

sailed with forty feet of outstretched wings twenty feet above our heads.

Thirty miles an hour in an auto seems fast going where fence posts and wayside flowers mark the speed, but in the air with nothing but the distant hills to go by the passage of this giant^{flying} thing seemed leisurely and graceful.

What a moment for the vivid imagination. The thing is done. Man flies! All the tedious details of perfecting a practical passenger carrying machine are forgotten. Even the previous successes of which you have seen reports mean nothing and with one leap the imagination builds on this one positive fact which your eyes are seeing, a whole superstructure of world locomotion. You think of the plovers that hatch their young in the summer of the Arctic Circle, teach them to fly in Labrador and spend the winter with them in the Argentine to return again over Mexico in the Spring. You remember the flights of homing pigeons that cover 500 miles in eleven hours and these suggest strange visions of great fleets of airships crossing and re-crossing both oceans with their thousands of passengers. In short we cast aside every pessimism and give our imaginations free rein as we stood watching the weird bowed outline pass by.

Oh, why does he go so high? Do you think he's going to make it? These cries from Mrs. Curtiss, who was standing by us, reminded us of the dangers of the flight and of the fact that out in the meadow a half mile away there was a red flag which marked the end of the course. Would he pass over it?