



Edited by ED. DALTON.

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DUBLIN, SUNDAY, JULY 11th, 1915.

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY

SIMPLE SIMON

THE English Attorney-General visited the Mansion House this week, escorted by the National Volunteers, and supported amongst others by Mr. Stephen Hand, Sir John Irwin, Mr. S. W. Maddock, and other distinguished representatives of the commercial and industrial life of Ireland, and there he announced the remarkable fact that if each of the 45,000,000 of men, women, children, and sucklings, who make up the total population of Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and England saved half-a-crown for one year the total sum at the end of the period would be nearly three hundred million pounds sterling.

"Sir John Simon," the "Irish Times" informs us "focussed his message on the one phrase, 'Forty-five million half-crowns a week.'" It was a revelation to the Press. It made, as our Non-Native Contemporary says, "Monetary assistance in the great fight a tangible thing to the man with a weekly wage." Such a man has, say, a wife and four children. When he goes home on Saturday evening with his thirty shillings he has but to lay six of the twelve half-crowns in his wife's palm to feed, house, and clothe the family for the ensuing seven days and put the other six aside for the Great Fight. Never before Sir John Simon came with his Message to Dublin had he grasped how simple a thing it is to raise three hundred million pounds. Of course, there are some of the forty-five million people on whom Sir John Simon has cast his eye who could save more than half-a-crown a week—Lord Iveagh or Mr. William Murphy, for instance. The acute Simon knows it is so. "Some of them I am quite sure," he declared, "can econo-

mise a great deal more than the figure I mention, but let us be modest—let us say half-a-crown a week." This wonderful statist and financier further pointed out that Lord Iveagh or Mr. Murphy would not get the slightest advantage in this English War Loan over the Old-Age Pensioner, for the principles and rights of democracy are to be upheld by the British Government in this matter. "The Old Age Pensioner (we quote again from 'The Irish Times') if he can manage to save one week of his old-age pension, is by this scheme put in exactly the same position as Lord Iveagh, Mr. Murphy, or anyone else."

If this be not true Democracy in Finance, we do not know what it is. And we can assure any who doubt Sir John Simon (thinking this a capitalist dodge or something of the kind) that his statement is wholly and absolutely correct. Not a farthing more will Lord Iveagh or Mr. Murphy draw in interest on their investments of five shillings in the the Loan than will the Old-Age Pensioner. The Old-Age Pensioner will be guaranteed on British security an income of nearly two-pence three-farthings per year. Lord Iveagh or Mr. Murphy will receive exactly the same. Not a fraction more.

Lord Iveagh, who was most enthusiastically received, said Sir John Simon had sacrificed his time and his personal convenience to come to Dublin to deliver that inspiring and business-like address, and moved that each one should adopt rigid personal economy.

As a lead Lord Iveagh himself, it is stated, will refuse to drink any of Guinness's stout until the

war is over, and to remove temptation from weaker natures, he will decline to supply his celebrated, but wholly unnecessary, X and XX to publicans in Ireland for sale to their customers.

Mr. P. J. Brady, the tried and true representative of Stephen's Green on the floor of the House, pointed out that it would be pernicious and savouring pro-Germanism for the Irish people to think that it was advisable for them to put money into Irish industries at a moment when England required it to wage war with and keep up her Business as Usual. Mr. Brady lucidly pointed out that if Prussianism got the upper hand in this war "then good-bye to Irish Industries." All the fostering care that England has given to our industries since the Union would be gone.

Sir Walter Nugent, of the "Freeman's Journal," announced that he was delegated to speak on behalf of every man in Ireland in assuring Sir John Simon men, munitions, and money. The "Freeman's Journal" is about to subscribe £10,000, or a pound for every issue of the journal sold in a week.

Mr. George Stewart, Governor of the Bank of Ireland, stated the bank had applied for a million and half. He mentioned it to encourage the county court judges, who permeated the audience, to follow the example, and Mr. William Field, who wound up the proceedings with his usual admirable harlequinade, refrained from singing the song, written, composed, and sung for ten years at public meetings by himself—"The Root of all Evil is Gold."

The only list of business men of Dublin published as being present was published by the "Freeman's Journal". For reasons unknown the "Irish Times," the "Daily Express," and "Independent" printed no list of the attendance at so distinguished, unique, and wealthy a gathering. The "Freeman" list, outlined for the benefit of posterity, shows that there were present, in addition to Sir John Simon and the Lord Mayor:—

- One Lord Chancellor at £6,000 per annum.
- One Under-Secretary at £2,000 per annum.
- One High Court Judge at £3,800 per annum.
- One Recorder at £2,500 per annum.
- One Solicitor-General at £2,000 per annum.
- One Insurance Chairman at £2,000 per annum.
- One Vice ditto at £1,500 per annum.
- One Department of Agriculture Vice-President at £1,500 per annum.
- One Lord Commissioner at £1,500 per annum.
- Five County Court Judges at £1,400 per annum.
- Four M.P.'s at £400 per annum.
- One Dean of Chapel Royal at £500 per annum.
- One Registrar-General at £1,500 per annum.
- One ex-Lord Commissioner on pension.

- One "Freeman's Journal" Solicitor.
- One President of University College.
- Four Doctors.
- One Major.
- One Superintendent Grave-digger.
- One Managing Editor "Freeman's Journal".
- Four T.C.'s,
- Five Solicitors.
- One President of an insurance institute.
- One Butter Factor.
- One Manure Manufacturer.
- One Shipper.
- One Tobacconist.
- One Pensioner
- Two Builders and Plumbers.
- Three Stockbrokers.
- One Deputy-Lieutenant.
- Three A.O.H. Clerks.
- One House-agent.
- One ex-Registration Agent.
- One Sir John Irwin.
- One Governor of Bank of Ireland.
- One relative of Lord Iveagh,
and
Lord Iveagh.

It will be noticed that nine-tenths of the wealthy Unionist merchants and financiers in Dublin have not their names in this list. But possibly they were there helping the Empire and did not wish it alluded to.

However, Lord Iveagh was there, and Lord Iveagh possesses Forty Millions of Pounds Sterling, and Lord Iveagh declared it was the duty of Labourer and Artizan, Farmer and Landlord, Merchant and Manufacturer to practise rigid economy and put his balance in Britannia's purse.

This, of course, means that Lord Iveagh is going to subscribe 39 millions and live in frugal comfort on the other million.

Just let the Old-Age Pensioners who are invited by his Lordship to subscribe a week's pension Wait and See.

Wm. M. Murphy's "Bit."

The "Irish Independent" has subscribed £3,000 to the War Loan, vide "Independent," July 6th.

The Kaiser when he heard it, had a fit,
And the Crown Prince felt as if he had been hit,

Faith, they both know all is over,

That the Allies are in clover

Since Murphy's ha'penny hobby did its bit.

Though the "Independent"'s placed them in a stew,
They're wondering what the "Freeman" now will do,

They know it's got no rhino,

But can't it pawn a lino

And raise the wind. O Deutschland Wirrasthru.

THE PASSING OF ROSSA.

I robbed no man, I spilt no blood,
But they sent me off to jail
Because I was O'Donovan Rossa
And a son of Granuaile.

Rossa is dead. Faithful and unyielding to the last, he has died as he lived, strong in his love for Ireland, strong in his hatred of her foes. I am sure that love was more congenial to that sterling Gaelic heart of his than hatred. Hate is unsatisfying and exhausting, but love allied to faith is irresistible and sustaining. If Rossa or any of our dead had merely hated England, we had forgotten them long since. But men do not immolate themselves for hatred; it is love, love of God, of country or kindred that impels them to forego the pleasure and the spice of life that they may devote themselves to the attainment of some object which may not only bring no material gain to themselves, but may even in its service lead them to the jail, the gibbet, or to exile.

It was love, love of Ireland, which led Rossa to an English jail and then to exile. He was treated when in prison with that savagery which has for ever characterised England's treatment of political offenders, and if now that treatment has been somewhat mitigated it is simply because England couldn't have the affrontery to ask for exceptional treatment for her war prisoners whilst maltreating her own Irish prisoners of war.

Hatred was not Rossa's first inspiration. Even on that bleak night in "Black '47", when his horse was brought to a sudden standstill by the wailing sound that came from the imbecile son of the famine-stricken woman who lay dead in the ditch, starved according to law—even then, when he dismounted and gazed on the emaciated face of the dead Irish mother, and when reflecting on the awful mental agony which that youth endured as he witnessed the death pangs of the creature who was dearest to him on earth, the mother who bore him—even then I do not think that *hate of England*, the perpetrator of this horror, was the predominant passion in Rossa's heart.

It was afterwards he learned to hate. But that night, as he knelt by the grave of the imbecile's mother on the road to Skibbereen, he no doubt swore the oath which Tone imparted to his colleagues on Cave Hill, never to desist in his efforts

until foreign power in Ireland was broken for ever.

It isn't Rossa's fault that that power still remains. He had lived to a ripe old age, but not long enough to behold the triumph of his hopes. Peace to his ashes. But in the hour of Ireland's glory which the Almighty has surely destined for her, in that hour when empires shall totter and ancient tyrannies be shattered like match-boards, when place-hunters, self-styled "diplomats" and pink-eyed "journalists" shall find their mean level, we shall exalt the name of O'Donovan Rossa, the Fenian who kept the faith and died as he lived, loving "dear old Granuaile".

ED. DALTON.

"LIVE" JOURNALISM.

Remember that the Huns are at present the inhabitants of Germany, Austro-Hungary, and Turkey. The term is not to be extended without further orders.

The word "Desperate" is not to be applied to any engagement in which less than two soldiers are killed. It should not be employed more than ten times in any leading article.

The Austro-Hungarian army is not again to be destroyed without permission from the censor.

No Belgian children with their hands cut off are to be created until further notice.

Letters from the front written by the sub-editors need not be submitted to the censor.

In the course of a Russian retreat the losses of the Huns must always be gigantic.

In writing a leading article on the war, care must be taken that Christianity, Civilisation, and Small Nationalities are written with capital letters.

In writing a leading article for the morning papers, the following words or phrases are to be worked in not less than three times a week, viz :—

"Prussian Militarism."

"German" Kultur (It is fatal if "Kultur" is not quoted and spelled with a K.)

"Sanctity of Treaties."

"Belgian Neutrality."

"Christianity."

"Civilisation."

"Small Nationalities."

In writing a leading article for the evening

papers, the following rules are to be rigorously observed, viz :—

For a Green Leading Article—use a scissors, the London “Times,” and a songbook. Mix well.

For a Buff Leading Article—A pastepot and the “Daily Mail.”

For a Pink Leading Article—Anoint the interior of the body with twelve small whiskies and stand on your head.

For a Casual Causerie—Cut out a “Daily Telegraph” or other English paper’s article, break up into new paragraphs, sign “D” at the bottom, and serve up as your own manufacture three times a week.

N.B.—During the continuance of the war Catholic Journalists must point out that the Pope is misinterpreted or misinformed. Protestant ditto must point out that that he is just what they always knew him to be.

By Order.

GOD BLESS THE CENSOR:

THE CONSCRIPTION PERIL.

The fact that the Castle-kept “Freeman’s Journal” mildly protests against the Conscription proposals of a certain Dictator of England, does not mean that the new Cabinet will hesitate to apply this new form of coercion to Ireland. With Sir E. Carson and men of his ilk ruling us we may expect any day to hear that Conscription—disguised as National Service, Registration, or Mobilization—will be tried on the back of the patient Irish camel. And if we want to prevent the poor beast’s back being broken, the first step is to realize what this new form of slavery would mean to Industrial Ireland.

Conscription means the forcible enlisting of Irishmen into the army. Conscription or its twin brothers Registration and National Service means the paralyzing of Ireland’s Industrial aims, the wrenching from the anvil and the lathe of the men whose skilled labour makes an opportunity for the less trained who follow them; the withdrawal from many small workshops of the driving spirit who kept the firm alive; the disorganisation and collapse of the small and struggling industries which have grown up under the influence of the Irish revival; a reduction in the quantity and also in the quality of the goods produced. The mere

shadow of the evil has driven many patriotic young men to America, where they prefer to sweat and toil rather than be forced into the armed service of Britain. Whilst the action and motive of these young men can be appreciated, it must be impressed on those who have not yet moved that there is no need to emigrate. The evil has not yet come. Even if it should come it will not find the people of Ireland powerless to oppose it. The important matter is to realise in advance the demoralizing effects of the proposal.

No man in Ireland could any longer take an interest in his daily occupation. To-morrow the British bugle might call him to fight the murdering Huns. In this state of affairs a frame of mind is engendered destructive of all initiative or sustained effort. A man will not build for the day which he believes will never come. An employer cannot rely on men who may any moment be forced from him. The small contractor who with a run of luck secures a good deal of work and collects a workable staff together, will find them melt away any fine morning. His foreman may be called, or his clerk or timekeeper. Then there are anxious times until another suitable man has been found and trained. In every walk of industrial life such incidents oft repeated will reduce all effort to impotence, and firmly establish indifference and hopelessness. The evil has not yet come. The realization of what it means will prevent its coming. Every man interested in Ireland’s industries must register himself an anti-Conscriptionist. He must enlighten every one as to the evils of this coercionist proposal. Once the evil is appreciated there is enough power of passive and active resistance still left in Ireland to secure in advance that—whatever the English may do—Conscription will never operate in Ireland.

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