

MAN AND HIS MIRACLE

can never be a man in England thinks I expect him to let him try to make unselfishness popular in our trade unions or to create an enthusiasm for patriotic sacrifice among British Government officials. Any fool can play the game of Mr. A. C. Cook. Any movement can climb to power by halfheartedness, by promises and by the good. It is the cakes and ale in the shape of the fashionable wages and shorter hours. But the cakes and ale for a nation of forty million men, when there is with an impassioned enthusiasm for discipline, sacrifice, and duty, and "placard work, this demands certain personal, intellectual qualities of which the agitators and outgroups have no knowledge, and with which the best of our statesmen appear to be worse than only incredulously acquainted.

"I must have taken you by surprise," I said to him when we first met. "I expected something of a monster. You seem to be more of a poet."

"That, too, may be confessed," he answered with a boyish smile. "Now I shall play my violin; but once I wrote a song."

and feel where
my judgment
strikes; the only
A Vision.
war came to Europe, and he saw
stantly that if civilisation were to
save Italy must fight. The bre-
st of universal brotherhood howled
down, crying, "Kill him! Kill

ag through in
Something is
ness, and a lit-
you a possible
Don't delay
good tonic.
e Pleased."
STORE, (7-
Phone 571.

FOR RHEU-
conversion. It was the vision of na-

... ..

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The poet may be seen in this oath, and those who smile at its solemnity or shiver with disgust at its fervour must wait to understand its meaning till Revolution thrusts its bloody fist into their faces.

Triumphant Idealism.

Mussolini had discovered the secret of state-manship. He who would save his country must appeal to Youth. "Youth," he said to me, "has no money values. It is life uncommercialised; the human soul without a trade mark. Youth feels itself insulted if you speak to it of the wages of patriotism. Its natural impulse, where the cause is sacred, is self-sacrifice. It understands better than the wisdom of old age the two greatest things in the world, love and sacrifice. The complete glory of human existence bursts upon the gaze of Youth only when it has found a

I said that I understood what he meant, but I wondered if this impulsive idealism of Youth could survive the cold and encroaching materialism of middle age.

He replied instantly that whenever true idealism clashes a sword with materialism, materialism falls. Materialism destroys a nation only when it is an unheeded disease; let it appear armed as the contrary principle of Idealism, and humanity will rise to destroy it. When the Italian Communists ordered a general strike he exclaimed, "Thank God! Now they shall meet their deathblow."

Idealism, he protests, is not a speculation of philosophers but the insistent knowledge of every man's daily life. It is the natural effort of the soul, to ascend, not to fall. It is the warfare of man's higher nature with his lower nature. Man cannot rest in materialism. Neither man or nation can be satisfied by the things that perish. To strive for an ideal, to persevere to the higher, to struggle and agonize after the perfect, this is the only state of existence which can satisfy the intelligence of man and secure the continuing greatness of a nation. Without the impulse of idealism at the very birth of creation there could have been no process of evolution.

Mussolini! he said, what no man in England has yet seen, and pray God never shall see. He has seen the forces of Satanism organised to destroy civilisation. Two thousand of his Fascists perished in the three years of Italian Leninism, some brutally tortured before they were hacked to death. Children were taught in schools that conscience has no authority, over-intelligence is a crime, and the weakly recruited from the police, the firemen, and the municipal workers. Seditious propaganda was organised among the soldiers and sailors. Peasants were forbidden to reap the harvest. Engine-drivers refused to carry officers in their trains. The Italian flag was torn down. Factories were seized by fanatical and drunken mobs. Murder and looting spread like a prairie fire. It was not until the Italian Government, trembling and surrendering, refused to meet the demands of the Fascists that Mussolini proclaimed, "Inaction is a crime," and ordered the forces of idealism to converge on Rome.

"Discipline, Sacrifice, Work."

His idealism did not forsake him with accession to power. Bolshevism was conquered, but everywhere was corruption, idleness and waste. He swept away Ministry after Ministry; he dismissed thousands of unprofitable Civil Servants and thousands of useless railway workers. He called for longer hours, more honest work, and lower wages. There is not one act in his life and not one word from his lips which can be cited as an effort to gain the popular favor. Italy, saved from Bolshevism, was now to be saved from economic bankruptcy. He addressed her not as a courtisan but as the mother of Italy's future. Discipline. Sacrifice. Work. These words became a trumpet from the Alps to the Straits of Messina.

A distinguished Roman said to me, "I once heard Garibaldi make a curious remark. He said, 'I had volunteers from many countries in my army, but never one Italian peasant.' Think of that! But now in the processions through our cities which celebrate Mussolini's triumph you may see hundreds of peasants. They had driven or tramped into the cities to march side by side with landowners and professional men, with merchants and shopkeepers, with mechanics and labourers, to acclaim 'Il Duce—the leader.' Because of this enthusiasm of the slow-moving peasant I say that Fascism has given us a national resurgence. Mussolini is neither a usurper nor a traitor. He is our Liberator and our Leader."

(Continued on page 19)

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR CORNS