

of the vaulted sky, and the presence of wild things, proclaim the song of freedom; live again the cry of the past; wake again in the mind of the Western farm slave, the saga of the soil. The sense impression of communal barbarism, or the sturdy thought of the peasant proprietor linger here where capital is master; have stolen from their graves to whisper of the freedom that is no more.

And Capital which exploits all things is able to bring to its aid the make-up of the human mind. The abstractions of today were the sense impressions of yesterday. To the peasant proprietor, work was well worth the doing. The products of his hands accumulated around his homestead. Wealth he produced, but not commodities. Modern Capitalism manages to retain among its slaves of the farm the ideas upon work in vogue in those days, while skilfully abstracting the produce of that labor. No more do the products of the dweller on the land store up and accumulate with him. Swiftly are they drawn away; they have become commodities. All that is left with the soil serf is enough to keep him in slavery, and the passionate desire for work; heritage of the past. All too well did the capitalist realize the truth of their economist's words, that "small property in land is the most active instigator to severe and incessant labor . . . . ." All too well have they been able to harness this to their own aggrandizement.