

hum and hurl their straw streams skywards. Binders, "click-click-click" behind straining teams and sweating "shocking" slaves. The shout of teamsters and the jingle of harness mingle pleasantly with the whirr of countless coveys of game birds, frightened and fluttering from bluff to bluff. Red and russet and gold are the prevailing colors; work—the ruling passion. Far overhead the soaring vault of an "Italian" sky, through which the fleecy cloudlets sail, peaceful and unsoiled, as if in mockery of the sweating slaves below. Low down upon the horizon a smudge of drifting smoke—tractors at work. Over yonder the faint hum of a roaring freight. Well might the gods of agriculture feel glad; small wonder the wretched shacks of the farmers seem to hang their heads and crouch down, shabby and forlorn, amid such a ruck of wealth.

The slave himself is impressed, as you well know. How many times have you and I laughed about it. How many times has that hope which springs eternal, risen even in our breasts, as we gazed upon the ruddy splendor of labor's creation? How many times remarked: "That now we have such a good crop, things will be easier"? How many times have we been deceived? You know we had strange notions of our giddy selves. We talked about "our country" and "our crops" for all the world as if we owned them. There are thousands still who so believe; even as they work, threshing the crop, they have forgotten the strenuous labor of the last few months, the weary days and nights watching the sky for hail or wind. They have no memory of last year's experience, how, somehow, the crop leaked away and left them still poor. The countryside is red with shocked grain, the powerful property sense awakes in him again, the shadow of a substance long since passed away; the idea of old time peasant proprietor mingled with the Capitalist property notions culled from newspapers. He has forgotten, if he ever knew, he is a slave. He is fellow with Donald Smith,