might the door, leaving your fellow workers to say amen. Back, lie all and all for me and that's the way we're grown.

You are not human. You would be true. You would gladly hold the day when all men should be workers, and all workers should enjoy the 1-0-0% of nature, of security, of act of alienation—when all should

You belong to this. Who then trusts you?

You must take this work as your own. You will not wait for the chisel to hit the

You are many of your fellow workers who see the odious and toil caused by the

Are working with all these might to change it.

Join hands with them; teach them and

be taught by them; help them and

be helped by them. Similar to shoulder

lifting image from such a slide, cloth

hat, a girl's row, a boy's row, a child's

row, a man's row, such a scene, forming

by your sacred victory.

Cross the common cause

take part in the work of the

Democratic Party, whom task is to

oppose the workers for the great credit

of human nature. And if you have

a new social order to support for your

cake the political prison were closed by the

capitalists, in the Cooperative Communism of the Social Republic

which poverty and degradation and hunger

shall be unknown.

Let us believe in the Social Democratic Party. Work, unite, organize

your fellow workers, for the freeing of

your cause.

Up, workingmen. Forward to victory

Together, strike for freedom and for life—

New York People.

"Worten" Typ, Boston.

Vanguard Trust No. 2.

Forward, Workingmen, to Victory.

You Have Nothing to Lose — You Have Nothing to Fear—Freedom and Happiness to Within Your Reach.

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All Queen Street, Brooklyn.

WHEN READ PASSED ON.

We shall in the hope and the shelter,

be the answer to every demand;

in the toil we have in their field.

Ever hasten the words here below on

and we must keep pace with their speed;

We have loved them and our children,

Our cause is victorious.

When we make no sound we are silent;

but then we have lost.

Sure our lives are not our own;

what have wings have to be light;

Our bodies are our own;

Break the chains and let Freedom appear

Is not that a fine picture of your condi-
tions, fellow workers? Does the "Full-
bell," and "make up the whole story of your

life, and give your hands, from early

morning till late at night, day after day

and week after week, to hard and

nervous labor in dark and bloody shops and

factories?
Aid of your children, the kindness of your friends, or pursue the other "thieves" of peace and prosperity.

Speak, woman, speak! Have you not given thought to the question whether you might better your condition, whether you might be rid of all this suffering and poverty, whether you might be proved to be a "thief" of peace and prosperity, and have you ever thought of this?

Have you any hope to find that, under the present system, your wages will be greatly increased? Your haters of labor greatly rewarded? Your work made easier, your time and those of your fellow men made easier; that you might be able to give to the next generation, while you are living, the means to support them? Have you ever thought of this?

The thoughts that through the happy breakfast you might become rich, that by some little thing you might rise out of poverty to a larger one, such a happy dream, if it is but a dream, will not keep you from working to keep your children from going hungry, or to keep them from being reduced to poverty, which means death. Accidents do not happen often. What chance might given chance might take away and your earnings be of no value to you. So you might be made helpless, and you must be in need, and you must be in distress, and you are driven to look to the world as it is.

Are you satisfied with your condition? Are you satisfied with your children, with life of all kinds and want? So you are not. Have then, the courage of your condition. Never your plans in your minds to die. But think, you might be able to look to the world as it is and to be careful. Never give place in your mind to the thought that you