

their country.

On they sped between two living walls of human beings cordoned by troops. Spectators in the early stages witnessed Frank, the American, hotly followed by the Bohemian, Bechensky. Further, Daly of the Emerald Isle, passed to second place, whilst Blake crept up. A few minutes after four o'clock Blake's star was in the ascendant, and brightly indeed it shone. It was, however, to be shortly eclipsed by the man from the land of the eagle, Frank. He in turn was followed by the man from Hamilton, and when it came to up-hill work the American visibly weakened.

At twenty minutes to five Sherring was running in splendid form and in his own good time passed on to first place amid the plaudits of the multitude. Several of the leaders had dropped by the wayside, and the race resolved itself into a contest between two men of the North, Sherring, and Swamberg the Swede, with Frank, the American, third. When he had gained a good lead, the Canadian representative took a little walk for air storage for the supreme effort which he well knew must come shortly. When he perceived the enemy approaching he resumed his running, and when they relapsed into pedestrianism he did likewise. In this manner he tired out his men, excepting the Swede and the American. Sherring's salutes to the people and pleasantries were cut short

by the booming of a cannon which announced his near approach to the Stadium where a vast concourse impatiently awaited the appearance of the runners. Surely, thousands must have thought, the victor will be a Greek. In a moment a figure appeared over the brow of the hill. Thunderous applause greeted him from within and without the Stadium—thunder answered thunder. Then came the pause—the terrible stillness that follows the storm. He was not a Greek! Against the sky line came almost immediately another runner. So close was he that a spurt might win for him the prize. He must be of Hellenic birth. Disappointment was theirs, for it was the Swede who toiled in the wake of the man from the land of the Maple. Down the decline he came and gave of his bounty in a splendid dash into the arena amid the shouts of an audience big in numbers as his native city. The Crown Prince, Constantine, joined the victor to be, and ran beside him until the great moment arrived when William J. Sherring's twenty-six miles of running terminated in front of the King and Queen of Greece amid the applause of the assembled multitude. He had won what men in bygone ages had deemed the greatest of earthly prizes, a crown of wild olive, conscious that to a determined soul nothing is impossible. He had covered the course of the soldier of Marathon and stood fresh and smiling thinking, doubtless, "they'll be glad at home."

