

policy, though they will have much ado to manage their sentimental chauvinists. They may be delaying the solution in Silesia in order to use the threat of the loss of its mines to bring German capital to terms. One can only guess one's way through these designs, and probably at the first attempt so large and risky a scheme will fail.

It is interesting, however, even as a project and a possibility. Capital has always a choice of methods in achieving its own world-wide concentration. It may fight or it may negotiate. Herr Erzberger, in 1917, proposed an amicable Anglo-German combination, based on a deal by which our shipping interest should take up a third of the shares in German shipping, and it a third of ours. We preferred, in 1918, to appropriate the German merchant marine.

Since the peace, however, Allied capital has been 'penetrating' German industry extensively. That process may now have gone so far that our ruling class no longer desires, as it did when the treaty was drafted, to destroy the

foreign trade of Germany. Indeed, it sees the uses of an active and capable German industry for the lowering of wages at home. The further this mutual penetration proceeds the nearer shall we come to a conscious international class struggle.

The present phase is one of hesitation and ambiguity. It was London which began the policy of friendly co-operation with Germany. But it has been fitful, inconsistent, and impulsive, as Mr. George's way is. It seems ready to abandon the Continent if it can get its way in Turkey. And now France makes a first essay in the same policy. But she, too, will be fitful and inconsistent. She cannot drop the Poles. She will not give up Turkey to us. The logic of the 'Continental' policy is still too clean-cut for the confused politics of to-day. But it behooves us to move warily. On the day that the Eastern ambitions of Lord Curzon and Mr. Churchill tempt us to abandon Europe to France, the Continental combination will be formed against us.

## AN AERIAL LINER

BY J. B.

*[During the races at Ascot, the British dirigible R 86 was used to assist in the control of the heavy traffic in the roads leading to the race-tracks. From their vantage-point aloft, the crew of the vessel were able to foresee congestion, and convey the necessary information by wireless to the police on the ground.]*

From *The Manchester Guardian*, June 17

(RADICAL LIBERAL DAILY)

To go on board your air-liner is still a sort of adventure. You wedge yourself through an angle of the steel lattice of which the mooring mast is constructed, and climb a vertical iron ladder for about 120 feet; then pass by a duck-

board gangway into the trap-opening of the ship. The interior of the monster through which you walk is as strange as the interior of the whale must at first have been to Jonah. The narrow, wooden catwalk that runs through the

ship is supported by thread-like wire braces every yard; and on each side is a network of metal girders like a giant 'Meccano' set.

After a long way you reach a hatchway that takes you down to the passenger cabin, which is like a great Pullman car of 131 feet, accommodating 50 passengers. A passageway runs down the centre, and the sides can be screened into separate cabins. Tables and beds can be unhinged and set in position when wanted. You look out almost beneath you. There is a cooking galley, pantry, baggage-room, and lavatories. The forward part of the car is the control cabin, with all the equipment for navigating and manœuvring the ship; and the wireless also is there. There are five power-cars, which develop 1570 horse-power, driving the liner at a cruising speed of about 50 miles an hour, with a high speed of 70.

The vast size of R 36 — 672 feet — can best be realized by the fact that, if she were stood on end, she would be almost as high again as St. Paul's Cathedral. The crew consists of four officers and 24 men, and they keep watches after the ancient custom of the sea. Air-time, too, is by bells, although they are not struck; and an airship is 'she.'

R 36 left her mooring mast at Pulham (Norfolk) about half-past seven in the morning, and was over London at a quarter to nine. She did not take quite the Zeppelin route, which passed near Ipswich, but joined that dolorous way on the south, and followed it over Enfield and Epping Forest. The motion of the ship is very curious. A sense of buoyancy possesses you. But it is the earth that is moving, like a magic carpet of all colors; and you who are sitting still, having it unrolled before you by some celestial salesman.

What a patchwork is the English countryside! It seems incredible that anyone should trouble to cut it into

such snippets and color them with such variety — every shade of red, from blood-hued poppyfields to pale brown ploughed earth; and every shade of green, from a harsh blue-green to a green that was almost orange. The roads curl and twist as if they had been made in imitation of the streams. It is only canals that show straight lines. The Norfolk and Cambridge villages and farmhouses, with their narrow red roofs and smattering of outhouses and ponds, like bits of broken mirror; the old russet-toned manor-houses set cozily in a nest of trees, with parks and little gray churches close by and rhododendrons coloring the shrubberies; windmills which, when going, are the only moving thing in the landscapes; sheep clustering together; ornamental waters, with white particles on them that must be swans — these were the points in the panorama for the first fifty miles. What was that white smoke down there — where was the train? Oh! so it was clouds, of course. It takes a little till one gets one's air eyes.

The strange thing is the unoccupied look of the country. The roads are empty; there is no one working in the fields. Nothing is moving. No birds are flying below us. One expected to see larks — surely they know that we belonged to their crowd now? The first town we passed closely was Saffron Walden, after a glimpse of Cambridge halls and towers in the distance. The neatness of the pinched rows of houses, each with its apron of garden, and the delicately articulated church, its slender spire, and the trees running into it all round, gave it a good appearance. But it is the great houses like Audley End that come off best in an aerial scrutiny. They look like the models you see in the old portraits, in the hands of the founders of ancient churches and colleges.

At last London, with its suburbs

stretching out like coils and rows of tubes and a film of smoke dulling the view. However did the Germans manage to miss with so many of their shots! The air-liner swings to the west. Hammersmith Bridge is plain, and the streets are busy with traffic, some of it for Ascot. There are few signs of it on the way up the river. R 36 will have an easy day.

Our beat seemed to be between Kew Bridge and Ascot, but not within three miles of the race-course, for even the gentle purring of R 36, it was thought, might disturb the race-horses, or, at any rate, the bookmakers. Most of the time she is a Royal policewoman on the Windsor beat. Windsor, with the Royal Standard over the Round-Tower, looks like a tin castle, for its leaden roofs glimmer in the sun. Round it are tattooed parterres of flowers, and the broad walk has a trimming of parsley. The Round-Tower, even from a height, looks as strong and self-contained as a seashell. An inch or two away is the little white-domed mausoleum of Frogmore, and another inch off is Virginia Water in its forest of trees and rhododendrons. Very little traffic here, and the wireless finger was not upraised to stop the motors. At Staines there are groups of crawling motor-cars and some coming from Guildford.

As for Ascot, we could see the white stands — but what horse won the Coventry Stakes or the Gold Vase, or whether the ladies were really wearing organdie, whether gehenna hair has gone out and betel-red teeth have come in, the strongest air-glasses on the ship could not tell.

Then back to London, and the R 36 circled over Croydon and dropped a parachute containing the first part of this account of the airship's trip. The parachute was launched from an opening on the bow, and we watched its white umbrella descending softly, miss-

ing the aerodrome, until, after touching a tree it fell in a field against a wall. The drop was 2000 feet. A tiny figure could be discerned scrambling across the field for it. All was well.

The light was better as we hit the Thames over the docks, and the historic London disclosed itself beneath us. The streets seemed half-empty, the traffic all crawling, and the barges on the river all deserted. What a jam of streets, all the same — however do these insect people find out their houses at night? The biggest figure we saw was the big bear on the Mappin Terrace at the Zoo. R 36 roared over the animals. One wondered if the elephants and camels looked up and got a free sight of R 36? What was the luck at Lord's? The field was empty. The worst was feared.

Back again to Ascot, and this time we went over the race-course; but the races were almost finished and the black roads were well sprinkled with little shapes overtaking and passing one another. The stands were deserted, but there was still a pack of cars and crowds of booths and tents, and pin-heads that may have been people — possibly even winners. Even from the top Ascot looked pretty, with its ringlets of trees behind the grand stand and its green, lawnlike expanses. A tiny spot of moving color was discerned as a jockey on a horse walking on the course. So the R 36 saw something of the Ascot races. All the time she had been serving the affair. Here are two sample messages: —

'R 36 to Staines: Omnibuses and heavies are not being diverted at Egham from Basingstoke Road, as arranged, toward Windsor. Please communicate and report reason.'

'Staines to R 36: Egham police on way to rectify this at once.'

Now for Croydon and the second parachute.

# THE SOUL OF JOHN CAMPION

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

From *The New Statesman*, June 18  
(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

JOHN CAMPION followed the hotel porter up the stairs, which seemed almost pitch-dark after the white glare of the piazza. The porter unlocked a door, ushered Campion into a bedroom, deposited his bag on a wooden stand, and departed, closing the door behind him.

Campion went to the window and opened the green shutters. Dazzling autumn sunshine flooded the room and, looking out, he received the sudden impression that he was standing on the brink of a precipice; for, sheer below his window, the plain, covered with miniature vineyards, miniature fields, miniature trees, and streaked by miniature roads like chalk-lines on a slate, spread far and wide, curving up at last into a wall of violet hills, which rose peak above peak, like wave-crests on a windy sea.

The room looked cool and spacious, with its high, elaborately painted ceiling, smooth white sheets and pillows, and the pleasing confusion of clean towels. He could detect only one fault: the servant had omitted to sweep the empty hearth, into which his predecessor had thrown a quantity of tobacco ash and several cigar-ends. He dropped into an easy-chair, feeling suddenly that he was very tired. His heart had been troubling him again in the train, and he reflected that he had been foolish to carry his bag to the station that morning.

Campion was a man of few friends. No one of his eminence had kept himself so aloof from his contemporaries. To the public he was known by his books only; every detail of his life and habits, and even his personal appear-

ance, were wrapped in complete mystery. A hatred of tobacco and a complete irresponsiveness to music were possibly signs of a temperament pharisaic, fastidious, and cynical, which, in his work, revealed itself in a terse, mordant style, a vehicle for sharp definition, exact criticism, pungent wit, and a skepticism that delighted in playing havoc among the conventionally religious.

When he sufficiently rested, Campion proceeded to unpack. His open suitcase displayed perfection in the art of packing; and as he carefully removed each article from its place in the bag, he disposed it with extreme exactitude in its appointed place in drawer or cupboard. Three or four paper-backed books were placed symmetrically on a table near the bed. Between finger and thumb he lifted from the bag a bundle of long Italian cigars, sniffed them with an expression of disgusted curiosity, and placed them in a drawer. The next article to be unpacked was a Bible, newly bound in an elaborately tooled Florentine binding. Campion opened it. The inside was much used: there were pencillings here and there, and on a loose sheet of paper were various references headed 'Helpful Texts.' With a contemptuous shrug Campion placed it in a drawer beside the cigars and removed from the bag a large thin volume on which the title, *Beethoven's Sonatas*, was printed in gold. He opened the volume and glanced uncomprehendingly at the musical notation.

When all had thus been unpacked and composed as precisely and impeccably as one of his own essays, Campion took a writing-case from a drawer and pro-