

doing so. Finally we plunged across the pavement bang into a grocer's window, where monkey-nuts, or as Americans and Canadians call them, peanuts, were the principal staple of trade. To see the way those monkey-nuts, pots of jam, sugar, etc., flew around, was a caution. They were literally all over the shop and the roadway too. The horse, thoroughly exhausted, laid kicking in the window where the nuts should have been, and we crawled from the cab one by one in the best way we could, shorn of our glory and dismantled, but not altogether dismayed. Fortunately the grand trophy I had won was not seriously injured and joined the hundreds of others that I have gathered in. So that you see like the policeman's lot, the athletic's life is not an entirely unalloyed happy one.

A parting shot and *Finis* will have been written. Don't run to schedule in distance races. Run as your judgment tells you to do and as your ability will allow, husbanding your power here and letting it out there. Trying to do each mile at a set pace and a fast pace will kill the best and tire the worst.