

TIMES-HERALD INTERNATIONAL PAGE

I R E L A N D

LIFE STORY OF "TIM" HEALY

(Governor-General, Irish Free State.)

The Man with Most Turbulent Tongue in All Ireland Is Astute Lawyer, Peerless Parliamentarian and Republican Enough, but Not Enough to Antagonize England—Made First Speech 15 Minutes After He Became Irish M. P.

SOME forty years ago a turbulent, brilliant and witty young Irishman was sent to prison for six months for making an inflammatory speech in Ireland. Today that same Ireland, after having been fighting England for forty years in the British Parliament, at the age of sixty-seven, is the first governor-general of the Irish Free State. The world knows him as "Tiger Tim," and his compatriots call him "Tim" for short.

HIS GALLING TONGUE.

Without doubt Mr. Healy is the most brilliant living Irishman. He is violently Irish and consequently terribly witty and politically wise. Although during his forty years of uninterrupted attendance in the House of the British Parliament he constantly lacerated the House of Commons with his barbed shafts of irony, yet the members of the British Parliament learned to love him.

When "Tim" rose on the floor of the Parliament the House listened, and "Tim" rose very frequently. He made his maiden speech in the Parliament just exactly fifteen minutes after he was sworn in for the first time, and from that time on, until a few years ago when he withdrew from the contest in favor of another Irish Republican, he has been the terror of the Commons.

There wasn't another man with a readier or more galling tongue, and when he spoke it cut deep. When "Tim" spoke everybody wanted to listen to him with the exception of those who were the subject of his attack.

ONLY SUITABLE IRISHMAN.

One night when the late Joseph Chamberlain, having left Gladstone's Government, commented humorously in the Parliament, Gladstone being absent, "in the absence of the cat the mice will play," "Tim" readily came back and "the rats."

Timothy Healy's appointment to be the first governor general of the Irish Free State by King George was certainly a wise move so far as England was concerned. It is true that there were other Irishmen as weighty as "Tim" Healy with considerable local following, such as Sir Horace Plunkett and Dr. James Ashe, but there were plenty of republicans in Dublin with plenty of revolvers in their pockets and land mines in their Gladstone bags, even if there were few Charlotte Cordays among them.

Plunkett might have made a more dignified first governor general. Ashe might have been more scholarly, but King George must have taken into consideration Dan Breen and his merry pistoleros who obeyed strictly their Napoleonic injunction to take two looks behind before taking one look ahead. That is, if the second look behind revealed the business end of his bayonet pointed in their direction there would be no coup d'etat.

DISTINGUISHED ADVOCATE.

In other words, in Ireland there were few materials of governor generalship caliber who would not have inspired republican hatred. The new governor general had to be certain things and not to be others, and Healy, Ireland's most distinguished living advocate, is not only a most suitable person for the office, but was actually the only suitable person in sight. It was highly desirable, in the first place, that the new governor general should be one whom the republicans would shoot with only a certain amount of reluctance.

This naturally ruled out all Protestants, Unionists, land owners, persons of title, laymen suspected of close personal affiliation with the Roman Catholic hierarchy and identified in any way with the signing of the abhorred treaty which made the office of governor generalship possible. Had such a one assumed the distinguished office nothing short of the constant administration of a battalion of shock troops and an impenetrable cordon of C. I. D. men would have stood between him and a program of imposing obsequies.

LEAST OBJECTIONABLE.

And even leaving the republicans out of the question for the moment, it can readily be understood that the masses of persons enumerated above were ineligible for other reasons. King George's advisers must have realized that anybody who was not a

republican now should become one, because the personality or antecedents of the new governor-general corroded his sense of fitness of things. The elevation of other distinguished Irishmen to governor-generalship would not have been held as a stroke of genius on the part of the elevators by the fortunate candidate's small but enthusiastic coterie of backers.

In "Tim" Healy's case the thing strictly to be sought for was the greatest good of the greatest number, and the result was no doubt arrived at negatively, for Healy fitted the description, not because he had more political backers than the others, but because his selection caused less violent offense to the unsuccessful aspirants and their followers.

ALWAYS A HOME RULER.

The governor-general-elect was always a home ruler enough to preserve his reputation as a friend of Ireland, and never enough to get him accounted an enemy of the British empire. During the last few months, he had, by his own unaided efforts, licked the members of the provisional government, one of whom, Kevin Higgins, is his nephew, into the image and likeness of statesman, so much so that after their recent meeting the British prime minister is said to have declared that President Cosgrave would be an acquisition to any cabinet.

Healy was not a member of the last British Parliament, but he was one of the Irish representatives at Westminster for nearly forty years, and only retired from active political life in 1918. He was born at Bantry, and, being a Munster man, was born a politician.

QUARRELED WITH PARNELL.

Beginning life as a clerk in Dublin, he learned shorthand and obtained employment with a Northeastern railway at Newcastle. Through John Barry, a connection by marriage, he went to London as shorthand secretary, and was brought into contact with Parnell, becoming one of that great Irish leaders' first friends and followers.

His London letters to the Dublin "Nation" did much to make Parnell and his policy known and popular, and when Parnell came on his historic trip to America Mr. Healy accompanied him as his secretary. He was elected to the British House of Commons as member for Wexford, and soon became one of the most prominent, daring and effective spokesmen of his party in the Parliament.

It was during Sir George Trevelyan's chief secretaryship to Ireland that Healy served his time in prison for a violent speech. Later he came into open collision with Parnell during the Galway election in 1885, and after Parnell's divorce court revelations, Healy led the revolt against his former chief.

After Parnell's death Healy then quarreled with Dillon, with O'Brien, and everybody else, finally placing himself in a hopeless minority in the Irish parliamentary party.

ATTACKED DE VALERA.

He supported the election of the late John Redmond to the leadership of the United Irish Party, but soon after quarreled with his new chief over the land purchase act, and attacked him for submitting to the temporary partition of Ulster as provided in the home rule bill. He then joined forces with the Sinn Feiners, but when the De Valera element proved irreconcilable to any section of Ireland's constitutional representatives, Healy denounced the campaign maintained by Erskine Childers and others.

He resigned his seat in 1910 and returned to his legal practice in Ireland, occasionally appearing also before the courts in England. He became a member of the Irish bar in 1884, became a queen's counsel in 1889; in 1903 he became a member of the British bar, taking silk in 1910.

The British House of Commons likes a good fighter and there was no man of whom members listened with more pleasure. His victims were many, for he was in the habit of acting on the advice attributed to a pugnacious countryman of his own, "wherever you see a head, hit it."

His gift of satire is the making of him as a parliamentary speaker, but it proved also to be his undoing as a Nationalist leader.

Admittedly one of the cleverest men in the British Parliament in his time, his bitter tongue alienated the sympathies of most of those he aspired to lead and prevented him attaining the hope of his ambition—the chairmanship of the Irish Nationalist party. He is a singular compound. His shrewdness is indisputable, yet during his parliamentary days it was accompanied at times by a strange absence of tact.

His courage was unquestionable; at times it amounted to recklessness, yet that higher form of courage which at times bids the combatant sheath the sword and give the soft answer that turneth away wrath was one he seldom displayed. On the other hand, those who have watched his career testify that he has much of the milk of human kindness in his disposition. It is said that he has actually been moved to tears in the British Parliament when describing the state of his poor countrymen, and little children found in the fiery politician a charming and delightful playmate.

ALERT AND INDUSTRIOUS.

Mentally he is alert, and he is industrious. During the long debates on the Irish question he showed that he had every detail of the complicated laws on the subject at his finger ends, while his minute acquaintance with parliamentary procedure made him a thorn in the side of more than one speaker of the Parliament or chairman of committees.

The Governor General of Ireland has varied gifts. He is an old authority on many things from Waterloo glass to old prints and Aeschylus. His fairy stories enchant children. Since leaving the British Parliament he has been wielding an influence behind the scenes. He took an active part in negotiating the Anglo-Irish treaty. He is a master of the written as well as of the spoken word. Among his numerous contributions to the British weekly and monthly press the one addressed to the British Government in 1919 under the title of "Get Out of Ireland" stirred England.

1815. France is hurled back to her ancient borders. She is amputated in 1871. She recovers her own in 1918. Is the cycle of invasions and setbacks closed? This is the question which presents itself, not without poignant anxiety, to all who are concerned about the future welfare of Europe.

I T A L Y

By AMBASSADOR RICCI

(Italian Ambassador to U. S. A.)

At His Home, Castle Regina, Ricci Declares No One Can Imagine Seriously That Italy Will Be Able to Settle Its Debt to United States Within the 25 Years Provided—Says Americans Must Study Situation.

NEITHER public opinion nor the Federal government is convinced that it is necessary, or disposed for other reasons, to cancel the debts due from Italy, or even the interest upon them. There may be Americans who think otherwise upon this subject, but they have no controlling influence either in Congress or in the Administration.

We may anticipate that their views will be accepted later, but at present the minds of the people and of the governing classes in America are not open to any arguments—legal, moral, or economic—that Europeans, no matter how illustrious, may employ, to persuade them that our debt is not a real debt, and that the United States shows an immoral Shylock spirit injurious to herself, when she insists on its payment.

Practically, it will be wiser to wait for a formal demand for payment—which has not yet been made—and then to say that we shall not pay because we cannot. A situation that the Americans themselves cannot fail to realize. They are not ignorant of the fact that most of their claims against us are for goods that were specifically designed and intended to be employed in prosecuting the war on our common account.

Therefore our inability to pay is not due to the lack of desire on the part of the debtor to fulfill his obligations, nor to the misuse of the credit extended to him. It is due to the fact that the goods were employed for the purposes agreed upon in a common cause, and for the object for which the credit was given.

No one in Italy, no matter how

F R A N C E

By JOSEPH CAILLAUX

(Former Premier of France.)

Should France Make Friends With Germany?—Is the Cycle of Invasions of France Completed?—Humanity Has Task in Crushing "Mutual Fear."

TACITUS wrote that the Germans are separated from their neighbors by great rivers, by lofty mountains, and by a mutual fear.

"Mutual fear." I prefer to read "Reciprocal distrust." This feeling, which was noted by the Latin historian nearly two thousand years ago, has never ceased to disturb the relations between Gauls and Germans. He who comprehends this has grasped the one sole controlling thread in the labyrinth of Franco-German history, endless chapter as it is of successive invasions and forced withdrawals.

CYCLE OF INVASIONS.

There is no need to recapitulate the events which history has recorded to justify a thesis which is self-evident. Confining ourselves to the contemporary periods, we will merely cite the long-continued menace on the part of the redoubtable Roman-Germanic Empire, against which France, once her unity was constituted, exerted herself to guarantee her independence, and which finally, under the pretext of assuring this independence, she sought to establish what Richelieu called "lo pre carro;" that is to say, the Rhine frontier.

The old kings were unable to accomplish this vast plan. They confined themselves to holding in a state of semi-dependence certain Germanic principalities bordering the territories where their empire extended itself.

Then came the French revolution. The great flood of ideas which it brought in its train over Germany induced the inhabitants of the Rhine provinces to hail as their liberators the republican soldiers who delivered them from a waning feudalism. The tricolor floated over the Rhine. Soon it protected the Germans of the west, and later it was foolishly enough carried to the farthest east.

1815. France is hurled back to her ancient borders.

She is amputated in 1871. She recovers her own in 1918. Is the cycle of invasions and setbacks closed? This is the question which presents itself, not without poignant anxiety, to all who are concerned about the future welfare of Europe.

What is the good of recalling the past, we would repeat, if we were not bound to continue the strange situation created for us by the treaty of Versailles? Was it not recognized, solemnly proclaimed before our parliament that an act which placed face to face with our country, with its 39,000,000 inhabitants, a Germany of 65,000,000 souls, an irritated Germany, yet of a now reinforced unity, was worth nothing save by the military action which was promised us by the United States and Great Britain in the event of an unprovoked German aggression. "It is this allied solidarity," it was said in the French chamber of deputies, "which gives life to the treaty."

The treaty lives no longer, seeing that the pact of guarantee has fallen into dust.

How, then, can it be expected that under such conditions France should not fear for her security and that she should feel anxiety in regard to the means at her disposal to safeguard it?

In touching on the problem in the Senate when the treaty of Versailles was being discussed, M. Clemenceau did not hesitate to declare that there was really but one sole method that was of any value, that France and Germany could not indefinitely live side by side in a state of hatred that we ought to act as he had advised the Italians to conduct themselves in their relations with the Jugo-Slavs. "Make friends of them," he had told them.

M. Clemenceau on that occasion identified himself with a policy which he had combated unceasingly, which he had turned against Gambetta, against Jules Ferry, against many others. After having signed the act we have referred to, he concluded—strange paradox—that there was a necessity for a Franco-German rapprochement.

He thus justified the profound saying of Saint Evermond, "Affairs are conducted by men who are carried away by passions more frequently than they are led by policy."

The French philosopher who wrote this expression of profound wisdom might have added that nations, too, allow themselves to be dragged along at the heels of their shepherds and, with more excuse than the latter, by passion, and that a long time must elapse before they will permit politics to take hold of the lovers of command.

NEED OF GUARANTEES.

That hour will arrive for France, as for Germany, and the patriots of both countries who aspire to being good Europeans must make an effort to hasten the event. But on what conditions can the necessary agreement be reached? No doubt reciprocal concessions will be needed, as well as a mutual comprehension of the interests of the two countries; the democratic spirit will have to permeate all acts and movements, and no beginnings can be made, therefore, until aggressive nationalism shall no longer predominate either on one or the other side of the Rhine.

On the other hand, it is not to be denied that the special situation of France, with her limited population, adjoining a country of a vastly superior number of inhabitants, stands in need of guarantees, not of such vain guarantees as are offered by scraps of paper, but of real guarantees. It is essential that Germany should comprehend that the nation against whom she has so often fought and whom the vicissitudes of history have despoiled of her natural frontiers, cannot forego action in western Germany, where concern for security has formerly infringed on policy, unless she is assured against fresh attacks.

HUMANITY'S TASK.

Better than pacts, which though not to be despised are secondary in importance, is the elimination of the Pan-German spirit, the adoption by Germany of a real republic which should establish autonomous on a wide scale, which should replace within its just limitations the authority of Prussia, would assure a profound entente between the races animated by this "mutual fear" of which Tacitus has spoken.

An entente which is delicate and complex and which can scarcely be attained if other great peoples whom it is not necessary to mention by name fail to collaborate in it,

E N G L A N D

By ARNOLD BENNETT

(Widely Known English Author.)

Search for Six Greatest Living Englishmen, Though Amusing, Is Futile—But Bennett Then Proceeds to Name George Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Mr. Asquith, Lord Beaverbrook, Thomas Hardy and Sir Clifford Allbutt, Noted Medical Expert.

(As a result of the interesting correspondence on the subject of the six greatest men living in the United Kingdom, Mr. Bennett has written the following extraordinary article for the columns of the London Daily Express. His condition of publication was, "Not a word altered or left out." Mr. Bennett, therefore, appears quite unabridged.)

LONDON, Dec. 30.

THIS search for the six greatest living Britons is perfectly futile, but amusing.

I will not define greatness in a man. I will only warn the simple that greatness does not necessarily include goodness. Often it includes very little goodness. Great men must have character, but it may be bad character. Francis Bacon was great, and a great sinner. Napoleon was a still greater sinner. Iniquity, though many liberal stalwarts seem to think the contrary, was not invented by successful contemporary politicians.

THE FIRST TWO.

One cannot choose all the six from a single walk of life. Britons always think first of politics, because they are, and ever were, chiefly interested in politics; and therefore statesmen have a higher prestige here than in other countries.

The British, although they

swallowed the deceitful and puerile election propaganda of 1918 and 1922, really do understand politics more intelligently than any other nation. Nevertheless I must affirm that it is not necessary to be a politician in order to be great. The outstanding public men among us are not primarily politicians.

They are Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. H. G. Wells (alphabetical order; seniority order). Preachers and teachers both, these two exercise and will exercise more genuine influence, more lasting influence, and better influence, not only in Britain, but throughout the world, than any other English speaking persons today. (Ah, London University! What a crew of graduates!)

No mere politician can possibly rank with them. In any case, I do not agree with the general verdict which includes Mr. Lloyd George in the six. Mr. Lloyd George is a very wonderful man. So was Paul Cinquevalli, the incomparable juggler. Mr. Lloyd George has considerable qualities. He is a stayer and a fighter, and one of the most marvelous opportunists that ever dazzled Europe.

A CHESS PLAYER.

But if he did not win the war—and it is now well-established that he did not—I cannot perceive anything in his career to justify the epithet "great." All I know is that political life has

gravely deteriorated under his autocracy, and that he makes sinister friends.

Mr. Asquith, on the other hand, cannot be excluded from the six. Among leading statesmen he is in a class by himself, high above Mr. Lloyd George or anybody. But as a juggler he makes rather a poor show, and in certain moods we are apt to rate juggling far beyond knowledge, wisdom, plain common sense, dignity, integrity, and constancy. Mr. Asquith's career has been full of great gestures. His prestige can only grow; it cannot diminish. Time will be his friend.

Lord Beaverbrook may be the chief proprietor of this paper—I cannot help it, and I don't care. He is in the six. Politics must necessarily, so long as human beings are human, have some of the characteristics of chess. Lord Beaverbrook is the greatest chess player in Parliament. He is a man of tremendous individual force; as a realist he has no superior in my experience; he has a very great deal of genuine imaginative power; and he is a ruthlessly impartial judge of people and their motives—even his own. As to his prodigious influence upon affairs, it may be excoriated in some quarters, but it is universally admitted.

Had Lord Beaverbrook lived in the same age as Machiavelli, and been pitted against him, history would have been inviolated. His weakness is a too ingenious admiration for the juggler in Mr. Lloyd George.

AND—HARDY.

Four great names have been given, and I am only just arriving at the greatest contemporary figure in pure literature Thomas Hardy! As to his inclusion in the six, argument is not permissible.

And now I have no more room, and of science and the arts I have said not a word. How characteristically English!

I will assign the remaining place to Sir Clifford Allbutt. In reply to your characteristically English question, "Who is Sir Clifford Allbutt?" I will say merely that he is in all probability the leading medical man in the whole world, a first-rate creative expert in various branches of medicine, a great scholar, and an admirable and prolific writer. Indeed, it would be easier to say what he is not than what he is. Sir Clifford Allbutt is in his eighty-seventh year, and time will be his friend, too.

father perhaps, even his great great grandfather. I thought of the five long, soapless years since the revolution, and, rather than spend half an hour in close proximity to that garment, I chose rather to walk and take the risk of contracting pneumonia.

A BAD EGG.

The horse is so thin that it seems every moment on the verge of collapse. The cab is dirty and untidy, with the hair protruding in many places. But Ivan is, on the whole, a good-humored, philosophic sort of fellow; nothing upsets his equilibrium not even the many fallen lamp-posts which have been left lying about since the revolution. The only time I ever knew one to lose his temper was about three years ago, when they preferred to be paid in kind rather than money. I squared a short drive with some bread and half a dozen eggs. He asked me were the eggs fresh, and I replied that, to the best of my belief, they were. He immediately ate one. It was evidently more than middle-aged!

I envy that "izvoztchick" his command of profane language. I can hear his curses still ringing in my ears.

How does one eat in Moscow? One can eat well—very well, indeed, provided one can pay. There are cheaper places where a beefsteak, although a very tough one, can be had for a paltry five million rubles. (One always thinks in millions in Moscow.)

R U S S I A

By J. D. CLIFFORD

(Recently Returned From Russia.)

Moscow Up-to-Date—How the Russians Live. A Simple Meal Costs Twenty Million Rubles. Visiting Foreigners Must Not Become Involved in Soviet Politics—Personal Safety Assured by Vise.

ARE there any books in Moscow?

Do the people sleep in beds with sheets and blankets like ordinary civilized folk?

Can one order a beefsteak in a restaurant?

How does the foreigner fare in Russia today?

Is his personal safety secured? These are the questions usually put to anyone recently returned from Russia, and especially are they asked by those who have been there in the bedless, blanketless, beefsteakless, insecure days of two years ago.

To begin with, every foreigner who gets a visa from a Soviet representative abroad is assured of his personal safety provided he does not interfere with the politics and laws of the country.

When a stranger arrives in Moscow it is most important to get information from the government bureau as to where he can get a place to sleep. In no city in the world is the housing question so painfully acute. Whereas the population of Petrograd has fallen from 2,500,000 to 600,000, that of Moscow has more than doubled—it is said that there are at least 7,000,000 there at present.

One is lucky to be allotted a room in a Soviet house, although that leaves much to be desired; there one gets full board on payment of sufficient millions of rubles to represent \$15 per day. A friend told me that the food was nothing to boast of, but champagne for dinner was thrown in!

LOOKING FOR ROOMS.

The unfortunate individual who is unable to be accommodated there, or whose purse will not bear the strain, will, in the weary hunt for shelter, to use an old Irish expression, "sup sorrow with a large spoon." It seems next to impossible, but perhaps through some consular or maybe a good friend, one at last succeeds in finding "a furnished apartment." In such a room there is usually a dirty oven, of immensely thick bricks, standing in the center of the parquet floor—central heating has for years been out of order—and from this oven a long tube of corrugated iron extends across the wall, wanders down the corridor, and finally disappears through the whole room and breaks through a window.

The union between oven and tube is, evidently, a marriage of

convenience, not a love match . . . the contracting parties are continually at variance; the one point upon which they are agreed is the emitting clouds of soot and smoke. The humorous Moscovites call this oven "bour-shouyka" (a lady bourgeois), because the poor cannot afford to run such expensive affairs—personally, I think they are lucky to be spared the attacks of coughing and the smarting of the eyes which accompany the honor of harboring the "lady."

RELICS OF OLD DECENCY.

The furniture bears traces of former grandeur, but the windows have not been opened for years—probably since the revolution.

By the way, all Russians have a rooted objection to fresh air. I will spare details of the bed—my mind limps sadly away from reminiscences of nights spent with unpleasantly attentive bed-fellows . . . For such a room \$2.50 per night is charged.

Then begin the activities of the day. After a night spent in those surroundings one naturally leaves the house in bad humor, and this is aggravated when one discovers that all government institutions in Moscow lie miles apart. Buses or city railways do not exist, and motors are reserved for the use of government officials. The train service is maintained somehow or other, but so shockingly overcrowded that, if one is lucky enough to get in, it is a problem how to get out, so one naturally takes a droska (cab).

MUSCOVITE JARVEYS.

The Moscow izvoztchick (cabman) is the one thing stable in a changing world—governments may come and governments may go, but he goes on forever. He is strongly anti-Soviet, and naturally hates the Bolsheviks and all their ways. He is, as a rule, a phlegmatic, easy-going creature, with dirty beard and greasy, unwashed face. I suggested to one of them that a wash would improve his appearance, but he replied with the eternal "nitchevo," adding, "You Westerners are very extravagant."