

About a thousand leading citizens who possess many shovels are idle all the time except when they are figuring up their incomes, collecting shovel rents, interest or dividends, or devising means to entertain themselves or each other.

Another thousand are sunk into deep and dejected poverty. Deciding that nothing is to be gained by hustling, this thousand prefer odd jobs or they resort to panhandling, vice or crime. Possibly another two thousand have quit the trenches and the shovels and are employed as servants in the homes of the rich, or they have entered into occupations common to highly organized societies, such as acting as agents for shovel owners in the collection of rents, or striving to augment their own fortunes by timely speculations in shovels.

Counting out the very rich and the very poor, there are left ten thousand men to work in the trenches, or a little better than two-thirds of the total force in the camp.

As they toil, these ten thousand are constantly harassed and impeded. The thousand leading citizens are about continually with mortgage and lease renewals, taking up the time of the workmen with squabbles over what a shovel is worth for the next term. Then there are shovel speculators who have bought shovels in anticipation of a rise. They refuse either to shovel or to let anyone else shovel, and they get in the way of those trying to work. If the straw boss expostulates, they claim they are per-