

We welcome all human inventions to displace labor. Our quarrel is a matter of ownership. Shall the machine master us, or shall we be its master? Shall the owners of this machinery, a small class of parasites, continue to hold these things so vital to our existence? "He who owns the means whereby I live, owns me." And, of course, as we shall see later, the farm slave's "ownership" over means of production is a colossal, if somewhat grom, joke. To hear the tattered homesteader talk of "my farm" and "my machine" is a thing over which the gods must need laugh.

