across the back of her mother's chair, whispered
"How do you like '112,' Maud?"

Maud soberly turned to the hymn and then caught
her breath. It was, "How shall we escape?"

"What is the hymn Mr. Carter likes, dear?" asked her mother, and Maud too embarrassed to
think of evasion, handed her the open book.

Mrs. Armiger smiled; she had been young once,
too, but Val winced. Maud would not let herself
be outdone, so a moment later she called back softly,
"64."

Val found it was "Wait and murmur not." But
he was not in that kind of humor, having already
waited two days. Presently he said "22," and nodded at the piazza.

Maud read "Meet me there," and so also did her
small sister near at hand who giggled audibly.

But soon Maud gave a saucy toss of her head and
called out half under her breath, "146."

It proved to be "When the mists have rolled
away," and Val groaned, but he did not think it was
so foggy outside.

Then numbers began to fly thick and fast, so fast
the amused children behind them could scarcely follow.

"199," said Val. Maud read, "Why do you wait?"
And she whispered back "76," which was
"Peace, be still." Val did not feel inclined to "be
still," however. He was becoming piqued at his failures.

"No. 106," he said sternly, and she read "Have
our hearts grown cold since the days of old?"

She blushed and several titters came from the
back bench; then she began to tremble. What
would he say next? How long could she sit there
and hear those children laugh? Yet if she should
go, he would be sure to follow!

"125," she tried to say it calmly. Would nothing
silence him?

"Fear thou not," read Val and frowned; he did
not mean to be put off like that.

"Are you ready," was the next she had to look up,
and hoping to satisfy him once for all she returned
with a smile, "Almost persuaded."

But alas, for Maud! That was the opening he
had wanted.

"Then '19' and '279,' dear," he whispered triumphantly; she fancied the whole room heard.

Crimson and self-conscious she found the numbers
were, "Give me thine heart," and "Take my life."
So did her mother, so did her small sister, so did
every one in their part of the room, for the whisper
had been louder than Val meant. One small and
irrepressible youngster called out to the group at the
piano: "Mr. Carter wants Miss Maud to sing '19."

But before any one had a chance to look it up
Maud had escaped; that is — from all but Val.

Book Review.

"The Adventures of a Freshman" is the
title of a new story of college life, by Jesse
Lynch Williams, author of "Princeton Sto-
ries" and "The Stolen Story and other News-
paper Stories." Though the scene of this
story is laid at Princeton, neither the theme
nor the characters are local, but representa-
tive of American college life in the broader
sense. The chief figure will be recognized
as a type of the modern college man.

The rather unconventional development of
the hero's career is not in accord with that of
most heroes of adventure. But the author's
intention was not to manufacture the best possi-
bile college man and give him unalloyed
success. It has been his aim to present a real
man in real conditions, who had bad luck and
good luck, and failures and successes, and to
show the effect of all these upon a young
man full of healthy human nature.

The story is intensely interesting from first
to last. It cannot fail to make a manlier fel-
lof every one who reads it. The demand
for the book has been extraordinary, and a
second edition is already being prepared.
College men throughout the land will find it
a charming and appropriate holiday gift.

The Senior Class Dinner will be held Fri-
day night of this week at the Thorndike.
Tickets will be on sale in Rogers Corridor
to-morrow. This is 1900's last under-gradu-
ate class dinner and a large attendance is
expected.