

Unrung," said he. "Our Progress as a People depends on the passage of this piece of Progressive Legislation."

Since the new law was written in such a way that the Majority were spared from its provision, and they, being of a great number, the law was passed Forthwith. And the Rich Farmer and his Wife were now done away with, it being Legal to do this. Their Estate was sold, and the Money passed into the Public Treasury.

However, those who worked and Voted for the new law, expecting to Share in the great Redistribution, were somewhat dismayed, after all. In the First Place, there were so many People hoping to share in the booty it turned out that each one got but a few dollars. This made them sorely distressed.

Another thing. The lawyer claimed that he should have a larger share than the others, since it was his Law that made the Redistribution possible, in the first place. This was resented by the Others, who claimed all should Share alike. The fellow who had called the Meeting and was Prepared to use Force, was most bitter of all. He argued that his Personal Initiative should be recognized to some extent, because the Original Idea was his.

Worse still, nearly all of the money from the Rich Farmer's estate was taken out of the Vallie, and spent in Mysterious Ways. Some said it was used to build tile showers for the Smelly Removians, on the far Side of the World. Some said it was used to pay other Farmers for not growing anything. But One thing was sure. The money had left the Countrie, and there seemed no Way to get it Back.

In time, people's anger toward the rich farmer cooled, since he was no longer about. The Big house, the Barns, the Sheds, slowly fell to pieces. Weeds and Brush once more took hold of the Corne fields. The Orchard and the Vinyard died. There were no more fat Cattle and other stock to graise in the once lush fields. For none were found who could Do Things as he had done them.

Several of his old Employes openly expressed a wish that he was back in their Vallie once more. People began to recall many Kind Things that he had done, even while paying them good Wages. Some said it was too bad that he had to be killed. One man expressed the feelings of all when he said:

"One thing we all have to be mightie Thankful for. His Blood is not on our hands." • • •

The **SHAM** and the

E. W. DYKES

I ONCE HEARD of a fraternity chapter which had a house rule against drinking. This is not surprising because most fraternities have such house rules. The interesting thing about this one is that every two or three weeks, or whenever the urge came, the membership would decide to "suspend" the house rules and have a big weekend binge. Thus, the rules were kept unbroken. It was very convenient but fooled hardly anyone — perhaps not even the boys themselves. Facing facts, there were not actually rules against drinking in that house — the boys merely suspended their drinking habits temporarily during the week. And it wasn't very convenient to drink during the week anyway.

What reminds me of this story is the recent increase, in a long line of increases, of the federal debt "limit." As you probably know, the debt "limit" prevents the administration from spending more money than \$..... without being illegal. The government

scrupulously follows this rule. But just as soon as the deficit spending gets close to the limit, the Congress is asked for — and usually grants — a new ceiling, thus allowing the spending to go on as usual, if not at an increased pace.

Like the fraternity boys' broken house rule, the federal debt limit is an absolute sham. Unfortunately, it lacks the humorous overtones of the collegiate drinking party. Instead, it is a tragedy. Every increase in the debt limit means another inflationary binge. Inflation robs the people of their savings, their annuities, their bonds. It makes spenders out of savers and hastens the day of complete financial collapse.

The debt "limit" is only a delusion within which the Congress and the Administration pretend to operate.

Though we may not care how history records us, we need have little doubt what the record must show. Most likely we will be "written off" as a bunch of drunks who couldn't give up the habit.

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