

cure only is different. The enemy in front is powerful enough to engage our common attention. When the battle with privilege is won, however, truth will determine the direction of the forward movement, and evidences are not wanting that America has become saturated with the Single Tax philosophy. While we have had no organized political movement, the growth in urban land values, coal, copper, iron ores and other mineral deposits, the fabulous values of city franchises and transportation companies have awakened the thinking mind to an understanding that society itself is a wealth producer, and that the heaviest burdens upon the shoulders of labor are these, the social values which we all create. And here and there all over the face of America are experiment stations, and in them are Single Taxers working each in his own way to adapt his remedy to these conditions. And before many years have passed, unless all signs fail, there will arise in America, possibly unheralded, a Single Tax experiment which will light the way to all the other states of America.

ADDRESS OF J. W. BENGOUGH.

I count it a great honor to be able to claim a place in the "Old Guard," beside my venerable friends, Hamlin Garland and Wm. Lloyd Garrison. It was in the enthusiasm of my first love of humanity, inspired by the reading of "Progress and Poverty" that I came and offered to the *Standard* my humble services, and it is one of the precious memories of my life that I personally knew Henry George. I have since that early day retained my earnest interest in the cause, and regard it as a privilege to do anything that will aid in its promotion. I am honored, also, by the invitation to be one of the speakers to-night, for I look upon this audience of Single Taxers as representing the choicest element of the choicest population of the choicest Republic of the world. They are the representatives of what we on the Canadian side of the line prize as highly as you can—the true "American idea." They are the real Democrats—the believers in the rights of the whole people.

I doubt if any of us adequately appreciate Henry George's great achievement as a teacher. Think what his work has wrought. Two great outstanding geniuses of the 19th Century were Carlyle and Ruskin. Both devoted themselves to the "condition of the people question," and both described eloquently the inequalities and iniquities of the social system; but when it came to suggesting a remedy both were utterly helpless. To-day I can find in each village and town of Canada and the United States at least one man or woman—perhaps in many places a dozen—who knows more accurately than either Carlyle or Ruskin knew, just what is wrong, and just what is needed to set things right. And to whom do they owe this knowledge? To Henry George. (Applause.)

Allusion has been made this evening to the fact that our statesmen occupy themselves with minor matters and fail to give consideration to the great fundamental question of human freedom. It reminds me of a fable. A bumble-bee was flying across the country when he espied an ant scurrying along, evidently

bent upon escaping from a terrible commotion that was going on about an adjacent ant-hill. There the bee observed a gigantic ant-eater gobbling up the inhabitants of the hill, and he expressed to the ant his commiseration for the unfortunate plight of the community. "Oh" replied the ant, "the commotion you observe has nothing to do with the ant-eater. They are discussing the rate-bill, that is all. As for the ant-eater, they take no particular notice of him; he is one of our established institutions!" (Great laughter.)

I do not wish to detain you at this hour; but I would like to make a remark upon one point which was a good deal debated in the conference to-day—I mean the term "land value." I venture to suggest that this is a misnomer; it is not in reality land value, it is "people value." Because it is value which attaches to the people—to population—the effect of its private ownership is virtually the ownership of the people. If the people of a community moves away, the so-called "land value" vanishes with them; if they come back, it comes back. It is inherent in the people. And when this value is subject to private ownership, as it is under our present land laws, it results in the essential characteristic of slavery, that is, it enables the owner to take the fruit of other men's labor without giving any equivalent. What makes the difference between the Island of Juan Fernandez and the Island of Manhattan? They are about the same size, and both are made of mud, rock and other raw material. As *land* their value is about equal. But in the market to-day Juan Fernandez is worth about \$25, and Manhattan is rated at over three thousand millions—not counting the improvements. Why is this? The answer is in one word—*people*. There are no people to speak of on Juan Fernandez, whereas there are some three millions of the greatest hustlers on earth on Manhattan. It is people value. And it would have made a good deal of difference to the late Robinson Crusoe and his heirs if his ship had gone ashore just off the Battery instead of at Juan Fernandez. In that case, when he had struggled ashore and looked round on the wilderness, he might still have recited, as the poet says he did on Juan Fernandez:

"I'm monarch of all I survey,
My rights there is none to dispute,
From the centre all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute."

But when, a few days afterwards, he discovered that footprint in the sand, if he had had prophetic vision, he would not have been filled with terror as the history alleges he was, but with quite another feeling. He would have added a few more verses to the poem—

A footprint, why, what does it mean?
It means population is coming!
Soon thousands will crowd on the scene,
And rents for the lots will be humming.

I'm monarch of all I survey,
I'll have the whole island surveyed,
And to me and my heirs from to-day
Shall the whole of the land-rent be paid.

I'm lord of the fowl and the brute;
 I'll be lord, too, of each human soul;
 No person shall here set his foot
 But must pay me perpetual toll.

A vision of millions and fame!
 My wealth will grow faster and faster!
 I'll change this plain Robinson name,
 And call myself Vanderbilt-Astor!

(Great laughter.)

A BIT OF HISTORY AND ITS LESSON.

(For the Review.)

By WM. C. MINER.

In the various schemes of social reform now occupying public attention, and in the discussion of the same in the press and on the platform, no word by way of opposition is heard more frequently or uttered with greater confidence than this—to wit: "Confiscation." Confiscation is an ugly word, and to a conservative mind seems to be conclusive opposition to all reform in the laws of land tenure in force at the present day. Nevertheless, while there is no legal recognition of this hateful idea in its general meaning, it often happens in our present social conditions that confiscation is practically an actual fact. A case in point is the following: On the thirtieth day of September, 1860, the Bradford Oil Company of Bradford County, Pennsylvania, bought of one James Hill a tract of land in said county containing about 100 acres. It was a rough, uninviting spot. A part of it was an old abandoned farm on which was one single building. A dilapidated affair originally designed for a stable for one cow, but for a considerable period unused for stabling purposes. On the date aforesaid the transaction was completed, the deed was signed by Hill to warrant and defend the title in the usual style and the cash paid by the Bradford Company. For the following twelve months the Bradford Company labored to establish its plant and machinery for boring and extracting oil from the ground purchased of Mr. James Hill and had so much succeeded that they had secured and sold in open market over \$500,000 dollars worth of oil. Of course the officers and stockholders of the Bradford Company were in great glee over their good luck. The retail price for oil in those days was 60 cents per gallon, so their prospects for future riches were gloriously rosy, and so continued for months afterwards. However, on one fateful day there appeared in the office of the company that unwelcome gentleman, the County Sheriff, with a writ of attachment in the interest of one Griffith Jones, who claimed by the precipts of the writ that the title to the land so occupied by the company and all the oil produced thus far from underneath its surface vested in him the said Jones by reason of the fact that on the day of the sale, to wit the 30th of September, 1860, the said Griffith Jones was the real owner, and not Hill at all. Of course, there was trouble in the camp of the company