

THE HELLENIC RECORD.

The Olympic games at Athens recently have attracted much attention, both on account of the events themselves and the associations connected with them. When the international athletic committee met at Paris last year, and decided to have a series of athletic contests once in four years, it is only natural that they selected Greece for the scene of the contest. While it would have been a fine thing to have held the contests on the old Olympian grounds, it was impossible on account of lack of accommodations. Athens was then chosen, as the most fitting place both on account of ancient associations and modern conveniences.

A wealthy Greek named George Averoff took upon himself the expense of restoring the stadium to its former condition. The work was pushed rapidly and everything was completed by April 7, the opening day of the games. On that day there were 80,000 people present, a truly Homeric gathering. The stadium was formally turned over to the king of Greece, who made an eloquent speech of acceptance and welcome.

The United States was represented by a team from Princeton and one from the Boston athletic association. We have reason to be proud of the record of our representatives.

Captain Garrett of Princeton won in throwing the discus. Distance 11.22 metres.

E. H. Clark, B. A. A., won the long jump; 6.35 metres.

In the pole vault W. W. Hoyt, B. A. A., won; 3 metres, 30 centimetres.

W. Tyler, B. A. A., second; 3 metres, 20 centimetres.

T. E. Burke, B. A. A., the 100 metre race. Time, 12 1/5 seconds.

T. F. Curtis, B. A. A., the 110 metre hurdle race. Time, 17 3/5 seconds.

E. E. Clark, B. A. A., the high jump; 1 metre, 51 centimetres.

T. E. Burke, B. A. A., the 400 metre race.

Besides these first places, the Americans won a good many seconds and thirds.

AGRICULTURE NOTES.

The oat field in front of the library is coming up nicely and promises a full crop.

The classes in horticulture have been raking the lawn and spading the flower beds, preparatory to the annual planting of bulbs, flowers and blue grass.

It is reported that a large field of corn will be planted in the northwest corner of the campus; also that beets will be grown for sugar experiments.

Some months ago Roscoe Pound translated a paper put out by two Viennese botanists for a new botanical nomenclature, and with some pretty vigorous comments of his own, sent it in to an eastern botanical journal. Yesterday there came advance sheets of the journal *Botanique de Paris* containing an article entitled: "Les propositions viennoises de Nomenclature Commenes." It is a translation of Mr. Pound's article into French by Professor Kuntze, with some comments of his own. In a prefatory note the professor says: "Mr. Roscoe Pound of the university of Nebraska has seized the occasion to join to the translation some commentaries which have an international value and which offer some arguments for the reform of the nomenclature, so that I present to French readers a translation, at the close of which I append a note." Mr. Pound's name heads the pages and the whole is a very neat compliment.

Francis brothers, proprietors of the Capital Cafe, have purchased a new coffee urn and are now prepared to dispense a delicious cup at any time of night or day.

Remember that Francis Bros. have reopened the Capital Cafe, 121 North Eleventh street. Short order meals are their specialty.

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Have you seen the new model No. 2 Smith Premier typewriter? If not call in at 135 South Eleventh street and examine it. C. W. Eckerman agent.

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Starting Late in Life.

In the recently published life of the late Sir E. B. Hamley appears one of his favorite stories, which has reference to Capt. Brook, riding master at the Cadet college. Brooks was anxious to enter his son at Wellington college, and started one day to walk to the college from the station. Seeing Broadmoor Lunatic asylum, he confounded the one establishment with the other, walked up, and rang the bell.

He asked the porter if he could see the principal. When the latter appeared Brooks thought him a queer-looking figure for an instructor of youth. Brooks said:

"I wish to put my boy under your charge if you can take him."

"Oh, yes," said the man, "is he a bad case?"

"Bad case!" exclaimed Brook. "What on earth do you mean? There's not a better boy in England. The only thing I fear is that he may be too old."

"Why, how old is he?"

"He is eighteen."

"Pish! we take them up to eighty."

"Why," said Brook again in high dudgeon, "if he does not come here till eighty, what time do you suppose he's going to get his commission?"—*Pearson's Weekly*.

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Looking Forward.

The girl pianist in the next flat who had sprinted over the teeth of the torture box for hours at a time was going to be married.

The society columns of the Sunday papers had given it a two-stickful notice.

The face of the weary man in the next flat lighted up with joy, but as he looked out of the window and saw a tired-eyed woman wheeling in a perambulator a fat, husky baby, charged full of holler, cow's milk, baby food and ugliness, his face hardened, and he hissed between his clenched teeth: "Revenge!"—*Minneapolis Journal*.

Surprised.

She said my love she could not heed,
She couldn't consent to be my mate
Until I did some noble deed,
Or carried out some project great,
And though I spoke my love anew
She treated me scornfully—
What greater thing, pray, could I do
Than ask the maid to marry me?
—Life.

Floating Laughs.

"I went shooting yesterday." "What, has the game law expired?" "Oh, yes; nothing else did, though."—*Chicago Record*.

"You say that horse isn't afraid of anything. Can my wife drive him?" "I don't know, sir. I have never seen your wife."—*Life*.

Smokeless powder has been introduced at West Point. The cadets wear it on their coat lapels for every dance. —*Chicago Dispatch*.

The St. Louis girl wrote: "Don't phale to be thar." Her Kansas City beau replied: "I will be thar; there's no such word as phale."—*Inter Ocean*.

Laura—George, look at that dog! Will he bite? George—Bite? If he's a dog of any judgment, Laura, he'll try to eat you! Get out, you brute!—*Chicago Tribune*.

"I'd like to sell you a good wheel—only been used a month; 1895 model, pneumatic tires—" "No use to try. I've a pneumatic pocketbook."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Mrs. Sweet—Do you find it economical to do your own cooking? Mrs. Burnem—Oh, yes; my husband doesn't eat half as much as when we had a cook. —*Yonkers Statesman*.

Bobby—What is the difference between aqua and water? Paw—The druggist will show you, my son, that the difference is merely the price.—*Syracuse Post*.

"Do you call Peary's latest expedition to the Arctic regions a successful one?" asked Hiland. "I do," replied Haklet. "He's got back alive."—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph*.

"Never," began the philosophical drummer, "never marry a woman with a square, protruding chin." "I never do," said the drummer from Chicago.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Fuddy—There goes Widow Grimes. A great woman, that; always looking out for number one. Duddy—Always looking out for number two, you mean. —*Boston Transcript*.

"No, no; I wouldn't dare to have my husband help when we move." "Why not?" "He's a depot baggageman, you know, and he'd be sure to forget himself."—*Chicago Record*.

"He didn't have the sand to propose, did he, Bessie?" "Yes, but she rejected him. She said that while he had the sand to propose, he didn't have the rocks to marry."—*Harper's Bazar*.

NOTICE.

The Pershing Rifles hop is to be strictly a military affair. Cadets must wear uniforms and white duck trousers. By order.

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