

states the sagacity and profound statesmanship of its members."

Working in the trench next to Morgan was Joe Miller, one of the fortunate two thousand who had rented a shovel from Martin for one-fifth his wages. Miller believed in all forward-looking movements, causes and reforms. He went to all meetings. He would rather lay off and be docked than miss street corner election debates. As each new idea came along, Joe Miller embraced it enthusiastically and regarded opponents as gentlemen of dark and reactionary minds.

Miller was delighted at the prospect of working with a valuable shovel worth a thousand dollars. Because of the swift advance in shovels, Miller thought his shovel was a bargain. He credited his good luck to Martin.

"A great head he has!" cried Miller to Morgan.

"Rot!" spat Morgan. "A shovel is worth a dollar—that's all. What's a shovel for? To shovel with! You get paid for the shoveling. That's where the wealth comes from."

Wherein Morgan uttered dictum number two in the economic strife that was to rend the camp. But Miller was not convinced.

"It's worth a thousand dollars," he said, weighing his shovel carefully and gazing at it, "and if it hadn't been for Martin, it would be worth only a dollar. A great head!"