

it coming to the slave will exchange for a larger quantity of commodities, and vice versa. But it is only price, and that law of value butts in with its usual persistence and spoils things for price hovers around value and the rise and fall thereof compensate each other. So that the grain exchanges in the long run at value—the labor-time incorporated therein, and that portion coming to the slave follows suit and exchanges at value—the cost of his subsistence. Of course he gets his portion in money and so the deal is disguised somewhat.

The farm-slave, then, has some interest in the sale of grain, although it is not his. But these grain growers are a funny bunch; can you imagine a man trying to keep a trip-hammer from coming down by putting himself under it? That is just what they are doing. Their struggle is to keep the price of grain up, and once more that unrelenting law of value bobs up. Now value is determined by the socially necessary labor-time, and these last few years have been rich in a perfect shower of labor-saving machinery for the farm, hence you see the value of grain is going down and value is a leaden plummet which must drag price down after it. It is thus perfectly clear that the masters themselves cannot keep the price from falling, let alone a slave organization who do not even own the wheat.

Look well upon the gasoline, kerosene, distillate and steam farm engines; the giant reaper, binder and thresher, for in them is written your doom as property holders. They grow too big for you to buy and manage; they are essentially social machines, and at present your masters are your masters and will exploit you to a finish until you become real wage slaves, devoid of property and working for them at first hand.

We speak of robbery; how is this robbery accomplished? How are the farmers compelled to give up the fruit of their toil? Why, it is that thing you all howl so much for, a railway which