

co-partner with William Van Horne. He will sing the siren song of prosperity, if questioned by a stranger, himself standing in his wretched overalls.

Small wonder the matter is easy for the publicity man. To persuade the people of other lands, that here is a free and happy people, is no difficult task under these peculiar circumstances. The man in the Pullman has, after all, some excuse for his ignorance when the farm slave himself strives to conceal his real condition, even to himself.

That which neither seems to understand, however, is the meaning of the coming of Capital, and no doubt it is hard if you persist in taking your ideas of economics from the newspapers. The significant fact that side by side with the coming of the Pullman, with those shining rails over which the train glides so swiftly, those straight ruled farms, those slim uncanny elevators, this freight train loaded with machinery, the death blow to liberty was for the time being dealt. You, my dear E., will see this quite readily; alas, there are so many who do not. It seems a most flagrant contradiction that the farm slave is a slave because of toil-saving machinery. It seems absurd and an unthinkable thing, that the coming of machine industry should render its operatives the more slavish. It requires quite an effort to realize that under Capitalism—because these things are Capital—the more they tend to saving labor, the more intense and prolonged that labor becomes. Yet this is in very fact true. No sooner does a railway enter a farming community, than a howl is raised for another line to relieve the people from the exactions of the first comer. The great threshing machine is but an iron chain to bind the slaves of the farm closer to the masters who exploit them; farm machinery but whips and scorpions to torment them.

And now you will hear someone exclaim: "Are the Socialists then opposed to the coming of a machine? Are they new Luddites? Machine breakers? Reactionaries? Indeed, No!