

we had none of the fierce July heat we have in Canada; the roads were smooth and hard, no loose stones to dodge, no dust or ruts to gallop over. No leaping of ditches from road to sidewalk, and back to sidepaths such as we get at home, nothing to do but to run over these beautiful roads winding through quaint little villages, and cool, leafy lanes, yet the boys could not run with anything like their usual speed and courage. But to get back to the story of the race.

### LONGBOAT'S COLLAPSE.

Fifty-five men started and only 27 finished. When the pistol fired Art Burn, the Calgary runner, sprang to the front at a hot clip, but before two miles had been covered, Jack, Price, Lord and Duncan, the Englishmen, with Haffron the South African, and Dorando, the Italian, who was the first to cross the tape, were leading. Jack in front was cutting off a pretty fair clip. Tom Longboat was next up, 200 yards back, and running strong; Doc Morton, the Toronto cyclist, and I, who were his attendants, picked him up and away we went. The Indian was running his own race, and we did not bother him. As we travelled on mile after mile, Morton kept to and from between the leaders and the Indian. "They are running as if the devil himself were behind," he said finally, and I pilgrimaged forward to see for myself. Sure enough, there they were, running like terror-stricken men. I told Tom. "I ketch 'em," he granted. "I kill 'em," and sure enough he did. At nine miles Price fell by the wayside, and we passed him as his attendant rubbed him down. Then Beale, the Englishman, came up from behind and joined Tom. Tom grinned and stuck like a leech when the Britisher, urged on by his friends, tried to leave him. Beale hung on for for five miles, and during that time Jack, Duncan and Lord collapsed. Hoffman, out in fact, was setting a desperate pace, and at one time led Longboat by four minutes. "You're whacked, Longboat!" was the incessant cry of the thousands along the route, but Tom only grinned and strode on. Then around a bend the red pants of the Italian, Dorando, caught our eye, Tom watched him a while and then steadily cut him down. Twice the Italian came back, but at 18 miles the Indian had him well beaten, and Haffron, tiring fast, was only 50 yards ahead. "It's all over but the cheering," said Doc Morton and Tom Flanagan, who had gone on to the Stadium, content that Longboat would win, when suddenly, with only a slight premonitory warning the Indian staggered, threw up his hand, and fell senseless across my wheel. We gave him champagne, and were busy bringing him around when a Marathon medical officer arrived and refused to let him go on. "He's dead beat, and I won't let him start," he said, though he acknowledged that Tom's heart and pulse were strong. Tom said afterwards that he suddenly lost all sense. "I think it's the heat that got me," he said. He went to the Stadium in a car. It was a tough blow to Flanagan, and the Indian felt blue, but there wasn't anything to it. We felt that the Indian had gone back, but as the minutes rolled by, and we saw that England's best had gone down, and the others were walking no time, we felt that it wasn't the Indian who had gone back, but that he had succumbed to strange weather conditions. So much for Longboat, who followed the leaders and experienced the hot early pace. How about Bert Goldsboro, Harry Lawson and Fred Simpson, who laid back in the second brigade, and refused to be dragged out at a hot clip? They fared no better. Before 15 miles had been covered they were stopping to walk.