

# ADVANCE

WHOLE NUMBER, 391

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\$1 PER YEAR.

## SOMETHING FOR WORKINGMEN TO THINK ABOUT.



ABOUT.



If the government owned the railroads, as it should own them, the postal rate would be one cent, and the postoffice would be far more profitable and give better service to the people.

The railroads, owned by private individuals, milk the Government and the postoffice most beautifully.

To haul an express car owned by a private individual costs the railroad as much as to haul a car full of mail.

The railroad makes the Government pay ten times as much to haul a car full of letters as it makes a private express company pay for a car of express matter.

When the railroads charge by the ton they charge from seven to ten times as much for hauling a ton of mail as for hauling a ton of express matter.

The railroads are maintained now to keep a few families enormously rich. If we had Government ownership of railroads—as we shall have some time—the railroads would be managed in such a way as to make an enormous number of people very prosperous.

Don't you think that you ought to do what you can in talking and voting to promote the public-ownership idea?

This is from a capitalist paper. The proposition brought before the senate by Senator Mason, of Illinois to have the government own the telegraph lines is also a capitalistic measure; advocated by capitalists and capitalist newspapers. The statement made by Mr. Morton, of the Santa Fe, that government ownership is the solution of the railroad problem was made by a capitalist. There are other proofs that the superior people are fully bent on having what a few middle west journalists would call "Socialism" without the aid or consent of any other power, foreign or domestic. This is sufficient as an introduction.

If you, dear workingman, will look up the history of your ancestors you will find that changes have come in society and no matter the change, the working people, the hinds, the serfs, the slaves, from the time that it was found to be more convenient to keep a man alive and let him work, than to knock his brains out with a club, have always been held in subjection and compelled to produce for the superior people. A slave was secure of his living while in bondage, to-day the bondage is just as severe and the workingman is not secure of his living. Relatively, the workers of to-day are just as poor and uncertain of the comforts of life, **DESPITE THE CHANGES**, as our ancestors were thousands of years ago. In other words: civilization might as well not be in existence, so far as the working class is concerned, for civilization belongs to the men who **OWN THE TOOLS**.

Another great change is about to take place in society. Competition has almost completed its circle. The exploiters and exploited, the capitalist class and the working class confront each other. Each is struggling to begin the circle of co-operation. It is like a foot race between leviathans. And if the capitalist class wins in this foot-race, if the superior people are allowed to make the change, the working class will reap as much benefit from that change as the hinds and serfs and slaves reaped from the changes that took place in the society of the past ages, and no more.

We have a few examples, even now, of the beneficent rule by the capitalist class in Socialistic institutions. The post office, which is lauded by a few middle west journals as a Socialistic institution, over-works its men and under-pays them, the men are more afraid to form a union than in any other industry, the decisions of the bureaucracy at the head of this institution which chased Wilshire out of his own "free" country across the Canadian border that he might publish his paper and "advertise his ideas" and the annual milking of this Socialistic institution by favored few, all point beyond cavil to the enduring triumph of capitalist Socialism. And there are other examples, though space will permit but one more. Up in Yountville there is a soldier's home, a Socialistic institution. The inmates fought and bled for their country. But the bureaucracy running the institution is of the opinion that as long as the letting of blood used to be the fashion, there is no reason why it should not continue. The veterans are mistreated and not a few are killed. An investigation is being made at the present moment and the papers are full of the horrors.

An unkind word might be said for our transport service which is also a Socialistic institution according to the learned middle west journalist, but why fill the paper with tales that make the flesh creep.

Enough has been said to damn capitalist Socialism; and this despite the fact that no mention was made of the exploitation of the workers which continues under capitalist Socialism with the same intensity we have under the full swing of competition. Let this point be well marked by you, dear workingman. If you allow the capitalist class to win in this foot race you will get no more by the change than you have at present, if you get as much.

# THE MIDDLE CLASS: ITS FINISH.

*An air Balloon Retrospection not by Edward Bellamy.*

Towards the end of the 19th century one per cent of the total population of America owned fifty per cent of the total wealth of the country. And as civilization rushed with open arms to embrace our own, the twentieth century, the increase of wealth, owned by one per cent of the population, from fifty per cent to sixty and to seventy and to eighty and to ninety and to nine-nine and seven eights per cent, was rapid. Perhaps arithmetical progression might convey an idea of the rapidity with which wealth gathered to itself wealth in those days of competition. It might better be illustrated, however, by a snow ball starting from the summit of a mountain, gathering momentum on its journey and picking up every thing in its path, till it was so large and moving with such rapidity, nothing human could stop it on its downward course. But just as the snow ball, become an avalanche, after its destructive race down the mountain side, must spend its fury on the face of another mountain across the valley, so did the avalanche of capital, uncontrolled and uncontrollable, because it had reached the foot of the mountain of the competitive system, come to an impasse in front of the mountain of the co-operative commonwealth.

The history of that down hill rush of capitalism can be found in our great national libraries, built without the aid or consent of Mr. Carnegie or any other star spangled Scotchman. It used to be the fashion to have hand made history, when any one with three weeks board secure and a good fountain pen, could sit down and copy the works of other men and put his name to the compilation and go on record as a maker of books. Now, we have a corps of men especially adapted for original research. They have made history almost truthful enough to be decent. You can verify this by investigation.

But this matter of the middle class, the small producers, the "cockroaches" as they were lovingly called in that far off time, is of vital importance as an exhibition of down right stupidity. There were two men in the early days of the 20th century who kept singing hosannas in praise of these small producers and insisting that the down hill rush of capitalism could be stopped by them. Peter Kropotkin (called for some inexplicable reason, prince) and William Bryan Jennings, the sweet tenor singer of the Soup Plate, a river rising in New Jersey and becoming extinct at Buffalo, were the names of these anti-evolutionists. Of course there was an innumerable chorus, cheap fellows who merely echoed what the others had said. One of the least well known of these was A. B. C. D. E. F. G. Bore-don or Gord-eon, of Kokomo, called for brevity, Alphabet. Originality with him consisted in pointing to the increase of small bake shops while the Prince and the singer from the banks of the Soup Plate went into ecstasies over the increase of one window place where a person could purchase snuff,

Between the principals and the chorus, the small producers were impressed with the impregnability of their position. They shut their ears against the truth that was hurled at them by the curb-stone orators among the socialists and went to bed each night with a firm determination to forget the mortgage.

Meanwhile the sheriff pulled on his seven-leagued boots and prepared for work. Every morning he sold out a thousand or two of these small producers and every night when he lay down, he thanked God that he would sell out a few thousand more with the coming of the sun. The sheriff was not cursed with an historical bias. It was immaterial to him if Karl Marx or Daniel De Leon had said these small producers should be sold out. He liked work and he liked the sensation of handling other people's property, with the understanding, of course, that he should hang on to as much after each sale as he could conveniently carry. He was an unconscious factor in evolution and he liked the graft.

Bit by bit he took the possessions of the middle class and sold them to the largest bidder. First came the store

fixtures, then the land. The wealth owned by the one per cent of the total population of the country (now reduced, really, to one half of one per-cent) was phenomenally large. There was much murmuring abroad but the sheriff put cotton in his ears and continued his work, according to the prophecy made of him. And finally there came a time when only the exceptionally strong of the middle class, the people "best fitted to survive" remained of all the vast army of shop keepers and hole in corner producers and sweat shop runners of the country. These "best fitted to survive" had gotten bravely over the notion that civilization rested on their shoulders. But, nevertheless, they wished to preserve each his separate and distinct individuality. This was the siren song that had lured them to their ruin; and with that perversity innate that make us all chasers after the ignis fatuus, they adhered to it.

The terms of contract with the one half of one per-cent of the total population, owning, at this time, ninety-six and two-thirds per-cent of the total wealth of the country, was that each small producer should have full possession of as much land as would conveniently hold a stake. The balloons were fastened to these stakes, and the middle class betook itself to their balloons and lived and preserved its individuality by pulling up bread and meat by a string.

The capitalistic avalanche continued to rush down the mountain. It took no cognizance of the sturdy proletarian mountain that was on the other side of the valley. Its destiny was the absorption of the total wealth of the country. It was bent on gathering in that remaining three and one-third per-cent of the wealth. It searched for this elusive three and one-third per-cent. The avalanche knew it was somewhere. The three and one-third per-cent had not escaped to the sea. It was not destroyed by fire. Where was it? Then the avalanche remembered the land that was sold to hold the stakes of the middle class. The avalanche paused and considered for a moment. Then it sent a wireless telegram to the sheriff, who, because he had nothing to do, was playing golf at Burlingame. When the sheriff came he brought a large knife and without a tear or a word of regret he cut the ropes that bound the last remnant of the "great intelligent" middle class to earth.

You ask what became of them? Go to the national library and pull down liber 687,648,321, you will find that Messers Sterling, Whitaker, Bierce, the younger and London, the real historians of that period and eye-witnesses to the flight of the balloons, assert that the "great", "intelligent" middle class is keeping bake shops and corner grocery stores in heaven.

But there was one virtue in their removal. It brought the avalanche of capitalism face to face with the mountain of the working class. Many members of the latter were formerly respectable members of the extinct middle class and though they had considerable nonsense left over from their previous environment, they could not keep the avalanche from meeting the mountain.

And here we are. Our civilization organized and resting, not on the backs of a subject class, but on the machine. Therein is the chief difference between our age and all former ages.

J. J. N.

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## PROVISIONAL STATE COMMITTEE.

Meeting held Jan. 23rd. Comrade Hefferin in the chair. Minutes approved. Communications from following: O. T. Fellows, F. W. Simpson, G. F. Alexander, M. Haile, O. H. Warner, Jas. Boyle, A. B. Lee, S. C. Farrar, A. E. Hawley, R. Simpson, Wm. Gurr.

Remittances: Santa Ana, \$5; Del Mar 90 cts; Riverside, \$5; Redlands, \$5; Oakdale, 50 cts; Pasadena, \$4.25; San Francisco, \$5; J. G. Smith, 20 cts; Long Beach, \$2. Total \$27.85.

Bills ordered paid, 1 due stamp account book, 20 cts.

On motion charters were granted to Locals Oakdale and Pasadena. Secretary instructed to order 25 more charters from Nat'l Committee. Adjourned till Jan. 31st.

Thos. Bersford,  
Sec'y pro tem.

## STRICKEN FIELD OF AMERICAN INDUSTRY.

By Frederick A. McKenzie.

Northampton, is today the stricken field of the American invasion of England. The great international conflicts of the future, we have often been told, are to be fought, not with cartridges, shells and bayonets, but with bread. Northampton is realizing the truth of this. Its industries have been one of the points of attack by the American invaders. To-day its people are face to face with a grave industrial crisis.

There is no strike, there is no real labor trouble, but the masters and men are alike suffering from sheer lack of employment. Markets which were once theirs are now American. Orders which once kept their factories busy now give profit to the swifter and more toilsome workers of New England. The Australian market, which was once almost wholly English, now obtains its supplies from the United States. The South African market, once their very profitable field, now gives them little but empty order forms. Even in England itself the American shoe has come everywhere. One large Northampton firm, owning many shops over England, which formerly made its own boots in this borough, now buys a large part of them from across the Atlantic.

Factories are working half and third time. Whole streets are desolate and almost empty. Girls who were six months ago in receipt of good wages are now receiving on an average earnings of half dollar a week. Alas! for the girl who at this time has no home of her own!

Yesterday a man was brought before the justice for smashing the windows of a big shop. "Yes" he said when taxed with the offence, "I did break them, because I was hard up. I have got nothing to eat and nowhere to go; what is a fellow to do? I would be better in prison. Send me there." And they set him.

On Wednesday last the town called a meeting to consider the situation. One man, a foreman in a factory and leader of the mob, spoke out plainly and bitterly, though the Mayor himself was in the chair. "You have either to find work for the unemployed," he said, "or you must take upon yourself the more serious responsibility of introducing into the town a regiment of soldiers to keep the men in order. There are times when patience is a crime; this is one of them. 'Work or food,' is our cry, and we mean to have it."

A fortnight ago a mob of hungry men, two hundred strong, went up to the gates of the workhouse and clamored and shouted and cursed at the guardians inside. They climbed over the fence, trying to get at them. They could find no real fault with the guardians, who had done, and are doing, their best to help them, but they were hungry, and your hungry man is not a good reasoner. "Work or Bread," they cried, and the cry may turn at any moment to "Bread or Blood!"

Yet Northampton workers refuse to recognize that they have sustained more than the most temporary reverse. Their factories are now full of American machinery. Their store rooms are stocked with American leather. An American last factory, perhaps the largest in England, is flourishing almost alone among Northampton businesses. Their own shops are selling American boots, and royalties

go steadily and in large quantities from this shoe-making center to the English agents of the American shoe machinery owners.

Northampton has long been the great shoe center of England. Its students have taken all the prizes for technical perfection. The beauty of its work on the old lines has been universally admitted. It cannot believe that another land has come in and taken from it that which it long regarded as its own.

Northampton, England, December 16.

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## THE "EXAMINER" IS SO SORRY.

The "Examiner" is exercised lest the workingmen of this country be taxed to pay the expenses of Uncle Sam when he goes over to kiss King Edward's rotten toe. Now, I would like to ask the "Examiner" what difference it makes to the working man (who is robbed out of three-fourths of what he produces) what the robber does with his plunder. If a man is held up by a highwayman and robbed of all his money, it concerns the man who has been relieved of his belongings very little whether the robber has a good old drunk with his booty or whether he takes it to the priest to pay for absolution. What does concern the robbed man is whether the highwayman shall get a license and continued his holdups. This old Uncle Sam of ours has been told so often that he is the best old uncle on earth, that his head is swelled. The truth is, he has, a long way back, forgotten that when he was given the guardianship of men on this continent, it was that his mission should be to see to it that this government should mean the "greatest good to the greatest number." Now, it does not need a mathematician to see that the greatest number in Uncle Sam's domain are workingmen, and that if he did the proper thing he would be using his efforts to see that they be not only NOT TAXED to carry a few fools over to England to represent him at Edward's high jinks, but that no man should be granted a license to rob another. If our dear old Uncle Sam were not as much of a hayseed as he looks, he would know that every scamp that has by hook or crook got enough of Uncle's "sound" money together to start any kind of a "paying enterprise" is guaranteed before the asking, the privilege of holding up every mother's son of a toiler who is compelled to do the work for him. I say COMPELLED, because to get bread, men must serve one master or another; it's a matter of being exploited and to the worker it makes no difference whether it's the tax collector Uncle Sam sends or whether it's Carnegie that gets it to build libraries—it's all one to him, who does the job so long as he has to have his pockets picked anyway.

The "Examiner" will have to do all the worrying in this case because the workingman isn't caring a continental WHO does the graft; his business is to see to it that all hands are stopped that are at it and that he gets a square deal by taking all he produces

ALICE SORENSON.

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The Socialists and trade unionists in St. Thomas, Ont. have protested the election of the city council On Monday, Jan. 6, when Alderman R. N. Price and the entire labor ticket was defeated. It is charged that dozens of property holders voted in several polling sub-divisions. The capitalists and landlords having property in more than one ward were able to cast several votes, while the workingmen could only cast one, although the aldermen are elected from the city as a whole. It is evident the capitalists do not believe in the identical interests of labor capital.

## ADVANCE



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## CRIME IN SAN FRANCISCO.

We are having our annual crop of murders and robberies, abductions and strange disappearances a little early this year. San Francisco is scarcely equaled by any city in the world in the matter of mystery. It seems to be in the air. A woman goes out for a pitcher of milk. The pitcher is found on a Post street door step, but the woman's children are sore eyed from weeping for the lost mother. A little girl, a mere child, went to work house-keeping for a man. She telephoned her mother that she would meet her tomorrow. That was a month ago. The sick-hearted mother feels that the meeting will take place at the morgue. She haunts this home of the misfit dead like a ghost. She marks each day, the additions. She scans the weary faces; she searches their lives. And with a woman's quick intuition she knows that the story back of half the suicides is one of lack of opportunity, lack of a chance to live decently, that made them fit to grace a marble slab at the morgue. She thinks of her own poor child robbed of the life that belongs to childhood, forced to go keeping house for strangers, when she should have gone to school.

Five men who breathed yesterday lie on the slabs unclaimed, unknown; their empty eyes staring at the ceiling, their lives of hopeless struggle against a mean and contemptible civilization over. There is a look of weary disgust on each yellow face, there is the reflection of a vulgar, sordid environment on lip and brow. To what base uses may not that exquisite animal, man be put by a grasping money making age like ours.

And every day the black wagon rolls into the court at the back of the Hall of Justice, bearing its burden of misfits. A comfortably situated writer named Morrow writes of the crime that stalks abroad in the city. He quotes statistics to prove that the criminal instinct dominates men at certain times, and when this time arrives, nothing can stay the instinct to destroy, but incarceration or the gallows. And he also proves that crime has its periodicity—that a wave of crime sweeps over the country or the city at given times.

Like all writers with a capitalist bias he overlooks the fact that the period when crime is most in evidence, corresponds to the period when men and women suffer most for the necessities of life. During the winter months people are compelled to hunger more for there is less

work to do and they feel the eager and nipping tooth of the wind to the undoing of any moral perceptions. Highway robbery is an easy way to gain bread. Twenty-four successful robberies in one week is ample proof of this. When a man robs once and escapes, there is an inclination to make another venture, for living luxuriously on other people's money, as can be proven by referring to Messers Morgan and Rockefeller, is an excellent stimulus to indulge continuously in that mode of life.

Use breeds habit in a man; the criminal instinct comes into being here. When a man wishes to live on the product of another man, whether he gets that product at the point of a pistol or by due process of law, he has the beginnings of a first class rogue in him. The transmission of this inclination, plus the conditions that surround his offspring, makes the instinct permanent under our system.

And this instinct could be well used under a system organized for the good and not the evil of men. Why should the fact of a cold wind drive men to injure their fellow-men. The instinct, says Morrow. A better criminologist, than Morrow, Lombroso cites a few cases of a good use for a criminal instinct. One where a surgeon, considered the best in Europe, satisfied his inclination to let human blood by helping suffering human beings. Under conditions that would have left it impossible for him to be a surgeon, he should have been a cunning murderer. Place this man in Chicago, leave him poor and friendless, let him feel the ice laden breath from the lake and he would sally forth to kill and rob.

The criminal is made by society, by the competitive system. Highway men are capitalists, leaders of capitalist thought, upholders of the capitalist system who have lost their opportunity. Their energy and ambition if turned to good use under a system of society where their elemental brutishness would have no place, would redound to the good not only of themselves, but of mankind.

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## THE PASSING OF THE PAID EDITOR.

With the next issue ADVANCE editorially will be under the direction of an editorial board. The paper is not in condition to pay for the services of an editor and the following comrades volunteered their services and were elected the "collective" editor: Comrades Ober, King, jr., and Fairbrother. The work of these comrades will be donated to the cause of Socialism. I hope the fact that they are sacrificing much time and energy will be considered by the readers of ADVANCE and a generous response made to help them in every way.

The proletarian movement of California needs the clear cut, uncompromising expression of ADVANCE more now than ever before. If our party is to be saved from falling into the hands of the half-done populist and middle class man, ADVANCE must be kept alive. San Francisco is practically the key to the Pacific Coast. If we have a strong proletarian movement here there is no fear of the outlying districts. And it is impossible to have a strong movement without a strong paper. Remember this. Do what you can to place ADVANCE on a firm financial basis that we may beat back the forces of reaction.

If it were possible for me to donate my services to the paper, I should do so. However, I shall contribute in the future, whatever I find time to write and hope that I may help thereby to organize the workingmen of the country for their own emancipation,

J. J. NOEL.

## THE POSSESSION OF THE WORLD MARKET.

Chas. M. Schwab's observations in France, Italy and Austria, and now in Germany, have confirmed his belief that their external markets will inevitably become the United States' markets and all their trade contests is to preserve their domestic markets through tariffs, the American appropriating the rest of the world. Whether Germany puts up her tariff or not, it does not count for much, in Mr. Schwab's general survey of the international situation.

"Naturally," said the General Manager of the steel trust, "it is to America's best interests that the German tariff should not be increased, but I do not think we can expect Germany not to increase her tariff so that it will really protect her home market from our competition. If Germany does not raise the tariff, our highly finished goods, as well as our coarser products, will take this market. American exporters quite expect Germany's tariff to go up. It is not in Germany, France or Austria that we can sell largely, but in England, Russia, Turkey and China and all the free markets where Germany and England find outlet, and it will not be a very long time either until they are all ours."

There is a conviction about this last line that must be satisfying to American workingmen. Just think! They will be kept in work. Schwab and his associates will be kept in the profits of that work. They need the money to gamble in Monte Carlo and elsewhere. This is as it should be.

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## THE "APPEAL" NOT PRINTED FOR SOCIALISTS.

The editor of the "Appeal to Reason" has at last made answer to the charge of "The Socialist" that his platform, "Public Ownership of Monopolies," is not Socialism. He pleads guilty to the charge.

His reason for not preaching Socialism is this:

"The 'Appeal' is not printed for Socialists." Those are his own words: "The 'Appeal' is not printed for Socialists."

Therefore he is advocating "Public Ownership of Monopolies" instead of advocating Socialism.

Now, it is none of our business if he chooses to advocate "Public Ownership of Monopolies" as the best way to get people to study Socialism. What we object to is, that anybody should imagine that "The Appeal" is a Socialist paper teaching Socialist doctrine.

There are hundreds of members of the Socialist Party who have heretofore looked upon "The Appeal" as the very Bible of Socialism. They have resented the suggestion of the "The Socialist" that "The Appeal" was not teaching Socialism.

It is a very great gain to have secured its editor's own admission that his paper is not printed for Socialists. Hereafter Socialists will not read it to find out what Socialism is. They will find that, as Wayland also says, "in other publications and books."

Now, we have one inquiry to make of "The Appeal." It is this: When the Democratic Party takes into its platform the plank "For Public Ownership of Monopolies," what will "The Appeal" advise its readers to do?—Seattle Socialist.

[We wish to call the attention of working-

men of California to our front page article, printed in this week's issue, in connection with this clipping from the "Seattle Socialist". Read it carefully then re-read the above and think.

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## CAPITAL: WHAT IT IS NOT.

By W. F. Lockwood.

According to muddled economists nearly any old thing is capital; for instance, one economist says that a hoe is capital, and of course, so is a great modern factory. Now, we all know that there is a difference between a day and a night though none of us can tell just where the fading light of day ends, or the shadows of night are complete, nor when the first faint glimmer of day begins and the last shade of night ends. There is as much difference between some things that are called capital and other things that are called capital as there is between day and night, and if we wish to discuss economics intelligently we must draw a line somewhere on what is capital and what is not capital, and thus shut out all confusion and quibbling. For you know if one is so inclined he may argue that there is no night since it takes twenty-four hours to complete a day, when another day begins, thus leaving no room for night.

If some of the political economists are right then we are nearly all capitalists, notwithstanding the fact that we are seventy-five per cent proletarians. You know that if an axe is capital, and that the owner is a capitalist, and that substantially every workingman owns at least an axe, a saw, or a hammer, that substantially then, every workingman is a capitalist. And if all the wives and women of the working class own a set of knitting needles, a crochet, or a sewing needle, and the children are given a darning needle each, that then lo and behold, the problem of "capital and labor" is solved, there are no more economic classes to wage a war with each other, for we are a solid nation of capitalists. But what absurdity! What nonsense! That is placing the wage slave of John D. Rockefeller in the same class with his master—Mr. Rockefeller.

There is as much difference between the hoe of the slave, and the oil refineries, steel works, ships and sugar refineries of the master as there is between night and day.

So I think the line should be drawn between those instruments of production which are held by one class and operated by another class; that is between those means by which the laboring class is exploited; and the old hoe of the workingman, with which no one can be exploited and the owner consequently enabled to live in idleness and luxury. You see by drawing the line intelligently on capital you at the same time clearly and distinctly reveal the economic classes of society, and also the fact that the possessors of one kind of capital, so called, are the slaves of the possessors of the other kind; and that the possessors of the other kind, the genuine capital, are the parasites, masters, lords and rulers of the nation. Of course the line may sometimes be blurred between what is and what is not capital. Just so it is between the vegetable and the animal kingdom; the line is clear between a man and a tree, but nevertheless there is a point at which it is hard to say to which kingdom a certain organism belongs. I wish to further add that an Atlantic liner is capital while a man-of-war is not. I wish further to add that when wealth is used to exploit, it becomes capital and nothing is capital till it is put to this use.

## A School of Socialism.

San Francisco Gets  
the Next Term

### OF THE TRAINING SCHOOL

For Socialist Workers.

Walter Thomas Mills, A. M., Principal.

Board of Examiners:

GEORGE D. HERRON  
CHARLES H. VAIL  
A. M. SIMONS

J. A. WAYLAND  
JAMES B. SMILEY  
PETER SISSMAN

The first term of this Training School closed at Girard, Kas., Dec. 31st. No school was ever undertaken which so fully met the expectations of its friends. A large number of the students will go at once into the field as party workers.

Of the twenty-two students in the regular course, all are arranging to take another term, after a period of actual experience in field work. Five of the number will go to San Francisco for the next term. Forty-nine students are already pledged for the San Francisco term. It will begin March 15, 1902, and last for 12 weeks. The next fall term at Girard will open with more than 100 students.

The course of study in San Francisco will include lessons in Social Economy, History, Voice Training, Practice, Methods of Study, Campaign Tactics, How to Analyze and to Organize. Corrections of Common Errors in Speech and Physical Culture.

The tuition will be ten dollars. Mr. Mills will have three assistants in the school work. There are now eleven hundred comrades taking the course of twenty lessons in Social Economy by correspondence.

If you wish to go into the field as a continual worker for Socialism, you should come to the Training School. Whether you can come to the Training School or not, you should take the correspondence work at once. Send stamp for circular.

Walter Thomas Mills, Girard, Kan.

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12 Buttons for 25c, 25 for 50c, 50 for 95c, 100 for \$1.75, one kind or assorted.

THE COMRADE, 28 Lafayette Place, New York.

### PARTY MEETING.

At a regular party meeting held Jan. 29th the following business was transacted with Comrade Bersford in the chair. The recording secretary being absent, Comrade Jos. de Vries was elected to act pro tempore.

The minutes of previous session were adopted. One new member admitted.

Bills to amount of \$4.47 were ordered paid. Communications were received from Provisional State Committee, G. B. Benham, Local Fresno, M. W. Wilkins. Financial sec'y reported receipts for week ending Jan. 29, 1902, \$19.40. Treasurer, receipts \$22.85, expenditures \$39. deficit \$16.24.

The following comrades were nominated this evening for State Executive Committee, viz., Oscar Johnson, John Messer, A. Appel, A. W. N. Lyons, John Whys, Wm. Hefferin, B. P. Ober, J. H. Bearnes, Jno. Larson, Jos. de Vries, Thos. Bersford, A. Barieau, Paul Trefz, S. M. Hilton, W. E. Walker, I. Rosenblatt, Theo. Molitor, Wm. Costley, A. Hammerlie, R. Arnet, Andrew Sorensen.

It was voted to lay nominations open for one week and place a notice to that effect in "Advance" (Comrades will please take notice accordingly.)

Jos. de Vries was elected sec'y vice B. P. Ober resigned.

Guy Williams was elected to Board of Directors of "Advance" vice H. Culman resigned.

C. H. King Jr. was elected chief editor and B. P. Ober and Miss Fairbrother assistant editors of "Advance" to constitute editorial board vice J. J. Noel resigned.

A set of resolutions condemning the action of one of our Nat'l committmen, Hilderbrant by name, for supporting a petition asking Congress to build warships in U. S. navy yards instead of letting contracts to private corporations was defeated by a vote of 13 ayes and 14 noes.

Hereafter the "Advance" will appear in a 4 page news paper size. Respectfully  
Jos. de Vries, Sec'y.

The Board of Directors of "Advance" meets every Monday evening at 618 Merchant str., at 8 p. m.

### NEWS ITEMS.

Illinois Central railroad will substitute a telephone system for telegraphs, and if the experiment proves a success other roads will do the same. High priced telegraphers will be abolished.

Longshoreman of Hoboken censured President Keefe for mixing up with Hanna's "peace conference," and demand instead that he busy himself to secure affiliation with the dockworkers of Europe.

Cigarmakers of New York have called for a conference of the local trade unions of the metropolis for the purpose of taking action regarding the unauthorized participation of labor officials in the "peace conference" with Hannah, Schwab and other capitalists.—In a communication to the New York Central Federated Union, President Gompers protested against the manner in which the referendum is being taken in respect to his working with Hannah, Cleveland and other capitalists. Nothing was done and the voting continues.

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## CREMATION.

Odd Fellows' Cemetery Ass'n.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA,

The ordinance prohibiting burials in San Francisco does not refer to CREMATION. Permits to cremate will be issued by the Board of Health the same as heretofore.

CHARGES:—Members of Societies and Organizations and their families over 15 years of age, \$30. Those not members of Societies and Organizations over 15 years of age, \$35. ALL Children between 10 and 15 years of age, \$15. ALL children under 10 years of age, \$10. This includes organ service and use of chapel.

George R. Fletcher - - Manager.

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**WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY**

Saturday Evening, February 22, 1902

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Admission 25c, Ladies free.

Eugene V. Debs has just closed a successful lecturing tour in Michigan.

In Saxony, Germany, the Socialists made gains in municipal elections.

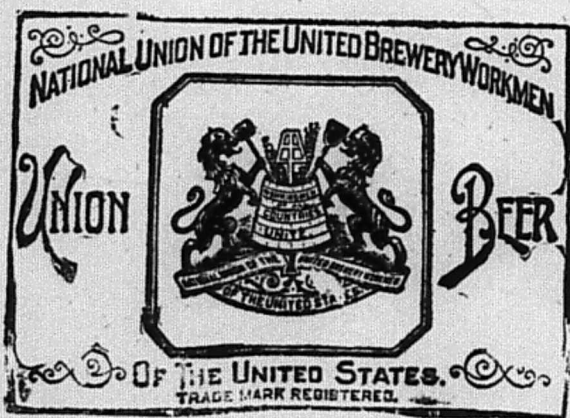
Over fifty delegates representing trade-unions and socialistic organizations among the Bohemian people in different parts of the country held a convention in Chicago, united the different factions, and declared unanimously in favor of the Socialist party.

F. Marion Crawford, the well-know novelist, in an interview in New York a few days ago, said he believed the world is drifting into socialism. "I hope and believe," he declared, "it will be the socialism of Bebel, brought about by peaceful means and without a resort to violence." The method of Bebel and every other Socialist is to gain a majority at the polls. Of course, if the majority revolts it will be held accountable.

LOCAL OAKLAND, of the Socialist Party, holds regular weekly lectures every Thursday evening, 8 p. m. at Becker's Hall, 918 Washington st. Admission free. Address correspondence to THEO. RADTKE, 857 Broadway.

LOCAL SAN FRANCISCO, Socialist Party holds regular weekly lectures every Sunday evening on social and economic subjects at Academy of Sciences Hall, 89 Market street. Meetings begin at 8 o'clock. Open discussion follows each lecture. Questions answered; free platform; public invited. Admission free.

LOCAL ALAMEDA, of the Socialist Party, holds open educational meetings every Monday evening in room 11 Methodist Bock, corner Park St. and Central ave. Free discussion questions, etc. Everybody welcome. Address communications to ALLEN A. CROCKETT, 1610 Wall ut St.



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### LECTURE PROGRAM

LOCAL SAN FRANCISCO.

1902

Jan 26th—Miss J. K. Cole,  
China and the Chinese.

Feb 2nd—Henry E. Highton,  
Standards of Life.

Feb 9th—Hyman Strunsky,  
The Contemporary Mood.

Feb 16th—Chas. Wesley Reed,  
San Francisco's Water Supply.

Feb 23rd—A. B. Nye,  
Editor Oakland "Inquirer"  
Control of Political Parties.

Mar. 2nd—Albert H. Elliott,  
Economics and Ethics.

Mar. 9th—Emil Liess,  
Materialistic History.

Mar. 16th—Miss Strunsky,  
Radicalism

Mar 23rd—Thos. P. D. Gray,  
Gold Bricks.

Mar 30th—Jno. F. Wetzell, M. D.  
Socialism vs. Anarchism

Apr 6th—Prof. F. I. Bamford,  
Socialism and Free Will.

Apr 13th—Henry Meyers,  
Politics and Family Life

Apr 20th—Col. Weinstock,  
Are the Rich Getting Richer and the  
Poor Poorer.

Apr 27th—Oliver Everett,  
Architecture Under Socialism.

The whole aim and purpose of  
Socialism is a closer union of so-  
cial factors. The present need  
is growth in that direction.—R.  
R. Ely.

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Mutton Chops.....	.10
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Pigs' Head and Feet.....	.05
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