

THE SPARK

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

Edited by Ed. DALTON

v. I No 2.

DUBLIN, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 14th, 1915.

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY

IF THE KAISER CAME TO DUBLIN

The late W. T. Stead once wrote a book entitled "If Christ Came to Chicago," in which he exposed the many grievous evils which permeated the life of that city, and endeavoured to anticipate the reception which would await the Saviour from the Chicagoans were He to visit them.

Without irreverence, and solely because his personality looms large on the horizon of some Dublin citizens just presently, I propose to here discuss the impression which Dublin might make on the Kaiser, if he landed some day, say, up at James' Street Harbour, or if he descended from a Zeppelin in the Drumcondra Ward.

I learn that there are in the City a number of what the "Freeman's Journal" calls "Pro-Germans." Now, I am not so utterly bereft of reason as to accept exclusive Princes' Street facts, but these is other evidence to show that the Emperor of Germany doesn't lack for worshippers in Dublin.

I have a warm spot in my heart for old Atha Cliath. No matter what part of the world I was in, I always looked to Dublin to do the right thing, in a crisis, and only rarely have I been disappointed.

I am wondering, then, what Dublin will do if the "Huns" come, and what will be the Kaiser's impression of our capital. My personal opinion of Wilhelm II. is that he is a perfectly sincere man, and a sincere man always appreciates sincerity in others. If he comes to Dublin, and

the "Freeman's" "Pro-Germans" proceed to welcome him with shouts of "Hoch der Kaiser!" I honestly believe that he'll clap every man Jack of them into jail or have them shot. And why?

Because he'll regard them as **English traitors**. Because they **speak** English, because the English language is rampant all over Dublin—on shop fronts and on street vans, in theatre and in newspaper, and because there is no direct and tangible evidence to convince him that Dublin is not a fifteenth-rate mean, squalid, decaying **English** town, instead of the Capital City of a distinct nation.

And Wilhelm will be unable to understand why a pack of Englishmen, or imitation Englishmen, want to tender him a welcome, unless, indeed, it is because they are renegades to their own country and language. England is the country of the men and women who voluntarily adopt its language and characteristics. The Kaiser will appreciate this fact, and won't rejoice at the lip-homage of renegades. Put your house in order, oh, citizens!

There is nothing, save moral sloth, to prevent the people of Dublin giving some semblance of Nationalism to the life of the Capital of Ireland. The street name-plates are in Irish, and they can sometimes be read with the aid of a microscope, but the names on the business establishments and on the delivery vans should be boldly in Irish, too.

As far as I can judge from a few recent visits to the city, there are less than two dozen shops

with the names of their owners in the native language; and I haven't seen half-a-dozen street vans so lettered. And the few there are, I was told, are owned by "only Sinn Feiners," or, as my friend Redmond would call them, "disgruntled cranks."

Surely things are at a sorry pass in Dublin when the handful of people who honour the National language of Ireland are branded as cranks. A stranger would think that everyone in Dublin had an insurance job under the A.O.H., or was a £400 member of the English Parliament, or had a job on the "Freeman" staff, or a Professorship in the University, so low has the political morale of the Capital fallen.

Now, is this to endure? Are we to allow the weaklings to stultify and belie our city? Are the bribed and corrupt offspring of a degenerate and emasculate generation to be permitted to misrepresent and misinterpret the inner feelings of our people?

Are the interests of Castle-hacks and Place-hunters from Princes' Street, or of insurance touts from Mountjoy Square, or of English-paid members of Parliament, or even of "sober" University Professors, to be allowed to weigh down the scale against the interests of Irish Nationality? No! And again, No! The men and women of Dublin, who never lost, and never will lose, faith in Ireland's resurrection, must see to it, to quote the words of "Major" Willie Redmond on a famous occasion, that "no matter what evil influences may be at work, and no matter what high personages may say, Ireland is Ireland still."

Therefore I say to you, citizens of Dublin, that if the "Germ-Huns" escape the vigilance of our invincible fleet, or of our not less invincible aircraft, and land some fine morning or some dark, foggy night in Dublin, let them harbour no delusions as to where they are, but let the language on our business houses and on our street vans show that Dublin is a city in Ireland and of Ireland, and let them not start flinging their bombs around, pleading afterwards the excuse that they thought it was rotten Cork or Piccadilly.

ED. DALTON.

mo leat̃scéal.

D'éiríonn go mbeadh daoine ag siarfaíge cad é an cúir ná bíonn faeóilge ve gnat̃ mpan "Aibleós" agam agus sup̃ tuine mipe acá go dian ar̃ caob̃ na faeóilge. Sroé m' f̃neagra ar̃ an gceirt̃ riñ—'o'on or̃eam acá r̃or̃ caõc̃ dal̃l̃int̃inead̃ an páir̃eup̃ ro, agus ní mór̃ dóib̃

riñ a bfuil̃ ve r̃pár̃ agaim̃. I gceinn tamail̃ín ámt̃ac̃ beir̃ poiñnt̃ faeóilge agaim̃ anñro gac̃ reat̃m̃aiñ.

Bíotar̃ ag siarfaíge le deádñaíge, "An ar̃ buile acá Dal̃t̃ún?" An f̃inne neib̃—cá r̃é cóm̃ mór̃ an buile le Caórap̃."

ÉADHARD DALTON.

JACK JUDGE JUDGED

Something over a year ago I was in Dublin, and in pursuance of my usual practice of "seeing things," I visited the Queen's Pantomime. I don't enjoy pantomimes as a rule, and I didn't enjoy this one. There was a feature of it, however, which sticks in my mind, and it was recalled vividly before me some months ago, when I read a lot of twaddle by "The Man in the Street" in the "Evening Herald." The journalist in question quoted some verses from "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," and proceeded to eulogise the author of that atrocity, who rejoices in the name of Jack Judge. It appears the fellow was appearing that particular week in the Tivoli, and our "Man in the Street" showered bouquets upon him for his splendid singing, and incidentally hinted that he had a "hand-shaking" acquaintance with Judge, and was even "hail-fellow-well-met" behind the scenes at the Burgh Quay house.

Even "journalists" have peculiar tastes of their own, and if a prominent member of the "Herald" staff finds his intellectual level behind the scenes of the Burgh Quay Music Hall, and finds his musical tastes adequately catered for there, it is not for a smaller paper than the "Herald" to complain; but just to show the cussedness of human nature, I give my impression of "It's a long, long way to Tipperary" and its author when I saw and heard him at the Queen's.

The song itself is crude and vulgar, and adapted only to the requirements of singers whose organs become unloosed after their possessors have partaken of generous potations of liquor, crowned with a feed of fish and chip potatoes.

The singer-author possesses a voice capable of getting jail, as a disturber of the peace, for a respectable cockle-seller, his movements on the stage display as much grace as would an elephant practising a Tango, and he owns a "dial" which the late Professor Darwin would welcome as irrefutable evidence of his theory as to the origin of man.

RELIGION AND NATIONALISM

SOMEONE COMPLAINS THAT "THE SPARK" IS TOO RELIGIOUS.

This is, indeed, a novel suggestion—novel, at least, to me, because I have ever looked on the Irish National movement as essentially religious. But, then, I may not be an orthodox Nationalist. I am the Nationalist I am, because I believe that, in breaking the political connection with England, we take the most vital step towards realising the spiritual aspirations of the Irish people. My complaint against foreign rule here is—firstly, that it is **foreign**, and secondly, that it is viciously antagonistic to the spiritual interests of Ireland.

The religious Irishman is, so to speak, a double-barrelled Nationalist. It is, I have no doubt in some sense, possible to be an Englishman and to be religious; but the English nature, as far as I have seen, through contact with English people and through modern English literature, lacks that inherent faith in Providence which, I believe, is possessed by almost every Irishman who has not deliberately drugged himself with sceptical epigrams, and destroyed those fine traits of character which make us love our own people.

Can anyone point out to me one character in the whole course of Irish history who accomplished or attempted anything for Ireland's sake who was not a religious man? Any man who did not act from an unselfish motive, and who did not feel that the object he sought to attain would bring the Kingdom of God on earth nearer to realisation?

The man who is not religious is a pessimist, and the pessimist is a clog and a nuisance. There is surely such a thing as ill-balanced optimism, but between pessimism and optimism there is the wise mean of faith, which declares to the man's heart that the Almighty has His Own meaning for any clouds which appear on the horizon.

I reproached a good man recently for grumbling about something, and I said to him: "To hear you complaining like that, one would think you did not believe there was a God." And his answer was—"But aren't the good to suffer in this world." Now, going around grumbling and complaining and putting your friends into the blues, or trying to do so, is not **suffering**; that is **enjoyment** to some types of men. Some men are never happy only when they think they are miserable. The way to suffer is to get away by yourself and wrestle with your delusions, and you'll come out of the struggle better, and renewed in vigour.

If there were no hills on the road of life, we would all become flabby, placid-faced dolls. Trials and troubles go far towards forming character,

and that is why the Irish character is so immeasurably beyond the English. There is hardly a nation on the face of the earth—certainly no nation which is free from English influence—where the Irish character is not esteemed. The trials and sufferings which this land of ours has endured have purified her. We have to-day in Ireland, despite all the enormous difficulties which have encumbered us, a potentially finer race of young men and women than at any time for the past 150 years. A race which has survived the National school, a race which has survived the legislative bribes and doles of the English Parliament, a race which cannot be cajoled or coerced from fealty to the motherland, and, thank God, a Religious race which, if not destined by the Almighty to win freedom for our nation, will transmit to a future generation an unsullied example of faith and resolve.

What white man envies the modern English their character. England has been a favoured nation in the material sense. Everything she has handled has turned into gold; but it is deep-rooted, fervent patriotism, not gold, that wins in the supreme trial. It makes me sorry for manhood to think that there is any white race deaf to the call of patriotism. She must truly be a poor mother who has not inspired patriotism in the hearts of her sons. If Ireland is ever in danger, we shall never need to make hysterical and negative appeals to the passions and imagination of her sons; it **shall** be only necessary to say—"Mother, Eire calls you," and the young manhood of the Gael shall mobilise with glowing, loving hearts to tread the path of the heroes.



IS MICK McQUAID DEAD?

If Mick McQuaid is really dead, he has left a worthy successor to his versatile career.

The man who pledged his word as a solicitor's apprentice not to become a solicitor until the grievances of his colleagues were removed, and who broke his pledge; the man who presided at the obsequies of the "Freeman's Journal" in Kilbarrack Churchyard in 1891 and delivered an address on the infamies of the "Sham Squire"; the rejected candidate for the Limerick County Council; the would-be Parliamentary representative of West Limerick; the would-be desecrator of the grave of Robert Emmet; the intriguer who, whilst posing in Dublin as a Sinn Féiner, sought for the representation of North Kildare in the English Parliament—his gentleman will to-morrow invite the Dublin Corporation to expunge the name of Professor Kuno Meyer from the Roll of Dublin Freemen.

The name of Kuno Meyer is known and respected in every library and in every hall of

learning in the world, and his work for Celtic studies have won him imperishable fame. If the members of the Dublin Corporation are so absurd as to remove that honoured name from their Roll, their action will not hurt Professor Meyer or the German Empire, but it will make Dublin men the world over blush for their folly, and they themselves will live to repent it. The proposer of to-morrow's motion will attain a certain fame for himself, to be sure, but I do not begrudge him the company with which his name will be bracketed in the annals of our city.

FROM MY SCRAP BOOK.

"Surely of all sins that which God will punish most is the sin of hypocrisy. Listen to the wailings of the hypocrites who have oppressed this nation as no white people has ever been oppressed—as Pharaoh never oppressed the Israelites—listen to these hypocrites raising up their voices to weep the woes of the Belgians fleeing their own country in days of war, and turn and gaze upon the sad Irish mother bidding good-bye for ever to the children she has borne in agony and bred in poverty as they go to perpetual exile. For many days she will stare the setting sun, and the years will bring a blessed numbness to her heart, and her faith will comfort her with the thought that the little children who played at her knee—for always they will be little children to her—will sing with her in heaven—but on this earth she knows they will be no more.

SPARKLETS.

Some of the comments on my first Number have amused me. A kind friend has gone to the trouble of sending me a list of them.

As I anticipated, the paper has been voted TOO SMALL. People who buy their literature by the square yard or by avoirdupois weight will be disappointed in this little paper; but, on the other hand, I have received some of the most delightful and encouraging letters, which convince me that it isn't the BULK of the paper that counts, but the spirit and sincerity of its tone.

Of course I intend to increase the size of THE SPARK at the earliest possible date, but in the meantime, as a friend expresses it, "better a glimmer than no light at all." What do you think?

Someone has said that my competition, "Dublin's Best Girl," is reminiscent of "John Bull." This is the unkindest cut of all. I shall sell

THE SPARK without any of "J. B." tricks, and the competition is not really a dodge to boom the paper. I have devoted my first competition to the cailini. I shall next week have a word with the "nuts," and what the cailini think of some prominent specimens in Dublin will make choice reading—for ME.

I have received a circular re the Mooney Memorial Hall, to which I will refer next week. This applies also to some other correspondents who have written me.

THE EDITOR.

MY NEXT COMPETITION.

I won't announce my second Competition until Sunday next.

DUBLIN'S BEST GIRL.

I am not satisfied with the response in this competition. I have a silver cross to award to the girl whom readers of THE SPARK choose as the most effective Nationalist worker in Dublin. I am comparatively a stranger to Dublin, and yet, by merely gleanings tidings here and there of how the cause is going on, I suppose I could name a dozen or so fine girl-workers in various departments of the National revival. I think you fellows in the city have your eyes shut, or maybe soldiering has driven "the girls you left behind" out of your minds. You should be deported to some foreign centre for a spell, and I guess you would learn to hanker after those girls somewhat smart. Will you vote for the "cailin" whom you think should get the cross? Fill in coupon herewith, and tell me on half-a-sheet of notepaper why she deserves it. The girl getting most votes gets the award, and the writer of the best case gets a book. The "cailini" can vote also. Send your paper to 3 Findlater Place, by Wednesday, February 17th.

To the Manager THE SPARK,

4 Findlater Place, Dublin.

Please send me THE SPARK, for.....
weeks, for which I enclose £.....

Name.....

Full Postal Address.....

Subscription—13 weeks, 1s. 1d.; 26 weeks,
2s. 2d.; 52 weeks, 4s. 4d., post paid.

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