



Edited by ED. DALTON.

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## THE KHAKI BOOM

THE wearing of a new rig out for the first time is to me such an uncomfortable though necessary ordeal that I defer it as long as possible, consistent, of course, with decency. I knew a fellow once who suffered from this feeling and he surmounted the difficulty by getting an obliging friend to wear the newness off his suits before donning them himself. In the absence of an intimate friend of my own height and build I am myself obliged to tie the "glad rags" into a bundle and have a half-hour's football practise with them so as to take the shape and creases out of them.

The reason I am thinking just presently of a new suit is that I see the young women of Ireland are cautioned against having anything to do with me unless I am garbed in Khaki. This is a serious matter for me. No man in or out of Ireland has a keener appreciation of the merits of our countrymen, or derives greater pleasure from their society, at times, than I do, and I say positively I will not wear Khaki. No ! I will *not*. Not if every Irish girl from Galway back to Dublin, or from Donegal to Dingle were to coax me by all their arts. Not if they were to tell me that every Irishman could leave Ireland and that they, the girls of Ireland, would be able to keep the industries going during the indefinite absence of the men. Not if they emphatically declared that they could trust the English Government to ensure that there would be no food shortage in Ireland. Not even if they were to assure me that the honour of Ireland's womanhood would be safe in the keeping of English and Scotch

Militiamen. No ! not even with these assurances can I be got to wear the Khaki coat. The appalling ugliness of the colour gives me the creeps, and added to its ugliness there are one or two other reasons why I'm not having any. Please don't assume that I am egotistical enough to anticipate so keen an interest in my personal garb from any girl or girls. I am not. I have few if any delusions regarding personal merits in myself which might attract feminine attention, and besides I am afraid I am obstinate enough to resent any suggestions, from other than my own sex as to my choice in this matter of apparel.

But as our countrywomen have apparently been signed-on by some Khaki dye-makers, to popularise the wearing of that abominable colour, I am making it quite plain that in one instance certainly the wily dyers will fail to do biz even if they secure the co-operation of the fairest and the dearest of Ireland's women.

And as a consequence of this, my decision, I am threatened with ostracism, social-ostracism. I and every Irishman within certain age limits, who fails to encase his limbs in Khaki is to be cold-shouldered by the young women of Ireland.

The virtues which are claimed for the Khaki are creditable to the imaginations of the advertising profession. When a man discards his ordinary clothes and dons Khaki he immediately puts on a new character, even if his previous life has been a life of crime and sin. As if by the wave of a magic wand he becomes the very ideal of virile and



vigorous manhood. He becomes sober, truthful, honest, unselfish, brave and chivalrous—especially chivalrous—as citizens of Dublin can testify from personal contact with “gentlemen in Khaki” in the Dublin streets by night.

And if the man has previously led a decent manly life, the donning of Khaki enfolds him in a protecting mantle which shall save him from evil example, shall keep him clear of the liquor saloon, shall compel him to go without dinner on Friday rather than eat the regulation meal of flesh meat, shall keep his tongue clear of foul oaths, shall ensure him the moral courage to kneel down by his bedside in the barrack dormitory or by his blanket or sleeping bag in the tent and thank God for His mercies and ask His forgiveness for his sins.

These are an elaboration of the virtues which the Khaki dye maker’s advertising agent claims for his goods, and the stuff may be up to specification. I cannot speak with intimate knowledge of the effect which the wearing of Khaki has produced on Professor Kettle’s morals, or on the morals of full-Private Stephen Gwynne. But we can hope for the best. Anything in the shape of a man, even the most abandoned specimen of humanity, the meanest intellectual mercenary, the creature infamous enough to prostitute God’s gifts of mind and tongue to the destruction of the immortal souls and the strong vigorous healthy bodies of his countrymen, may not be left without the purview of our charity, and if Khaki cloth can save such a man, can cover his scarlet sins, and make him unashamed to look his Master in the Face, can nerve him to speak with undrugged mind to the upturned faces of the innocents who trust him, then let him don the Khaki, let every stitch on him be of that hue, let him sleep beneath it, and let all his waking hours be spent in it, because “an honest man’s the noblest work of God,” and a character reformed, a soul reclaimed, through whatever agency it may, even through a Khaki uniform, is something done towards the Father’s will.

But alas, poor me, I am unconvinced. I am not a hardened incredulous cynic. I despise cynics, and the greatest cynic was he, or maybe it was she, if there ever really was a woman cynic—the greatest cynic was whoever said “The tailor makes the man,” and what shall I say of the cold-blooded word-stringing dye-maker’s business stimulator who seeks now to convince a gullible public that the colour’s the thing; it must be Khaki?

Oh! No. Not this time, thanks, and thanks mother for the bait; but the trout won’t rise.

ED. DALTON.

## The Song for Ireland.

Air—“Ho, Ro, Mo Nighean.”

Dear land of memories golden,  
Dear land of legends olden,  
Dear land whose Tongue they’re told in,  
We’ll fight for thee alone!

CHORUS:

Thy soldier guard surround thee,  
They’ll keep thee as they found thee,  
Till, with God’s help, they’ve crowned thee  
A Nation again!

We prize thy hard-won glory,  
Thy name, thy song, thy story,  
Thy hallowed ruins, hoary,  
Thy Martyrs’ roll of fame.

CHORUS:

Though ruthless foes defame thee,  
Though traitor sons disclaim thee,  
Though dastards try to shame thee,  
Thou art not conquered yet!

CHORUS:

Brian na Bannan.

## To Dr. Douglas Hyde

A Chraoibhin—Presuming on that admirable democratic principle which ruled in early Gaelic days whereby the chieftain was accessible to even his meanest clansman who had, or thought he had, a grievance; I desire to say a few words to you.

I enjoy the unique distinction of being a truthful, sincere man, of being a whole-hearted supporter of the Gaelic revival, of being incapable of harbouring a mean or spiteful thought of any man, of being a supporter of your Presidency of the League, and yet, a Chraoibhin, I regret to say, I am obliged, after reading the report of your speech at the Mansion House on Friday week, to utter the one word “Fudge.”

According to the morning papers you declared that “the Gaelic League was doing its best to capture the Irish market for Irish manufacturers.” That statement, sir, is not accurate. You cannot dissociate the League as an organization from the actions of its officials and members as individuals. Irish manufacturers are *not* receiving that support from the Gaelic League (the Hon. President *very*



*much* included) which they should receive. I will not mention the particular instances in which you fail. But fail you do, and your fellow Gaels in the future will judge you not by what you say, but by what you do.

The business of the League is primarily with the revival of the language, but when you claim support for it on the ground that it is concerned in reviving and supporting Irish Industries you must expect it to be judged on that ground, apart from its language work altogether. This too, applies to the officials and members. However earnest language revivalists they may be they cannot be excused from purchasing foreign notepaper, foreign cigarettes, foreign boots, foreign bicycles, foreign ties, foreign food-stuffs, foreign matches, candles and soaps, etc.

I hope, a Chraoibhin, you will think this over, and that you will recognise that patriotism and charity begin in the one street.

Mise do Chara,

ED. DALTON.

## LA féile pádraig.

I was glad to be in Dublin on the National Festival. Wherever else corruption has eaten its way, the heart of Nationalist Dublin is pure and whole. There were a number of Irish sermons in the churches, the only omissions from our forecast last week being Berkeley Road and City Quay. You could hardly expect a little sheet like THE SPARK to give a complete list of such fixtures, when even the subsidised organ of the Gaelic League was incapable of doing it:

—:o:—

The mushroom Volunteers had a walk-out on the Feast Day, and omitting this item, the dignity of the day was hardly violated. If the Foresters' Band would only learn some Irish music we might say a word in praise of their display as they marched to the church parade.

—:o:—

The concert in the Rink at night drew quite the largest Patrick's Night audience for many years, and the atmosphere was thoroughly National. There were quite a number of country visitors, including many readers of the "little SPARK". The audience included many priests and journalists, D. P. Moran and Arthur Griffith being actually together under the one roof without coming to blows.

## QUAID PAID.

The Corporation gave a characteristic clowning performance on Monday, in passing the Kuno Meyer expulsion resolution; but, personally, I don't condemn the Corporators. I often wonder how the few honest men in that assembly are able to stick it out. It is creditable to their earnest public spirit that they have the heart to continue displaying an interest in the serious business of civic affairs, considering the obstacles they have to surmount and the class of characters they have to associate with. If I were to enter the Council Chamber on any meeting day, I would keep my hands in my pockets as the only safeguard against their being picked.

The Quaid has now gained its end in having the name of the great German Celtic scholar expunged from the Dublin roll of freemen. If all other measures failed them, there are some men who, in the pursuit of notoriety, are capable of giving a comic song and dance on the altar-steps of a cathedral.

But you cannot diet altogether off notoriety. You can, however, market it, and we shall await with interest the price which it will fetch.

## "PRO-GERMANISM."

No man more keenly appreciates German character than I. Its outstanding features are honesty, sincerity and thoroughness. They are the three qualities which are sadly lacking in our own character, and which will, I hope, be assimilated by us in time. But I have no patience with the thoughtless idiots who avail of every possible opportunity to sing "The Watch on the Rhine." The tune of that anthem is grand and martial, but we have equally grand and martial Irish tunes, and until we have exhausted these we should give but scant attention to the German air. I say this because of the noise created by some youths at the St. Patrick's Night Concert in the Rink. These chaps, apparently, don't realise that there is an Irish nation in existence and that Irish Nationalism aims, not at changing one foreign master for another, but at the full and complete independence of this island, from the centre to the sea.



## Commonsense in Blank Verse.

Do you realise that *you* are a unit of the Irish nation?

That the nation is what its units are.

That if its units are alright, the nation is right.

That if you see anything wrong with Ireland,

Examine your own conscience.

And see if there's anything wrong with *yourself*.

Make yourself a model Irishman or woman,

Don't worry if your neighbour rails to do his duty;

Continue to be an example to him.

It's great gas crowing

When you're in the right.

Buy Irish-made goods as far as possible,

And don't send even a solitary penny out of Ireland

If you can avoid it.

Keep the money circulating in Ireland, because then

You have a chance of getting some of it back.

But when you buy anything foreign,

Even a packet of "fags", or a pennorth of toffee,

You bid your money a sad good-bye,

*Good-bye for ever.*

Supporting Irish manufacture means,

Or *should* mean,

Supporting yourself.

Some Irish manufacturers are no great shakes,

God knows they aren't.

But it isn't for their sake,

But to give employment

To Irishmen and women in Ireland,

That you support them;

And if they won't treat their workers fairly,

Then we'll tell Jim Larkin on them,

And Jim will make them *sit* up,

Or *pay*-up, or *shut* up.

Jim is a boyo,

Like a bull in a china shop,

Smashing all before him.

But he's in earnest, and

It's so hard nowadays to meet

A *real earnest man*

That much is forgiven to him

Because of his rugged straightforward indignation

At the inhuman way

In which

Many of our Irish working people

Are treated.

But we're all in the one boat now,

*Little Ireland*, with its coat off,

Ready for anything,

Anything but dishonour.

Here's something to remember :

The earnest soul will conquer Heaven

Whate'er its state may be,

And strongest chains can yet be riven

By those who would be free.

Pray with a firm resolve to *do*,

And God will aid the right ;

But crowns were never made for you

Who never dare to fight.



## THE DECREASE OF CRIME IN DUBLIN

I have not dropped this investigation, but shall take an early opportunity of returning to it.



## THE ROONEY MEMORIAL HALL

I am asked to mention that the date of the Prizedrawing for the above Building Fund has been extended to May 1st, and that duplicates and remittances will be received up to April 24th.



## The "Crab" Stakes—Perhaps

Mr. Appleton, a Labour leader, complains that the Government have kept the truth from the working man. "Over and over again," he says, "we hear of positions regained which we were never informed had been lost." It is quite true. And the Yellow Press—which supplies the working man with his news—sins more than the Government. Ever since the war began it has been one long shriek of exultation—except for one brief snatch of chattering panic. There has been no attempt to represent the truth to the public. The public has been told of constant "advances," and yet the places mentioned remain mysteriously the same. We are reminded of a horse-race at a pantomime where the scenery being on a drum and the horses on a revolving platform, there is a great appearance of speed, yet no reality of progress. So it has been all through the autumn and winter in France, and the corner of Flanders we still retain. We have just barely held our own. The Allies are still at Ypres, La Bassée, Soissons, Rheims, and all the other places that have figured for so long in the official *communiqués* in spite of advances. Let the working man study a map and he will see the real position.—*London Morning Post*, March 17th, 1915.

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