Manuscript: Mussolini & Italy, Chapter 1

Tarbell, Ida M.

http://hdl.handle.net/10456/37567

©Allegheny College. All rights reserved.

All materials in the Allegheny College DSpace Repository are subject to college policies and Title 17 of the U.S. Code.
Mussolini and Italy

Chapter - 1

The most powerful man in the present world is he who, at this writing, which is June 1926 - rules the Kingdom of Italy - Benito Mussolini. His boldness, decisiveness, plain speaking and prompt action take him out of the great class of shifty politicians, on whom, for the most part the world depends, and put him down - where? - Is Mussolini a "ruthless despot" as his enemies declare, or a "beneficent savior" as his followers seem to think? Or is he something in between - a little of both, with unusual common sense, vigor, contempt for muddling and a profound and rather terrifying conviction of his destiny - something that wills that he do as he does - in the manner of the man to whom observers instinctively compare him - Napoleon Bonaparte? Is Mussolini another Bonaparte? - Possibly. The parallel runs rather close so far, given the changes that 150 years have brought to the thinking and the ways of acting in the world.

Those of us in America who get our notions of foreign affairs by hastily scanning the headlines of the morning newspapers - and we are a great company - first began to pay attention to Mussolini's name about four years ago. It was in October of 1922 that we read of a strange and menacing movement stirring Italy. Men were rising in towns and cities far and wide. We were told that they were to MARCH ON ROME - "Take it". They rose at the order of one Mussolini.

There were many astonishing features about the rising - one was its openness. It announced its purpose, concealed nothing. Mussolini sat in Milan, his "home town" where he edited a paper "The People of Italy", and told Italy exactly what he and his followers proposed. They considered the Italian Government a flat failure; it had been so for years. They
were going to Rome to destroy the Ministry. It was a useless body, which could not keep itself in office for over six months at a time, and a Government which could live no longer than that was a futile Government, not having time to do more than announce a programme. He was careful to state that he had no intention of destroying any institution established and loved by the people of Italy. There was the Monarchy — There was the Church — They were not marching on Rome to destroy them nor were they attempting to destroy the hated thing capitalism. It was the politicians, the men who, promising everything, yet did nothing. Each group of them only added to the disorganization which had tormented Italy even for long years before the war. They day was over.

Men called the MARCH ON ROME the beginning of a revolution, but if Mussolini meant what he said, it was no conventional revolution he proposed. There is a well recognized recipe for revolution. They must begin by destruction of established things. The conventional cry is: "We must build from the bottom, that which is must be levelled to the ground"*, but this was not Mussolini's idea, at least when he started his followers to Rome. The name of his party shows that — Fascist, which, being liberally translated, meant by this time the Scouring or Purging Party. (A more accurate name for it we shall see later.) It proposed by this time to bind the people of Italy together to save whatever was good in the State, to arouse the people to act as one and not as twenty warring parties. I suppose that, in America, we would have called the Fascists of October 1922 "THE GET TOGETHER PARTY".

But it was not the word Fascist which we readers of headlines remembered; it was "BLACK SHIRTS". Those thousands of men rising in Italy wore not khaki, blue, or red, but plain black shirts. It sounded sinister. It was hard to think of armed bands in black marching gaily to music. It was hard to think of yourself throwing down your work and going to look at them, as we do at the blue or gray or red coats. The March on Rome seemed much more threatening to us across the seas because the men wore black shirts.

We can well believe that if such a movement had started in the United
States, that is if armed, trained men, members of the democratic or republican party should have begun together in Boston, New York, Cleveland, Chicago, Denver and San Francisco, threatening to march on Washington and destroy a Congress that had been dilly-dallying with needed legislation, promising and not performing for months and months, well, although we might have felt that action was needed in Washington, we certainly would have considered that form of uprising a case for the militia, and there would have been, we can believe, prompt action.

The Italian Government, however, seemed incapable of prompt action. It was only after the Black Shirts were well on their way that the head of the Government concluded to declare martial law; that meant civil war, for there was nobody in Italy that doubted for a moment that the Black Shirts would hesitate to fight their way to Rome, if their peaceful march there was impeded.

Martial law was declared, but the head of the Government, who had proclaimed it, had neglected before announcing the measure, to lay his law before His Majesty the King, as the statutes required. When, after the proclamation, he brought the law to the King, he was told to revoke the decree. The Black Shirts were to be allowed to march undisturbed to Rome. The King seems to have made up his mind that a Government not strong enough to prevent a political party rising, arming and putting into action an army of its own would not be strong enough to deal with that army. His Majesty seems to have realized that here at last, in his Kingdom, a party had arisen that knew how to decide, to act, to govern itself, and to have thought that it might be wise to incorporate that party peacefully into the Government. At all events, in his judgement, the man who had led in this movement should be represented in the Government. The upshot of it was that, on the morning of October, 28, 1922, a message came from Rome to Mussolini, sitting in his editorial office in Milan, asking him to take a portfolio in the Cabinet under one Salandra. His answer was bold and decisive, like himself. "I will not go to Rome" he said, "unless
I can form a Government. I will not leave Milan again unless it is at the head of the Black Shirts army."

They seem to have realized in Rome that Mussolini meant what he said, and the next day a telephone message came to him "would he come and form a Government of his own. He was good enough to reply "Yes, certainly" -- "I thank His Majesty," and he also added that he would like to have the mandate confirmed by telegram. Half an hour later this telegram was delivered:--

"His Majesty the King begs you to come at once to Rome and wishes to offer you the task of forming a Ministry."

The next morning Mussolini was there, greeted the King, formed his Cabinet, ordered his Black Shirts to go back home, all within a few hours, without fuss or ceremony. And these things done, he turned with a sign of relief to his amazed and breathless companions.

"Now," said he, "let us get down to work."

Little did Italian officialdom realize what that meant. They had their first lesson the day that Mussolini appeared in the office of the Premier. A former employee, a member of his staff at his headquarters, once told me what happened.

"We always straggled to our office at our own convenience. Hours were set up but never kept. Ten, eleven, was early enough, and nobody thought of changing his habits because there was a new Premier, even if he was one who had come in by the door of Revolution. We were so used to new Premiers in Rome. But they did not know our Mussolini. He came to work at nine sharp his first morning and there was nobody there."

"The next day, when we came in -- at our convenience, there was a full list of employees posted, and after the names was a space for the hour of arrival. Nine o'clock was written that day after Mussolini's name and no other."
This story, with variations, circulated over Italy, creating a deeper impression than any number of new laws or decrees could have done. They were used to both, but going to work at 9 was something new. It was a sober reality that everybody understood and hard-working men and women, and there were hundreds of thousands of them in Italy who went to work long before 9 rubbed their hands with glee. This was something real.

A second action was not less revolutionary and gave equal joy to working men and women. The war, the general disorganization, the constant changes in Governments, had resulted in building up many departments which had become useless. Their work had been done, but they had been allowed to live. Ministries, departments, committees overlapped. The result of this was that the pay rolls of the Government were loaded down with people who had little or no work, and were allowed to keep their useless offices because the rapidly succeeding Ministries feared to lose votes if they interfered with them. There was a large class of what was spoken of facetiously in Italy as "Two hat men." These were men who, having no work to do in the positions from which they drew salaries, and who wished to be on the safe side, owned two hats, one which they were daily while they went off about their personal business, and one which they kept hanging in their offices. If someone called to see them, if their superior inquired for the, an attendant said "He is somewhere about because there is his hat." It was a great joke, but not a joke to Mussolini's liking and almost as soon as the 9 o'clock rule was established, the order went out to cut off the pay roll all two hat men.

There was a general consolidation of departments - the cutting out of unnecessary committees, the making one bureau do the work that ten or more had formerly done. It is said as many as fifty bureaux have now been consolidated. One sensible economy Mussolini ordered was a central agency for buying for the entire government machine, instead of allowing each department to make its own purchases. Pensions are being handled in the same way, that is, under a single head, instead
of by the Ministry concerned. We knew, from the little we have done in this line in our own government, what a saving there is by such consolidations, and by the thinning out of personnel which results. The number displaced in Italy went into thousands.

This severe trimming extended to the army. There was an expensive Royal Guard, a most decorative body but, in Mussolini's judgment, expensive decoration was one of the evils of the Italian Government. He disbanded the guard. His Fascist army cost little. Its members could be kept at useful work and depended upon to appear if needed, so that the Royal Guard went.

Not only the departments, and the army felt the axe, - there were the railroads. They are run by the State of Italy. Their pay rolls also were overloaded with useless and half-useless employees. They not only had their salaries and wages, but they enjoyed perquisites, not unlike those of the employees of the departments. They were not particular about hours, with the result that the Italian railroads service was continually behind time. When Mussolini marched on Rome employees were not only slack about their duty, they enjoyed passes for themselves and families often than not sold them. The very ticket agents, who sold you your transportation might ask for a fee, and, as for the safety of your luggage, there was none. Thefts were the rule of the day. If they were not the work of trainmen, trainmen winked at them.

"Put an end to all this disorganization." Mussolini ordered. No delay about carrying out an order was tolerated, no excuse accepted. He decided, on taking charge of things, to change his State Department from one Palace to another. "It will take a month to transfer the archives" he was told. "It must be done in a week. You can have 1,000 men and 400 trucks if you wish, but every scrap concerning this department must be ready for me at our new Headquarters eight days from now" - and it was.
It was the reports of such drastic actions as these coming to us in America that made us feel that, however revolutionary and unconstitutional Mussolini's first acts as head of the Italian Government had been, however much of a despot he might be — and there was no doubt that he was one — indeed he quite frankly said that he proposed to be one — Italy had certainly had a new kind of revolution, that a new kind of tyrant had appeared in the world. Of course, everybody said that could not last, that no country would endure such high-handed action, that he had violated all our accepted canons of ordered Government, also that he was violating all the accepted canons of revolutionary Government. Mussolini could not last.

But he has lasted four years, and he has gone on violating steadily both constitutional and revolutionary formulae. He has done nothing according to the recipes and what have we now in Italy four years after the March on Rome? What is Mussolini's showing? It is something which has made the world take notice, whatever the theoretical attitude towards his methods. Something that stamps it as the most notable experiment in governing, which the present world is seeing. Mussolini and his followers have taken every chance to make it clear that their four years of life have justified themselves. With their talent for dramatic titles, they have summed up these four years of labour in a name which captures the imagination, like that which first attracted our attention. It was the March on Rome, which, as I have said, first fixed Mussolini's name in the minds of the great American Public, indifferent to what is going on across the seas. The celebration this year of their first four years of life carried with it a similar striking title, the Napoleonic Year is what the Fascists call 1926. It shows not only what they think of their work, but how deeply they feel the parallel between this Italian Leader and the Corsican.

Mussolini apparently never misses a dramatic appeal. On April 21st he celebrated with splendid ceremonies the 2,680th birthday of the founding of Rome, and succeeded somehow in thrilling even us far-away readers, with a sense
of the splendour of such a history - awakening in us an almost passionate desire that Rome should see again something of her old glory. One of the announcements which distinguished the day was the program for improving the City. To those who knew and love Rome, it carried a bit of alarm, as well as not a little stimulating the imagination - for the improvements included enlarging old streets, opening a new street, disentangling ancient monuments from the mass of buildings that had grown up around them, and one wondered what the result would be, if it meant scrapping moss-grown walls and putting in new bricks where the old had fallen out.

However, there were practical features to that program of improvements, which a practical world, more interested in the lives of common men and women than they have ever been in history, must applaud, for one of its chief features was building a new quarter for working people, and the Head of the Treasury, Volpi, announced that the money for the building of these workmen's houses was already available.

The most impressive feature of the Napoleonic Year and the one the Fascist ascent hardest is told by figures. "Figures do not rule the world," said Goethe, "but they show how it is ruled." Certainly the figures that are laid before us in this Napoleonic Year of Fascism are impressive. You understand them better by comparing the figures of today with those of say five years ago. What this showing has cost Italy is not our present consideration. Let us take the figures, and those that I quote can be depended upon. They come from outside American sources.

Not everybody in the United States understands perhaps the practical work in the interests of American Exporters and Investors that is being done by Secretary Hoover in the Bureau of Commerce, or by the American Chamber of Commerce. These two organizations - one public and the other private, or at least semi-private, - keep, in the various countries of Europe, experts studying the actual financial and industrial situations, in order to give our people the exact conditions that they will find in any foreign country, where they wish to take their goods or place their money. The figures they give us must be entirely non-political or
or worthless. Unless they are accurate they must mislead the very persons they exist to aid. Experienced and honest men are chosen to make and report these investigations and according to their figures, Mussolini's showing in his Napoleonic Year is more than impressive.

Take Italy's Income and Expenses six years ago, and trace the changes under Mussolini. In round numbers, translated into dollars, the country spent about 754 million dollars more than her income in 1920-1921. The year following 1921-22 the year of the March on Rome, things were a little better, but she was still nearly 730,000,000 dollars behind. The first year of the new government her shortage fell to something like 141,500,000 dollars, the next year it was down to 18,000,000 and in 1924-5 for the first time in fifteen years, Income and Outgo balanced, with a surplus, the largest surplus that modern Italy, now sixty years old, has ever had, something like 9,000,000 dollars.

The Railroad which under the State Management has for many years spent more than they earned, reported a surplus of something like 7,000,000 dollars.

How have they done it? By a summary cutting off of unnecessary employees, by a lopping off of departments and drastic consolidation of those imperatively needed, by attacking waste of all kinds, economies, in short go for to account for the increase in Italy's income. There are, however, other things bringing in money. In his first year Mussolini ordered a thorough overhauling of the existing tax system. In Italy as in our country and possibly in all countries, there was an army of tax dodgers, people who concealed assets or lied about them. The Fascists had no mercy on them. Their possessions were dragged to the light and taxed to the full. Moreover, they were made to pay back taxes, which amounted to a tidy sum. Certain established taxes, favorites with the mass of people were boldly dropped; there was the Inheritance Tax, which the Fascists decided did not yield enough to pay for the cost of collection. Also sur-taxes were likewise dropped, but they more than made up for this by extending the reach of the Income Tax to all classes of workers as well as farmers.
The duties on goods brought in from foreign countries were hoisted till they almost equalled those levied by the United States. Now all that means money, and to date it has, as I have said, resulted in a tidy sum in the bank for Italy at the end of her last fiscal year - 1925.

The condition of the Treasury is one significant indication of how a country is getting on. Another, even more significant, since upon it in the long run depends the condition of the Treasury, is whether or no people are at work - that is, it is by the number of employed, the amount of unemployment, that we rightly judge the material condition of a country, and Mussolini has a right to be proud of the work that has been found for people under his rule. If we run back as far as 1919, the official figures show that there were in that year an average of some 300,000 people out of work, it was a little better the next year, but, in 1921, worse again and the year that saw the March on Rome, was very dreadful, over 400,000 people on an average, and in January of that year 1922 it was over 600,000. Ever since, however, there has been a steady improvement. December, January and February are the worst months in Italy for working people - it is then that the Masons, Farmers, and all sorts of outside workers are unable to carry on operations because of the weather, particularly in the north, but, under the stimulus of the new order of things, seasonal difficulties have counted far less than usual. Men worked, when before they thought they could not work, management carried on when before it had closed down. There has been a steady improvement in Winter work, and last year 1925 January and February saw only about 156,000 men idle, and this year 1926 the average for the two months was less.

This result is only to be expected in a government whose chief thesis is that all must work. Work, work continuously, has been Mussolini's repeated order. Rarely does he make a speech that he does not talk of the duty to Italy, of having some kind of continuous productive task on hand. "We have done too much talking, talked ourselves into bankruptcy," is the substance of his preachment, "now we must work ourselves into solvency." The substance of this doctrine has gone into the
"Facist Party Program for 1926" which is another distinguishing feature of the Napoleonic Year. All Fascisti, sayd the program "must become members of the various syndicates, because privileged beings, whose sole aim in life is to enjoy the fruits of the work of others, cannot and must not be permitted to exist."

Here is, you see, a direct attack by the Ruler of Italy on idleness and what we call parasites, and all of those who attempt to find an easy place in the world, where somebody else, it little matters who, will support them.

But I take it that the test of this, for people like ourselves, living in a democratic state, — that kind of state which Mussolini characterises contemptuously as "libera, agnostic and pussilanimous" — is in seeing with our own eyes how it works. How does life in Italy today look and feel, under this out-and-out despot. That you can only tell by going up and down the country.

Your first impressions come from your experiences with money. You have learned at school that a Lira, the piece of money in which the Italians do their reckoning, as the French do in France and the English in shillings, is twenty cents — as a matter of fact it is a little less, — but for easy calculation call it 20 cents, 5 Lire to a dollar.

You know of course that Italian money is, and has been for a long time, "down," depreciated; but you are hardly prepared for the handful of paper you will receive for, say, $100.00. Instead of 500 Lire, as you have in mind it ought to be, it will be at this writing not less than 3000. that is the Lire instead of being worth twenty cents, is worth only three and four cents.

All your calculations are thrown into confusion. What about fees, what shall you give? Once you considered a Lira generous for some simple service, but if it is worth only three or four cents it is too little. Five Lira sounds excessive but you give five and discover that as a fact you are still two or three cents ahead.

You must consider what this Lira is worth only only when you are buying but when you try to understand how things are going in the country. Take the figures quoted above showing how the yearly deficit has been cut down by Mussolini.
The reports you consult show that the government ran behind seventeen and a half billion lire that year. You divide by five and have three and a half billion dollars but that gives an entirely wrong idea of the amount of money that Italy spends on national housekeeping. Look up that Lira in 1920-21 and you will find it was worth only 4.35 of a cent instead of twenty as you had reckoned, so that the deficit in that year was not three and a half billions of dollars but somewhere around 754 million.

These experiences are disquieting. They make you feel that your time in Italy is going to be spent in multiplying and dividing. As a matter of fact there are not a few Americans today who seem so to spend their time. They are constantly calculating the cost of living in this country or that under a depreciated currency and they shift countries as the franc or the lira goes up or down. In Rome with the wealth of the ages outside, they sit among the money changers and estimate where they can get the most for their good American dollars. It is not a sight to make one proud of his countrymen. But if you do not like that sort of thing, do not want to make money out of a country which is having a hard time, and where you feel you are getting stimulus and knowledge you ought to be glad to pay for generously, you will soon observe that the Italians do not like it either, and are making good care to keep up their end. This is particularly true of tourist hotels and shops, which naturally have little sympathy with the class of foreigners that come to their country solely to save money. Mussolini is with them in this, as he made quite clear early in the year when he and the Austrians had a hot debate over his conduct of the South Tyrol.

This particular part of Northeastern Italy, after having long been under Austrian rule, came back to Italy by the Treaty of Versailles, but the Germans and Austrians in the redeemed provinces did not give up easily. They soon were carrying on an active anti-Italian campaign among those whom they had governed for so long. Before the March on Rome, Mussolini was criticising the Government severely for not putting a stop to these foreign activities. When he came into power he undertook at once to degermanize the South Tyrol. There were many families of Italian origin whose names had become Germanized, - he ordered them returned to their original
form. The names of towns and of their streets, squares, public buildings all showed the results of the long foreign occupation, and these were ordered changed. The town which the King of Italy laid in July of this year the corner stone of a great arch raised to celebrate the return of the territory formerly known as Botzen is now Bolzano. You are no longer supposed to ask for a gasse (street) in Bolzano but for a via - not for the kirche (church) but for Chiesa - not for a Plaz but a Piazza. As most of the inhabitants speak only German and many of them resent the changes, going about is confusing and sometimes an embarrassment. It is a kind of confusion common enough in many parts of Europe at the moment however.

There was much bitter criticism in Central Europe of Mussolini's rigorous treatment of the South Tyrol. Early this year Mussolini spoke his mind.

"We have planted our flag on the Brennan Pass" he said. "It is there by the Treaty of Versailles. The flag of Italy goes forward, never back."

These words startled Europe, naturally nervous when she heard of flags being carried forward. Mussolini was exasperated by the excitement. "What fools our enemies are" he cried. "Mussolini has no intention of seizing territory that does not belong to him. When he says the flag will never go back, he means that it shall remain on the Brennan Pass where the Treaty of Versailles put it. It is a warning to those who would take South Tyrol away from us. It is ours, and we intend to stay there."

The Austrians threatened to retaliate by buying no more Italian goods, and cutting off a stream of tourists. Mussolini was not disturbed. "Very well", he said, "buy no more of our goods and we will buy no more of yours. As to the tourists, we are eminently hospitable, but let us say once for all that Italy lives by other means; moreover many of your tourists come to Italy to economise, not to spend money."

This was a bold answer to the foreigners, but it was also a sound preaching to the Italians. Part of Mussolini's self imposed task as dictator seems to be to arouse his countrymen to entire self reliance and entire self respect. Evidently it is his opinion that any national income gained by cringing is too dearly bought.
But this is not to say that Italy under Mussolini is neglecting the foreign tourist. Far from it. Tourists leave annually something like $120 million in Italy, and this sum does not include the money that they spend on what are called the little industries that is the variety of articles suitable for gifts and souvenirs which the Italians make almost entirely for tourist trade. They are more numerous and more attractive on the whole that you find in any other country, even France, including various kinds of mosaics, filigree and carved silver, Roman scarves, local potteries, leather goods, Venetian glass and lace, gay silks and a great variety of embroideries.

The tourist industry is as carefully protected in Italy as in Florida. A special government department has long looked after its needs and under the present rule various things have been done to smooth the tourists' path. Formerly he was annoyed and bewildered by the number of small taxes imposed by towns and roaring clubs. He was continually forced to buy stamps to put on this or that. It was less the amount than the vexation. Soon after Mussolini came in these taxes were abolished and one of 8% on the de luxe hotels of 4% on the first and second class hotels, with a lira for each meal, is put on your bill so you have no bother about it.

Many people have the idea that travel in Italy is interfered with these days, that anybody who enters is suspect, that luggage is searched for incriminating papers and that he is under surveillance from the time he enters until the time he leaves. On the contrary the tourist's baggage is scarcely glanced at, nobody pays any attention to him. He is too familiar a type. He is not even troubled with a demand to register unless indeed he stays on for more than two months. Then he is asked to declare his purpose. This has long been a requirement in more than one European country, and has grown largely out of the numbers of political agitators who for years have been turned out of their own countries to seek asylums elsewhere, and often used the shelter given them as a chance to stir up trouble in their new home. There is no doubt of the harshness and prompt action of the Mussolini Government if they find they are harboring not a bona fide tourist, but a political propagandist. He is shipped out in short order.

Not a few stories are in circulation in Paris and London of the harsh treatment of American and English visitors, their arrest and imprisonment, and their final ejection from the country. I heard in Paris of a compatriot who had just come from six months in a Roman prison, kept there because an Italian had accused
him of taking Mussolini's name in vain. The story was told me as a warning of the
care with which I must go about in Italy. I took pains to get the facts of the
matter, and it turned out that this particular victim had resented the rudeness of a
young Italian in pushing him out of his place in a line at some sight-seeing function.
The quarrel had been carried outside, and finally the American had been arrested on
the charge that he had reviled Mussolini, whose name he insisted - truthfully, beyond
a question, he had not even mentioned. He was arrested and imprisoned, and it took a
week - not six months - to get him out. His fault, no doubt, was bumptiousness, and
the Italian took advantage of the ordinance against speaking lightly of the present
head of the government, to make a false accusation.

Irritable travelers, and travelers who have "celebrated" to a point of
not knowing what they are doing, not infrequently get into trouble these days with a
chauffer or gendarme who can always secure their imprisonment by swearing that they
abused Mussolini. Even if it is irritating and foolish, this can hardly be called
persecution. If, however, they really had abused Mussolini in public it would be a
different matter. There seems to be no question at all of the harshness of the
authorities with foreigners who carry on political discussion in the streets and cafes
of the Italian cities. But there is a question, however, whether any foreigner,
knowing what the present laws of the country are, has a just complaint if he insists
on disobeying them. As long as the Italians support such ordinances it is hardly
his business to defy them.

The greatest single contribution to the tourist's comfort has come from
from the transformation of the railroads. The satisfaction is the greater because
of the contrast with what it used to be. Cleanliness, courtesy and promptness
are obviously sought. The relief of not having to watch your luggage every moment
is immense. I find that Italians who have been accustomed to go about their
country freely appreciate this particularly. One Italian woman to whom I talked said
that before the reforms in railroad service, she always carried with her in travelling
a chain and padlock, and locked her bags in the rack when she left her carriage
for a walk on the platform or for the dining car. That certainly is no longer necessary. A conclusive proof that thieving has fallen off, if not entirely disappeared, is found in the annual finance reports of railroads. Formerly large sums were paid annually to satisfy claims for lost and stolen luggage. In 1921-22 it was nearly $5,000,000 for thefts alone. A well organized band of thieves was protected by and included many railway employees, carried on this business, very much as our gangs in New York and Chicago carry on their raids with more or less cooperation from policemen. The present head of the Railways when he came into office four years ago, at once organized a force of Fascists for cleaning up this troublesome gang. The force dealt vigorously and sometimes violently with the mauraunders, but the results seem to have justified their activity.

The promptness of service is everywhere noticeable to one who remembers the old days. I have never had anywhere, in any country, as quick handling of luggage as in coming into Rome from Paris. Exactly thirty minutes after I reached my hotel my trunk was in my room. In Paris it had taken four hours. In New York it would have taken at least fifteen if I had arrived at 6 p.m. as I did in both the foreign towns.

Something of Mussolini’s “do it at once” spirit seems to have passed on to both railroad and hotel services, but there is little of the old rushing and shouting in the big stations. Now and then to be sure some unreconstructed porter fights for your bags, but the Fascist guard makes short work of him.

Cleanliness and order, in the large cities at least, break down all our old notions of the conditions in Italian towns. Take Rome. There is no doubt of her plight when Mussolini first formed his government. Rome had been neglected through the war of course, as were the big cities of all the belligerants. Man power and money power had been turned in other directions, so that everywhere cities became shabby. But in Rome the Town Council not even used the resources they had, they were so busy with political squabbles. I have been told that they carried their rows over international affairs and political doctrines to the point of hurling cabbages
at each other and in the meantime the garbage heaped up in the streets.

The Rome Council, however, bad as it was, never became as great a scandal as that of Bologna, Milan, Genoa and many other smaller towns.

Mussolini has ousted the old councils root and branch and substituted a form of municipal government not unlike our town commissions. A Governor is at the head of the body, which is made up of representatives from the leading syndicates into which the people are now divided. This Governor corresponds to our city manager. This body is required to attend to town affairs and nothing else. It has already brought about striking changes in Rome. One most welcome is cleanliness. That is one of the cleanest cities I know. I have driven miles through her narrowest and most crowded streets, the kind so hard to take care of anywhere, and they certainly are no worse than those on the Lower East Side of New York.

The town buzzes with repairing in some parts of the town. The streets must have been almost impassable four years ago. Miles of new pavements have been laid and miles more are planned. The street railways which originally were run through not around the fine old squares, spoiling their beauty and repose, are rapidly making the changes, an immense improvement. There is much tearing down of old buildings to put up new, but never in these changes is any stone of old Rome destroyed. If a bit of wall stands in the way of a street, the street makes way. If it stands on the ground wanted for a magnificent hotel or apartment house, the building is planned so as to throw the ancient possession into relief, even if it means sacrificing a story or two. This same regard is had for trees, - the street makes way for them.

There is much tearing down of old buildings to bring out beautiful old structures long hidden. This is of course in the line of the program for improving Rome which I spoke of above, and it would be going much faster but for the lack of money, for Mussolini has deeply at heart the arousing in the Italians of greater love and knowledge of part of their towns and cities. A part of the present educational program is acquainting children with their own towns, their treasures, their history. From that they are led on to study the Province in which their town lies, to make
pilgrimages to its most important cities and churches, and to all of them is held up
the duty of sooner or later visiting Rome. This has been going on for at least three
years. The result is that one of the first things that the tourist notices, particu-
larly on Sundays, are the great number of Italians in the Museums and churches. It
is a most impressive sight, for they come from all classes, and from far and near-
peasants, soldiers, shop keepers, teachers, always multitudes of children and young
people. I have never in any foreign city seen so many of the people of the country
in the Museums and churches as in Rome.

Many of the sight seers are infinitely touching in their appreciation,
 enjoyment, efforts to understand. I followed for a long time one Sunday in the Capitoline
Museum a sturdy big working man with a frail little girl. He was picking out for her
the statues of children in the galleries - the boy with a thorn in his foot - the
little girl protecting her dove from the snake. She could understand these and her
interest was beautiful to see. Another day I joined a peasant woman in heavy shoes,
bare head, apron over her long full skirt, a gay corset showing under the little shawl
over her shoulders. Two things interested her particularly; - one a joy - the
beauty of the marble draperies - "Bella bella" she would say stroking them - the other
a pain - most of the figures whose graceful folds so pleased her had no heads. She
would shake her own disconsolately and make a gesture to show she supposed they had
been beheaded. Victims of religious persecution she no doubt thought them.

This familiarizing Italians with their country's past is no mere romantic
notion of Mussolini's, it is a practical part of his program. That program, if I
understand it, depends primarily on rousing enthusiasm for Italy, enthusiasm enough
to make these people work and take on the severe discipline that he asks of them.
He believes, and of course he is entirely right in that, that your love of your
country depends on your knowledge of and interest in her past. Therefore, to carry
out the program he has begun to teach the people what a rich inheritance they have.
He often makes of his own public appearances something memorable and dramatic that
will stir the observer to a feeling for the past. No one understands stage business
better than he does. When he goes forth there is always sure to be an appeal to the eye and a filip to the imagination. It is not the appeal of gold lace and crimson robes, though on occasions he wears a good deal of gold lace. Usually the appeal is one of severe simplicity, calculated economy. Again he gets his effect by the background he chooses.

On the fourty if July this year, the fact that it was our great national festival had nothing to do with it, Mussolini reviewed the troops in the garrisons about Rome. The parade might have been staged in any one of the great public squares, but with them soldiers and citizens are quite familiar. They cross them every day, beautiful as they are they awake no unusual emotion. But no Italian could have marched on the ground which Mussolini chose for this review without pride and a little awe.

The troops were reviewed in the fields which surround the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. These ruins lie to the South of the city at the beginning of the Appian Way — that old Roman road — the first to cross Italy to the Adriatic. More pompous and terrible processions have filed over that road than over any other in all the world. There are numbers of awesome ruins in and around Rome, but none that compares with these baths. Their vastness, their separation from the city, their severity, for they have been stripped of every decoration, all contribute to the impression they make. They are the only thing in all Rome to silence at least one bumptious American Tourist. He couldn't "see" the Forum at all, too crowded; as to the Coliseum, "give me the Harvard Stadium or Yale Bowl;" but when he stood within the Baths of Caracalla and gazed at the great walls and arches, he was completely overwhelmed. "Makes us look like pikers" he muttered.

Of course he might possible and might probably did add later in order to get back his full measure of national satisfaction — the reflection that it is much better to have a bath room in every apartment as the United States aims to do, than to send men and women to the edge of the town for a bath, however magnificent the surroundings or brilliant the social life when they got there, but for the moment he was completely subdued.
It was under these vast broken and towering ruins that on July 4th Mussolini reviewed his "Roman Cohorts" as the fascist newspapers call them. He was the simplest of figures but strangely imposing. In riding costume, high spurred boots, light full trousers, the conventional black coat, correct tie, a handkerchief showing from an open side pocket, hat and gloves in his left hand, the hand resting throughout the review on his left hip, he reviewed the troops, giving them the old Roman salute, i.e., the arm raised to its full height, hand wide open, palm out, and the troops gave in reply the cry A noi - A nobis.

It was transporting, as no doubt he intended it should be. For a moment at least even the dullest of the men must have felt something of the glory of Rome's past, and have been ready to take more understandingly the Fascist oath:

"In the name of God and Italy, in the name of all those who have sacrificed their lives for the greatness of Italy, I swear to consecrate myself for all time to the welfare of Italy."

There has been a good deal of jeering, particularly outside of Italy, at Mussolini's appeals to the past, his talking of Legions, Cohorts, Imperial Rome, his ancient salutes and cries. People accuse him of posturing, self dramatising, ask when he will begin to speak of himself of Mussolini Caesar! But this is to take for granted that the men is seeking merely personal power. It is far from the truth. If one is willing to take the trouble to try to understand what is now going on in Italy, to study the events which led to the march on Rome, and to the gradual development of policy since, he cannot escape the conviction that Mussolini has an objective and that he is doing his utmost to make it clear to all the people of Italy.

That objective is concerned with the little piece of money that gives you so much annoyance when you first come into Italy. The lira is "aemic," as he recently said; his business is to bring it back to good health, to make it strong enough to take its old place among the moneys of the world - to resume its former respectable relations to English pounds and American dollars. Everything that he does or has done since he became master of the situation, even to his Roman salute,
is related to that objective.

"But why is the life sick?" you hear people ask. "The budget has been balanced. There is a surplus. What more is there to do?" Back of a State's income, or that which produces income, is its wealth. If the country has vast territory and large natural resources with the money to develop them - as we have - it is rich; it can bear even the tremendous demands on its wealth of a World's War - as we did without disturbance of its credit. But if a country is small with inadequate natural resources and with little money laid up to develop what she has, unexpected demands like those of the Great War throw all her calculations into confusion, load her down with debt and destroy her credit, or at least put it under suspicion.

Italy is small - in acres only a little over twice as large as the state of Florida, which so resembles her in outline and length of coast line. Like Florida she has much land which is not tillable - only her land is in rocky heights, Florida's in swamps.

Besides, Italy has almost none of those things which are necessary to carry on modern industries. She has no coal, so she must buy it in England or Germany or from us - wherever she can get it at best advantage. Italy is at the mercy of everything that disturbs the coal business in a country on which she has been depending. Thus the English coal strike disturbed her industrial life. Then she has no oil, but must buy it from us or from Russia or from the Eastern oil companies. She has no iron ore, and again must go abroad for it. Think of the slight the United States would be in if all her ore beds were exhausted, her coal seams emptied, her oil wells dry. What would she do? Italy has to find a way if she is to run railways and automobiles and factories, and it is costly business for her.

Now this small and poor land must feed a population of something over 42,000,000 - which is over one third of that of the United States. Italy counts her income as something like $39.00 a person. We count ours at $606 a person. That is in the United States, taking our people as a whole, we have six times as much money to spend on every man, woman and child in the country as Italy has.
The result of this is that we actually do eat and wear well to six times as much as the Italians. The following little sketches show graphically the average amount of certain necessary articles consumed annually by the Italian and by the American:

Here is the size of a workman's market basket in Philadelphia compared to the size of his basket in Rome (#1)

Here is the size of the Italian bag of flour compared with that of the United States (#2)

Here is the tobacco smoked by an Italian and an American, the comparative size of the two sugar bowls, the amount of the coffee in his cup compared with that which goes into ours. (3) (4) (5).

Scientists studying these figures and translating them into calories, insist that the Italian workers are not getting proper nutrition. They say that a man who works eight hours a day should have 3,300 calories — that the German, English and French workers all get considerably more — but that the Italian has only about 3,100. Whatever the scientists say, the Italian people as a whole look well fed — their color is good, their eyes bright and they are models of industry, save in the South, where heat and government neglect have kept them in a low state.

They are a credit to a wheat and cereal diet. Flour of one kind or another is the base of their food. A loaf of dark bread, a bit of coarse cheese, an onion, and a bottle of the native wine makes the meal of great numbers of hard working Italians. If there is a little more money to spend, macaroni and various forms of flour paste are used in a variety of excellent dishes. They make the paste up in pockets and rolls and stuff them with bits of chopped meat and vegetables, in stews flavored with cheese, in soufflées delicate and appetizing. Each town has its specialty with cooks who do it better than anybody else — Signorina This or That being famous for her minestre or risotto or agnolotti or ravioli, just as we Mrs. This or That is distinguished for her waffles or creamed potatoes or strawberry short cake.
This dependence on wheat for the bulk of their food explains why they watch so anxiously the annual wheat yield. It is not as with us that we may know how much we are going to have over and above our meals to sell to the rest of the world, and so add to our wealth — it is to know how much of their limited income they must give us or some other nation in order to have bread enough to eat. They buy annually — depending on the weather-twenty-five percent of the wheat they use for Take this situation today when their money is so low. If the Italians buy wheat in America, and they do a great deal, they must pay Chicago prices, and pay in their depreciated money. That makes expensive living. It explains why bread is so high in Italy, and why it has constantly gone up. It explains why a poor harvest sends shivers through the whole country, and particularly depresses the "aenemic" little lira.

The war of course has complicated greatly Italy's problem of handling a big population in a small country poorly endowed with essential natural resources.

When the war began there was an immediate influx of Italians from the belligerant nations rushing home to be fed in the country where there was already not enough to eat. After she entered the war the sufferings of her army and population were as great at least as that of any other warring land. A terrible scourge of influenza added to her distress just as the war was ended. It is said that nearly a million of the Italian people died at this time, and the doctors attributed this great loss of life largely to malnutrition. Hundreds of thousands were weakened and for a long time incapable of a hard day's work.

We Americans, I think, can hardly realize the body blow to Italy that we gave when we decided just after the war to cut down the number of emigrants that we would allow her to send into the United States. We have been for many years a Land of Promise to Italians, and everyone knows that we have had from her many good citizens and admirable craftsmen, if we have had a certain number of criminals, and here in the hour of her greatest need we closed our doors to the numbers ready to flock over. It is our fight and duty, to protect our own citizenship, but we should not forget that all
countries are obliged to find outlets for surplus population. That even we with our vast territory must seek markets in all parts of the earth for our goods and that our youth follow the goods seeking positions.

How little is our need for this room for expansion beside that of a country like Italy! For years before the war she had been sending us over a half million people annually. In 1913 it was 872,598. Now she finds that free outlet checked, and her already too small loaf of bread has to be divided with those that are obliged to stay at home.

One effect on the restriction of free emigration to America is the falling off on a source of income that has entered regularly into her calculation — what the Italians call "emigrant remittances", that is, money sent back to the folks at home by sons and daughters who have gone to foreign parts. Before the war it was running up to something like 100 millions a year. Limit emigration, and this large sum will gradually decline. It was only another of the dark spots on her sun.

Then there was the large public debt left by the war, the Government of Italy owed about three billions of dollars before the war. The extraordinary expenses of the war had swollen this to over eleven billions by 1919, that is, a sum equal to nearly half of her national wealth, which is something like 25 billions. Readjustments cut this sum down, but nevertheless when Mussolini marched on Rome Italy staggered under a debt of nearly nine billion dollars.

The Italians are realists and the Government had understood very well the seriousness of the situation, and had not tried to hide it or avoid it, but a country that is divided into a dozen or twenty political parties the two chief of which, socialists and fascists — are fighting each other publicly in the streets of all her towns, is not a country to settle down to the handling of any problem, however frankly it may admit its importance. No sooner however had the Fascist conquered than the difficulties were faced. Twentyfour hours after Mussolini had made up his Government he called an economic council. Three months later his government presented the first fascist budget. He made it an occasion of solemn ceremony. "Why," he said, "are we open-
It was armed indeed, for he brought in a full company of soldiers ing this budget with "Armed Pomp". "It is because," he went on, "this Government wants to impress on Italy the enormous importance it attaches to bringing the national finances back to a sound condition. If the national economy goes to ruin, the country goes to ruin. We shall handle the money of the country with absolute severity. It does not come out of the clouds. It cannot be made by a printing press. It comes only from the sweat and blood of the Italian workman."

This was Mussolini's first step towards making the people understand the full gravity of their financial situation and bringing them to a realization that if the problem was to be solved every man and woman of them had to do his part. Everything that he has done since suggests a conscious effort to continue what he began then. Mussolini is a practical analyst of first rank. Put a problem up to him and he seems to strike immediately at the essential features in it and to strip them of all details that do not contribute to the central idea. Along with this keen sense of the gist of the matter, he has an equally clear idea of what should be done to meet the situation. He knows what should be done, and he insists that it should be done at once, and apparently anything that he orders done is accepted by the Italian people. Of course this gives him an advantage that no other leader in any civilized country has today. His will seems to be the will of the people, who, so far at least, make no objection to his working his will in his own way.

Mussolini's success in foring economies increasing revenues until in 1925 his government could announce that for the first time in modern Italy's life there was at the end of the year money in the bank put heart into the country and awakened enormous respect, particularly in the United States. Our practical men of affairs recognised this as the first step towards solvency. They applauded it as they applaud a man who has lost his fortune and who, as a first step to recovery, cut his expenses to the quick and spends only what he can lay hands on by recognized lawful means.

But can Italy continue to show a surplus year by year? It is improbably if the country is to carry out the program of improvements which Mussolini demands.
He is all for economy in running the government and the army and has cut the cost of both - the army ate up 38% of the entire Italian budget the year before the war began - in 1924 this had been reduced to 17%. But he wants money spent liberally for the public education and for public improvements. Already a third more money is being spent on schools than was spent before the war. "We cannot afford to save on schools" Mussolini counsels, "particularly the country schools so long neglected." His Minister of Education, Giovanni Gentile, is completely reforming the Italian method of teaching. In Italy, as elsewhere, teaching has been largely a process of pouring facts which meant little or nothing to the pupil. He hated school, and with pain and revolt acquired the three R's without which he is so lost in the world. Gentile believes that other faculties than memory should be used. His system on all is founded on arousing the interest in things close at hand - studying them by the natural method of observation and discussion with the teacher, leading the pupil out from the world about him, gradually to that outside. The little chap in Predappio, the small town in the Romagna where Mussolini was born must learn local history, industries, natural history. From these he must go as he can to his nearest big town, Ravenna - then to Florence, finally to Rome. As he learns his world he is taught dancing, drawing, music.

Now this requires teachers of special training, sympathy, enthusiasm. The devoted but usually ignorant and always underpaid men and women who have taught the local schools are utterly unfit, and Mussolini's first order was "Prepare teachers", and that is under way, but that takes money, also time, much time. The School House which are notoriously mean and unfit in most country districts, are being replaced and here is a call for money. It looks as if their form of education in Italy would seriously threaten that nice adjustment of revenue and outgo which has brought Mussolini so much credit; but as he says "Education is an investment - there is none sounder, go ahead".

Public Works, particularly for water and roads, are costing now nearly a third more than they did before the war. The argument is that rivers and roads mean money - and they do. Certain of the water works which are being hurried to rapid completion will irrigate large sections which have never been tilled to profit because of lack
of water.

The increase in good roads is a matter in which the tourist is particularly interested. Large sections of Italy, many delightful towns, picturesque and rich in association have been inaccessible to tourists because the railroads did not reach them and the roads were unfit for motor cars. Thousands of miles of good automobile roads have been laid since Mussolini's advent. A tremendous impetus has been given by this opening of the country to automobile travel. In 1924 thirty million passengers passed over the 30,000 miles of good or passable roads now in Italy.

Of course this "pays". Anyone who has seen what good roads have done for the State of Florida in the last six or eight years knows that. I have heard old Floridians of the coast say that they never had seen the beautiful lakes and hills of central Florida until the "good road" movement opened the state to easy travel. This is happening in Italy. It means more money from more tourists, but of greater importance is that it means to the country population, heretofore shut off from markets and the contacts and stimulus of towns and cities.

Italy's debts internal and external cost her heavily, of course. The war debts are finally in shape - "settled;" that is, England and the United States have arranged with Italy what part she shall pay of the sums they advanced in and just after the Great War, what the interest shall be and what time she shall have. A special department takes care of this and the State turns over what it can - the money Germany pays for reparations will go towards this for the most part. Then there is interest to be paid on something over three and a half billions of debts inside Italy and on $100,000,000 outside. The

The difficulty in getting from the people the money to take care of these debts, support the government, and make the improvements in the country and in the conditions of the life of the people which Mussolini insists on, is obvious. It can't be done unless the earning capacity of the Italians can be enlarged.

As things are now, and long have been, they must buy outside of Italy more than they sell - that is, the balance of trade, as it is called, is against them.
I have pointed out some of the costly and essential things they must buy - coal, iron ore, oil and 25% to 40% of the wheat eaten. They have much to sell, but not enough to balance what they buy. In 1925 they sent out of the country for purchases about $235,000,000 more than they took in for sales. So long as this continues there will be little hope of convincing the rest of the world that the Italian lire, faced as it is with heavy debts, is healthy. It will remain "sememio" the balance of trade must be improved to strengthen the lire. What does that mean? It means growing more wheat, more olives, lemons, almonds; making more oil and wine, building more automobiles and flying machines and ships, weaving more silk - pure and artificial - making more of the hundred and one artistic specialties for which Venetians, Tuscans, Romans, are famous.

More Productions, Less Consumption, and Increased Exportation, is what Mussolini is continually talking to Italy, but he does not talk in those heavy and uninspiring words. He tells her they are in a war - the Economic War - that it is being waged on a long front - that battles are in progress all the length of this front. There is the Wheat Battle - the most important of all. Every device known to man is being brought to bear on the Italian farmer to increase his yield of wheat. It is uphill work. For centuries he has plowed with oxen cut with a hand scythe, and often beaten out his grain with a flail. He has little money for fertilizers, and is suspicious of the commercial products. Persuading him to modern agricultural machinery is about as difficult as a salesman's job as there is in the world. Yet inroads have been made. Government agents go about the country districts, talking on the methods of increasing the yield, showing what has been done - exhorting the farmer to select his seed, to fertilize, cultivate. They offer prizes - hold contests - stir up to the fight - and now and then Mussolini shows himself in an especially successful wheat field, where his picture is taken in the act of admiring and exhorting! It is his contribution to the Battier. He leads to the attack!
The same tactics are used in other campaigns - to increase the production of manufactured articles, stimulate shipping, build up the export market.

Now in all this there is nothing new, nothing of Mussolini's invention. Italy has long urged greater production on her people - wider markets, but nobody before this man has succeeded in relating all the activities of all the people in a highly dramatised whole - in making them see the War - know it is one, feel they are soldiers of Italy when they fight for two heads of wheat where one grew before, for two yards of silk where one was made before, for two foreign buyers where there was but one.

Mussolini does not gloss over the labor and sacrifice he demands from an already hard working people. No schoolmaster in the world ever preached work as he is doing or gave a more impressive example of practising what he preaches. The newspapers publish regularly reports of his Day. How can he endure it? At the Chigi Palace where he works he wears out a succession of shifts of attendants. They come and go on the hours, but apparently Mussolini goes on forever.

He calls to labor - for Italy! And he insists it should be cheerful labor. The hard years before them - 62 - in which they will be fighting to pay England and the United States the War debts - should he insists - stimulate Italy's energies. Such work, he says, should not be conceived as a kind of inevitable chastisement, which men must endure in order to extract from the earth the mere means of substance, but "as the true and joyful end of life."

The clarity with which Mussolini has presented to the Italians what must be done to put good red blood into the lira, the sureness with which he has picked out from all the multitude of activities and projects already on foot the essentials, the way he has combined and correlated these activities and projects into a compact plan of campaign, his dramatization of it as a War where various battles are waging, his success in creating a war spirit - an economic war spirit - are capped by his amazing power of energizing everything he touches. True it is the energizing of a man who has the full power of the state in his
hands and who also has the courage, or lack of scruples - if you wish, to use it relentlessly if there is opposition or lagging. That no doubt is a powerful persuader - but men also do things gladly and under his compelling magnetism - a magnetism which is a phenomenon in itself.

Italy is teeming with the results of this energizing. A most typical one of a kind is giving a sea beach to Rome after years of promises and sporadic activities. Some fifteen miles from the city, at the mouth of the River Tiber, there was long before Christ a lively city - Ostia - the port of Rome. It was a city in the time of the Roman kings and dwindled. On top of it the Roman Republic built a city, which passed, and on this the Emperor built a third - a city of 100,000 people - compact, efficient, rich and beautiful - and this too died, and was buried deep under centuries of accumulating soil which became green and gay with all the wild grasses and flowers of the countryside and from which great cedars and cypresses grew.

The port filled up, and the old road between Ostia and Rome once as alive as ours between New York and Bridgeport, was abandoned - the Country on each side for miles reverted to swamps from which rose a malaria so malignant that at certain times of the year it was regarded as almost sure death to pass a night on them. Twenty or thirty years ago the Italian Government determined to redeem the marshes and give the Romans easy and cheap communications to the great beach in 1908 made excavations also to excavate the buried city, which it was suspected might rival Pompeii in interest if not in luxury, for Pompeii, it should be remembered, was chiefly a city of luxury, Ostia of commerce.

The work was begun and the first essential thing completed. The marshes, are drained and are again under cultivation, but the electric road which the Roman people had been promised lagged. It became a joke - that road - and was when Mussolini came in. He soon reached it on his agenda and called in the directors of the company.
"When, he asked, " do you expect to give the people of Rome access to their bathing beach?" "Next year," he was told. "Why not this year," he asked. There were all the good reasons men have for leisurely accomplishment.

Mussolini asked a list of pertinent questions, set down some figures, did some calculating.

"I will give you ninety days," he told the director, "to have the road bed between Rome and Ostia ready for an engine and trade and ninety days from today I shall expect you to take me to the Beach. If it is not done the government will take your concession and finish the road itself without compensation to you."

The story goes that ninety days from this imperious ultimatum Mussolini did go by train to Ostia over a properly made road bed. Since then the beach of Ostia has become a delightful place of recreation for the Roman people, who can go down and back for about 25 cents of our money. It is rapidly building up into a popular Coney Island - with more taste and restraint.

As for the buried city - much, very much, has been done in the years they have been excavating. It is one of the most interesting things in Italy now, but so much more remains to be done! Mussolini itches to get his hands on it. He goes there, looks at it, but he has a sense of relative values. His money is limited. The Roman workers need cheap and good houses more than ruins, and so, it must be with a sigh - he is building the houses. Indeed he has forbidden all further building of high grade apartments in Rome until there is more decent housing for the poor available.

Apply this same terrific energy and absolute power to needs of far wider range, and you get still greater benefits. Take what they have brought to pass in Sicily and the South. That should be looked at before the attempt to see what the past life of this man, who is doing these things has been, or attempt to trace the train of extraordinary events which led him to the March on Rome, or to appraise and weigh our findings.

Let us then go South.