

Martin had \$400 in cash of his own. He did not go home. Instead, he went from one work gang to another, summoning men he knew. They met Martin in the back room of one of the new saloons. There they talked over the Big Idea. Then they went to see Murphy, the company agent.

Two days later the second consignment of shovels arrived and some four thousand workmen assembled, each with dollar in hand, to procure a shovel.

"Nothing doing," said Murphy. "Martin bought the shovels. See him."

"What the hell does Martin want with four thousand shovels?" demanded one. "Thinks he's a steam dredge, does he?"

Martin himself appeared about this time.

"Boys," he said, "I've got your shovels. As you know, shovels are worth \$5.00 each. I don't care to sell all the shovels I have, but I'll sell a thousand of them today for \$7.00 each to first up."

"That don't go!" shouted the crowd. "Come through with those shovels!"

"Now don't get excited," cautioned Martin. "This is not a holdup. It's a benefaction. Dry Lake City is about to enter upon a most remarkable era of prosperity—the