

chimney can be seen—the pines take care of that!—the water is blue to north and to south, the forest is thick to east and west. The rules of the club are few but inexorable: 1. The club shall meet not regularly, but occasionally. 2. Each member shall read to the others his latest verses, and read them twice without reprieve. 3. The Sacrosanctum Yprocas Theologicum Mori shall be quaffed.

Concerning the poems contained in the book it would be trite to say that no one of them is a great poem: it is simple justice to say that the members of the Club have good reason to feel satisfaction at the excellent quality of their verses. Indeed, one may fairly go farther and say that the verses here printed are above the average of college verse, and would bear comparison with not a little of the verse appearing in more pretentious magazines than college publications. The verse of young writers is too often pessimistic and cynical, qualities generally mere affectations to youth, or it is mere humorous jingle. The verses in this volume do not contain a line of cynicism, and the one example of humorous verse is not out of keeping with the generally excellent tone of the volume. If we were to express our opinion concerning the members of the Mulberry Club as formed by a perusal of what they have written, we should be inclined to say that they are young men and women whose hearts are right, whose feelings are unsullied by the corroding cynicism of this *fin-de-siècle* age, and whose outlook on life is hopeful and wholesome. Their Club and its volume of verses are a credit to their Alma Mater. We shall take the liberty of quoting from time to time some of their poems.

DUELLING has shown a new development in Germany. The university student is no longer content with disfiguring the noses, chins, and cheeks of his friends to avenge supposed insults, or with gaining the glory of scarification himself. He aspires to greater enterprises, and is determined no longer to stand the tyranny of his professors and examiners. The President of the Berlin University had the misfortune the other day to plough a student in an examination for the twelfth time. This candidate for academic honors resolved no longer to tolerate such repeated insults, and forthwith sent the President a challenge by a fellow-student. The President, however, refused to comply with the polite request of pistols for two and coffee for one, or of swords and bolsters in the park in the early morning. But he has not sent the bloodthirsty undergraduate for a change in the country, as he might well have done. The students of Berlin have dubbed the Professor a coward. But the German press thinks that his decision not to accept the challenge is, on the whole, justified. They argue it would never do for the undergraduate at a university to be able to appeal to arms if ploughed in an examination. And there is certainly something from the Professor's side to be said for this view.—*Westminster Gazette*.