

Gardens were a joy to see, and these products were now Available in the Vallie for the First time.

The farms of his workers did not improve much, which was to be expected, since they could not work for themselves, and "work out," too. But their Fortunes improved in many other ways. They were now able to Eat more regularly and have better Food. They wore better clothes, and their wives were able to have New Hats at Easter time.

The men worked hard, trying to save and get Ahead, even as their Boss was doing. But no matter how hard they Worked and Saved, the Boss always drove a better team, wore finer Clothes, and had a bigger, finer House than any of them could have.

Now, from time to time came mutterings of Discontent and Envy from these workers. One day, the most Discontented called a meeting of his fellow workers to Consider what could be done.

"It is unjust that one man should have so much More than we have," said he. "I have considered this grave matter quite a lot. It's undemocratic, for one thing. I tell you what! When the Boss takes his wife out riding next Sunday, I will hide by the Gate that leads into his Place. When he gets out to open the

Gate, I will knock him in the head with this Club I have constructed for this very purpose.

"Now all you men, who must be hiding in the bushes near-by, will come and help me. We will have to finish the woman, too, I suppose, though it Seems sort of a Pity. Then we will Divide his Cattle, his Sheep, even his Hogs, and everything that he has, equally among us. After all, it was our Labor that made him Rich and Prosperous. What think you of the plan, my friends?"

The fellow had no more than Finished, when one of the Workers arose, with a great indignation. "I will have no Truck with your plan, as foul a piece of business as I have ever witnessed," he shouted. "Have you Forgotten how we all lived on the verge of Starvation before this man came into our Vallie? He gave us work, directed our efforts, which before had been Unproductive. Have you forgotten how this woman helped our Wives to improve our homes and even nursed our children when they were Sick? For Shame — —!" The man sat down, choked with Rage.

However, all the others were in full Agreement that the Rich Farmer should be killed and all his goods divided among the Poor. But none of them would promise to lend a hand in the actual Dirty

Business. Perhaps it should be explained, they were men of Delicate Sensibilities. So they conferred long into the Night about the best way to bring about the Desired End without doing Anything that would disturb their Consciences.

Toward midnight, a sly fellow who had said little up to this time, asked if he might speak. He said he had hit upon an Idea. He thought he could get a new Law passed which would make it Unlawful for anyone to have Sheep, Cattle, Hogs, or other stock, above a Certain Number. Or to own any Propertie whatsoever above a Certain Value. And anyone who Broke this Law would have his Propertie taken, and it would be given to the Poor.

But, instead of having the Farmer killed outright, it would be Better, he thought, to put him into Prison for life. Anyway, such a magnanimous provision would make Passage of the new law much easier, it being observed that many citizens are Fussy about shedding blood.

This Angle was discussed at some length. A few favored the Idea of sending the Farmer and his Wife (who was equally Guilty) to Prison for life. But then, it was pointed out, a man of the Boss' Intelligence and Re-

sourcefulness might contrive to get out of Prison. Then he might use his Superior brain once more to enslave and exploit the poor workers. So it was thought best to kill them both, and have it Over With.

The workers were overjoyed at this Proposal — all, that is, save the One who Voiced a Protest that same night. He got up, aroused his family and took them from the Vallie, and was seen no more.

But loud was the Praise of the fellow who proposed this new Law. This was the very thing they wanted, to do Something Legally which few of them cared much for doing Individually. With everything done in a nice legal Official way, no Blame would attach to any of them. Their consciences would be clean as the Snow on Fox Mountain. At the same time their Objective, a redistribution of the Wealth, would be accomplished.

The fellow who proposed the Law, being something of a Lawyer, wrote it up then and there, with many Whereases, and Wherefores. And early next day he was on his way to see all the People in the Vallie, addressing them on behalf of the New Law with great force and Eloquence. Then, too, he had secured the Promise of all his friends to work hard for its Passage. "Let no door bell be left