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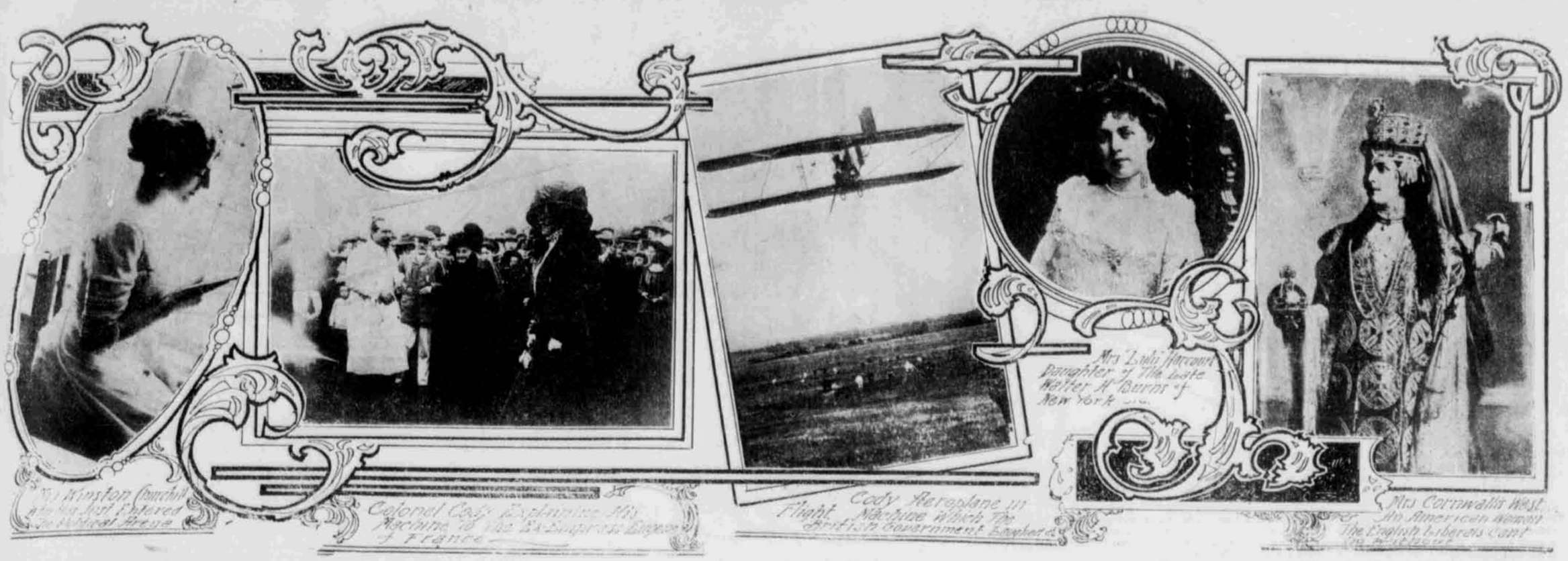

Chinese Cook Made Big Kites; Helped Young Cody to Fly

(Special Correspondence.)

LONDON, Oct. 28.—From a boy's kite to what he claims is the most practical war aeroplane yet constructed is the record of Col. S. F. Cody the American who is teaching Englishmen how to fly, and who declares that one of these days he will make a flight from London to Manchester. And it may as well be said at the beginning that although he has been for some years in the service of the British war office, he has been hampered at every turn by British jealousy and red tape, and almost when success was in his grasp, he was diseated by the British authorities and compelled to finish his work with insufficient capital and under all sorts of difficulties.

Colonel Cody is a Texan by birth and for years he was a cowboy and hunter by occupation. He shot the last wild buffalo in the United States and when in consequence of the disappearance of the buffalo he found his occupation gone he became a showman. Coming to Europe he soon became famous as a daring rider and cyclist. But it is best to let him tell his own story as he told it to me at his shed on Laffan's plain at Aldershot a few days ago.

"I suppose I may say that my attention was first turned to aeronautics by a Chinese cook when I was a boy in Texas," he said. "Like all Chinamen he was a great kite flyer, and he used to make them to amuse me when I was a small boy. One day he made a monster kite, quite the biggest that ever was seen in our country, and the second time he flew it, he told me to hold on to the tail and allow it to lift me into the air. That was how I became a flying man.

BECAME A COWBOY.

"Well I forgot all about it at the time, but the idea lay dormant at the back of my head. My people apprenticed me to the machinist trade and I went into a railway machine shop, but they kept me oiling engines for six months and it was too slow for me. I ran away and became a cowboy.

"It was after I came to Europe that I became interested in aeronautics again. After the Boer war I was struck by the inefficiency of the captive balloons which the British used for scouting. They couldn't be sent up when the wind was high and it occurred to me that big man lifting kites like the one made by our Chinese cook would be just the thing. The higher the wind the steadier a kite is in the air. Well I laid my idea before the American war department first. I was bound to do that as a patriotic American, but our people simply refused to listen to me. Then I tried the British war office, and they just jumped at me. I was appointed chief instructor in aeronautics, and here on Laffan's plain I worked out the man lifting kite which is now part of the regular equipment of the British army. That was three and a half years ago. At first I was engaged for two years, then my contract was renewed for a year, and at the end of that time they gave me my six months' notice to terminate my engagement at the end of October this year.

Colonel Cody would not say much about the way he had been treated by the British authorities toward the end. All he would say on this subject was that he found it difficult to get an engine as powerful as he wanted for his aeroplane, and that finally the agitation by amateur aeronauts, backed up by a part of the press and a number of members of parliament proved too much for the authorities, and they decided to dismiss him. From other sources, however, I learned something of what he had to contend with.

WHEN TROUBLE BEGAN.

Before he went to work seriously on the aeroplane Colonel Cody had a good deal to do with the development of the British dirigible balloons and it was due chiefly to his expert work and advice that the dirigibles proved as successful as they have.

It was when he began his experiments with the aeroplane that his troubles began. The Wrights had been flying for some time and continental aviators had made their machines more or less perfect before he began, and the British critics seemed to think that he had nothing to do but to build a machine on one of their models and fly. But Colonel Cody was after something better. He wanted a machine that would be of practical use in warfare, and he decided at the start that it would have to be larger, heavier and have greater lifting power and capacity to remain longer in the air than anything yet constructed. He built his machine, but the engines he was supplied with were not powerful enough and there were a series of trials that certainly were rather ludicrous.

The machine would run along the ground at great speed, and sometimes it would rise a few feet into the air only to come down again at once. The humorists at Aldershot christened it the "daisy cutter," and declared that it would do anything but fly. The newspapers poked fun at Colonel Cody and some of them began to complain that an American was fooling the war office with a flying machine that couldn't fly and never would be able to fly. Members of parliament began to ask questions in the house and finally Mr. Haldane, the war minister, became disgusted and announced that he had decided to stop all experiments in aeronautics for the time being. Mr. Cody got his notice, and at the same time was informed that the government would supply him with no more money for his experiments. He was evicted from the Aldershot balloon factory, which he had organized, and he was deprived of the assistance of the soldier engineers whom he had trained.

As it turned out, however, this was the best thing that could have happened to him. The authorities, ashamed perhaps of the way they had treated him, allowed him to take his aeroplane and to erect a shed at his own expense on government property at Laffan's plain. No longer handicapped by the red tape methods required to obtain new supplies, he got the engine he wanted and the first day that he tried it fitted to the machine, he flew. A few days later he made a world's record for a cross country flight, and he only came down then because his petrol was exhausted. He could have kept on flying for hours, he said, if he had taken up enough petrol.

It is only fair to say that Col. Cody has received nothing but sympathy and support from British soldiers. Gen. Smith-Dorrien, the commander-in-chief at Aldershot, is his firm friend and supporter, and every man in the royal engineers swears by him. By the crook of his finger he could take every civilian employe out of the war balloon factory. His troubles were caused entirely by the politicians and by civilian critics who know less about aviation than they do about the mountains of the moon.

PRACTICAL MACHINE.

"I have a practical machine," he said. "I shall guarantee now to take up a hundredweight of pig iron and drop it on top of a bell tent as I fly over it 500 feet in the air, without disturbing the stability of the machine in the least. I could do the same with a hundredweight of dynamite. Of course, I would be within rifle shot, but with my machine flying at the rate of 70 miles an hour they would find it pretty hard to get me, and they might shoot the machine full of holes without bringing me down, unless they happened to hit one of the vital parts, and I have every part of importance in duplicate.

OMNIBUS SERVICE.

Something of the reliability of the machine was proved the other day when Colonel Cody ran what he called an "aerial omnibus service" across Laffan's plain. He took passenger after passenger on a trip three miles across the plain and back and landed each one at the same spot with unfailing precision.

In appearance this man bird is the least like a bird of any of the well-known aviators. He is a little fat man, and he weighs 225 pounds, but when one sees him clambering like a cat about the wings of his great aeroplane one realizes that his avoirdupois interferes not at all with his agility. "My home is in the air," he said to me. "I feel safer there than on the ground."

A BRITISH SUBJECT.

Colonel Cody has just become a British subject in spite of his treatment by the British government. He has done this in order to be eligible to win the prizes offered here for British built aeroplanes, and I gathered also because he has a sincere affection for the country and for the British soldiers who worked with him so loyally.

In conclusion a word about the dimensions of his machine may be interesting. Its span is 62 feet, it is 42 feet long and 14 feet high, and it weighs a ton. The engine is an eight-cylindered one of 65-80 h. p. running at 1,300-1,350 revolutions per minute. The average speed is 47 miles an hour, but it can be geared up to about 70 miles and the petrol consumption is five gallons an hour. The petrol tank holds 28 gallons so that a very simple calculation shows that Colonel Cody can fly nearly 250 miles without alighting for petrol.

JOHN S. STEELE.

English Society Women Preparing to Enter Political Arena.

Getting Ready for the Great Battle Which They Believe Is Coming When the Lords Throw Out the Budget And Force a General Election.

(Special Correspondence.)

LONDON, Oct. 28.—Throughout the united kingdom politics are at the moment the absorbing attraction and to women they mean as much, if not more, than to men. That element of intrigue which they promise goes straight to the heart of ambitious women.

It has been said by a cynic with some truth that it is not patriotism which inspires in women this enthusiasm for the country's welfare. Their enemies insist it is the love of power and position which the modern woman craves before all things. A political position, be it merely that of a county councilor, pushes a man into the public eye and incidentally his wife. Women, whether they be English or American, adore a man who is discussed by the public. The political man in England has in recent years cut out absolutely the soldier, the adored of the past, the professional man and the man of letters; as well as the knight errant and the genius.

Besides it is the fashion to be brainy. And the woman who takes an active interest in politics is supposed to be brainy.

Wherever British and Anglo-American women of the smart set are this autumn they are planning and plotting directly or indirectly in the interests of some man who means to be to the fore when the dissolution of parliament takes place. They are preparing speeches to be used in his cause, or designing frocks wherewith to cajole the elector. In their enthusiasm they are undergoing "rest" cures, taking sun baths and swallowing unpleasant mineral waters; they are requisitioning the beauty specialist and the masseuse so that when the day of battle comes they may go forth in all their war paint glorified and resplendent.

WOMEN WORKERS.

If the Liberal party is to return to power, it will be due to the exertions of the extraordinarily large number of beautiful and clever American women who are the wives of its leaders. In years gone by this party used to be as noted for the dowdiness of its womenkind as it is famed today for their brilliancy. Mrs. "Lulu" Harcourt is one of those who is determined to enter into the fight with enthusiasm. Everyone knows that she has done much to "make" Lulu. She has sworn to keep the Liberals in power and as she has good looks, exquisite frocks and that most essential of all elements for electioneering purposes, money, to back her, she is in a position to do much.

More enthusiastic still in the interests of the present government is Lady Granard whose Lavender league will shortly be formed. This league is to be based on the same lines as the Primrose league which works in the cause of the Conservatives. The countess who has had a series of lessons in elocution is a bright and humorous speaker, though so far her platform experiences have been confined to the opening of bazars and charity fetes. But she is badly bitten with the desire to shine in oratory and before all she is looking forward to her experiences as a canvasser.

MRS. WEST'S POWER.

It would pay any government to give Mrs. George Cornwallis West a permanent income to become its professional advocate. She has been known to turn rabid Tories into warm Whigs, rampant Unionists into genial home rulers. Several of the present ministers are imploring Mrs. West not to leave England for her much-discussed lecturing tour in the states until the fate of the present government is decided. The story goes that Lloyd George has threatened to pass a special law compelling her not to desert England until next spring. "We should be lost, Mrs. West—simply lost without you," he is reported to have said.

Mrs. West has trained and found an apt pupil in her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Winston Churchill. That lady threatens to outrival her preceptress. She has a strong individuality and the power of making herself felt almost before she opens her lips. Mrs. Churchill intends to give a succession of political "at homes" at her house in Eccleston Square, directly society returns to town before Christmas. Winston wants to be prime minister some day and his mother and his wife will, if he succeeds, have as much to do with the achievement as himself. These two women understand him perfectly. They know that if they want to make him perfectly happy he must be made to feel that he is the greatest man of the age. And they impress it upon him for all they are worth. It is said they are perfectly sincere and that Mrs. Winston has made a study of the lives of all the great statesmen of the past and is wont to see in her husband all the best characteristics of each.

WIFE WILL DECIDE.

Mrs. David Beatty (the late Marshall Field's daughter) does not intend to allow her husband to rest on his laurels as a defender of his country, big though his reputation be for the splendid work he has done in that direction. Not a bit of it. She is urging him to the front of the political arena and the next election will find him contesting a constituency. She will have to decide the shade of his politics, for so far he has none. Hitherto Mrs. Beatty was of a Liberal turn of mind. Lloyd George's budget has, however, put her "off" somewhat as it has put off others and no doubt it will be on the Conservative side that Captain Beatty will fight.

It was Lord Roberts who said once that the Duchess of Marlborough was "cut out for the wife of a great statesman." The duchess is a very clever woman and she likes people to realize this. If she had not separated from the duke there is no doubt he would have held two or three very important official posts by now. But although she cannot hope to shine in the reflected glory of her husband, she still loves politics and will be one of the most prominent as well as one of the most decorative fighters in the field at the general election. Although the duchess is a conservative as befits the wife of a Spencer Churchill she is very "broad." She has said on many occasions that her politics are independent and if she followed her desires she would like to draw up a program of her own. Although she does not express it openly, the duchess is an ardent woman suffragist and the men she will support in the new government must identify themselves with the cause.

A CULTURED SPEAKER.

The duchess is a cultured speaker. She was one of the very first to go in for elocution lessons and she practised speaking to imaginary audiences with all the enthusiasm of a young clergyman anxious to acquire a place of honor in the pulpit. There are those who say that her grace would like before all things to express her views about women on a public platform. They are strong views, she being of the opinion that her sex is very badly crushed. She is deterred from doing so by the fear of giving offence to the duke and his bevy of brilliant aunts, daughters of the seventh Duke of Marlborough, who are in some things rather conventional. Lady Blandford, the mother-in-law of the duchess, agrees with her in her political views as she does in everything else. From the point of view of her mother-in-law, the duchess can do not think no wrong. There are those who say that the Duchess of Marlborough contributes handsomely but anonymously to a militant body of suffragists.

It will be in the Conservative interest also Mrs. Waldorf Astor will work. She has taken time by the forelock by already making overtures to the voters in Plymouth—the constituency her husband will contest. A garden party was held there recently in honor of the Astors when Mrs. Astor's Parisian hat carried all before it. A certain important but very plain local lady gushed profusely over it.

"Now," said Mrs. Astor, "I am sure it would suit you to perfection. Let me send you one exactly like it, that is, if you are quite sure you do not mind wearing a hat like mine."

The provincial dame was overcome by the compliment. The new hat arrived in due course and it is said that it has as good as sealed the future success of the Conservative candidate in the borough in question.

TAKING INSTRUCTIONS.

Those two handsome sisters, Lady Willoughby d'Eresby and Lady Alastair Innes-Ker, are keen politicians and would be more so were it not for the prejudices of the families into which they have married. Both mean to figure as canvassers at the general election. Possessing pleasant, persuasive manners they are not easily snubbed and they have a great deal of tact. They are among the numerous smart women who will shortly be giving teas at which diplomacy, repartee and elocution will be taught. For such parties a hostess engages a professor who gives her friends and herself instructions in the above subjects, as well as in the arts and wiles essential to the canvasser. Old hands at the art come forward to tell the uninitiated the snares and pitfalls which await the canvasser and the best ways of avoiding them.

Although the Duchess of Roxburghe does not take part in electioneering affairs on account of the duke's objection to the woman in public, she is greatly interested in them and has in the past been found in warm discussion with her friends who have been on the rampage in politics.

Those who know most about platform speaking and canvassing are emphatic on the importance of appearances. They say that a pretty woman with a nice manner and a beautiful frock will score where a brilliantly clever woman who is plain and badly dressed will not get "a look in," or if she does, will be interrupted and perhaps insulted. Which means that wise women are determined that their "invading" frocks shall be le dernier cri and the smartest things that it is in the power of Paris to turn out.

HER CANVASSING GOWNS.

It is thought that Mrs. Asquith will get her canvassing gowns in London and go out of her way to label them "home manufacture." She is one of those who have been ordering Irish lace, possibly with a view to conciliating those troublesome people across the Irish sea. As a canvasser it would be hard to beat the present prime minister's wife. She has no rival save Mrs. George West. Brilliant, good-tempered and witty she has the further capacity of making black seem white when she is discussing things with voters.

It is the boast of the Marchioness of Graham that when as Lady Mary Hamilton she canvassed for her father she drank one afternoon 25 cups of tea and had dyspepsia for a month afterwards. Notwithstanding her self-sacrifice she was unsuccessful, Mrs. Pearson, the daughter-in-law of Sir Weetman Pearson, carrying the day. Lady Graham means to score next time and is now preparing for the fray. Before her marriage which took place about four years ago, Lady Graham was the greatest heiress on this side of the water.

So fascinating is canvassing and electioneering to the society woman that a few of the royal princesses say they would give five years of their lives to be able to take part in it. Princess Alexander of Teck is reputed to have the determination to go incognito to the booths when the time comes. All this points to the fact that rumor is likely to be verified when it says that the forthcoming campaign will be essentially a woman's battle.

NELLIE MAHONY.

Germany Will Not Forgive Heine For His Caustic Wit

(Special Correspondence.)

LONDON, Oct. 28.—What is to become of the statue of Heine which the German emperor deposed from its pedestal in the Corfu park purchased by him from the late empress of Austria?

At present the statue goes begging for a site. For three years it was allowed to lie like a piece of rubbish in a shed. A German banker, Herr Campe, saw it there and made an offer for it and he was allowed to cart it off on the ground that it had "no local value." His idea was to present it to the town of Hamburg, with which the poet had so many early associations. His letter to the senate being unanswered, Herr Campe called on the burgomaster. He was informed by this functionary that the monument would obstruct the traffic, and might furthermore be a center of objectionable demonstrations, if any place in the streets were assigned to it. At his own expense Herr Campe then proposed to set it up in the zoological gardens; and this time the reply was a formal refusal, for which no reason was given. It is quite evident that Germany is still unable to forgive Heine for sacrificing the Germans to his caustic wit.

LANG'S OBJECTIONS.

Andrew Lang objects strenuously to the modern tendency to estimate intellect by taste. Of course we all have our little crystallized ideas with which to test an unsuspecting, unproved friend; but what Lang seems to repudiate is an individual's right to totally condemn the uncongenial. A peculiarity of taste in novels, for instance, does not prove a person to be devoid of intellect.

Novelists, he says, are showing us the intellectual heights to which we should climb. In a recent book which Lang pulled down from the reserve shelf he discovered a lady who confesses to a pitying, advanced maid that a certain young man is "a dull fellow. He could stand a comic opera, although Wagner bored him to distraction."

"Now I would humbly urge," says Lang, "that a lack of appreciation of Wagner is not a proof of want of intelligence. Could our fair teacher deny intellect to Dr. Johnson? He never took any pleasure in music till, after 70, he was pleased by a dirge. Theophile Gautier was not a dull fellow, yet he described music as 'the most unpleasant and expensive of noises.' Tennyson is now regarded as quite out of the intellectual race, so the fact that he shared Theophile's opinion of music may go for nothing. The demand that we must love Wagner or be set down as dull fellows is too severe.

"To return to the dull fellow, he went to the academy every year, and liked the anecdotic pictures and Highland cattle. What ought he to have liked—at the academy?"

It is remarkable to note the number of literary men who are taking an active interest in present day English politics. There is little of the recluse in the lives of the following writers.

HILAIRE BELLOC, M. P.

Hilaire Belloc, M. P., whose speech against Socialism was listened to with so much interest at Manchester the other day, has, as a speaker, few equals; and his books are delightful. A writer once described Belloc as having "the enormous literary energy of a Balzac, and the oratorical turbulence of a volcano"—traits which are seldom found in one person.

At Rochester recently, Sir Gilbert Parker gave a splendid sample of a certain type of oration. I append the following fragments of his speech, not so much for the ideas they contain as to illustrate his vivid choice of words:

"The present budget was never the same at the setting as at the rising of the sun; it was a kaleidoscope of shifting fragments. It had one virtue, it showed mankind once again that there was only a thin veil between sanity and insanity. Free trade as a system had sanity in its day when England was the workshop of the world. Its strength, however, had been overtaxed; it had been badly nourished; its vitality had been sapped by the vampire of unrestricted foreign competition, and in an insane fit of malignant anaemia it had proceeded by this budget, to cut its own throat."

A DEFINITE POSITION.

Though quite different in tone to the style of Sir Gilbert Parker, the speech of Quiller-Couch, the novelist, is equally virile.

"Is it not a little vulgar," he asked, "just a little filthed, parading their private affairs in public as the rich have been doing? Poor Lazarus! Dives got ahead of him every time, even when it came to advertising his sores.

"I write books, and one would have thought if there was anything in the world a man could call his own it was a book he had made. But not a bit of it. The state steps in after 42 years and takes it away altogether. Do I go about whining 'Robbery!' Yet these men who have simply taken the trouble to be born, think they can go on inheriting land generation after generation and pay nothing."

Other writers are deeply concerned in not only national but world politics. Before departing for Gibraltar Sir Arthur Conan Doyle declared his views of the Congo atrocities under King Leopold. His book which has just appeared simultaneously in Europe and America, was written without the idea of profit, the royalties to be expended in distributing free copies, so that persons in all parts of the world may be brought to realize what a frightful condition exists. Doyle says that not a promise of reform has been kept and that the crimes against the Congo blacks continue unabated.

Winston Churchill, however, is the only author who holds a definite position in the English government; he is the president of the board of trade.

Among other writers who are also members of parliament we find Stephen Gwynn, P. M. Thornton, Rudolph Lehmann, who wrote the "Sun Child" and J. M. Robertson, the author of many valuable critical essays.

CHARLES OGDENS.

THE MANUFACTURE OF PINS.

Of brass, iron and steel pins between fifteen and sixteen tons (2,240 pounds to a ton) are made each week in the United Kingdom. In view of the great difference in the size of the pins, which necessarily affects their weight, it is impossible to calculate how many millions of pins are represented in this output, but the number must be almost incalculable. A great majority of the pins manufactured in the United Kingdom are made in Birmingham by two firms, one of which has been manufacturing pins for over 80 years and the other for about a century. The only other country except the United States which manufactures pins in great quantities is Germany, whose output is said to be about twelve tons per week. A few steel pins are made in France, and the United States makes an enormous quantity of pins. In view of the prominence of the British pin-making industry, comparatively few pins are imported into the United Kingdom. These come from Germany, and, I am informed, are of the cheapest grade, but the aggregate is not more than fifteen tons a year. The chief pin-using countries are the United States, Great Britain, Germany and France.

Of the United Kingdom production, about 25 per cent is exported by the manufacturers, not including pins purchased by merchants, many of whom undoubtedly buy for export. None of these go to Germany, but large quantities go to the United States and France, while other countries take pins in comparatively small quantities. The pins that are exported to the United States from the United Kingdom come almost exclusively from Birmingham, from the two firms mentioned, and the pins exported from the United Kingdom are almost exclusively pins of the highest grade, and are invoiced at prices as high or, perhaps, higher than pins of American make are sold in wholesale quantities in the United States. In fact, the American market demands of the average a pin far better than the British market, and one cannot buy in the shops in the United Kingdom as good a quality of pins as in the United States. The German pin, it appears, is not as good as the English pin of the best quality and ranks about with the American pin although the color of the German pin is said to be a little better.—Consular Report.