

It may look to us like one gesture for the public and another for the private, but Mussolini is Italian; he knows his people, he knows their craving to be thought brave, to be stirred; he knows that to give them an hour of high emotion and they will drudge on for many months. A taste for beauty, a scrap of music, an hour of devotion, a little love, a child, and now and then a dashing defiance of all men and all things to show their bravery, and the Italian is as good a working citizen as the world wants - but he must have his condiments.

press and one has only to look about him to see how much it interests these people how little it may interest intellectuals. You never see a group of workers at rest without a newspaper. The railroad men at leisure moments in the stations all have papers and they are discussing them. Watch the factory workers in the evening over their meal at the little tables - newspapers everywhere; they read them and evidently they discuss them: that is, whatever you may say, ~~what goes in~~ what goes in the Fascist papers interest them because these papers give vividly and constantly every manoeuvre in the economic war to which Mussolini has called them.