

have suspended sixty-two students on account of poor work, and have warned seventy-eight others that they must improve the quality of their work if they wish to sustain their relationship with the University.

Purdue has received \$15,000 from the Big Four Railroad to start a fund for a gymnasium to be erected in honor of the football men killed in the wreck near Indianapolis last year.

Recently the presidents and deans of Ohio Universities and colleges had a meeting to consider the professionalism that exists in their athletics. They suggested two remedies for the evil, namely: (1) that no freshman be allowed to play in any intercollegiate athletic contest; and (2) that a student who leaves one institution and enters another must spend a year in the latter before engaging in intercollegiate athletic contests.—*Athenaeum*.

A PAGAN SHRINE.

I know a spot in the far, far East,
A hallowed, sacred spot,
Where the wearing cares of the working world,
Faint-echoing, are forgot.

Stone steps lead up to the Shinto shrine,
The shrine of heathen joss,
And the coolies come when the day is done
As Christians to the cross.

They dip worn hands in the rude, stone fount,
And entering, all unshod,
In the silent temple, silently
Bow down before their God.

Black merchant ships in the busy bay
Are coaling far below
Great warships swinging with the tide,
Small craft scud to and fro.

But here is peace 'neath the fragrant pine,

Pure balsam to the soul,
And the incense, rising 'mid the flowers
To heaven's gate doth roll.

And here in the green aisles of the woods,

Life hath not aught of ill,
For the peace of the Great-All-Father lies

About the shrined hill.

—Oregon Monthly.

TO A JOHNNY-JUMP-UP.

Hail, johnny-jump-up,
First of the year,
How my heart leaps
Beholding you here!

Fair little flower
Delicate, sweet,
I shall not trample you
Fear not my feet.

Fear not my fingers,
No, indeed, no;
Though I bend over you
Still shall you grow.

But should I covet
Would it be harm
Since I so love it—
A share of your charm.

Something of nature
Beautiful, free,
Therewith adorning
My poetry.

You'd not refuse it,
A tithe of your bloom,
Could I but use it
And the perfume.