

"No," he said. "I won't sell any more shovels just at present. But I'll tell you what I will do. I'll release two thousand on terms. You use the shovels and pay me one-fifth of your wages."

"Like hell!" replied the shovelers. "We're entitled to a shovel and full wages, the same as you."

"Very well," Martin said. "They are my shovels!"

The upshot was that the shovels were finally rented with much grumbling by workmen who felt they had better work for four-fifths pay than none at all. But this arrangement still left a thousand shovelless men.

"What about us?" the thousand demanded.

"I do not care to do any more business," Martin responded. "I feel that I should go home and rest. Only those few to whom the welfare of a community has been entrusted by Divine Providence can appreciate the exhausting character of responsibilities so vast as mine. I shall go home and lie down. I must have quiet. I must think!"

"But what will we do?" persisted the shovelless shovelers.

"It's a competitive age," Martin replied. "Every fellow for himself."

"How are we going to compete without a shovel to compete with?"

"That's up to you," Martin replied. "Every fellow must settle his own personal problems."