



BRONCO BUSTERS

An international aspect:

WHAT KEEPS MUSSOLINI IN Power
—Lit. Dig.?s Aug. 9, 1924.—

"Muzzle 'em," as he is called by those that have no appetite for castor oil, is kept in power by the same force that compels a bear to "shimmy" around a trap—on three legs.

(Muzzle 'em is being kissed to death by Miss "Power").

"The murder of Giacomo Matteotti . . . was thought . . . to be . . . a sign of the approaching collapse of Mussolini's strong arm Government."—L. D.

—Dictatorship has had an odor about it ever since the days of Fellow Worker Woodrow Wilson and William Hohenzollern, farther back Peter Great and still farther and farther. Among the Alexanders of Russia can be found the amiable dictators, the well intentioned ones, the good meaning kind, but the odor persists, the smell lingers—they went down.

Napoleon went "the way," forgotten, lonely—only History sets off his pyrotechnics. (People can't feed, clothe or shelter themselves with history). Lenin, Trotsky, Ex-Evans, Butler of Philly—rising saviors, all.

Riviera, General, Alass—The citizens revolt against dictatorship, Alass! The rank and tribe don't want to be ruled, they want to rule themselves, and their "want" takes the form of open rebellion, invariably. But the question is, What Keeps Mussolini in Power? What Keeps Him in the Saddle?

Let me tell you a story: There was a time when I had delusions about dictatorship. I began to believe that I was the clear "It." And the form of my dement caused me to imagine that I was a Bronco-Buster. Nothing would do but have an "Outlaw" bridled and saddled so I could show the world how to "break" horses—I jumps into the saddle:

The gentle "bronc" pricked his ears, then laid them back meekly, brought all four feet together, as if preparing to make a bow to the audience. (Now, I never thought that it would double-cross me—I was too smart for that). Up went its back—alass, gentlemen and ladies, I could locate the sad-

dle only occasionally; but I was hanging on to the saddle-horn. "Let go that horn, you 'tenderfoot'," yells a rude cowperson—I paid no attention to him. People marveled, "What keeps 'Moose-Slim' in Power—in Saddle," I mean—and round and about we went, the "bronc" looking for a rock-pile in which to dump me, and I taking careful observation of the geographical formations so's to sever diplomatic relations with the "bronc" at a suitable landing place. I had the power all right, but I didn't have time to gather the reins into my hands—a man can't do 61 things at once—you can't steer a bronco by twisting the saddle horn. . . . After they nursed me back to life in the next country, I limped my way back—and when I got to the Spring Creek Bridge, I threw the spurs into the brook and decided that dictatorship is California "fruit." 'It is too hard on the dictators, the people only grin.

Says the Rome Mondo (after doubling its circulation) "We affirm, as far as we are concerned, that any idea of conquering power or participating in it is absolutely far from us, and, it seems to us, incompatible with the present situation. The opposition in general and the constitutional opposition in particular cannot and should not under any circumstances assume responsibilities which do not belong to them. This is not the proper time for opposition. (Let him ride). We know this perfectly, and if we have not said so before, it was because it seemed to us superfluous and ridiculous to do so."

"This is the moment to leave to the majority all the responsibilities of Government."

"There is no equivocation about this. If the majority recognizes it has duties to perform, let it try to face them in the best way it can; if it does not, or if it does not know how to face them, that's the lookout of the majority."

The "Plondo" said a mouthful!

What Keeps Mussolini in Power? Maybe his coat is caught in the gears. Maybe he didn't know the Ointment was so greasy. Maybe "his pants" are caught on the saddle-horn. Who can say.—(Why did Pat hang onto the Wild Cat? Maybe he couldn't let go.)

Some day Mussolini will walk into Lewistown, Montana, without his spurs, all bunged-up, nose pointing south and southwest—a chastened man. "A mighty somnambulist—a vanished dream!"

Be that as it may, it is now becoming quite clear, in sunny Italy, that the majority may possibly have a few words to say, and what's more, may decide to say them. Fast.

Whether or no; it now begins to look as

if the majority will be called upon to have its sayso whether it wants to or not.

The oppositions "Have nothing to say." The Constitutional-Opposition has "Concluded its remarks."

Various "oppositions" have done all the talking without saying anything, without accomplishing anything, and now the majority is to be called into consultation—kind, I'm sure, of the H'oppositions, as "Tony" would say.

Daily, it is becoming more evident that no solution is possible without the "registered will" of the people of Italy. Opposition bucks opposition with strong-arms, dagger and castor-oil—bombs, black-jack and militia. Any weapon within reach, and weapons are plentiful. Solutions are few.

"The end justifies the means," however well taken, is only a slogan. *There is no End! The Majority must speak.*

Are Merchants Criminally Affected? Well, no, as to that, that is—they are not in the habit of doing hard work for a living, bills must be paid, their nerves are steady, they have the guns, time, motive and opportunity. Many of them are already in the can—a great percentage, so great indeed that we might well observe that they are not bashful at all in an emergency that threatens their fruit-salad.

In North Dakota at present the state is an armed camp, according to Fargo Forum. Sawed-off shot guns have been placed into the hands of the small-fry business-elements. If this was a laughing matter we could point out that the guns are in the hands of the very men that need financial encouragement. No doubt explosions will occur in the dead of the night, respectability will crawl from under the bed in the morning to find the robbers made a clean getaway—and left no tracks—and that new vigor has taken possession of the erstwhile failing "bourgoose" (goose-step).

Are Criminals Brain-Cripples? (Some do and some don't). Laws are going "broke" in distinct proportions to citizens doing the same. Now the trick is to find a way to make them wear. . . . Low Up" and "Use No Hooks," etc., and trust brows will suggest that laws be placarded, "Handle with Care"; "Glass"; "This Side the people to use every caution in the law-zone so's as not to run over them or bump into them. That's old stuff. I would suggest that we insure our laws against breakage, same as we do plate-glass windows. Let's put our laws on a sound business basis; a careless citizen steps out, commits a crime; in the morning the insurance pays for the broken law. Isn't that simple? It is so simple it almost solves itself.

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