

"I know!" shouted one. "We'll have a new city ordinance! We'll get more shovels into camp!"

"Do you think so?" queried Martin. "This is a democracy. The majority rules. The majority elects the city council. Now, in this case, the majority is satisfied because I increased the value of their shovels from one to seven dollars. Do you think they will vote for cheaper shovels?"

## 7

With that Martin went home and took a nap, well pleased with his day's work. He had a margin on the sale of the thousand shovels since his own four hundred dollars represented one-tenth the amount it took to swing the deal. Besides, he had a one-tenth interest in the two thousand shovels let out on shares and his income from that source meant one-fifth the wages of two hundred men. The camp wage was \$5.00 a day; so Martin knew that at the end of each day he would receive \$200.

When he awoke several hours later, he was richer even than these figures indicated. A force on which he had not calculated had been at work. The shovelless thousand had solved their personal problems by rushing to the