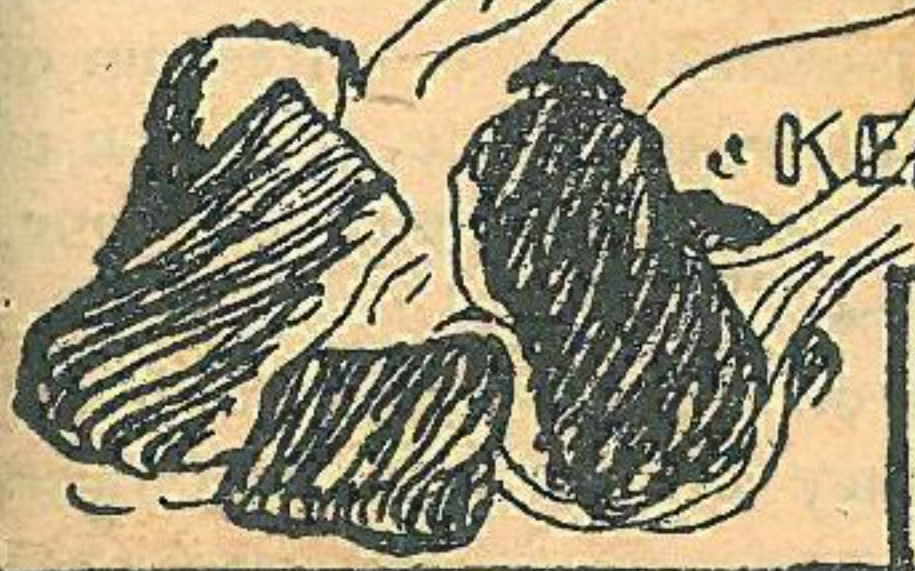


ORANGE
OFFICE

THE SPARK

"KEEP THE FIRES OF THE NATION BURNING"
(C. S. PARNELL)



Edited by ED. DALTON.

Vol. II. No. 31.

DUBLIN, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 12th, 1915. PRICE ONE HALFPENNY

DIVES' ENEMY.

HAD Dives an enemy? Let us say yes, and let us assume that that enemy was rich as Dives, though, perhaps, less vicious, less hypocritical say. This enemy had been patient, and long-suffering despite his strength, but at length when Dives had found a combination of sympathetic friends to attack him, the enemy roused himself. He didn't say "I don't want to fight, but by Jingo if I do, I've got the ships, I've got the men, and I've got the money too." But instead he said to his assailants, "I don't invite this combat, I desire nothing more earnestly than peace. The proof of that is in the triumphs of peace which adorn my great nation. My people who have reared those magnificent testimonies of industry and peaceful enthusiasm are not the people to lightly forsake peaceable pursuits, and buckle on battle-armour. But if from any misguided motive, and instigated by mine enemy, I and my people are assailed, let those who would attack me be well prepared to attack and subdue as I am to resist and conquer. If any are fools enough to be the tools of my enemy, they, too, shall feel the weight of mine arm, but it is not primarily they whom I shall chastise, but Dives. Dives is a blur on civilization. Dives is a corrupt, mean-souled, villianous fellow, whose death would relieve the earth of a menace and an incumbrance. Dives has been the father of hypocrisy, Dives has nurtured liars. Dives in the pride of his money-bags has presumed to call himself master of all men, not because of his strength, but because of his axiom that all men can be *bought*. I shall show Dives that he has made a slight miscalculation. Some men can be bought and shall be bought, and even Lazarus, poor beggarly Lazarus, craving for

crumbs from his table, Dives shall even say to him — 'Up Lazarus, my enemy comes to attack me. Up at once to the fight. You are a born fighter. This is your fight as much as mine. If the enemy come you too will suffer because of your proximity to me. If he comes you shall never have any more *crumbs* from my table. My enemy is a frightful blackguard. He spares neither age nor sex. A church or an altar is to him like a red rag to a bull! He'd tramp a hundred miles out of his way and go without his dinner for the sake of blowing up a church, and he hates children so madly that he'd spend a thousand pounds and risk the lives of twenty of his men to kill one child. Oh, Lazarus, surely you are not deaf to 'The Call', surely the fighting blood still courses through your veins. Remember all the grand *promises* I made to you. Surely, Lazarus, you were never known to be ungrateful. Come on Lazarus and fight for me, and if there's any of you left after the fight, I'll give you some of the grandest *promises* you ever dreamt of.' And poor Lazarus unaccustomed to this tone from Dives, will wonder if he has heard aright, and realising that 'tis even so, shall then wonder if his previous experience of Dives was nothing more than a nightmare. Lazarus, weakened and exhausted by sickness and hunger, Lazarus drugged and deluded by Dives' household menials may emulate the ass, whose stupidity is notorious, but if he does, if he fights for Dives, there never was an ass fit to wear blinkers with him, and if he comes in conflict with me I shall smite him more in sorrow than in anger. But this I would say to Lazarus, 'Lazarus—if I am the monster that mine enemy pictures me to be, I am

not fit to live, and it is your duty to oppose me, but you *know* Dives, you refer to him as "the devil you *know*," is it fair and is it reasonable to rely on the character which that ugly and unforgettable devil assigns to me (and that devil mine enemy). If I am a devil let other than a devil bear witness against me."

ED. DALTON.

IN BIRCH'S FOOTSTEPS.

In "Young Ireland" days the secret Castle Organ was "The World," a weekly publication written by a creature named Birch. Its purpose was to defame and "set" the men whose work was inimical to the Castle gang. "The World" was well subsidised, as was very necessary, otherwise it couldn't exist as it had few readers and had to be circulated gratuitously. Nowadays there is again a wide field for a Birch. There are again in Ireland men whose work is fraught with danger to foreign dominion in Ireland, and again has the Castle found a willing tool in the defamation and "felon-setting" of men whose supreme ambition is the independence of Ireland.

The modern organ of the British secret service in Ireland is "The National Volunteer," edited by John Redmond's "ablest journalist in Ireland" J. P. Gaynor, B.L., a gentleman who was disappointed in his quest for an insurance job, and whose legal prospects didn't foreshadow as frequent practise at the "bar" of the "Brian Boru Tavern" as his journalistic achievements now ensure to him.

A recent effort on the part of this present day Birch is directed against "a man called Pearse". He mentions not his name—that would be too obvious, and in any case quite unnecessary—but he leaves no room for doubt in anybody's mind. Good old J.P.—you are a fine specimen of the Sham Squire's litter. In a note with the heading "Home Rule or Separation", Gayner deals with P. H. Pearse's oration at the graveside of O'Donovan Rossa, whose memory the National Volunteers honoured by marching empty-handed at the funeral. He tells us that "one of the most prominent of Mr. Eoin MacNeill's colleagues, a member of the original Provisional Committee, utilised the occasion of the O'Donovan Rossa funeral to enunciate views with which he has long been notoriously identified. He is an open advocate of Separation and therefore an opponent of Home Rule. His views, as far as they are his own, don't matter, but when he assumes to identify the Irish Volunteers with these views it is time for certain people connected with the organisation either to approve or dissent from such action.

The gentleman to whom we refer is reported to have said:—

"The Irish Volunteers and others associated with them in the day's task and duty were bound together henceforth in brotherly union for the achievement of the freedom of Ireland. They knew only one definition of freedom, it was the definition of Tone, Mitchel, and Rossa."

And then J. P. goes on to ask are Separation and Republicanism the policy of the Irish Volunteers or are they not?

J. P. is a disappointed man—I had almost said disgruntled. I take it that he has some knowledge of Anglo-Irish literature, and he knows that it is the work and the writings and the sayings of the men whose definition of Irish freedom he cannot accept that live in the memories of the people of this country. He knows himself to have the knack of putting sentences together, but he knows that nothing he writes will live outside the archives of Dublin Castle, and that he is read seriously only by his paymasters. He knows well that when the literature of this period in Ireland's history is being judged by future generations, the Oration at Rossa's graveside will get pride of place for its pure literature and its lofty sentiments—and the mean soul of this mean man can rise to nothing loftier than the position of mudslinger at Rossa's panegyrist. The principles of Tone and Mitchel and Rossa are not good enough for J. P. Gaynor—they don't bring men into sight of soft jobs; they only bring men nearer their God, and to men of Gaynor's stamp, nearness to God is not to be preferred to a full pocket. Not only has Gaynor, like some of his distinguished leaders, "no objection" to Irish Nationalists being put out of the way, but he is likely to go further—he will point out week by week, for a consideration, men whose existence at large constitutes a danger to the "Realm." He is doing his bit for his adopted country.

—100 YEARS AGO—

the bells of SS. Michael and John were the first to ring out a welcome to the people of Dublin. On THIS DAY (Sunday, 12th), at 2.30, the Parish Sports and Aeridheacht will take place at Father Mathew Park, Fairview (by kind permission of Very Rev. President and Committee). The committee in charge have arranged an excellent sports and aeridheacht programme, and readers of THE SPARK could not do better than pay the Father Mathew Park a visit this evening. Admission 3d. and 1d.

—ceáo míle fáilte.—

"LITTLE" IRELAND.

A West British acquaintance insisted recently in obtruding his views of international affairs on me. With equal persistence I refused to discuss the matter from any point of view but that of Ireland's interests. "The Great Powers," said he, with fine scorn, "do not even know such a place as Ireland exists." "Granted they do not," I replied, "who is to blame—the Great Powers or West Britain?"

If a nation purposely sinks its identity in that of another, and links its interests with another's, why should it complain when the outside world fails to see the difference between the two?

In the late 'nineties France and England were on the verge of war over the French occupation of Fashoda. The "Weekly Independent" of the time (it was before the W. M. Murphy régime) opened its columns to a discussion as to whether Ireland should give her support to the ancient ally or to the ancient enemy. A West British exile urged that Ireland should oppose France, because he found, when on a visit to that country, the people were ignorant of and indifferent to Irish affairs. A simple citizen of the Republic had even failed to recognise the difference between the West Briton and an Englishman, and, with the absence of logic characteristic of his tribe, the scribe failed to see his argument was a telling indictment of the attitude of the Imperialist faction in Ireland.

West Britain cast aside the Irish language for that of the conqueror. It sent its sons and daughters to his schools to be brought up "happy English children." It talks glibly of OUR fleet, OUR Colonies, OUR trade and commerce, OUR literature, OUR Empire. Its political aspirations are those of any Cockney Radical. Its knowledge of other countries is such as it has learned from the English Press, or its slavish Irish imitators. When your West Briton went abroad he was registered without demur as of *British* nationality. There was nothing to differentiate him from Englishmen except his lack of character. Small wonder then that a Frenchman described Ireland as "that part of England where the Catholics live."

A nation can win recognition only by having regard to its distinctive institutions. The people of Ireland who, out of their scanty resources, have worked unceasingly to restore Ireland's identity, and who seek to prepare the way for Irish independence, by preserving for Ireland her separate language, art, and characteristics by building up a separate economic system, and developing a sepa-

rate line of action in international politics, have never got a helping hand from West Britain. Their reward has been the mockery of the Seoinin and the venomous hostility of the place-hunter. They have an equally hard struggle against native indifference and foreign enmity.

The duty of this age is the defence of small nationalities. Ireland is a small nationality. Is West Britain showing solicitude for the defence of Irish interests?

The two great sets of contending Powers are at present wooing the good-will of little Greece, little Roumania, and little Bulgaria. Ireland alone is of no importance, our West Briton says. And why? Because we remain in the shadow and are too timid to come out to our place in the sun. These small nations have produced statesmen of imagination ambitious for the advancement of their people. We raise to power the ward politicians, and stone the few men in our midst who possess statesmanship.

THE VIGILANCE DEMONSTRATION.

The Vigilance Committee are to be congratulated on the success of Sunday's meeting and procession, and I note with pleasure that an earnest campaign against music-hall atrocities has been inaugurated. Why the "Freeman's Journal" was allowed to utilise the procession for advertising purposes passes my comprehension. The "Freeman" papers published lengthy reports of the Beamish divorce case last year, a case the details of which, I am told, could not be surpassed by any published in the condemned English papers. And the "Freeman" people also are publishing advertisements at present for these same papers. Surely pressure can be exercised on the "Freeman" to stop this double-dealing policy in matters of morals; in political matters, of course, double-dealing is inevitable by the Princes Street publications.

S. O. S. BAZAAR

I am glad to note that the above event, which suffered postponement last year through the outbreak of the war, is to be held next month. I do hope that the promoters will not stultify themselves by giving the bazaar a political tinge. Charity covers a multitude of sins, but it is possible to presume too far on the dictum. It would be a sad thing if the Sacred Heart Home were hampered in any way through the unnecessary introduction into the bazaar programme of features which many potential patrons might resent.

A FRIEND'S ADVICE

(Air—"The Jilted Tailor.")

Ye natives wild of the One Bright Spot,
Pay heed to my exhortation,
And "Obey that Impulse Now" to be shot
In the cause of Civilisation.

Chorus :

If you won't respond to the Empire's call,
To save Nationalities big and small,
Take a ticket and a ship for anywhere at all,
But skidaddle out of Ireland !

The place to fight for your native land
Is away in the fields of Flanders,
When you're blown to bits we'll bury you grand,
On top of your own commanders.

Chorus.

Don't mind what the cranks and the croakers say
Of a dwindling population.
It's a Christian thing to think to-day
Of some other body's nation.

Chorus.

The Bulldog Breed must live at home,
Their King and country need them,
And the ravens are waiting beyond the foam
For the Irish gulls to feed them.

Chorus.

So hark to a friendly Friend's advice
And steer your course for Dover,
Or you'll get your fare from Peeler Price
To Hell or sweet Hanover.

Chorus.

Upian na Banban.

DEFENCE OF THE REALM ACT.

Defence Committee.

A meeting of the committee was held on Tuesday at 41 York Street, Dublin, Mr. H. Dixon in the chair. A large amount of correspondence was dealt with. Numerous prominent Nationalists from all over the country notified their intention of being present at the meeting to be held this day (Sunday) September 12th, in the Nine Acres, Phoenix Park, at 4 p.m.

Alderman Laurence O'Neill will preside at Platform No. 1, and Mr. Thomas Farren, President Dublin Trades Council at Platform No. 2.

ENNISCORTHY PRISONERS' DEFENCE.

I received result of drawing in aid of above fund for publication, but it got mislaid. I trust the hon. sec. will send another copy.

A fund has been opened to defray the legal expenses of the Irish Volunteer Officers imprisoned under the Defence of the Realm Act. Subscriptions should be sent to Hon. Secretary, 2 Dawson Street, Dublin.

Vol. I. Feb-July, 1915	THE "SPARK."	104 PAGES Price 1/6
<p>CONTENTS IN PART.</p> <p>Liberty of the Press. If the Kaiser Came. The Watch on the Liffey. Larkin Examined. Perverts and Parasites. The Khaki Boom. Religion and Nationalism. Duty and the Woman. Ireland Does Remember. Beer and Britannia. Cain the Leader. The New Loyalists. Truth or Treason. Vive Viviani. Revenge or Perversion. The Lusitania Martyrs. Wimborne's Model. The Great Delusion. False Lights. The Placehunters. The Bulldog Breed. Gold, Gold, Gold. War and Truth. Simple Simon. The Croppy Boy, etc., etc.</p>		
<p>Now Ready. Order from your Newsagent or direct from the Manager, 4 Findlater Place, Dublin,</p>		

"SPARK" ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements will be inserted here, when space permits, at 6d. per line prepaid. When not prepaid double price will be charged.

WANTED COLOURED VIEWS Irish Scenery, Photos, or otherwise. Reply P. G., Spark Office.

LARGE FRONT BEDROOM TO LET, Furnished, Iona Road district; suit two or three men; Sunday breakfast or partial board; Irish spoken. Replies S. H., this Office..

BACK NUMBERS OF "SPARK"—From this date 1d. per copy will be charged for back numbers of The Spark.

Printed for the Proprietor by the Gaelic Press, 30 Upper Liffey Street, and published at 4 Findlater Place, Dublin. Trade Union Labour. Irish Paper and Ink