

### "COME DUNGEONS DARK OR GALLOWS GRIM"

"O wad some Power the giftie gie us to see oursel's as  
ithers see us."—Burns (to a Louse).

(BY JOHN S. CLARK)

If you want to be a "Comrade" listen carefully to me—  
I've been among 'em long enough to learn a thing or  
three—

And I'll tell you plain and bluntly if you wish to be en-  
lightened,  
What you think you'll be, you ought to be, you might be—  
and you mightn't.

If an average intelligence is yours you may attain  
To a "Comradship" provided you can supplement your  
brain,  
With the quantity of grey-stuff added to its surface-matter  
As will finally necessitate a visit to your hatter!

First of all become possessed of a control of feeling Vedie,  
An unruffleable temper and a mind encyclopaedic:  
Have the ins and outs of everything stored up beneath  
your trilby.

From the days pre-protoplasmic to the wondrous days that  
will be!

Get the clutch on Evolution, take a stand on Nature's laws,  
Get the hang of every "ology" that is—or ever was,  
Choke yourself with Economics, soak your fibres through  
and through

With Histories—from that "purely scientific" point of view,  
(Which insists that every martyr racked or roasted at the  
stake,  
Landed there because he liked it—or was out upon the  
make.)

Study Law, the Constitution, all Religions past and present,  
From the jungle law of Moses to the cant of Annie Besant;  
Grind away at Metaphysics—Dialectics, and you'll find  
They'll equip you with "the method," they will discipline  
your mind."

They will keep you "on the handle," and assist without a  
doubt  
When you're "borin' from within" and when you're "bor-  
in' from without."

When you've mastered Philosophies—Kant-Hegelian and  
Cartesian,  
Preach the "Word" (of Marx and Engels) in a style De-  
mosthenesian;

Croon it gently unto Henry, he will grasp it if when  
croonin'  
You but add a dose of Dietzgen and a dash of Mike  
Bakunin,

With perhaps a mild suggestion of his "status" in the land,  
Where his Labor-power is bought "like monkey nuts"—or  
"Monkey Brand";

Where he "doesn't pay the taxes," doesn't really buy his  
clothes,

He'll begin to understand it—when he's turning up his toes,  
Chuck it chunk-like from the soap-box and in every kind  
of weather,

With a heart as soft as putty—and a hide as thick as  
leather;

Then perorate some sob-stuff—raise the scarlet standard  
high,

Bare your head and swear your bustin' 'neath its shade to  
live and die!

Bawl heroically "Onward!"—charge the foemen at a trot—  
(But always keep a dug-out you can crawl in when its hot)

Learn to prose like Lamb or Landor and to poetise like  
Shelley,

With a broadened mental outlook (and a narrowed Darby-  
Kelly)

(Of Genius or Wit, of course, you may be destitute—  
I prithee do not worry, there's a golden substitute—  
Grow your hair a trifle longer, disarrange it more or less,  
Adopt some eccentricity in diet or in dress,  
Then look as wise as Solomon, Observe these simple  
rules—

It won't deceive the knowing but it passes well with fools.)

When you've found the proper "posture" and you've  
"clarified your vision,"

You may pension off your judgment and develop your  
suspicion:

For remember every virtue one possesses is a sin—  
If applied to any Party save the one that he is in:  
You're expected to attack a System rotten to the bone,  
But you WON'T—you'll be too busy knocking hell out of  
your own:

If you've nine and thirty articles and chance upon a mate  
Who jibs at ONE—yet swallows all the other thirty-eight,  
Call him Fakir, Trickster, Swine, and "Skunk of com-  
promise"—

Folk will know he is a "Comrade" then—the mightn't  
otherwise.

And if on HALF A DOZEN points he don't see eye to eye,  
This proof—and proof conclusive—he's an "agent" or a spy.

Then cultivate some humbug—to a man you hate infernally,  
Start your letters with "Dear Comrade," and end 'em  
"your fraternally":

P'raps he hates you as intensely, never mind—'tis under-  
stood

Hatred's an essential attribute of human brotherhood—  
You'll know not what it is to hate and in return be hated,  
Till you've "filled your application form" and "got eman-  
cipated."

Deport yourself with "dignity" and never play buffoon,  
Keep your features like a fiddle's that is never played in  
tune,

And sentiment abandon—in a Movement so sublime—  
To act the human being is unpardonable crime.

If you've Job's pathetic patience and the virtues of a  
saint,

They will be of some assistance, but don't worry if you  
aint,

For before you have one quarter of these preter-human  
things,

You'll be circled by a halo, you'll be sprouting snowy  
wings;

With a crown upon your forehead and a harp upon your  
knee,

You'll be serenading Jesus in the great Eternity.

### STUPIDUS AND SAPIENS.

Reprinted from the Clarion April 29th, 1911.

BY D. G. MacKenzie.

THE vista opened out by the patient research  
of the archaeologist, the ethnologist and the  
biologist in the attempt to unravel the un-  
written history of man is one in which the most  
exuberant fancy can revel endlessly. Gradually  
there has been unfolded to us picture after picture  
until we see, far in the past, beyond even the earliest  
tradition, man first emerging from the forest gloom  
of primeval days. Low of brow, long of arm, short  
legged, huge muscled, grim of aspect, the direct for-  
bear of the human race, yet lacking all vestige of  
aught we are accustomed to associate with humanity.  
Dwelling as the beasts of the forest, wandering  
through the day in search of food, grubbing for  
roots, climbing for fruits or nuts, crouching at night  
in a cave or on the limb of a tree; mating as the  
beast. A breast in all things, naked and unashamed.  
Where do we find in him any of that human nature  
we speak of so glibly? Where any conception of  
good or evil, of decency, of morality, or faith, hope  
and charity? Where the soul which has been the  
source of so much anxiety to his posterity? Where  
the habits and customs, where the laws, human and  
"divine"?

As says our Haji:

"What reck'd he, say, of Good or Ill,  
Who in the hill hole made his lair;  
The blood-fed rav'ning beast of prey,  
Wildier than wildest wolf or bear?  
"How long in man's pre-Adamite days  
To feed and swill, to sleep and breed,  
Were the Brute-biped's only life,  
A perfect life sans Code or Creed.

Yet, this is a man, blood of our blood, and bone  
of our bone. Our relationship to him is undeniable,  
and its closeness a mere matter of a few hundred  
thousand years. A long time! Not it! A mere  
turn of the glass compared to the ages between that  
ancestor of ours and his faraway forbear, the slimy,  
formless amoeba.

That man, urged onward by the same mute ir-  
resistible forces that have brought him to the thresh-  
old of manhood, passes over that threshold, and,  
generation by generation, approaches us of today,  
just as we are pressed onward to the morrow we  
know not. At the stern mandate of necessity he  
adapts himself to new conditions, devises new means  
of gaining his livelihood, creates tools and weapons,  
and ever improves upon them.

"Yet, as long ages rolled he learned  
From Beaver, ape and ant to build  
Shelter for sire and dam and brood,  
From blast and blaze that hurt and killed."

Age by age, we can trace the march of our fath-  
ers towards us, ever, as they come, profiting pain-  
fully and slowly by the accumulated experience of  
past generations; growing in knowledge, growing  
greater in brain and less brutish in body. Ever im-

pelled by the stern necessity of obtaining a better  
hold upon the means of life. Improving their  
dwellings, their boats, their clothing, their tools and  
weapons. Discarding the rough stone weapon for  
the polished, that for the flint, thence to copper, to  
bronze, to iron.

Free, wandering, warring, hunting, lawless, pro-  
pertyless, "ignorant" savages. Living thus for nigh  
three hundred thousand years before the first dawn  
of barbarism even. Then, finding a new source of  
food supply in the cultivation of the soil, swinging  
open the gates of Eden and passing on the way  
that led to labor and to slavery, to progress and to  
civilization.

That ancient forbear of ours, the child of the  
man-ape, the scientists call "homo stupidus"—  
stupid man. Us they call "homo sapiens"—wise  
man. Oh, fond conceit! Wise man! We, who revere  
the antiquity of a civilization barely ten thousand  
years old, and that with lapses. Who invest with a  
halo of heaven-born sanctity a mushroom system of  
property of little better than a century's growth.  
Who bow before the altars of "eternal" deities dis-  
covered but yesterday. Who crystallize our miser-  
able modern characteristics as "human nature"—  
as it was in the beginning and always shall be. Who  
elevate to the ludicrous dignity of divine law an up-  
start moral code co-eval with shop-keeping. Who  
conceitedly plume ourselves upon the possession of  
a higher ethical sense than our rude forbears, and  
daily and habitually stoop to practices which the  
most untutored savage would abhor. Who lie, and  
cheat, and thieve, and prey upon one another. Who  
rob, ravish and oppress the weak and eringe before  
the strong; who pander to lust and prostitute for a  
pittance; who traffic, traffic, traffic in all things—in  
manly "honor," in womanly "virtue," in childish  
defencelessness, in the flesh and blood of kith and  
kin, in the holiest of holies or in the abomination of  
abominations; and who crown our achievements by  
pouring over the festering heap of our iniquities  
the leprous, foetid slime of hypocrisy.

Wise man! Wonderful creature! Lord of crea-  
tion! Hub of the universe! For whose uses all  
things, the quick and the dead, were especially cre-  
ated; the stars and the planets, the sun by day and  
the moon by night to light him; the earth, the  
seasons, the winds, the rain, the waters, the lightening,  
the metals, the mountains, the plains, the valleys,  
the forests, the fruits, the beasts, the fishes, the  
birds, the bees, the fleas and the flies and the corned  
beef and cabbage.

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