of the unleavened bread, was altered when he discovered that the ritual demanded a certain position of the hands.

As a result of this study of his part, so natural did Caruso appear, so reverent in the character of the venerable Jew, that it was impossible to think that he played a rôle. The splendid old patriarch Eleazar lived on the stage. In La Juive he changed the shape of his nose, which gave him an entirely different appearance. Perhaps on account of the total obliteration of his personality, he lost himself in this part more completely than in any other that he sang. He felt the tragedy with all his soul, and threw himself emotionally into the splendid music.

We who knew him best could always tell when he sang

something that gave him infinite pleasure. From his earliest days he made a certain musical gesture which he called "swimming"—extending his hands slowly as though he were swimming out upon the waves of music. At the dress rehearsal of the opera, when I saw Enrico make this gesture several times in the course of each scene, I knew he was singing music that he loved and was lost in its beauty.

The first performance of La Juive was given on the night of November 22, 1919, with Miss Rosa Ponselle as Rachel in the title rôle. Enrico was devoted to Rosa and was an ardent admirer of her voice. He was particularly happy that she was his associate on this occasion.

The criticisms in the next morning's papers were varied. Several of the critics asserted that the music was too heavy for a tenor and beyond Caruso's power to sing, while others said that in La Juive, Caruso had reached the highest point of his artistic career. Enrico himself felt that Eleazar was his greatest rôle, that in study and preparation he had put into it all the experience of his twenty-five years.

The première of an opera is always a great occasion in the life of a singer, but another event occurred in our family soon after that slightly overshadowed it. This was the birth of our little daughter Gloria on December 18, 1919. Several times in the days preceding her arrival Enrico said that a daughter was the one thing in the world he wanted. On the evening of her début

he put on a bright green suit, which the Italians consider the color of good luck, and marched gayly about the apartment whistling cheerfully and drinking champagne with my brother, who had come to keep him company through the hours of waiting. But when the doctors arrived and he saw them come from the dressing room in their white garments, it suddenly struck him forcibly that the occasion was not to be one of unmixed pleasure and merrymaking.

In spite of my brother's cheerful prophecies and encouraging words, he collapsed into a chair, crying and trembling, and continued to wring his hands, weep and pray until his baby daughter was laid in his arms. Then, in an ecstasy of joy, he kissed and blessed her until the nurse gently took her away.

The day before she was born he said to me, "Doro, I would like to call the little baby Gloria." He had no thought whatever of having a son. A girl was what he wanted, and he was not used to being crossed in his wishes. When she was a few hours old I saw Enrico standing in front of the window holding the poor infant in the full sunshine of a bright winter's morning, so that he could point out to Torrance her fine points.

"See, she's just like me! Do you see her ear? Like mine! And her eyes and mouth. Just like mine, aren't they? And her nose, too—and look"—he pulled open the tiny mouth—"look at her throat! It is formed exactly like mine!"

Torrance looked at me over her shoulder. "Hasn't

she anything of Dorothy?" she asked Enrico, laughing.

Enrico studied his daughter carefully, turning her this way and that in the strong light. "Maybe the hands are like Doro's," he admitted reluctantly.

In fact, she was so much like him that it was absurd. A little dark Italian baby, entirely adorable to her delighted parents. Enrico acted as though no man had ever had a daughter before. The apartment was soon filled with congratulating friends, and he would dart into the nursery, snatch the baby from under the startled eyes of her nurse and carry her proudly into the studio, the drawing-room, or even into the drafty hall, to exhibit her proudly to the latest caller.

Everyone drank her health in champagne that flowed like a river through the apartment. But Gloria must have some, too; so Enrico dipped his finger in the wine and put it in the baby's mouth, while the nurse gasped with horror. When she was less than twenty-four hours old he rushed to the jeweler's and bought her a string of little pearls twice her length; "to keep her throat well," he said. He wanted her put at once into swaddling clothes, and it took the combined efforts of Doctor Flint, the nurse and myself to dissuade him from insisting on it.

To the utter misery of the trained baby nurse, he tiptoed into the nursery at all hours to carry presents to his daughter which he was certain she would look at and appreciate if her attention was drawn to them. He bought caps several sizes too large, slippers and shoes

that might have fitted a child of two, a fur coat that she could not wear for at least a year. Lockets, chains, furs, toys, blankets—he bought them all for his tiny baby, until the nursery was full and the nurse protested.

The first night he sang at the Metropolitan after the birth of Gloria, as soon as he appeared on the stage the gallery shouted, *"Viva papà, viva papà!"* When he returned home he came to sit beside me and told me that this ovation pleased him more than any he had ever received. "Soon I will sing to her," he said happily, bending to look at the little dark head in the bassinet.

When she was three weeks old he began to carry her about the house. He insisted that she knew him, and it is true that at an unbelievably early age her toothless little mouth widened into a smile when he bent over her. By this time Gloria's regular nurse, Nannie, was installed and treated with great respect by Enrico and me, for she knew everything in the world there was to know about babies. In the nursery her word became law for the whole Caruso family. It is Nannie who still guides Gloria in the way she should go, and as her gentle hands once soothed and quieted the baby, so now her kindly words persuade the little girl into the ways of obedience and happiness.

When Gloria graduated to the dignity of a feeding bottle Enrico would hurry home at ten o'clock to give it to her. He would fetch her from the nursery, and after saying gravely *"Buon appetito,"* would hold the bottle and croon softly to her until the last warm drop had

disappeared and the little figure was asleep in his arms.

He would whistle to attract her attention, but she still looked at him in the vague cross-eyed way of all infants. When he snatched her suddenly from her bassinet she would cry out in fright, and he would turn to me with tears in his eyes, saying, "You see, Doro, she does not like her father." But soon she began to watch for him and to smile at him when he came into the room, and when he carried her to the piano and played for her very, very softly she would crow with pleasure. When he sang she listened with wide-open eyes, sometimes expressing her approval by waving her arms and jumping up and down.

In fact, she was in every way a normal and healthy baby, and an infinite source of happiness and comfort to her father. I was very glad for his sake that she was able to make him forget himself for brief intervals, for it was quite evident to me that Enrico's mood was changing. He retired into himself; he avoided crowds and banquets and public appearances, and stayed at home more than he had done before. Again and again he repeated to me that now he had a home he wanted to stay in it and live peacefully with his family. He said to me one day, "I am just waiting for the time to come when Gloria will be able to run to my studio door, turn the knob and come in." Alas, when his little daughter reached that age we were in Italy, and he died a few weeks later.

Early in September of this year, shortly after our

return from Italy, an old friend of Caruso's came to call upon us, and was welcomed literally with open arms by the exuberant Enrico. It was at a time when I was undoubtedly looking my worst, and besides that, it was a hot day, such as we sometimes have in the early fall in New York. Not a breath of air came through the windows of the Knickerbocker Hotel. I felt wilted; my hair hung in dark wisps over my forehead, and in order to be cool I had put on an old silk negligée designed more for comfort than for chic. No powder could dull the glaze that spread over my warm face, and Poiret himself could not have designed a gown that I could have worn with any assurance that sultry afternoon. Every woman is conscious of that low ebb when she feels at her worst and ugliest.

It was during one of these moments that this former friend of Caruso's drifted in upon us, a cool vision of beauty. It was not a gown that she wore; it was a filmy cloud from an Alpine peak. To my eyes her face had the opaque whiteness of magnolia blossoms and her slim hands were like drooping lilies. She was a snowflake in a simoon, she was the first delicate frost that falls in a garden—she was everything fragrant, refreshing, and entirely perfect. With beads of perspiration springing to my brow, I struggled to my feet as Enrico led her forward, standing awkwardly while she said charming things to me in a voice that sounded like the tinkle of ice in a glass. When she politely congratulated Caruso on his marriage I sank back onto the sofa, realizing the

painful contrast between us and hopelessly aware that there was nothing I could do about it.

I was intelligent enough to know that many women must have been in love with Caruso, but I was always a little afraid of these old friends from the past who knew Enrico so much better than I did. There was no limit to their flattery, and Enrico accepted their adulation with unashamed pleasure. A woman would hang on his arm, embrace him affectionately and chatter to him in Italian, French or German with an occasional mischievous glance of apology in my direction. If I looked a little resentful after the old friend had taken an effusive farewell, Enrico would say, "What is the matter? She is just an old friend I have known for years." So now, while the Cool Lady tapped his arm playfully and smiled into his eyes as she went into raptures over his last concert, I sat with a determined smile on my face, too miserable to say a word, for I was resolved not to be a jealous wife. But if that smile had ever slipped off, underneath would have appeared an expression of acute distress.

I listened as she began her eager sentences with: "Do you remember——" or "Can you ever forget that perfect day?" and Enrico, beaming in the sunshine of her flattery, sighed fervently, "Ah, those were the good days, *signora!*" Leaving me to supply the obvious ending: "when I was happy and free."

When they moved about the room, stopping to examine the bronzes on the vitrines, I relaxed my stiff

cheeks a moment, but if they turned toward me I was once more the happy wife, shining with devotion and—perspiration.

We saw the Cool Lady at all too frequent intervals during the winter. Enrico sent her tickets for his operas, they lunched together; she dropped in casually. "Just to say one little word of appreciation of your great art"; later, without any excuse at all. I maintained my attitude of calm happiness; nevertheless, I was acutely conscious that this was a dangerous situation, because very subtly, with a deft word here and there, she was constantly instilling into Enrico's impressionable mind the sad but unalterable fact that he was tied down to his domestic hearth.

"Alas," she intimated with every sympathetic smile, "how different is your life now from those happy carefree days in the past, when there was no wife to be considered and no duties to keep a famous artist at home."

It was not a time for reproaches or for jealous scenes, so I waited patiently, hoping that an occasion would present itself when I might turn the domestic craft away from the siren who was luring it onto the rocks. But it was not until after the birth of our daughter, Gloria, that such an opportunity came; and it was indeed one made to my hand.

One afternoon in March when baby was three months old the Cool Lady telephoned to say that she would stop in to see us at teatime. It was unusual to be forewarned

of her visits. I judged she intended speaking to Enrico, but as he was not at home, the call had been switched to my apartment. I was feeling happy and well, and ready to cope with any dragon that might rise in my path. A wonderful gown of mauve and pale blue chiffon had been sent home that morning, and mentally I saw orchids with it. Yes, indeed, I would be delighted to see her!

I sent word to the nurse to have the baby brought to me in her wheeling bassinet at four o'clock. When Enrico came in I did not tell him that his old friend was coming to tea. Instead, I reminded him that he was going to line a shelf of the *credenza* in the dining room, and showed him the piece of red velvet I had bought for the purpose. He was all enthusiasm to begin the work at once, especially when I told him we were to have the baby with us for a little while.

"Then I'll put on some old clothes," cried Enrico joyfully, "and I can play with her on the floor after I finish the work!"

So four o'clock found us all in the dining room; baby laughing in her bassinet, I, arrayed in the lovely gown—with orchids—and Enrico, hard at work on the *credenza*. Exceeding my wildest expectations, he had put on a disreputable pair of pongee trousers that needed pressing and were too small, and an old shirt; he had omitted shoes and stockings altogether. Crouching on his knees, he began to cut the velvet to cover the shelf that was almost on a level with the floor, stopping now

and then to wave his arms at the baby, who gurgled and cooed with delight.

It was at a moment when Enrico's head was in the *credenza* and he was tacking the velvet to the back of the shelf that the Cool Lady appeared, unannounced, in the doorway. Her eyes narrowed a little at the sight of baby and me, and she turned to look for Enrico.

"There he is," I said, pointing. And there he was! At least there half of him was! The most unromantic part, one might say, protruded into the room; also the bare feet. The rest of him, golden voice and all, was in the depths of the *credenza.* She had to wait until he emerged from the cavern in which he was partially concealed. There was grime in the cupboard and it had transferred itself to his face. He was hot, panting with the exertion of bending over; his hair stood on end and he looked like a chimney sweep. As he rose painfully to his feet he saw himself reflected in the mirror over the *credenza,* and he saw also the disillusioned face of the fastidious lady.

He growled some sort of a greeting to which she made an embarrassed reply. "Mrs. —— has come for tea, dear," I said. Enrico hated tea; he was furious at being caught in so ridiculous a position and annoyed that he could not play with baby. He murmured something about a few more tacks to put in, and with great bravado returned to his former position inside the *credenza,* beginning to hammer unnecessarily loud. Baby crowed

with pleasure at the noise and the lady, in mock annoyance, clapped her hands over her ears.

"Take Mrs. —— into the drawing room, Doro!" shouted Enrico to me over his shoulder. We left him alone, and he did not reappear until the Cool Lady had taken a rather silent departure. Then he said to me with some irritation, "Doro, why do you have that woman here so much? You know that I do not like people coming in all the time. I am happy with just you and Gloria."

I told him he had acted like a schoolboy and had not shown any presence of mind; but secretly I was delighted, for I felt that we had seen the last of that old friend. As a matter of fact, Caruso was seldom at a loss in any situation, perhaps as a result of his many years' experience on the stage, where, no matter how carefully a scene is arranged, a situation may arise at any moment calling for a quick decision and great presence of mind. I remember hearing him tell of a time when he had to think rapidly to save both himself and his companion from ridicule.

It was during the second act of Martha. The music was within ten bars of the soprano's aria, "The Last Rose of Summer," when Caruso noticed that she was not wearing the rose he is supposed to take from her corsage and place in her hand during the duet following the song. In an aside he whispered to her that the rose was missing, but she did not understand him. Not until he came forward to join her in the duet did the embar-

rassed Martha see, with horror, that there was no rose to illustrate the song. But Enrico seized her hat, and hastily pulling a flower from it, handed it to her, and the duet progressed to the entire satisfaction of the audience, only a few of whom, probably, saw that new business had been introduced. In telling this story Caruso always ended with the words: "I think I showed great presence of spirit."

But this "presence of spirit" must have been with him from the beginning, for once when he was a young man singing in a small opera company in Italy, a photographer from a newspaper came in unexpectedly to take his picture.

"Put on a white shirt," he ordered the young tenor.

"But I haven't one," replied Caruso. Snatching the coverlet from his bed, he draped it around his bare chest. The result is far more picturesque than any shirt he might have worn.

CHAPTER XII

THE winter passed quietly. There was a christening party for Gloria, attended by a few of our most intimate friends. John McCormack, the tenor, returned from a tour and came to see us as soon as he arrived in New York, bringing with him his young son. This was the boy that once said to Caruso, "Well, you may be the greatest Italian singer in the world, but my father is the greatest Irish singer," which caused the two friends much amusement. Enrico and John McCormack were old and devoted companions; each one admired the other and they were always amused at stories of any rivalry between them. Another dear friend that Caruso saw that winter was Madame Marcella Sembrich. They had sung together for many years before Madame Sembrich's retirement from the operatic stage and when they met, it was always with the deepest affection and friendship. I have heard Caruso praise the exquisite quality of her wonderful voice and say that he had always enjoyed singing with her because she was above all else a great artist.

Caruso repeated the opera La Juive several times during the season 1919-1920, and the critics gradually came to speak of it as his great rôle. Early in the winter there

had been some criticism of his voice. In his curiously nervous state he resented it deeply and determined to resign from the Metropolitan Opera Company. He was finally placated by the tactful mediation of Mr. Gatti-Casazza and Mr. Otto Kahn. Earlier in the season the latter had written him the following sincere and beautiful letter of appreciation:

> I have so often and so enthusiastically expressed my admiration for you that I can hardly add anything to what I have already said. And yet—having just heard you in Marta—I feel impelled once more to send you a line of thanks and of admiration. Your voice was always by far the most beautiful organ I have ever heard and your art was always great. But the combination of your God-given voice in its most splendid form, as it is this season, together with the maturity and perfection to which your art has grown, is beyond praise. And to sing as you do, with the same artistic perfection, heroic parts and lyric parts is a most astounding artistic feat.
>
> Please do not trouble to acknowledge this letter. It is simply meant as a spontaneous tribute of admiration and gratitude, which is not new to you, but which, under the inspiration of your last few performances, I could not refrain from tendering to you once more.

Watching carefully, as I always did, I saw that Enrico was growing nervous and tired, and early in the spring I suggested that we should pass the summer at some American watering place. Enrico agreed that it would be better for Gloria to remain in this country; after we

had looked about we rented a house at East Hampton, Long Island, belonging to Mr. Albert Herter, the artist. It was a large house, set off by itself and surrounded by beautiful grounds, just the quiet place we were looking for, and it seemed especially adapted to our needs.

It was all arranged that we should leave New York early in May when the impresario, Adolfo Bracale, persuaded Enrico to make a trip to Havana. So, instead of going to East Hampton to rest after the hard work of his New York season, Enrico went first to fulfill his yearly engagement in Atlanta, and from there sailed for Cuba.

The Havana season was a repetition of his Mexican success, but coming after a winter of unusual effort, Caruso was not in any condition to stand the heat, which almost prostrated him. He writes that it was very warm —"like an electric box. My pores are always open and the water come out like a river. I think I lose every day ten pounds. When I come back I will be very thin like an asparagus." He says that the pastils he usually carried in his pocket when he sang were melted by the heat.

In all his letters were kisses and "cuddles" to Gloria and advice to me on bringing her up. He says of his six months' old daughter: "Waht! Waht! Waht! Gloria beginning to be bad! Spank her little back and you will see that she will be quiet; but you can do that very slowly and nicely without hurt her. Maybe, poor little one is hungry. I think truly she need more food. Write to the *dottore* and see what he say."

He wanted to hear every detail of her life. Everything concerning her was of real importance to him. In the midst of his busy life he found time to write to her, or to write to me about her: "Gloria grows up nicely, you say, and this show that she has a very strong health. When you kiss her don't forget me. She begin to notice her foot? She must be kuit"—[cute]—"and I am so far away and cannot see her."

The Havana season was an artistic and financial success. The newspapers excelled themselves in praise of Caruso's singing, and Bracale began to talk persuasively about a season in South America.

Enrico had been in Cuba only a short time when I had to cable him the news that Mr. Regan had sold the Knickerbocker Hotel and we would have to find another home. It was necessary for us to move at once and the accumulation of many years had to be sorted, packed and shipped either to the Canessa galleries or to the storage warehouse. All this distressed Enrico beyond words, because he had always superintended personally the packing and moving of his collections. He did not remember what was stored in the Knickerbocker; he felt that his first home was being taken from him and that a move would bring him bad luck. His letters reflected his disturbance of mind. Although I assured him in repeated letters and cables that I had every possible assistance from Mr. Regan and Mr. Canessa, nevertheless every day he sent telegrams full of minute directions as to the disposal of his property, how I should conduct

myself in regard to various people and what steps I should take in finding another apartment.

Hardly had he recovered from the effects of this blow when the Associated Press cabled him that the house at East Hampton had been entered and that I had been robbed of all my jewelry. He cabled frantically for more details. The loss of the jewelry did not trouble him, but in his imagination he saw the house in a lonely spot surrounded by woods with Gloria and myself at the mercy of ruthless bandits. I hastened to let him know that we were in no danger, and his cable came immediately:

> Thank God you and baby was safe. Will replace jewels as soon as I return.

The house was entered one evening while my sister-in-law, Katherine Benjamin, and I were sitting in the living room. The thief got into my room on the second floor through a window opening onto a balcony, and took a large box of jewels that stood on the mantelpiece. I had been to New York a few days before and had brought down many of my jewels from the safe-deposit box. The thief escaped, and in spite of the efforts of police and the detectives no trace of the jewels was ever found. I should never have taken the jewels to that lonely house, and it weighed heavily on my conscience that I had done so.

When Enrico returned I thought that he would be very angry, for I had moved the jewels against his ad-

vice, but all he said was, "Doro, we will never speak of this again, but don't you think it was a little careless to leave a case of jewels worth a hundred and fifty thousand dollars on the mantelpiece?"

When Enrico received my letters telling him that my brother and his wife were with me in East Hampton and cables assuring him that every precaution was being taken to safeguard his family, his fears subsided, but he wrote that he was thankful his engagement was half over, as he wanted to come home. He refused Bracale's offer of a ten-week trip to Lima to supplement the Havana season, and I began to count the days till his return to the United States.

Meanwhile in East Hampton we lived in the midst of detectives, reporters and secret police. At any hour of the day my sister-in-law, my brother and myself had to submit to searching cross-examinations. The house servants were kept in a continual state of terror by the methods of the police, who believed that the robbery was what they call an "inside job" and that some of the men or maids in the house were involved. Letters began to arrive threatening to kidnap Gloria, threatening all sorts of harm to us all. Katherine and I watched our children, in a state of constant anxiety.

Into the midst of this trying situation came the news that Enrico had been injured by a bomb thrown upon the stage of the opera house in Havana. In an agony of fear I tried to find out the details, but it was some hours before Enrico's cable reached me, which he sent imme-

diately after the incident, assuring me that he was safe and uninjured.

Although the hideous occurrence had passed with no danger to Enrico, I feared that it was an attempt on his life, and in my terror-stricken state I connected it with a mysterious visit we had received one stormy night several weeks before from two strange people. They came to the house and insisted on seeing Caruso. The man said he was connected with the Rumanian Legation, and both he and the woman seemed very nervous and excited. They acted so strangely that my brother allowed them to come into the house only after he had stationed the chauffeur with a revolver outside the long windows of the drawing-room and ordered him to watch closely; if the man made a suspicious movement the chauffeur was to cover him with the pistol and come into the room. The people seemed determined to remain in the house all night, and when I refused to allow them to stay the man slipped his hand into his pocket. In a moment he was looking into my brother's automatic and the chauffeur was in the room, his revolver covering the woman. They treated it all as a joke, but it made us uneasy, especially when we discovered that no person by the name the man gave had ever been connected with the Rumanian Legation.

Many and conflicting stories were published about the bomb thrown in the Havana Opera House. Caruso's letter, giving a description of the actual incident, tells of the occurrence as he saw it. He begins his letter by

telling of the annoyance he was subjected to in the streets of Havana by the crowds that followed him, and says pathetically, "Of course I cannot escape because my name is on my face." He goes on to say that he is very much excited over all the events that have happened in the last three weeks—referring to the sale of the Knickerbocker Hotel, the jewel robbery, and an intrigue that was planned against him in Havana, which fortunately came to nothing. There had also been trouble about the production of the opera Forza del Destino, because of differences over copyright payments between Bracale, the impresario, and the agent of the publishers of the music. On the evening of the bomb incident the controversy was still raging and it looked for a time as though the operatic season would come to an end. Bracale finally announced that on the evening of June thirteenth Forza del Destino would be sung in place of Aïda, which had been advertised. Caruso writes:

> I was in very bad condition because I had a strong cold in the chester [chest] and for nothing in the world I thought to be able to sing Aïda, but I can manage my voice for Forza del Destino. At 2 P.M. I was in the theater and after I make up my face for Forza, Bracale came in my dressing room and said, "I am unable to get any orchestration of Forza and for consequence I am obliged to stop the performance."
>
> To not give the performance there was two reasons to give to the public: 1st, that there was no music of

Forza, and 2nd, that Mr. Caruso refuse to sing. I had already the money for the performance in my pocket, so I think I must sing Aïda because I see that Bracle's position is critical. Then changes of everything! A man goes out to the public and was wisled [whistled] from the stage because they thought that I was unable to sing, but when he announced about the change of opera, there was a great demonstration. To make ready everything and everybody, the performance was nearly an hour late. In the beginning of the second act there is the scene of the triumph of Rhadames. But this scene don't had the time to begin, because at the end of the duet between the two women there was a big explosion. I was in my dressing room and I was thrown back against the wall by the force of the explosion. Then I see the people in the corridor of the dressing room run away, and in their faces they had the expression of terror. Somebody told me, "Go away quick, because there will be more explosions." I was very calm, and quick I ran on the stage, and what I saw! All the scenery broken down, one on top of the other. The stage full of pieces of sticks that came down from the scenic arch. The curtain was down, but I went out in front and there was all the public standing up and the orchestra play the national hymn. Then many people begin talking and gesticulating. The orchestra was full of débris. I was tooked away by somebody and accompanied to my dressing room. Lots of people came and everybody said different things. My impression was against the bomb, because if they had wanted to commit a dreadful crime it would have been thrown among the audience, where it

could kill many people. I thought it was a pipe explosion under the theater.

At this moment a man came and said, "Everybody out. The performance is stopped by the authorities and the stage begin to go on fire!" He don't say that twice before I was out in the street in my costume, and jumping in a car, went to the hotel to cable you, for I think to myself, "It was, after all, a bomb." But who put it down? Against whom was it directed? We find later the bomb was put in a closet under the scenic arch. First they said it was against me, then against Bracale. But I discard all these thoughts because, if against me, I was not on the stage, nor was Bracale. If it was anarchistic, they would put down the bomb when all the élite of Havana was there the first night.

He goes on to say that he thinks the bomb was intended to ruin the building for political reasons and to cast a reflection on the administration then in power. He ends his letter: *"Barbari!*—[barbarous]. There were about thirty-eight wounded, and fortunately the public went out slowly so nothing worse happen. You can imagine if public was taken by panic what disaster was there! On the 22 of June I will sail for New Orleans, thank God!"

So ended his last performance in Havana. Before returning home he gave a concert in New Orleans and another in Atlantic City on June thirtieth. Then, thoroughly exhausted by the most fatiguing tour he had ever made, he reached East Hampton. But there was

little rest in his home, for the detectives from the insurance companies and the police of East Hampton, all at their wits' end and still determined to find the thieves, continued to roam about the house and grounds, keep guard, and question everyone several times a day.

Enrico withdrew as much as possible from the annoying publicity connected with these investigations, and refused to go anywhere. He showed the same symptoms of nervousness that had been evident in Italy; a nervousness that did not take the form of irritability, although often I wished he would get angry and make a scene. But he never inflicted his low spirits upon us; he simply went quietly away by himself and let no one come close to him. I do not think that anyone ever really came close to Caruso. He had a way of retreating into a world of his own, from which he would look upon even those dearest to him as though they did not exist.

I was sick at heart, for I could not pierce through this gloom that was gradually folding us in darkness. I tried to get him interested in fishing, but although he enjoyed it at first and amused himself on our little lake with a canoe and fishing pole, he tired of it within a week. It was the same with tennis. He was not fond of sports, and at this particular time they could not distract his attention. We sat together for hours without speaking, pasting clippings or sorting stamps. I watched him retreating more and more from me, growing silent, preferring to sit alone, a black cloud of melancholy on his face. His little daughter had always been able to rouse

him from his lethargy, but gradually even her baby approaches drew from him only a faint smile. He began to have headaches so severe that he was completely prostrated, and after each one he was more depressed and nervous than ever.

Meanwhile we continued to receive threatening letters. One demanded that Caruso should deposit fifty thousand dollars in an appointed spot at a certain time. If the money was not there he and his family would be killed. Under ordinary circumstances Caruso paid no attention to threats against his life, but when they included Gloria and me he grew frantic with anxiety. After all the alarms of the summer I, too, was reduced to a state of unreasoning terror when I thought that any harm might come to the baby. But the innuendoes of dire misfortunes that might happen to us at any moment—the hideous anonymous letters suggesting unspeakable things—continued to come, and Enrico became more and more silent, miserable and depressed.

Unless one has lived with a great artist one cannot realize how little happiness there is in the actual success and fame. It is purchased at too great a cost and arouses so much envy, hatred and uncharitableness, so much jealousy and plotting, it makes such demands on physical strength as well as on moral courage that one is truly sincere in preferring a life with less fame, more privacy and simple happiness. It takes a sense of humor to ride over the recurring annoyances of even the most uneventful life, but it requires almost a superhuman

vitality of spirit to ignore or laugh at such incidents as filled our days at this time.

Enrico was in no condition to laugh his way through them. He was mysteriously attacked in the dark by forces he did not understand, for depression and nervousness are not enemies that can be fought in the open; they have to be edged out little by little, and for this slow battle are needed optimism, endurance and faith.

Into the midst of this darkness came Fucito with his music, and Enrico began to practice for his new opera, Andrea Chenier, by Giordano, which was to be revived the following season at the Metropolitan. As in Italy, Caruso slowly emerged from the clouds, as if the music exorcised the devils of worry and doubt that harassed him.

We left East Hampton early in the fall. We had taken the apartment in the Hotel Vanderbilt which was designed for the use of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, who lost his life on the *Titanic*. The apartment was everything that could be desired as a home, and Enrico set about arranging it and preparing places for his collections. There was an enormous drawing-room with a beautiful marble fireplace that gave a comfortable and homelike appearance to the room. There was a night and day nursery for Gloria, a studio and bedrooms and baths and an office. On a second floor were rooms for our servants. There was a great deal to be done in moving our furniture and getting settled.

Through it all Enrico continued to suffer from headaches to such an extent that the veins stood out on his forehead and he trembled as though in an ague. Nevertheless, he went on practicing and refused to cancel an extended tour of the West and South he was scheduled to make before the opening of the opera season in New York. On September 27, 1920, he gave his first concert in Montreal and went from there to Toronto, Chicago, St. Paul and Denver, and as far South as Fort Worth and Houston. While he was in St. Paul he was invited to attend a huge banquet for the benefit of the Community Chest of that city. I do not think Caruso understood what it was all about, but the management told him that his presence would do a great deal to help raise money for charity, so he accepted the invitation. When he arrived he was given a tremendous ovation and led to a seat of honor beside the president of the committee. This gentleman whispered to him, as soon as the applause had subsided, that they were expecting him to make a speech.

"What spich?" said Caruso nervously.

"Oh, just a few words about this worthy cause," said the chairman. Enrico was paralyzed, as he says in his letter to me the following day: "You can imagine my face! I became first red, then white, then jello" [yellow]. "After the lunch, which I don't eat, the President got up and said, after saluting everybody: 'Here, Mr. Caruso, will say a few words about our meeting.' More salutations, and I got up."

Meanwhile, however, Caruso had observed on the table near him a piece of paper full of typewritten notes. Thinking it might contain some information about the banquet, he gradually drew the paper close enough to read what was written on it. His letter continues—

> —— and with a smile of satisfaction for myself because I find the way to get over this difficulty, I said, "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. President. Many thanks for the honor which you all are giving me with all your manifestations. But I am here in your city not to talk but to sing." At this moment I was afraid someone say, "Sing then," but nobody move. Then I said, "Do not expect a big spich. I will read a few words that I have here to save me from this surprise. Then I read as follows: "I believe in the Community Chest; I believe in the plan of giving once for all and enough for all; I believe in the work of the forty-eight social-service agencies and that they should be supported, for they are working for the good of all of us. I believe in helping my fellow men. Signed, Enrico Caruso." You don't imagine what a success! Nobody expected my presence of spirit and the sense of humor. So I went away happy, *but I don't know whose spich it was that I read.*

While on this Western tour Enrico wrote with pleasure of his successes. He seemed to catch fire from the adulation and praise of the public and in his letters he became more like his old confident self; but he referred continually to the pain in his head and to his nervousness: "Am in bed suffering since last night. All night

the pain torture me and I thought to go crazy. It is now three days since I am suffering terribly and nothing is good to relieve me. Imagine with what spirit I will go to sing in two hours!" And again: "No breath, a ball in my stomach, all the nerves from the nose to the neck are affected. On the top of the head I feel as if there were continual lightning. My eyes are swolled and heavy. Oh, my God, what have I done, for certainly this is a penalty!"

Caruso was always superstitious, and now he was certain that an evil fate was pursuing him. He did pathetic things to avert the catastrophe that he felt threatened him. If he met a woman hunchback the only way to avoid the misfortune that would certainly follow the encounter was to keep on walking till he met a hunchbacked man. He never passed under a ladder or wore a new suit for the first time on a Friday. Neither would he depart or arrive on Friday. There is an old Neapolitan proverb that, freely translated, means "On Friday and Tuesday never start and never leave." In one of his letters while away on this trip he recounts a series of small accidents that had occurred mysteriously during three days, and adds gravely, "I am sure that Mr. R who came to interview me yesterday is a *Jettatore*"—[one who has the evil eye]—"because he say to me, 'I do not see how you keep so well and in such good condition for so long and in traveling so much.'"

The beginning of his mortal illness is foreshadowed in his allusion to starting his tour with a little cold. "I feel

it in my chester"—[chest]—"and he will take a long time to go on." As though a vague presentiment of his death cast its shadow over him, he began to long for Italy: "I think that if I don't work any more we will go in my—our—country, and we will have a good time without to be nervous every minute. I am looking for this day and I hope God will let me arrive at such day and then my happiness will be at the height." Again he cries out like a man who is fast exhausting his strength: "I must stop to work and go back to my own country, otherwise I will go down like a fruit goes down from the tree."

CHAPTER XIII

WHEN Caruso returned from his Western trip he was a sick man. Nevertheless, he refused to consent to a consultation of physicians to discover the cause of the headaches that were gradually wearing out his strength.

He made a determined effort to appear well and strong when he was on the stage, and I think no one realized that he was suffering so much that it took all his courage and will power to conceal it from the public. To us waiting anxiously behind the scenes the strain was pitifully evident, for instead of laughing and welcoming his friends to his dressing room in his old hearty way, Caruso sat grave and silent; no one dared to joke with him or even, at times, to speak with him at all. The public, seeing him as the clown in Pagliacci or the light-hearted foolish, Nemorino in Elisir d'Amore, did not suspect how quickly the laughs and jokes gave place to the look of pain and distress that in those days was so often on his face.

On December eleventh, while singing Elisir d'Amore in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, he had a hemorrhage from the throat. He had been feeling ill all day and I fully expected his physician to forbid him to appear; but even had the doctor done so, I doubt if Caruso

would have disappointed his public. When he saw the blood pouring from his throat he was beside himself with fear. He visualized it as the end of his career—the end of everything that meant life to him. But in spite of being completely overcome he retained that sixth sense of the dramatic artist—the consciousness of the public eye—and insisted that I should go out front and take my seat as though nothing had happened.

The hemorrhage continued during the first act, and although Zirato and Mario stood in the wings with towels and handkerchiefs, and under cover of the clowning of Nemorino he could occasionally stanch the blood, the audience soon saw that something was wrong. His voice, however, in spite of his agitation, was as clear and silvery as a bell. But the people nearest the stage shouted to him to stop singing, while I, seated among them, tried to keep calm until the act was over and I could go behind the scenes. In spite of his efforts to control the hemorrhage, Caruso could not go on with the second act, and the curtain was rung down.

The next day he seemed to have entirely recovered and a few days later sang Forza del Destino as though he had never been ill in his life. As he did not complain of pain, we thought he really was better. On December sixteenth he sang Samson and Delilah, an opera which called for his greatest efforts. The following day he spoke of a pain in his side, but not wishing anyone to think he was ill, he went out in the cold winter air and bought Christmas presents and a tree for Gloria. He

walked with a little swagger, and meeting his friends, laughed and joked with them, assuring everyone he had only caught a little cold. Meanwhile his physician diagnosed the pain as intercostal neuralgia, and advised electric packs and baths. Zirato and I, watching closely, were trying to discover the connection between the hemorrhage, the pain in the side and the headaches.

Enrico had set his heart on having a real Neapolitan Christmas Eve supper after his performance of La Juive on the evening of the twenty-fourth of December. All sorts of curious dishes—mostly some form of pickled fish—had been ordered. About twenty friends were invited to come in after the opera and share the meal with him. As I was preparing a surprise and there were still some things to be done in connection with it, I did not go to the opera. In the huge fireplace I had arranged the *crèche*—the representation of the Nativity. The fireplace had been kept screened while I had been assembling the figures, and Enrico thought it was being repaired. It is a typical Italian custom to have the *crèche* at Christmastime, and I knew it would give Enrico a great deal of pleasure to see it on the first Christmas Eve in our new home.

Caruso sang magnificently that night; the people, rising to their feet to recall him again and again, had no idea that he suffered intense pain throughout the performance and that between each act restoratives were given him to enable him to continue. When he came home after the opera I was horrified at his color, which

was a curious grayish green. But he did not complain; he laughed and talked with his guests. When the *crèche* was displayed he looked at it with tears in his eyes; then taking my hand, he thanked me for giving him a Christmas from Italy.

The next morning—Christmas Day—he busied himself preparing the gold coins which it was his custom to distribute as presents among the employes of the Metropolitan, while I addressed the envelopes according to his instructions. Gloria was to have her first Christmas tree that afternoon, to which only her little cousins, Park and Betty Benjamin, Geoffrey Goddard and Marjorie, Richard and John Clark—little children of my brothers and sisters, all under five years of age—were invited. Enrico wished to trim the tree himself and arrange the gifts he had selected for his small nieces and nephews, but when the time came he seemed too tired to undertake it and sat looking on while we worked.

Suddenly, with no warning, he was seized with pain so acute that Zirato ran in haste for Dr. Francis Murray, the house physician of the Vanderbilt Hotel. Enrico meanwhile was screaming in agony. Friends flocked in from all sides with suggestions, but he continued to scream while the whole household gathered about him, terrified and helpless to relieve him. At length Mr. Luigi Caldarazzo came hastily to me and begged me to allow him to call in a diagnostician. In a short time Dr. Evan Evans arrived and immediately diagnosed the case as acute pleurisy. He gave Enrico

morphine and had him put to bed; the screams gradually subsided to feeble moans.

No one slept that night; Dr. Murray remained in the apartment watching the patient. The next morning the one who appeared in the best of health and spirits was Caruso himself. The rest of us, worn and weary eyed, looked into his room in amazement to see him sitting up in bed, working busily on a clay figure he had been modeling before he was taken ill, while the two nurses stood on one side, not knowing how to treat a patient who paid no attention whatever to them but simply did as he pleased and laughed in their dismayed faces.

When Dr. Evans came in I hastened to tell him that Enrico was better and in no pain. But that was only a brief interlude. During the day Dr. Samuel Lambert and Dr. Antonio Stella were called in for a consultation; an aspirating needle was used and the fluid which filled the lungs was drawn off. After this he felt some relief, but the infection was so great that Dr. John Erdmann, who had joined the other physicians, decided to operate at once. All the impedimenta of a sick room were sent in and the library was turned into an operating room.

An incision was made in the chest and a drainage tube inserted. Already septic broncho-pneumonia had set in, and the doctors, maintaining a splendid attitude of optimism and confidence, literally rolled up their sleeves and fought for the life of Caruso.

Meanwhile Torrance, at Enrico's request, had come to stay with me, and we were faced with a most difficult problem. In Italy it is the custom for visitors to gather around the sick bed of a friend to cheer or to console him. It was not an easy matter to explain to anxious Italian friends that the doctors would not allow anyone in the sick room, and that even I could go in only at long intervals. There was naturally a feeling among them that Enrico would recover more rapidly if he were cared for by Italian doctors. The knowledge that the famous Italian lung specialist, Doctor Stella, came every day to consult with the other physicians placated them somewhat, but we received many letters urging us to try Italian cures of various sorts, and recommending with all sincerity Italian physicians known to the writers. In the first dark hours crowds of people walked through the apartment. One day, however, a crazy man forced his way into the corridor and ran howling toward the studio. After that Zirato stationed Mr. Scholl at the entrance and no one was admitted unless he was a friend or came on business.

The newspapers published bulletins of Caruso's condition, and when the crisis of the illness approached, the churches offered prayers for his recovery. Telegrams, letters, cables poured in from all parts of the world, bringing messages of hope and sympathy, and begging for a word of news.

Zirato, as usual, did a thousand things at once. He saw reporters, attended to the banking and business,

replied to all the telegrams and cables, patiently answered innumerable questions over the telephone and in person.

Among Enrico's treasures was a large bas-relief of a Madonna and Child that had been executed by the master of the marble Madonnas in the fifteenth century. He was very fond of it, and it was in front of this Madonna that Gloria had been christened. It hung in the center of a large wall in the great drawing-room at the Vanderbilt, and beneath it stood a *credenza* on which were tall candlesticks, giving the group somewhat the appearance of an altar. While Caruso was ill a lamp burned day and night before the Madonna; many times during those sad days Torrance and I sat in front of it, waiting for news from the sick room or to hear the result of an operation. Hundreds of letters came daily containing holy pictures, relics and medals. These were all pinned around the Madonna, and soon she was surrounded on all sides by these offerings and by hundreds of good-luck charms from people of many varying religious beliefs—four-leaf clovers, sacred medals and vials of holy oil and water. There was a sprig of heather sent by an old shepherd from the moors of Scotland, a rosary from a Jewish girl, little cut-out paper figures from children all over the country who were sick themselves had sent them for Caruso "to play with." Letters written to cheer him up contained messages to "your wife and your little kid, Miss Caruso," and one young woman wrote asking his advice about two stories she was writ-

ing, one called The Diamond Stick Pin and the other The Factory Girl's Adventure.

Only the miraculous skill of the doctors kept Caruso alive. He lay moaning, *"Madonna mia, mamma mia,"* his voice a low wail of weakness. Several times he was so near death that I knelt beside his bed, my eyes fixed on his still face, only to see him breathe again and come wavering back to life. The priest from the Cathedral gave him the last sacrament. It was feared that the end had come, but apparently he drew comfort and strength from the ministrations of the priest, for he sank into a deep quiet sleep.

Days of dread and of hope followed—days when it seemed a miracle that he should live at all, days when he smiled faintly. The fever subsided and I breathed again. Six weeks passed and still the battle went on. One day the fever returned—another consultation and another operation. The drainage was imperfect and it became necessary to cut out four inches of the rib in order to insert new tubes. To prepare Caruso for the operation was a heartbreaking task. He wanted everything explained to him, and while trying not to alarm him, we always had to show him sufficient reason for any new treatment. But we had not dared to tell him that a piece of his rib had been removed; the public, too, was kept in ignorance of this fact, although, naturally any medical man, reading of the progress of the illness, knew that this was part of a regular procedure in order to drain the lungs.

After this operation he lay unconscious for some time, closer to death than to life. What fervent prayers were offered for his recovery! How many people came to ask after him only to go away with tears in their eyes! As I think of those black days certain faces stand out in my memory as if they had been flashed on a screen—Scotti and Amato in the studio, unashamedly weeping; his accompanist sitting mournfully beside the closed piano; Zirato pale and nervous, finding it harder and harder to go on with the daily routine as his friend lay dying; Nina Morgana slipping in to comfort him and to hold my hand in wordless sympathy. I see my two brothers, so calmly American among the temperamental Italians, concealing their anxiety by attending briskly to outside matters connected with the illness and talking casually of everyone but Enrico; my sister Marjorie, coming in to make me laugh over some family joke, and before leaving insisting that I go with her to the nursery to see Gloria, where in spite of the black cloud of grief that hung over me I joined in the delighted welcome and chuckles of the merry little girl playing among her toys.

And my sister Torrance, deep in a book, but always there to agree firmly with me that Enrico was going to get well, to reiterate this creed to which we both clung —that we must not allow ourselves or anyone near Enrico to become discouraged, for he would surely recover.

During his illness his friends made a path to his door —his associates in opera, his old friend Mr. John

Drew, saying, "Now, Dorothy, you must be brave." Geraldine Farrar, Madame Tetrazzini, Rosa Ponselle, who sang with him in his last performance at the Metropolitan, De Wolf Hopper, the directors of the Victor Company. Cards, flowers, telegrams, sympathy, kind wishes, hopes from thousands of the great public outside the door who somehow seemed to have come inside to share the burden with me. In the studio one morning I read messages from the Italian Chamber of Commerce, from the ballet of the Metropolitan, from the Latvia Young Peoples Association, from the little blonde in La Juive, from the elevator operator in the Boston Opera House, from the King of Italy, Big Bill Edwards, Senator Lodge, and an old colored woman who "hopes your husband will soon recover from his poor spell."

The poison began to seep through the system and Enrico had to undergo several small operations for secondary abscesses. After one of these he sank into a coma and we could not rouse him. Would he just drift off upon those uncharted seas without a word to me, without even a glance? I sat watching him, helpless to penetrate that dark oblivion and bring him back.

Zirato tiptoed into the room: "The Italian Ambassador is calling."

I replied dully, as I had done a hundred times a day, "I cannot see anyone."

Doctor Stella, who had followed Zirato, put up his hand: "Wait. Let us try. Who knows?" They

ushered in Ambassador Ricci and explained the situation. I rose and moved away. It seemed so long drawn out, this escape from life! The Ambassador looked very spruce; he had a bright carnation in his buttonhole. I remembered that Enrico, too, used to wear a flower in the lapel of his coat, and how gay and happy he looked.

The Ambassador bent over the bed. "Caruso," he said quietly, his lips close to Enrico's ear, "Enrico Caruso, you must live for your country and for your king." I drew a little nearer, impressed, even in the midst of the dull ache of sorrow, with the formality of the words. There was a slight flicker of life in Caruso's eyes; he moaned and began to speak so softly that we bent close to the bed to hear him.

"Voglio morire—voglio moirire in Italia—in mio paese!" Let me die—oh, let me die in my own country!" The Ambassador quickly took the flower from his buttonhole.

"Caruso," he repeated in a loud voice, "listen to me! This is an emblem from your king, who wants you to get well." Enrico opened his eyes as the Ambassador slipped the carnation between his limp fingers. He looked down at the flower, and then, with tears rolling down his cheeks, raised it slowly to his lips.

The Ambassador sat down beside the bed and began casually to talk as though he and Caruso were continuing an interrupted conversation. "Mr. Caruso, I think the first time I heard you sing was some twenty-two

years ago in Genoa. If I remember correctly you sang Lucia for the first time."

Caruso's eyes glowed as though a light had been set behind them. "It was in Pescatori-Di-Perle [the Pearl Fishers]," he whispered.

That was the turning point in his illness. From that time he began to improve; very slowly at first, but after a blood transfusion took place the change was more rapid. With renewed strength came that prerogative of every invalid—ill humor. No one but Zirato could prepare his food to please him, so, in addition to all the other duties, the poor secretary had to add that of chef to his repertoire.

One day he was well enough for Gloria to come in to see him. After making sure that the hollow-eyed wasted man lying in bed supported by pillows was her father, she sang Three Blind Mice to him, which to the untrained ear might have sounded like "mi-mi-mi," but was entirely satisfactory to her proud parents, who saw in their small daughter the makings of a prima donna; and as I had given her on that day, a little bell, she repeated with much pride her first Italian word, *"Campanello."*

There were still troubles ahead, for the infection had extended through the diaphragm, causing a recurrence of abscesses. Before each one developed there was a rise in temperature until the invalid was relieved by an operation. These setbacks to his recovery came as a great discouragement to Enrico. It grew more and

more difficult to manage him. Before each operation we would sit in the studio waiting anxiously to hear that he was out of danger, but as soon as the news came that all was well we would be almost hysterical with joy; and anyone not knowing the circumstances, seeing us drinking Enrico's health, would have thought us hard-hearted and selfish.

During this time I began to help Zirato with the letters that continued to pour in upon us, and in spite of the cloud of worry that never left me, I could not help being amused at some of the suggestions for Enrico's treatment contained in these communications. I was advised to go over the pain with a gold ring, to bind his lungs with adhesive plaster, to try violet rays, oil of eucalyptus, oil of pine needles, and fly plasters—these were inclosed in the letter—change of climate, wax in the ears, onions under his toes and compresses of horse-radish and castor oil anywhere at all. If no cure was suggested, the writer would assure me that he was praying for Caruso's life. Such letters—coming from all over the world, from persons in diverse occupations and in such different stations in life—were very touching. Boys and girls in Italian schools, a prisoner in the Tombs, a letter carrier in Minnesota, nuns of the Sacred Heart, a Salvation Army lassie in California—all echoed the same cry, the belief to which I clung desperately throughout Enrico's illness: "He will get well."

Visitors continued to come—anxiously, if the daily bulletin was bad, with smiles if an improvement was re-

ported. Mr. Otto Kahn made frequent visits, softly entering, real distress showing through his courtly manner; a little bootblack crept up to the door to leave a bunch of faded pansies; Geraldine Farrar, with tears in her eyes, came to ask after her dear friend and associate; a poor Irish working woman brought a holy picture "for the poor soul, God rest him." It was a study in human nature, and after living through it I can never doubt the love and sympathy of mankind. After a while we showed a few of the daily letters to Enrico. There were some that amused him and it did our hearts good to see him smile. One woman wrote: "I am a Protestant, but I have a heart," which we quoted on all occasions for days after, until it was supplanted by another message—"I cannot sing, but I love to whistle"—which Enrico received with a shout of laughter.

At last came the day when he was lifted out of bed and into a wheel chair. Zirato pushed him carefully around the apartment, and whenever the chair tipped a little Enrico cursed loudly and horribly, which, dreadful to admit, was music to our ears, because we had listened so long to his voice when it was lifeless and weak. Presently he resolutely refused to ride any longer in the chair.

"I'd rather take three steps myself than be wheeled like an invalid!" he shouted angrily. So he began to walk slowly, creeping with bowed shoulders like an old man. With his recovery his thoughts returned to his public, and he began to ask what was going on in the

world, who had been to see him, who had written, and so on. It was as though he were opening the door a trifle and peeping through it. But if the public were to have a glimpse of him, they must not see a sick man or imagine that he had lost his voice. That was nonsense! As soon as he grew stronger he would sing as well as ever, for he knew that nothing had happened to impair the lungs or the throat. So, straightening himself, with an effort he walked about the apartment, looking very tall and thin and not at all like the Caruso known to the audience of the Metropolitan Opera House.

CHAPTER XIV

CARUSO talked constantly of going back to Italy. That was the place for him to get well! he said. Let him have a summer of rest in the sunshine of Tuscany; it would be better than all the tonics he was urged to take! But he had been so near death that he was like a man who had been snatched from a terrible catastrophe; the doctors hesitated and asked him to be patient, but that virtue was not in him. He began to fret, refused to eat and lost weight. Anxiously we asked if he were in pain.

"No, no," he replied impatiently, "but I want to go to Italy. Let me go home to Italy." And I heard in that appeal, far off, like the echo of a bad dream, "Let me die in my own country. I want to die in Italy."

At last the situation reached a point when it became actually safer to give in to his keen desire than to try to persuade him to be happy in America. People have said to me, "Don't you think that Caruso would have lived if he had stayed in America?" If medical skill could have saved him I think he would have lived, but in the meantime I believe he would have died of a broken heart. If this sounds romantic, he would have died, I will say, of frustrated hopes. We were afraid that he would sink again into that melancholy depression which,

at one phase of his sickness, was as dangerous as the disease itself.

There had been no music in the house during the illness. One day Enrico walked to the studio and stood beside the piano. "What's all this?" asked Caruso, pointing to the piles of music lying about. It was the music sent him during his illness—songs by young composers. Fucito opened the piano and began playing the accompaniment of one of them—a song by John Densmore. "That's pretty," said Enrico, and he began to hum softly. Fucito went on to other songs; Caruso continued to hum and to whistle.

Outside the door the entire household gathered, the dark faces of the Italian servants smiling with pleasure at the sound of the beloved *Commendatore's* voice. But as he called to me, "Listen, Doro; this is nice, isn't it?" I turned away to the window to hide the tears that were running down my cheeks.

After the doctor's consent had been given for the return to Italy we made a visit to the X-ray laboratory to have a final picture taken of Enrico's lungs.

When the plates were completed the young physician, who had had no previous connection with the case, remarked pleasantly, "Let me congratulate you, Mr. Caruso, on the way the incision in your chest is healing. I would never think that four inches had been taken out. Already the sides of the rib have nearly joined."

I turned aghast to Enrico. We had forgotten to warn the doctor that he knew nothing of this operation on his

lung. Caruso stood pale and trembling for a moment, then he turned wildly to me: "Doro, they did not take out a rib?"

I put my arms around him and tried to keep my voice steady and encouraging. "No, no! Only a little piece of bone, dear. You heard what the doctor said. It is growing together again."

But the harm had been done. No one could deceive Caruso about anything connected with the control or mechanism of the voice. He knew that cutting out the piece of rib was like cutting a hole in a bellows. It might be patched up or repaired, but his lungs would only be as strong as that weak spot. The very knowledge that it existed could not fail to have a disastrous effect on his mind. He turned away and sighed deeply, as a man sighs who is mortally wounded.

When we returned to the apartment he went into the studio and carefully put away every sheet of music. Then, with the dramatic instinct that was almost second nature, he closed the piano and walked away.

Leaving Enrico's son in the summer camp of the Culver Military Academy, we sailed for Italy early in the summer of 1921. We did not go to Signa, but settled in Sorrento, at the Hotel Victoria, where, true to his prophecy, Enrico began to improve rapidly, growing brown in the sunshine, taking sea baths and gaining steadily in weight. Every day there was new evidence of his returning strength. Much of the time he played on the sand with Gloria, who toddled after him like a

small brown shadow. She scarcely ever left him, going with him into the water, riding on his shoulders, screaming and laughing with joy that she had so willing and devoted a playmate. And he could not bear to have her far from his side; it was almost as though he knew how short the time would be that he could hold her in his arms.

After he reached Italy, Enrico was quieter and less nervous and irritable than he had been for some time past. He had the wistful expression of a person who has suffered great pain, even when surrounded by old friends who flocked from all over Italy to see him. Many of these people were in humble walks of life—restaurant keepers, shopkeepers, farmers—but he received them with the same pleasure and sincerity with which he welcomed his more fashionable friends. He made no apology for introducing an old fisherman to a titled gentleman whose family tree extended into the fourteenth century; with the same simplicity he included them all in his friendship.

His one desire at this time was to appear strong and entirely well. He dressed with his usual immaculate care, and going to the restaurant every day, entered the dining room with the bravado of his earlier days. He began to take walks around Sorrento, and once again started to buy linens and antiques.

One day some Italian friends suggested a trip to Capri. To go there from Sorrento meant a long tiresome journey which it seemed to me would involve too

great an effort for his strength. I tried to discourage him from going, but this appeared to him the looked-for opportunity to prove to his friends that he was no longer an invalid; he insisted on making the trip. By the time we arrived in Capri he was completely exhausted, but he used all his will power and determination to conceal it. His friends had ordered a huge meal of hot meats and spaghetti, of which he ate heartily, still bent on proving that he was as well as anyone. When he returned home he collapsed and I put him to bed, but he would not stay there; he insisted on getting up and sitting by the window to watch a display of fireworks. I noticed that his face was flushed, but thinking it was the reflection of the red lights outside the windows, I did not treat this symptom seriously. When I felt his hand, it was hot, and then I soon discovered, to my consternation, that he had already a high temperature.

The next morning he was better; the fever had gone and he went about as usual. But I feared that another abscess was forming, for before leaving America the doctors had warned me that there was a possibility of such an occurrence. His friends told him, half in joke, that I was trying to keep him an invalid so as to have him all to myself; and hearing this, Enrico grew all the more determined to show the world that he was a strong, robust man.

A few days later another trip was spoken of—this time to Pompeii. The church in Pompeii was dedicated

to the Madonna whom Caruso looked upon as his patron saint, and whose picture always hung in his room. At home he had wished to make a thank offering to this church for his complete recovery, and was only too delighted to combine this purpose with a pleasure trip. Finding that my arguments to dissuade him were useless, I drew one of the company aside and told him my fears of another abscess. He laughed at me, and pointing to Caruso, asked me if I thought he looked like a sick man. Then he added that in his opinion it did Enrico good to get away from the atmosphere of the sick room. Caruso himself put an end to the argument by getting annoyed with me. So it ended in his having his own way, and we started for Pompeii.

CHAPTER XV

IT was the last week in July. The roads were white with dust and blazing in the sunshine. At Pompeii we went first to the church and then, in the company of the director of the city, made a tour of the ruins. During the day the director presented a young friend who, he said, had a great ambition to sing and he begged Caruso to give him an audition. It was arranged that the young man should come to our apartment on the following day.

As the day went on and the sun grew hotter Enrico became more tired; he looked so white and sick that I insisted on returning to the hotel. After a night's rest, however, he seemed refreshed, and at twelve o'clock he went to his studio to hear the young man, who was waiting to sing for him. Sitting on a veranda below the studio, I heard the boy's voice singing the first bars of M'appari, Caruso's famous aria from Martha. He stopped. There was a pause and all at once the music began again. I held my breath in astonishment. What a lovely voice—and then I leaped to my feet and rushed up the stairs. There was only one voice that could sing M'appari like that! I flung open the door of the studio and there, beside the piano, stood Caruso, his arms out-

stretched, a divine light of happiness in his face as the last note of the song died away.

When he saw me he shouted, "Doro, Doro, did you hear? I can sing! I can sing as well as ever! Better than ever! I can sing! Oh, my God, I can sing!"

I do not know what happened to the young tenor. Perhaps when he saw us weeping and laughing he discreetly disappeared. We thought of nothing then but the miracle. We could not believe it, and yet, there it was—the same golden voice, as powerful and sweet as ever. We told one another over and over how foolish we had been to think his voice had been weakened or injured by his illness. He had sung as easily, as freely as in his best moments, and if he could sing like that now his voice would be even better after the summer. He began happily to make plans for the coming season, his eyes shining with eagerness and anticipation and a vivid glow of pleasure lighting up his face.

Once again we saw before our eyes the great stage of the Metropolitan Opera House; we heard the applause thundering through the house as he bowed before the audience. Alas! We could not know that the aria from Martha had been the swan song of Caruso, that in a few days his voice would be hushed forever.

As we were talking freely of all we had kept hidden, we heard a little sound that made us stop and listen. Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat down the hall came stumbling little feet. We waited breathlessly while the door was pushed

cautiously open and a little dark head appeared at the opening.

"Daddy!" shouted Gloria.

In a moment he had caught her in his arms, kissing her flushed little face and telling her in a mixture of English and Italian what a big girl she was to come and find him all by herself.

Then turning to me: "Do you remember, Doro, I was just waiting for the time when Gloria would come and find me?"

That night the fever returned. I knew that something would have to be done at once, but after the happiness of the day I did not know how to break the news to him that a doctor should be sent for. Giuseppe De Luca was staying in Sorrento, and that evening I slipped away and went to see him. Between us we made a little plot that he should come to call upon us and ask me about Enrico in his presence. I would admit that I was worried by the return of fever that came now and then, and De Luca would then suggest having a doctor in, if only to put my mind to rest.

We did it all as we planned. Enrico protested irritably that it would be twenty lire thrown away for nothing, but our point was gained and immediately I telegraphed for the famous Roman doctors, Giuseppe and Raffaele Bastianelli, to come to Sorrento. After their examination they said there was undoubtedly an abscess close to the kidney and advised us to come to Rome so that X-ray pictures could be taken.

Two days later, with a temperature of 104 degrees, he dressed for his last journey as carefully as though he were going for an afternoon's stroll along Fifth Avenue; he even managed to put his hat at its usual jaunty angle and swagger down the pier. There we took a small boat to the steamer that was to carry us to Naples, where we intended to stop overnight on the way to Rome.

By the time we reached the Hotel Vesuve in Naples the pain had returned in full force and we could not go farther on the journey. The two following days are fixed in my memory as days of confusion and horror. To operate or not to operate? Was there a chance to save his life? I moved through a dense fog of misery and horror, Nannie giving me hot milk and brandy; after a sleepless night, and in the morning, someone telling me bluntly that Caruso could not live. I fought against the mortal weariness and grief that overwhelmed me. I wanted to be very calm and cold, for I had to decide what was best to be done. It seemed to me that an operation was the only means of saving his life. The surgeons had operated in New York—I must tell them at once to operate. I sprang up to burst in upon their consultation.

I opened the door just as one of the surgeons came out to me and said, "*Signora,* we dare not operate. He will live only a short time."

I was not cold and calm, but angry. They did not understand the case, that was the trouble. I knew better than the doctors. After that long battle for his life it

could not be taken away from him suddenly like this. I went to sit beside Enrico, still thinking how stupid they all were, and wondering how I could make it clear that they must not delay any longer. A doctor stood at the head of the bed. Something in his face cooled my anger and made me kneel down close to Enrico.

"Doro, I can't seem to get my breath."

"You are all right, 'Rico. Everything is all right, dear."

"Doro, don't let me die!" His eyes looked up at me full of appeal.

"He is not dying?" I cried to the doctor, who, in answer, laid the limp hand he held in his gently on the sheet and turned away.

Suddenly a piercing cry broke the stillness of the room—the wail of one lost in darkness. "Doro—Do-ro, Do-ro!" and he died.

The song is ended. The singer has gone on his way and we shall hear him no more. The road that he traveled is fairer for his music, the ears that listened to his songs are more attuned to melody. In simplicity, honesty, devotion to his art and in unflagging effort lay the secret of his success. He knew no short cut to perfection, no royal road to fame, no easy steps up the great ladder of life. In his art he kept alive the tradition of beauty, and when he died he was at the height of his triumph; he did not know the grief of departing glory nor the bitter taste of oblivion. God fastened wings to his shoulders and he flew fearlessly into the sun. So he

would be remembered, and so let us think of him—singing jubilantly in some world beyond our dreams, in a land of cypress and olive groves and vineyards, a land of soft winds and warm sunshine, a land of enchantment like his own Italy.