

MARATHON FINISH MARVEL RACES

World's Athletic Records Contain No Feature Comparable With Event in England.

HEROIC WORK OF RUNNERS

Thrilling Description of Contest Which Gave United States Laurel in Magnificent Struggle.

By Rt. Rev. Charles Seading, Episcopal Bishop of Oregon.

LONDON, Aug. 16.—(Special Correspondence.)—Every Oregonian, certainly every citizen of Portland, interested in clean, noble, manly sport, will be pleased and proud of her representatives in the Olympic games held this week at the Stadium in London. The greatest event of the series was the winning, by Forrest Smithson, of Portland, of the 110-meter hurdle race in 15 seconds, establishing a new world record. When I saw this well-formed, alert young man literally flying over the hurdles I did not know he was an Oregonian, but after reading the news of his victory, and later on, was doubly gratified to know he hailed from my own home. But this letter, based on my own observation and official reports given in the daily press, has to do with the ancient historic contest which made Greece renowned.

America has won the Marathon race. Nothing was sweeter in the world of athletics more thrilling than the finish in the Stadium of this year's race, when the Italian, Dorando, tottered to apparent victory, and a scene which every spectator felt that the tragedy of Pheidippides was about to be repeated. Pheidippides, we are told, fell dead after running across the Isthmus of Marathon to Athens with the news of the victory of Miltiades. Dorando, an Italian, collapsed on the track at the Stadium in a manner that brought one forcibly to the story of old.

The course was from Windsor Castle to the Stadium, close to the Franco-British Exhibition—a distance of 26 miles. To understand the overwhelming effect of the final round in the Stadium the character of the whole vast spectacle must be plainly conceived. Since the glory of imperial Rome departed, and the mighty fabric of the Coliseum itself was shaken into that sun-searched and moon-blanched ruin which now rises like a shattered crater to the skies, nothing has compared with the effect of the waiting multitude in the arena. It is estimated that 100,000 people were in the Stadium. Wherever the eyes could travel was to be seen nothing but faces. The Queen and a large party were present in the royal box, while included among the other distinguished spectators were the Princess of Wales, with some of her children, the Crown Prince of Greece, the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duchess of Albany.

Five Americans Entered.

As five Americans had entered for the race the visitors from America now in London were out in full force. American physicians and surgeons, who had come over for the British medical conference, and American true patriots, were there in a spirit of true patriotism, were there to encourage their countrymen.

Looking upwards from the track, or downwards from the top of the stands, a vacant place was to be seen. North and south the shadowed stretch of the covered stands ran along the last 300 yards of the course. East and west great swaths of afternoon light fell on the open tiers, packed from base to crest with a mighty gathering.

The crowd had tried to follow the minor events, but nothing could chain its attention. The pole-jumpers rose to the bar. The divers from their lofty staging plunged downwards to raise cool water-sports. The wrestlers grapple upon their platforms. Between them British force was vindicated at the last moment of the contest between the swimmers racing by relays in the long tank.

These and other events were hailed with spasmodic but impartial cheers. Yet the multitude in the whole arena was burdened with one anxiety—how went it with the runners in the Marathon and all other events, however spirited in themselves, seemed relatively naught to those who were waiting for the champion of a 26-mile course to burst upon their view.

Signals Their Throgs.

For more than two hours this vast multitude depended for all its knowledge upon the signals which patrolled the course, carrying announcements upon high poles. Even these announcements had worked expectation to a climax that many spectators hold their breath long before the astounding tableau beheld at the last became visible.

When half the distance had been covered, Hafferton, the runner in green, who has held high against the whole world the fame of South Africa, was declared in the stadium to be leading; Dorando, the Italian, was next; Hayes, the American, was for a moment signalled third. As distance was covered he gave place to the Englishman, Smith, but then it became known that the latter had fallen out, and no report as to who was running third was again made.

Meanwhile, at stage after stage, Green kept the lead, which seemed so long to promise victory, and the red runner followed hard for Italy. Twenty miles were covered with the runners in this order. Then came a change, and three American runners came to the front, but the Italian, Dorando, was leading. The last three hundred yards had to be run within the stadium and the runners entered through an archway. Fortunately my seat was immediately under the arch and I commanded a clear view of the entire track.

At a few minutes past 5 o'clock some ambulance men met a stretcher with a runner who was in a state of collapse. The multitude was all excitement. Could it be that like the Greek runner, in whose honor the race was undertaken, Smith had fallen within an ace of grasping "his wreath of olive"? There were tense, drawn faces in the stands, and the silence was unnerving.

Cheers for Italian.

In a moment or two the diminutive figure in a wet, white vest and crimson drawers came into view. A deafening roar greeted him. The noise seemed to make no impression on the champion. He walked slowly, painfully, and was obviously only half-conscious of what was going on around him. He wanted to walk the track the wrong way. A friendly hint in a foreign tongue was unheeded. Smith then touched him on the arm and pointed the path along which the gallant fellow was to win honors for his country and himself. He still shook his head.

SOME OF SADDLE HORSES TO BE SEEN AT SEATTLE HORSE SHOW



MRS ROBERT FULLERT ON VICTOR

MISS GOLDSMITH RIDING COLONEL

MISS LAIDLAW

QUALITY QUEEN BRED BY JOHN W. CONSIDINE JR.

Then he was turned round, and, with friends on his right and left, he began a walk so slow and labored that one wondered if he would ever get around the track. Were any competitor to follow soon Dorando's laurels might be snatched away; but no other runner came in sight for an interval that seemed like an eternity.

Grimly and gamely the Italian battled on inch by inch. An indescribable emotion of mingled pity and admiration swept the crowd. He fell amid sighs as a forest in storm. But he rose amid, as it were, a primeval hurricane of cheers.

And now occurred the mishap that never can be sufficiently regretted, when the course was invaded and the Italian surrounded. He was helped to his feet, and several times momentarily upheld. It is infinitely to be deplored that the track in these last supreme, almost intolerable, and wholly unforgettable moments, was not kept free from intruders.

Triumph Near at Hand.

So, a staggering, faltering figure, piteous, gasping, yielding, and even stepping nobly at the last, the Italian reached the tape and triumph seemed to have crowned his terrible ordeal. But a hunted glance behind him showed him while he was yet more than a hundred yards from home, a pursuing rival in the arena. It was the United States runner, Hayes, who, after losing third place, had raced up with grand staying power. From the American stand came a deafening and inspiring shout: "Rah! Rah! Rah! United States!"

The Italian's time was short. Coaxed, entreated by attendants who had watched him every inch of the way, he was once more lifted to his feet. He was not more than a few hundred yards away from the tape. The spectators were sighing for him to break it, when a shout from the American stand proclaimed that Hayes had reached the final turn in the path.

Hayes showed wonderful endurance, and was running with a steady, even gait, not more than a few inches behind. But he only moved by inches, and it was by no means certain that Nature would allow him to finish. Twenty yards from the winning tape, at the moment when the wily American was rapidly approaching, Dorando fell a fifth time. Two friends lifted him up and almost pushed him on the tape, where he was received by friends and placed upon a stretcher. His was a moral victory. Nature robbed him of his triumph.

Hayes Declared Victor.

The Italian flag ran up to the masthead, the Stars and Stripes soon fluttered below; but the judges felt that the race must be given to Hayes. Dorando was disqualified for attentions he did not invite, and might have dispensed with, and the race was given to Hayes.

Striding free to the last, in infinitely better form than the hapless champion before him, he came home through a storm of applause, in which there was not one note of international jealousy. Amid delicious and deserved demonstrations from their fellow-countrymen, two more Americans carried off the fourth and fifth places.

The day's results showed the thoroughness of American methods of training and American endurance. This is not the time of place to moralize on the spectacle, but for my part I do not care to witness another Marathon race.

Wireless From Pacific Fleet.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 29.—A wireless message received this morning gives the position of the Pacific fleet, which is towing the torpedo flotilla to Honolulu, as in latitude 22:45 north, longitude 156:42 west, at noon yesterday. The weather was clear and the progress of the fleet was reported as satisfactory.

FINE NAGS ENTERED

Classy Stock Will Be Seen at Seattle Horse Show.

MANY GO FROM PORTLAND

Thoroughbred Entries From This and Other Cities Will Be Seen Later at Portland Show—Exhibitors From This City.

Autos Can Yet Be Improved

The Seattle horse show, which opens next Wednesday, is attracting widespread attention throughout the Pacific Northwest, and exhibits of fancy bred stock will be made by Portland, Tacoma, Spokane and Victoria and Vancouver, B. C. Entries from Portland will include the classy pairs of Sanford Hirsch, Theodore B. Wilcox, Mrs. C. H. Lewis and others, all of whom will exhibit in the victoria and brought-ann classes. Clayton Fallas will exhibit Lady Zombro, shown here last Fall by Paul Vessinger, and many times a blue ribbon winner.

The thoroughbred saddlers in the accompanying illustrations will all be shown in Seattle this week and in Portland at the October show, in addition to which Tacoma, Seattle and Spokane will send many fancy bred horses of other classes. J. D. Farrell, of Seattle, has added a number of classy saddlers to his former fine stable, and will show them in Portland. H. W. Treat's string of 30 horses, shown here last Fall by Paul Vessinger, and will show here, will have as its star Lord Roseberry, a famous New York show horse, many times winner of the championship for big harness show horses at Madison Square.

John W. Considerine will also be on hand with a number of remarkable handsome pairs and singles, while Andrew Laidlaw, of Spokane, is expected here with his famous Searchlight and

FIGHT FANS EAGER

Tear Off Shingles Trying to See Gans-Nelson Work-out.

NEGRO MUCH BETTER MAN

Admirers Jealous to Fact That He Makes Abe Look Like Dub as Evidence That Gans Is Not All In, as Had Been Reported.

BY HARRY B. SMITH. SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 29.—(Special.)

—You must concede the palm to San Francisco as a fight-loving community. After Gans was flattened by Battling Nelson, some weeks since, it looked like the negro was out of the fighting class, and that even if matched he wouldn't draw to any extent. But no sooner was this warmed-over match made, as one of the critics termed it, than interest has commenced to develop.

Now that both Gans and Nelson are on the ground getting into shape, the enthusiasm is more pronounced, and, strange to say, it is the black who is drawing the crowds. True, he is working in the same camp with Abe Attell, which counts for a lot. Two classier men never came together to spar, and the announcement that they would work at Croft's Gardens last Sunday brought out 1500 fans.

The gymnasium is rather small for such a crowd, but there was no denying the boys. They climbed on the roof, tore shingles off the place, and kept on destroying property until Landlord Croll had to telephone to the police to help him out.

And the boxing was a revelation to those who figured that Gans was absolutely in. He made a sucker out of Abe, hit him at will with light blows, and when he tired of that, held him off with the left while Attell made fruitless swings with both hands. In order that there shall be a chance for everybody to see what's going on, a platform has been erected in the open air under the oaks, and this coming Sunday and until the fight that is where the workouts will take place.

Nelson Picked to Win.

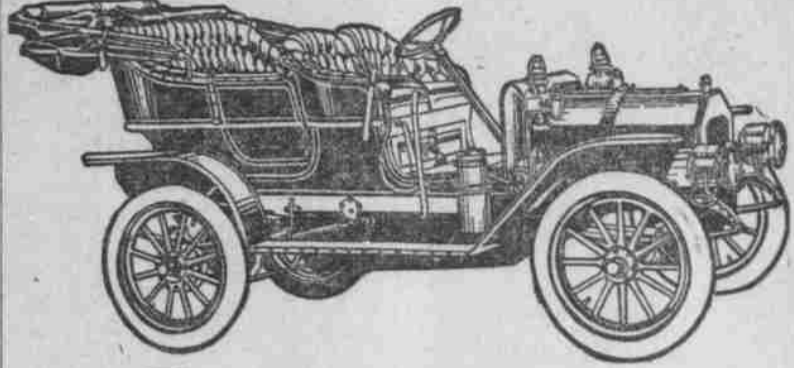
On form, you must of necessity pick Nelson to win this fight, but there are a lot of Doubting Thomases yet to be convinced that Gans has outlived the stage of usefulness. That class will have a bet down on the negro. Judging from his sparring partner, he will be fast and clever for a few rounds, but he is liable to weaken under the heavy battering of his opponent and drop, as he did the last time they met at the Mission-street arena.

Nelson is going ahead in his training, as he has always done in the past. He neglects nothing to put him in good physical shape for a tough fight. He takes his long jog on the road in the morning, and then boxes, or rather roughs it, with the gloves in the gymnasium of an afternoon.

Betting odds on this fight, as well as

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