

longer five dollars a day, the rate fixed when our company inaugurated this project. After the workman had paid the taxes he did not know about, and paid for the shovel he did know about, he had less than \$2.50 left.

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For Joe Miller, all this was pretty deep. Rooters for the new tax bill told him that if shovels were relieved of taxes it would be easy to achieve property and independence by acquiring shovels. So Miller brightened up and marched in the "Own Your Own Shovel" parade.

But before Miller could buy his shovel, the bill passed. Shovels responded to tax relief and boomed in price. At the same time, everything Miller was buying in the stores shot up. He was now on the new \$2.50 wage level and he couldn't figure just how he had arrived there.

"I work in the richest construction camp in the country and Professors Doe and Roe have the statistics to prove it, and what does it get me?" Miller grumbled. "It gets tougher and tougher—I'm broke!"

"It's taxes—" began Tom Morgan.

"Nonsense!" Miller broke in. "They told me the new bill soaks the rich."