

our gold—lord knows! there's plenty of it—in trade with central America," they reasoned. "We must melt down some more of the church ornaments and ikons, so that everybody can have rings and bracelets." They did it. In a few months basketfuls of the envious shining trinkets were in all the plaza shops. Help yourself. The women plunged—but only for a few weeks. Quickly the baskets were emptied, feminine fingers and arms were bedecked, but really not ornamented. Presently the baskets began to fill up again. Since everybody could have plenty of them, their evil emotional value was gone. Envy died—it feeds only on artificial scarcity. One ring may be an ornament, and sometimes a bracelet—the eye loves color.

But what a bother to have a lot of such things. How cold is gold, after all! Children warm the heart. A woman can satisfy more of her nature with the care and love of children than with jewelry.

What a fairy land these southern states of Mexico must be for los niños. They diked up a block in one of the streets and turned a couple of feet of water into it, for the niños to play in! right in the middle of a city of 30,000 inhabitants, regardless of land values!!

There are no land values in Zapataland—just human values. Land is to use—or to play on. You couldn't interest these simple-minded people in single tax. They have no tax of any kind. Why is a tax—among Friends?

Three Millions Living Without Money!

Public buildings and roads! They are constructing these rapidly—especially the roads. Sometimes there is a difference of opinion as to where the road shall be built. They take a vote on the question. Those who think one way stand over on one side of the plaza, those opposed stand on the other side. The secret ballot doesn't go and no deputy sheriffs are needed to guard the ballot boxes—(as in California at the last election of Wilson).

Zogg tells of a typical case in Morelos where it was voted to build a road on the east side of the valley. As soon as it was finished the workers went over and built a road on the west side—not by law or order of the court, or by special ordinance No. 22,864,723. Just out of good feeling they did it, so no one would be disappointed, or at a disadvantage. And this is the way most of the economic differences are concluded. It's the normal way among friends.

Labor is plentiful. Everybody wants to work at least a few hours a day—they insist upon it. "Give me that shovel. You've been digging there for a couple hours or more. I need the exercise. Let me dig awhile." Many disputes like that occur—how quarrelsome friends can be! "Here, you, stop straining yourself. Go and rest. I'm stronger than you. Let me lift it."

And nobody works more than a few hours a day. Why should they? They have no dividends to earn on watered stock. They are not supporting any millionaires in London, New York, or Paris. How absurd that a million people in Mexico should work fourteen hours a day to keep a score of millionaire "owners" in Europe and the United States in limousines and diamond necklaces!

They're not doing it any longer in Southern Mexico, and very little of it anywhere in Mexico. The peon doesn't know much about poli-

tical economy, but it appeals to him strongly that those who produce should have the product, and they have none of the "gringo's" supersition about capital. It produces nothing—it takes away. It's function is wasteful. It is a convenience only among economic enemies, under privilege and exploitation in a society whose established custom is that some people shall have more than they can use and others less than they need.

Money is the white man's supersition. It never built a factory, constructed a bridge, or developed a country. Labor and ingenuity do all that is done. Money enables a small class of people to lord it over the mass—it has no other use and when society is reorganized on a friendly basis it has no use at all.

There are no banks in Zapataland. The few that were there were looted, the metal run into ingots, and the bankers either into the fields to work, or out of the country. Of what use are banks among friends? And of what use is anything if men are not friends?

I would not cross the street today to enact single tax were it not the easy, simple, bloodless way toward human friendship. Nothing is of any account that will not quickly elide the economic antagonisms and give men a chance to be friends.

In Mexico the propoganda was carried on with "thirty-thirties." The Zapata army went from valley to valley, from village to village and dispossessed the land owners. Zapata might have set up a strong government and re-enslaved the people, giving them a "reform" or two. He set up no government, but formed an industrial union—sans capital, sans money. Who is there to govern, among friends? There are no policemen in Zapataland, no detectives, courts, prisons, or gallows—they stand you up

against an adobe wall and shoot you full of holes, if you go there and intrigue for a restoration of rights and privileges. There's no death penalty—they merely kill traitors, and it doesn't happen often.

There are no jails, bailiffs, processes, license collectors, and such foolishness in this enlightened land. People have time for wholesome work at useful, creative, productive, fascinating occupations.

"But how about the drones?" Zogg was asked by one of a little group that was hearing his marvelous recital.

"Do you mean the former capitalists and exploiters? They have to go. Everybody else wants to do his share. All the men work a little."

And the women stay home and All the children play.

Much of the farming is done by big expen-

sive machinery, bought in Central America, to which Zapata's southernmost state, Quintana Roo, has free access. One farm machine takes the place of a dozen machines in California or Iowa, where each rancher expects to have his own machine. In Zapataland the crowds go from field to field, and like enough one machine is kept busy nine months of the year. Why have so many similar machines, among friends?

Does a young couple need a new house? They go to the central office and report their need. "What kind of a house do you want?" asks the superintendent.

"I might want to live in a palace," said one of Zogg's listeners.

"If you can build a palace yourself, you're welcome," was the answer. "But why should the crowd come and build it for you? If you can convince them that you ought to have a palace—but there's no way to coerce them."

What Abraham Lincoln Said of Capital

"I'd like to save my money and enjoy foreign travel," suggested another.

"How many of you can do that in the United States now?" said Zogg. "But even foreign travel is not forbidden by our manner of living. The Union has to send out young men to other countries to exchange our products for machinery, etc. Quite a few get out and see the world that way. We are young yet.

Prohibition is not an issue in Zapataland. There's no liquor question—and no liquor. By mutual consent all the states and communities discontinued liquor. The need for it was gone—there's no exhausting toil. When they reduced the shifts in the sugar refinery from fourteen hours to three- and two-hour shifts the men gave up liquor of their own accord. No central authority forbade. There are no "blind pigs." No one tries to induce another to take whiskey, or mescal—because there's no profit in it. These things are only done for profit, anywhere.

This sugar refinery, said to be the biggest in the world, used to employ 2500 wage slaves working fourteen hours a day. It had to be so, of course, in order that a dozen New York and Paris families could have private yachts and a decent income of \$250,000 a year. Really, how can one get along on less than that, you know. Think how expensive servants are!—and it does cost a lot of money to keep up six automobiles. Can't we squeeze that Mexican sugar stock a little more?

God! how they did squeeze it—until not a child within the sugar district ever tasted sugar, or enough of any food. Now the peon

niños are sucking sugar cane stalks and munching the refined product. Candy! all they want; there's so much of it.

In place of the 2500 slaves are thirty thousand free men. The capacity of the works has been increased, and a great wealth of sugar is going into Central and South America in exchange for manufactured goods. Mexican sugar stock is worth its price as old paper.

Raising, refining, exporting and eating sugar without capital! The thing is impossible! Any civilized person will tell you it can't be done, and every professor of political economy will explain why it can't be done—just as every good Catholic will prove the infallibility of the Pope, and the orthodox Presbyterian be amazed at the ignorance of one who might suggest that an unbaptized infant could escape hell fire. The white man is as full of superstition as his idle acres are of weeds.

His most universally accepted supersition, that capital must employ labor, was not shared by Abraham Lincoln. Of this he said:

It is assumed that labor is available only in connection with capital, that nobody labors unless somebody else owning capital, somehow by the use of it, induces him to labor. Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor and could not have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital and deserves higher consideration. I bid the laboring people beware of surrendering the power which they possess, and which, if surrendered, will be used to shut the door of advancement for such as they, and fix new disabilities and burdens upon them until all liberty be lost.

In the early days of our race, the Almighty said