



Edited by ED. DALTON.

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PRICE ONE HALP PENNY

# JIM LARKIN EXAMINED

I suppose it is one of the penalties of Editorship that I must suffer the braying of every shallow-minded two-footer who chooses to write to me, setting forth his peculiar views on myself and affairs generally. This week a correspondent, signing himself "Hib."—whether B.O.E. or I.A.A. brand he fails to indicate—writes, accusing me of showing "the cloven hoof" of being what he terms "a self-confessed Larkinite." Dear me, how utterly horrible!

"Now, if Mr. James Larkin agrees with what I have written in "The Spark," it is all to his credit. I for my part cannot reciprocate the compliment. I cannot say that I agree with all, or even a great part, of what Larkin wrote in the "Irish Worker," or said, according to the khaki Press, from the Transport Workers' platform. But I shall say this of Larkin and "Larkinism": I am personally acquainted with normal men and women who were honestly opposed to him; men and women actuated by the best and most unselfish motives; men and women whose hearts bled for the poverty and distress of their fellow-beings; men and women who worked, according to their lights, to redress that poverty and distress, but whose work was not as effective as it might otherwise have been, through their own temperamental incapacity, to either appreciate the evil in its proper economic perspective, or to apply the proper economical remedies to it.

But of the bulk of the opposition to Larkin (and I say this deliberately and with mature judgment) there never was in this city such a combination of corruption, of meanness, of cowardice and of hypocrisy arrayed against one single man as he had to contend against. And he **won**. Yes!

Jim Larkin beat them. Neither the Murphy mailed fist nor the sleek smile of an Aberdeen could conquer or buy the iron heart of the finest white man who has crossed the horizon of Irish labour since Charles Stewart Parnell fell a victim to the intrigues of British Liberalism and to the treachery of Irish Perverts.

I do not ask did Larkin increase wages? I do not ask did he lessen the hours of toil, or did he reduce the volume of the individual's labour? But I **do** ask of the workers, did he rouse your drooping hearts? Did he rouse you from apathy and despair. Did he tell you that you were Men and Women after God's image, and that you should not be degraded below the beasts of the field? Did he raise your eyes to God's sunlight, and tell you that there was **Hope**, that the evil in the world was not of God's making; that you weren't the victims of the Almighty's vengeance sent into the world to be degraded, bled and oppressed by human vultures in the garb of men? Aye! did he, a thousand times, beannacht mo chroidhe air.

He showed that the workers were an asset in the Almighty's scheme of things. That it was Men and Women who weighed in His eyes, and not gold, or cargoes, or motor cars, or even tram cars. He showed you that the working-men and working-women of Dublin **were** Dublin. That it wasn't Nelson's Pillar, nor the Banks, nor the Post Office, nor even the shops in Grafton Street, that constituted Dublin, but the bone and sinew, the hearts and the intellects, of its working population. And in doing this for you, in showing you the reliance and the responsibility which the Almighty had placed on you, in pointing out the great destiny to which you were appointed as the



custodians of Dublin's future—as the fathers and mothers of Dublin future citizens—he turned your thankful, earnest hearts to the Father, vowing to fulfil that splendid destiny, whatever earthly penalties might in consequence be exacted from you.

The man who revives faith, the man who dispels despair; who convinces men and women that they are not abandoned by God, and that they are not outcasts from His mercy, that man is a victor. James Larkin, victor, I salute you!

It will be said that I am omitting all reference to Larkin's defects. I am. There is only one living man—excluding the devil himself—who has had greater free advertising of his alleged defects than Jim Larkin—that man is Kaiser Wilhelm II. Let the crawling sycophants paint as luridly as they know how the mistakes which he made. Let who is without sin cast the first stone: "The Spark" has a truer mission. When his enemies have cleansed themselves and exalted themselves to Larkin's plane of morality, then shall I point out Larkin's defects; but, till then, I am silent regarding them.

But Larkin **did** make mistakes. The only man ever born into the world who **cannot** make a mistake is "honest" John Dillon, the Mayo gombeen man. Larkin's mistakes were mistakes of impulse, made in the heat of the fight, surrounded as he was on all sides by overwhelming forces of savage and unscrupulous foes. With the Press against him and the great bulk of organised and established opinion opposed to him, with every weapon that vicious ingenuity could devise levelled at him; when the bought wretches were boasting, as they had boasted of Parnell, that they would break his heart and drive him to a madhouse or the grave. Yes, under those circumstances, Jim Larkin made mistakes, or maybe they were made for him by subordinates; and, man that he is,, he took all the blame. But mistakes and all thrown in against him, I say that a cleaner, a manlier, or a more moral leader of men than Jim Larkin has not trod the earth for many a day.

The outstanding blunder of Larkin was his consenting to the removal of the children to England. He relied on bad advisers in that affair; but if there is a man on God's earth who would scorn to tamper with the faith of one of these little ones, that man is Jim Larkin. There is more faith and more genuine religious fervour in the hearts of Larkin's followers in Dublin than there is in all the Hibernian Lodges in Ireland put together.

May God guard Larkin and keep him, and when the khaki fog has lifted, may he return to Dublin to renew his work! "Do chum gloire De agus onora na h'Eireann."

ED. DALTON.

## THE NATION'S FIRES.

"Keep the fires of the nation burning,"  
Though craven sons betray,  
Though slaves defame their Mother  
And turn her away;  
Her heart will hold forever  
The memory of the leal,  
When every dastard's name is crushed  
Beneath oblivion's heel.

"Keep the fires of the nation burning,"  
Though long the cheerless night,  
Some hour shall flash in glory  
The holy morning light;  
Some hour shall gleam before you  
The fair, unclouded Goal—  
"Keep the fires of the nation burning"  
To warm her waiting soul.

## IRELAND'S GRUB.

Whose business is it to see that Ireland is not starved to death as a result of the blockade? It certainly is **not** the business of the British Government. "Starve and **bedamned to you**" was the advice of former British Ministers, and, judging by the Arms Proclamation and the military riot at Bachelor's Walk, there has been little change in British policy towards Ireland with the advancing years—if we except the treatment of the pampered perverts of the Parliamentary Party and of the Hibernian Lodges.

This being the case, what body in Ireland should attend to the growth and conserving of our food supplies? I submit that it is the business of the Irish Industrial Development Association. If the Dublin Branch of that body would just withdraw its leg from the loving embrace of the advertising adventurer, who has been pulling it for the last few years, and devote some attention to the raising and marketing of food, it would be making some attempt to fulfil the mission for which it was created—which wasn't to make a job for a second-hand journalist from Princes Street, but to promote the industrial welfare of the Irish people.

If the I.D.A. will not move in this matter, a conference representative of the whole country should be held in Dublin to take action to prevent shortages of supplies in the event of a prolonged blockade. There is no time for delay—we may be giving standing-jumps with the hunger within a month.



## THE HIBS. AND HIS NIBS.

Some people seem to think that "I have my knife" in Hibernianism. Quite on the contrary, I warmly approve of its principle. I know admirable fellows who are members—fellows who would not say bhoo to a goose, much less to a ward-heeler. They joined to benefit their families, or to facilitate their own early marriage, by getting jobs or retaining existing ones. None of them feel the better Catholics for being members; in fact, they don't quite see the connection between job-hunting and religion at all. They candidly admit to you that it is not sufficient for an Irishman to be a good practical Catholic to gain him admission into the Order; he must, in addition, be either a political ignoramus or an agile political contortionist, able to square his Catholicism with the machine-made politics of the Irish Perverted Party.

Some Hibs. whom I have met are worse than what I might call political Eugenists. The Eugenists, I hear, advocate the "removal" of unpromising children, in order that the ideal race may be evolved by wiping out the physically unfit. Drowning of children, as practised by the Chinese, would probably commend itself to them. Now I trace an analogy between the Eugenists and the Hibs. in this way. The former will not spare the child and give it a chance to develop—it must be smothered at the start; and the Hibs. will not spare the **mind** and give it a chance to develop—it must be bound up with party red-tape and drowned with bottles of Bass. Of course, a teetotal Hib. is not a *rara avis*, but he lives next door to it.

Although each unit of the Hibernian organisation was presumably endowed by the Almighty with the brains and mind of a man, he must not apply either to the study of his country's problems, but outrages God's bounty by allowing his talents to become sterilised, by stifling his own thoughts and impulses, and accepting the ready-made opinions and decrees of men who are no abler, no wiser, and certainly no more virtuous, than he is himself.

I said, in the first number of "The Spark," that **thought** cannot be suppressed. I repeat it here. Those who have confidence in the righteousness of their cause, and of the institutions they uphold, do not fear thought, nor do they fear its becoming articulate.

I say, then, that the Devlinites have not confidence in the virtue of their political tactics; they have not confidence in the righteousness of their cause, else they would not impose party tests on candidates for admission to the A.O.H., and they would allow full scope to their members to act

in politics as they chose. No doubt, when the box has been well packed, a few doubtfuls may be admitted; but the unedifying spectacle of a nominally Catholic organisation being harnessed to an immoral political machine, whose philosophy would shame the inmates of a cat's home, should cause every manly, earnest man in the community to raise his voice in protest against what in the final count must be voted an outrage on religion and good taste.

I believe Hibernianism is doing untold harm to the interests of religion. It oozes hypocrisy. Young people feel that, having become Hibs., they can relax in their religious duties; and when they see the lax morality of older men and the elasticity of their moral code, it is small wonder that they do. But the effect of this conduct on outsiders is more serious still. A tree is still known by its fruit, and if the fruit of an alleged Catholic lay organisation is hypocrisy, deceit and scheming, then the young men and women whose faith has already weakened through reading British "advanced" literature will go a step further into the morass of doubt, believing nothing save that religion is all a mask or a make-believe assumed by weaklings, who have neither the brains nor the ability to further even their own selfish ends in open competition.

The Devil is known in Dublin as "His Nibs," and I honestly think that the Hibs. and "His Nibs" are on fairly friendly terms. Whether designedly or by accident I may not now say, but the fact is beyond questioning that the Hibs. are doing the work of "His Nibs," and doing it effectively, because they are under a neutral flag. Let Hibernianism declare itself for what it really is, and all that is honest and clean and courageous in Irish life will be right up against it. Let it declare that it is the pocket borough of a gang of mean politicians who originated in Belfast tap-rooms, and who hoisted the flag of Catholicism, even as Sadlier and Keogh hoisted it sixty years ago, in order that they might shelter behind it and cover their advance to place and power. Let Hibernianism declare that it is, and must be, Devlinism, no matter how often its patron changes his political coat. Let it declare publicly, as it has declared privately, that political oaths are not binding, that Irish Members of the British Parliament could safely swear to be loyal to the British Crown and Constitution, even though they were not, and never intended to be, loyal. Let it throw off its cloak of religion and reveal itself in its political and social rags as a mean, sinister conspiracy to stifle independent political thought and action in Ireland, and then the place-hunters and the perverts will see that there are **men** in Ireland who, though they may hesitate to attack a nominally religio-political organisation, inherit



the fighting prowess of the old race, and will not fail to prove it when the neutral flag of religion is down, and the true flag of Hibernianism of Sadlier and Keoghism is hoisted in its stead.

## THE MAN FOR DUBLIN

Is there a **man** standing out clean and clear from the ruck of job-hunters in Dublin. A man who is not **for sale**, a man who scorns bribes and blandishments as he despises threats and calumny.

There exists in the City of Dublin as vile a ring of moral assassins as ever disgraced the name of humanity. As unscrupulous and debased a gang of hypocrites as ever trafficked in religion and patriotism. A nest of hoboes who receive the very latest, hot from Hell, by wireless. They are thriving on the rotten carcase of the older Dublin, but they will pass; their hour will come; and, with God's help, "The Spark" will hasten its coming.

In contrast to these vile creatures, there are men in Dublin with the hearts of the old-time heroes of history. Men who would scorn to do a dishonest or a dishonourable act; men who are devoting their time and their talents to bringing a new soul into Ireland, and who are prepared to defend her against the designs of her enemies. There must be some man—some **one** man to whom you would like to say, "Shake! you are a **real** brick?" Who is that man? What is his name?

Is it Father Tom, or Moran, or MacNeil, or Griffith, or Father Aloysius, or Father Costello, or Tom Kelly, MacDermott, Pearse, Doyle, Father O'Flanagan, Murphy, or Mellows?

Send me along his name, and I will send him "Ireland's Silver Cross." Don't wait until he's dead to praise him; give him the glad word **now**.

Fill in coupon, and let me have it by Thursday morning, March 4th.

ED. DALTON.

## THE WEEK'S CONUNDRUM.

If it takes a European war to make a Dublin Editor say his prayers, what would it take to make him go to Confession?

Sender of the first correct answer to be opened by the Editor will receive a copy of Webster's Dictionary, as (ab)used in Princes Street.

## "INTERNATIONALISM."

A correspondent sends me a poster advertising a meeting of the "International Tailors, Pressers and Machinists' Trades Union." Is it possible that there still remains even a squirm in this rotten rat of "internationalism"? I thought that the behaviour of "our English brothers" in the Dublin labour crisis would have burst up this humbug for ever. It is nothing short of farcical for a people whose Nationality has been long submerged, and whose country is struggling in the face of giant odds to preserve its mere identity as a nation, to be pursuing this will-o'-the-wisp cult of "internationalism."

Let the workers, for Heaven's sake, set an example of Nationalism, by identifying their labour organisations wholeheartedly with the various movements for the moral and economic development of Ireland, and leave to the Murphys and their tribe this spurious ideal which can only mean for Ireland in the future, as in the past, disaster and betrayal.

## THE ROONEY MEMORIAL HALL.

In reply to several correspondents, the Secretary to above is Mr. Doyle, 6 Harcourt Street.

## TO NEWSAGENTS.

Newsagents finding any difficulty in getting supplies of this paper should write The Manager, 3 Findlater Place, Dublin.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I thank the numerous readers who have written me. It would need a considerably larger space than I have at my disposal to refer to them individually.

THE EDITOR.

To the Manager THE SPARK,  
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