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DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE

Detective Department,



Dublin, 2nd. October 1915

Subject, MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 1st. Inst.,
the undermentioned extremists were observed
moving about and associating with each other
as follows :-

With Thomas J. Clarke, 75, Parnell St.,
Joseph McGuinness for a few minutes at 11.30
a. m. Thomas Byrne for a quarter of an hour
between 4 & 5 p. m. C. Colbert, for twenty
minutes between 7 & 8 p. m. Major John
McBride, John McDermott, and C. J. Kickham,
together for twenty minutes from 8 p. m.
John O'Mahony, James Murray, and B. Parsons,
for half an hour between 10 & 11 p. m.

Bulmer Hobson left Kingsbridge by 3 p. m.
train

The Chief Commissioner.

The under Secretary

Submitted

for Johnston

Comm. 2/10

*Chief Com
Seen*

4/10/15

*U.S. Rep
4-X-15*

*True
6/10
Chief Com
10/10
7/10*

train, en route to Carlow. R. I. C. informed.

M. J. O'Rahilly, at Ormond Quay at 1. 20

p. m.

M. O'Hanrahan and Thomas McDonagh in Vol-

unteer Office, 2 Dawson St., at 4. 30 p. m.

Thomas J. Clarke, John McDermott, Major

John McBride, C. Colbert, C. J. Kickham, John

O'Mahony, F. Fahy, James Murray and B. Parsons

at 41, Parnell Sqr., from 8. 30 p. m. to 9. 45

p. m.

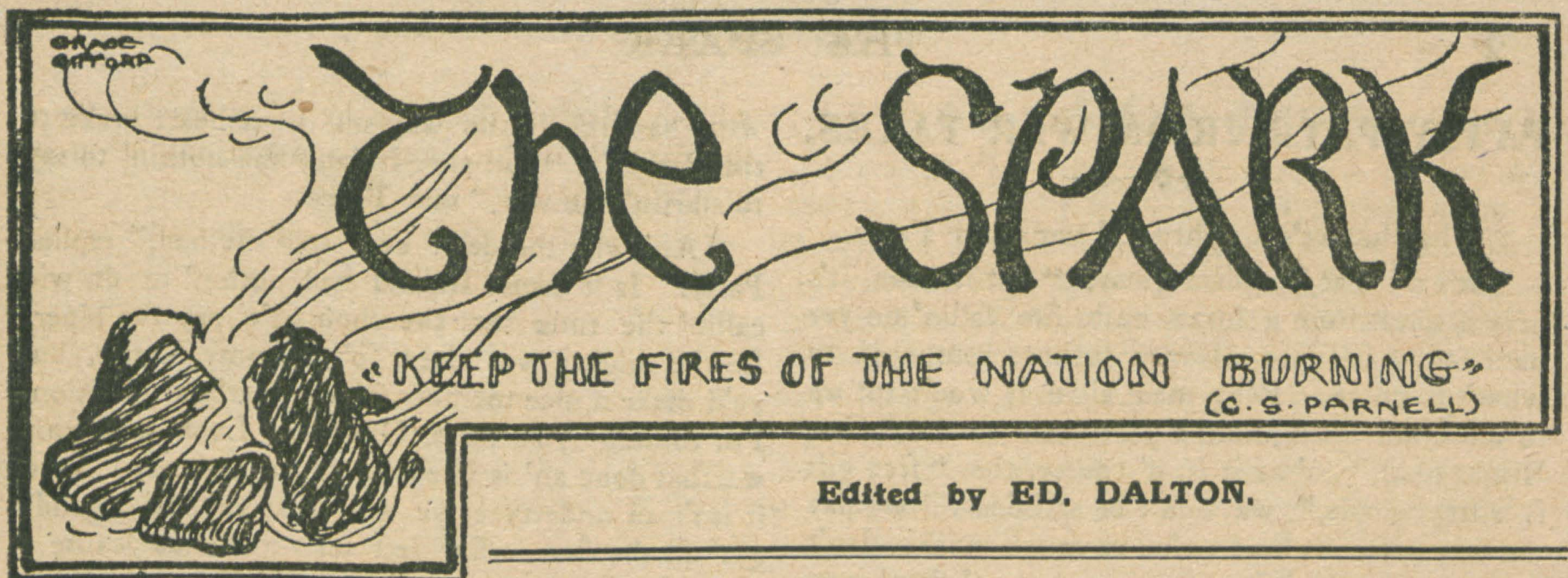
Attached is a Copy of this week's issue

of The Spark, which does not appear to contain

anything worthy of special attention.

Owen'Brien

Superintendent.



Vol. II. No. 35.

DUBLIN, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 3rd, 1915.

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY

WANTED: A WORD

If anyone is under the impression that the English language is a satisfactory and complete vehicle of thought, and that its vocabulary is sufficiently exhaustive to convey any idea that ordinary men are likely to entertain, I invite him to provide us with an appropriate adjective which will truthfully describe the Irish Daily Press.

Personally I have tried quite hard, and I must confess that I have so far failed to find the ideal expression. And yet it seems likely that the tongue of Shakespeare, an Imperial heritage, which has served the purposes of so many generations of Bulldog Britons, and which has expressed the sentiments of so many millions of Anglo-Saxons, not only in their own island home, but in America, Australia, Africa, Rathmines, and other outlying suburbs of Anglo-Saxony, must possess some word or turn of phrase that would convey with characteristic vigour the idea we all feel and pine to express.

In my own attempts to master the problem I have, of course, ignored those words like "vile," "traitorous," "loathsome," "rotten," etc., whose inadequacy is not only palpable but painful.

I paused a while over the expression "putrid," thinking that "The Putrid Press" was a good phrase and would, perhaps, serve. But although

the phrase is alliterative, explosive, and expressive, there is something still wanting.

Putrid is a vigorous word, and yet it is unsatisfactory, because it doesn't necessarily imply that the putridity of the thing described is due to its own essential vile, immoral, and filthy nature. One can conceive stable manure, for instance, being putrid without its putridity being an undesirable characteristic. If it is to be used by a market gardener the quality may actually be a virtue in the manure, and any word which can in the remotest degree be associated with virtue must not be applied to our Daily Press.

If there were an English accepted classical adjective derived from the name of Judas, who sold his God for thirty pieces of silver, it might fill the bill. But even in the case of Judas there were circumstances that must not be lost sight of.

For one thing, he was paid in silver and not in recruiting advertisements. And again, he repented within a comparatively short period, and did the world the service of relieving it of his odious presence. This being so, would it be quite fair to Judas Iscariot to associate his name with our Daily Press?

The whole question is beset with difficulties, and for that reason I leave it to some of my readers whose vocabulary is more exhaustive than mine to provide us with the missing word.

PATSY PATRICK ON WAR TAXES.

"The Budget's a tightner," remarked Terry.

"It's all that," replied Patsy, "but me son, it's only a spark from a furze bush fire fallin' on yer hand, to a fall into a blazen furnace compared to what's to come. Why man alive it won't tot up to more nor tin millions a year extra on the "One Bright Spot," an' as it is, o' course, the "free gift iv a free people," we won't be satisfied till we pay the war piper at least twice as much more. Isn't it our war. Isn't it a way we have o' goin' into every Continintal mix up either to build an Impire for some lads wid the land lust strong on 'em, or else be way o' savin' some Small Nationality. The battle cry doesn't matter much so long as the battle isn't for "Sinn Fein" which, o' course, means "Ourselves". It's a grand an' a noble thing, Terry, at least Mister Jimmy Brady, futurely a Crown Solicitor, id say so, an' when he'd say it, Jimmy id mane it. Young Maurice Healy id say the same an' no wan can say he isn't eager to fight for he tould the boys and girls in Lombard Street th' other night that he applied for a Commission on St. Patrick's Day an' was in agony till he got it on Lady Day"—

"Why didn't he list as a private?" interrupted Terry. "I often said yi'd never have an ounce," replied Patsy. How in the name o' the Clane-tongued Healys could ye expect an ordinary short-tunicked private Sodger to get two guineas a week an' tram fares, as a bould recruitin' Sergint. But yer knockin' me off the Darlin' Budget, the pride an' glory iv the foreign war-spirited people iv Ireland. O' course, ye'll meet cranks, an' soreheads, an' factionists here, who'll think an' spy, an act agin this little token tribute iv our gratitude to England for allowin' us to care take Ireland on the eleven months' system like the dairymen. They'll object to pay, an' the only way out is to give up buyin' McKenna's selected. Young Mogue Byrne above took the pledge agin smokin' the minute he heard o' the extra tax, an' nearly all the lads in the hurlin' club wid Mogue took the pledge o' Sunday. Young Nancy Doyle has actually gone agin tay an' is gettin' any amount o' recruits an', o' course, doin' away wid the tay 'ill do away with a lot o' the sugar, but thin they'll drive it on to somethin' else for money must be got an' the Impire fightin' for its life an' Ireland bound up wid the Impire as Mister John Redmond has said agin and agin. Ye'll meet the Mogue Byrnes an' the Nancy Doyles in every town land, an' that's

what has Ireland the way she is—a heart brake to the Party." "But sure Ireland had nothin' to say to startin' the war," said Terry.

"An' who the devil ever said she had," replied Patsy. Is it 'cause Ireland had nothin' to do wid callin' the tune that she shouldn't pay the piper. Be the mighty war deeds o' Tommy Kettle, but ye'd make a nice member for the Harbour Division. I'm thinkin' ye'd be a Ginnell. Look at all this war has done an' is likely to do for Ireland. Sure it isn't an undertaker ye are, that ye'd be begrudin' all the fine coffins left on yer hands 'cause a lot iv yer customers are gone to enrich the future cabbage gardens o' France an' Flanders, or to be food for vultures on the rocky sides o' the Gallipoli. Think o' the honour an' glory that ye hear about from veterans o' the type o' Stephen Gwynne, Willie Archer, an' all the Redmond family, not to mention that spirited Wellington, "My well-known Son". Think iv upholdin' the good ould idea given us by England to fight anyone's battle but our own. Think iv all this an' ye won't mind goin' on a meal a day to get up the Narrows.

"Will the farmers stand a tax on the land?" asked Terry.

"Musha they'll grin an' bear it," replied Patsy. Ye've no more lawabidin' min in the world nor the Irish farmer an' his eldest son. I dare say they'll put anything from six to tin shillins an acre on land, o' course, nothin' less 'ill pay the National? Debt. The "Independent" doesn't mind iv the ha-pinny post is left with the "Provincial Dailies." "It's a blue look out for Home Rule," said Terry. "Home Rule!" replied Patsy. Why min alive their won't be money to build a public duck house let alone goin' to the expense o' white washin' the Ould House. Home Rule, how are ye! an' ye 'bout three or four billins in the books for the sport iv takin' part in Ireland's war."

"Ther taxin' the bachelors," said Terry.

"They are," replied Patsy. "An' what I wonder is that whin they tax the sinsible min why do they let the sinsible wimmin off scot free. I mane the ould maids. I don't say, o' course, that ye won't find a bachelor here an' there wid a slate off. 'Cause I see that out iv every hundred who answer the battle's cry, only 'bout eighty per cint. are married men."

"Maybe they haven't peace at home," said Terry.

"An' be me song they won't have it abroad either," replied Patsy.

PRIESTS ARRESTED.

We cull the following from last week's "Irish Catholic":—

On Sunday evening, in the Church of St. Teresa, Clarendon Street, the various young Carmelite priests, some of them Belgians, who had been ordained that morning, took part in the sacred ceremonies. When Vespers had concluded, Father Berthold, O.D.C., having preached on devotion to Our Lady of Dolours, concluded his sermon by referring to a circumstance which aroused a great deal of comment. He said:—

"But a few days ago, some Belgian priests—members of their own Order—were summoned to the trenches. A commission came from their native land, and they presented themselves at the appointed place for examination, and without even being allowed to bid farewell to their superiors and brothers in religion, they were marched through the streets of that Catholic city of Dublin in company with a number of other refugees, and guarded by policemen along the quays; and, despite their sacred office and calling, were huddled into a dormitory in a London hotel, to await being conveyed to their native land. That was Catholic Belgium's treatment of the Lord's anointed! It was sad to realise the position of these young men, dragged from the peace of their monastic home and cast amongst the abominations and corruptions of the world. It was a consolation to know that they had received the Holy Ghost; that their hands were anointed with the sacred oil, and that they were ministers of the Gospel; but they need prayers, the Church needs prayers, and they ought to supplicate the Mother of Sorrows to protect her children, to safeguard the Church, and to restore peace throughout the world."

Within the last three years the Apostleship of Prayer recommended Irish Catholics to pray for the return to power of the Catholic party in Belgium. That this was needed is evident from the foregoing, which casts a searching light on that Government which Irishmen are called on to defend, and whose king has sent his son and heir to England to be educated in the Protestant College of Eton, although the Catholic College of St. Edmund's has as great a reputation.

BIRCH AGAIN.

The felon-setting activities of Birch, Senior, are not confined to this side of the Atlantic Ocean. The "Freeman" this week "sets" the Clan na Gael for the U.S.A. Government. "Secret Service under Asquith" should prove as unsavoury reading for future generations of the Irish people, as the record of the Sham Squire's activities under Pitt.

NO CONSCRIPTION.

Alderman T. Kelly has sent me a copy of a statement issued by the Anti-Conscription Committee. The committee, in view of the fact that the question is being at present decided in secret by the British Cabinet, is anxious that the intense opposition of the Irish people should be made manifest at once. The London "Times" admits the impossibility of enforcing conscription on hostile Ireland. Moral for Ireland: organise. The statement emphasises the point that Russia has exempted Finland from the Conscription Law of the Russian Empire, and that the exemption of Ireland from any such law passed by the British Parliament, would not be the first occasion on which Ireland was treated differently in matters of defence, the establishment of Territorials being a case in point. Botha, the latest darling of the Imperialists, has definitely declared there will be no conscription in South Africa. The Irish people must see they get the same treatment as the Boers. Readers of THE SPARK, willing to help the movement, should communicate with Alderman Kelly, 41 York St. Dublin.

CANTEEN TOMMIE.

The papers inform me that Lieutenant T. M. Kettle has returned to London after a "visit" to the front. The Lieutenant reminds me of a popular song of some years ago which went—

"Tommie longed for fighting, that is, I ween,
As long as the fighting was in the Canteen."
I have no doubt the Lieutenant has killed legions of "blue devils" in his time, but killing Huns or getting killed by them puts the boot on the other foot.

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S. O. S.

The S. O. S. Bazaar opens on October 9th in Rotunda Rink and Gardens, and in view of the admirable charity in whose behalf it is organised, I trust it will be generously supported by SPARK readers in Dublin. There will be a special Irish Industries Stall, and we should aim at making it the most successful feature of the whole undertaking. It will be under the control of several ladies of decided National views. The Bazaar will extend over a week.

DISTINCTLY PERSONAL.

The rumour that the Allies' "Great Push" reported early in the week came as a consequence of Lieutenant Kettle's recent visit to the Front is unfounded.

* * *

I am happy to be in a position to state that the prolonged silence of Mr. John Dillon, especially on the War Budget as it affects Ireland, is not to be taken amiss by those who follow that gentleman's career. He is just now engaged in the preparation of a momentous announcement and solemn warning, which in the breadth of its invective and in the depth of its raíméis will outclass anything hitherto known in the history of Parliamentarianism, and that's a big word. The object of attack is a secret, but I would drop a hint—quietly—to a certain very eminent Irish ecclesiastic to "look out."

* * *

In a chat with Lieutenant Maurice Healy, the other day, I gleaned the interesting fact that the Troopers' Press, Ltd., are bringing out a new book of his. The title is "Topical Oratory," and the book, I understand, teems with specimens of Healy logic. Some of the specimens are hardly fit for print, and when I hinted as much Maurice just smiled and said "We won't discuss that." One of his tricks of oratory—he calls it oratory—is to make the vilest insinuations against an opponent, suggestions that only a debased mind can conceive (He presupposes a base mind in his oratory). If the opponent compels you to withdraw, you do so as gracefully as possible; but at the next opportunity, if your man is not present, you repeat and emphasise the foul charges. He tells me he employed that trick effectually in the case of O'Leary Curtis to whom he had been compelled to apolo-

gise. I asked if he thought it a manly way. "Manly?" he replied. "Perhaps not—but it is my way. If you don't agree, I won't discuss it." Having left him, I went into the nearest Church to say an Act of Contrition.

* * *

Captain Stephen Gwynn appears so have given up the hunt for decent Irishmen. I hear that his search amongst the Party proved so disappointing that even the discovery of John S. Kelly as an ally has not given him the heart to "carry on." I wonder was it he found Maurice Healy!

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