

As the last of a thousand workmen dug up his \$7.00 for the last of the thousand shovels, it dawned on the three thousand remaining workmen that Martin was leaving them out of the deal.

"What's this? A freeze-out?" yelled three thousand shovelless voices. "Where do we get off?"

"See me later," said Martin, "I'll be around."

The crowd broke into groups, excitedly speculating on Martin's scheme.

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The purchasers of the thousand shovels quickly spread the story of the era of wealth and prosperity Martin had predicted. For the most part the idea was eagerly welcomed. Dry Lake City shovels were to be nonreproducible. Shovels were to be just like land—their value unaffected by what it would cost to produce more shovels. So each workman grasped his \$7.00 shovel with renewed enthusiasm as he bethought himself that it represented more than he could earn in a day and that it had not cost him a single effort. Martin, who was busy negotiating with the three thousand shovelless workmen, was popular.