

"Then what is it?" Morgan asked.

"Individualism has played out," Miller replied.

"Mine hasn't," Morgan said, "I'm still me."

To prove his statement, Morgan proceeded to move a little more sand with his own shovel, under his own power.

"That's all right for you," Miller said. "You started differently. You bought a shovel for a dollar. But now the camp is rich and prosperous and shovels are worth \$10,000. A poor man has no chance—he can't own a shovel."

Miller saw people about him conducting their own enterprises—banks, mercantile establishments, shops—they lined Main Street. He concluded the difficulty was capitalism—people doing business with their own money.

"That's it!" he declared. "The capitalist owns the banks and the stores and the shops. He pays only \$2.50 a day—and that brings wages down all over the camp. Why—you can see that with only one eye!"

"What are you going to do about it?" inquired Morgan.

"I say, abolish capitalism, competition and the wage system!" cried Miller, waving an arm vaguely. "Reconstruct the social order! Co-ordinate our lives into a harmonious whole!"

Miller went downtown and joined the Communists.