

costliness, and it is here that the farm slave meets his Waterloo. It is here that the ownership of the machine is proven, if at any place. We have seen that the measure of value is labor time, so that the price of a binder offered at one hundred and eighty-five dollars (\$185.00), means that you can get it for that amount of labor; that the farm slave must deliver to the company one hundred and eighty-five (\$185.00), or somewhere in the neighborhood of one hundred hours of labor—basing this labor on the average productivity of labor in general—in exchange for this other commodity.

Now, if instead of the binder we extend this to include all the machinery and power necessary to work the average farm (half a section), say \$2 000,00 with the usual interest at eight or ten per cent, we have some notion of the burden he carries. These notes (the company prefers to do a credit business) extend over a number of years, in the case of large machines, to six years, so that in signing them the farm slave actually signs away a portion of his labor, in other words, so many weeks, hours, days of his life, in fact, this is a contract of bondage, and such iron laws did the robber gang indite before the West was opened up, that there is no escape therefrom. One hundred and eighty-five dollars (\$185.00) of a certain length of life does not satisfy the vampire capital; the interest is a method of stealing a little more all the time.

The larger the machinery grows, the longer must he toil to obtain it, until a point is reached, where the last vestige of independence drops off him, and he reaches the status of a wage slave, or at best, manager for a machine company.

You know it is a common jest in the country—if a cruel one—that a threshing machine is a “half a section on wheels.” Now, it will be objected that the farm slave pays for the machine at last, and so he does sometimes, but by that time, it is worn out, and he must get another, so that instead of the