

always music to the British wanderer, whether in his honor or not. I have had success in the United States, and on one especially memorable occasion I went down to defeat, but I think that everybody will allow that for twenty miles, and for long past my distance, I put up a good fight. I have been asked if this extra effort did not do me harm. I don't think it did me a super-amount of good, but it showed me my limitation, and therefore warned me to be cautious and not to overtax my energies, which in the fullness of time must wane, let me be as careful as I may.

I have been fortunate enough to have unbroken success wherever I have gone and it is a source of much gratification to me that I have always received the best possible treatment and hospitality.

Comparisons, we all know, are odious, therefore I must be excused making any distinction. I must, however, recall the very pleasant time I had on my memorable trip to Australia, where everyone, from the Governor-General down, overwhelmed me with kindness and attention. If ever I was in fear of "swelled head" it was during this eventful period of my career.

Perhaps the public men on this continent do not enter into the spirit of athletics with the same vim and wholeheartedness as in the other parts of the Empire. Let me give an illustration: When the King's horse Minoru won the Derby, the King, in true democratic style, ignored the police guard and made his way in unceremonious fashion through the crowds to lead his horse back to scale—that was a noble example of appreciation of the people's sports that might—faddists to the contrary notwithstanding—be far more generally followed in these western parts than it is.

The one thing the successful athlete must protect himself against is illness. Accidents are unavoidable, but hearty in their recognition of well-directed effort, the general sporting world is very uncharitable when it comes to