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might rise alone, leaving your fellow workers to their misery. Each for all and all for each that is the worker's law.

You are not content. You would be free. You would gladly hail the day when all men should be workers, and all workers should enjoy the pleasures of nature, of society, of art, of science—when all should truly live.

You aspire to this. What then must you do?

You must take this work as your own. You must not wait for others to do it for you. There are many of your fellow workers who now see the injustice and wretchedness of our social system and who are working with all their might to change it.

Join hands with them; teach them and be taught by them; help them and be helped by them. Shoulder to shoulder, taking courage from each other's deeds, gathering new strength from each success and new wisdom from each defeat, forward to your assured victory!

Unite your forces for the common cause take your place in the ranks of the Social Democratic Party, whose task it is to organise the workers for the great conflict which will inevitably result in the birth of a new social order, to conquer for your class the political power now abused by the capitalists, to inaugurate the Co-operative Commonwealth, the Social Republic in which poverty and dependence and hunger shall be unknown.

Vote for the candidates of the Social Democratic Party! Work, agitate, organise your fellow workers, for the freedom of your class:

Up, workingmen! Forward to victory! Together, strike for freedom and for life!—*New York People*.

Vanguard Tract No. 5.

**Forward, Workingmen, to
Victory.**

**You Have Nothing to Lose. — You
Have Nothing to Fear.—Free-
dom and Happiness is
Within Your Reach.**

PUBLISHED BY SOCIAL-DEMOCRATIC VANGUARD,
55A QUEEN STREET, BRISBANE.

WHEN READ PASS ON.

We toil in the night and the shadow,
Cut off from the gladness of day;
Bare life without leisure or comfort
Is the most we can win in life's fray.

Ever faster the wheels turn before us
And we must keep pace with their speed;
Every hour of our lives and our children's
Must yield gold to the wage-masters' greed.

Our chains are invisibly twisted,
Want's lash makes no sound as it swings;
But none the less fast are we fettered,
And none the less keen the lash stings.

Since our lives are not ours but our masters,
What have we to lose or to fear?
Up, brothers! By one mighty effort,
Break the chains and let Freedom appear!

Is not that a true picture of your condition, fellow workers? Does not "Toil, toil, toil" make up the whole story of your lives?

Must you not give your hours, from early morning till late at night, day after day and year after year, to hard and spiritless labour in dark and filthy shops and factories?

Does it not take all your efforts, all your industry and all your self-denial, to win a bare living for yourselves and your wives and little ones? Is it not true that, taking all sorts and conditions of workers together, taking week by week through the year, you can get only 9 and 10 dollars a week and find it hardly sufficient for the needful food and clothes and shelter?

Do you not long for some of the comforts and luxuries that your employers daily enjoy? Do you not sometimes curse your lot that you can never have these things, say not for yourselves, but even for the dear ones that are dependent on you?

Are you free? Can you boast of true manhood? Are you not always under the eyes of a foreman, goading you with the threat of discharge to work even harder and faster for an employer's profit?

And your wives—do they not lose their grace and beauty through constant work and hardships and anxiety? Do they not grow old long before their time?

Are not your children underfed and badly clothed? Can you educate them as you would wish? Are you not compelled to cut short their childhood by sending them to work in the factory when they should be in the school or in the playground?

You have seldom a holiday, seldom a day that you can call your own—except when you are "out of work," and then, when a vacation is forced upon you, you have not the means to enjoy it; want stares you in the face and drives you from place to place till you find again an opportunity for toil. Overwork or hungry idleness, that is your choice.

And what hope have you for your old age, which overwork and anxiety is hurrying on? Have you any hope of independence then? No; your hope is only in the

aid of your children, the kindness of your friends, or perhaps the bitter "charity" of poorhouse and hospital.

Speak, working men! Have you ever given thought to the question whether you might better your condition, whether you might rise out of all this suffering and privation, whether you might free yourselves from your dependence and at last stand erect, men among men, free from constant want and trouble and fear? Have you ever thought of that?

Have you any reason to hope that, under the present system, your wages will be greatly increased, your hours of labour greatly shortened, your work made easier, your lives and those of your families made richer and brighter? Has not long experience taught you that so long as you are wage workers, you cannot escape from the evils of poverty?

The thought that through some happy accident you might become rich, that by your little savings you might rise out of your class to a higher level—such a fancy could give you no hope or comfort if you understood the conditions which surround you. Accidents do not happen often. What chance might give, chance might also take away. And your savings—be as frugal as you please, still by a lifetime's toil you can hardly, with the best of luck, save enough to secure your old age from actual hunger. Forget those dreams and look at the world as it is.

Are you satisfied, for yourselves and your children, with a life of toil and want?

No, you are not. Have, then, the courage of your manhood. Never give place in your minds to the base thought that, because you are wage-slaves now, you must always be such. Never give place in your mind to the traitor's thought that you