

man carrying flying machine.

Mixed with the expectation was an anxiety lest something happen, lest you should be on the point of seeing a tragedy with all that your near association with the man and your admiration for him would mean.

The groups of workmen discussed the previous trials of the aeroplane and expressed their confidence that Glenn Curtiss, the boy who put in electric door-bells in the village and sold the repaired bicycles of the town in his little shop at the corner of the square, would carry off the trophy this time all right.

Suddenly the group of people about the machine scattered into the fields, Curtiss climbed into the seat in front of the yellow wings, the assistant turned over the narrow wooden propeller, there was a sharp loud whirr and a cloud of dust and smoke as the blades of the propeller churned the air 1200 times a minute.

The men holding the gigantic bird let go. It started down the track on its rubber tired wheels going faster and faster. Then, before we realized what it was doing, it glided upward into the air and bore down upon us at the rate of 30 miles an hour. Nearer and nearer it came like a gigantic ochre colored condor carrying its prey. Soon the thin, strong features of the man, his bare outstretched arms with hands on the steering wheel, his legs on the bar in front, riveted our attention. Hemmed in by bars and wires, with a forty horse-power engine exploding behind him leaving a trail of smoke and with a whirling propeller cutting the air 1200 times a minute, he