

Brown hesitated.

"Well, you see, Shock's shy. Does not go in for the sort of thing that Lloyd, for instance, revels and glitters in—teas, functions, social routs, and all that, you know. He has only his mother, a dear old Highland lady, poor, proud, and independent. She lives in a quaint little house out on the Commons away behind the college, and lives for, in, with, by, and around Shock, and he *vice versa*. He shares everything with her, his work down in the mission——"

"Mission!" interrupted Betty.

"Yes. Runs a mission down in St. John's ward. Gives her all his experiences with the denizens of that precinct, keeps her in touch with his college work, and even with his football. You ought to see him lay out the big matches before her on the tea table with plates, cups, salt cellars, knives, spoons, and you ought to see her excitement and hear her criticisms. Oh, she's a great sport!"

"Go on," said Helen, her fine eyes beginning to glow. "Go on. Tell us more about her."

But Brown shut up abruptly, as if he had been taking a liberty with the privacy of his friend's home.

"Oh," he said lightly, "there's nothing more to tell. They live a very quiet, very simple, but, I think, a very beautiful life."

"And she's fond of football?" inquired Betty.

"Devoted to it."

"And has she never seen a game? Has she never seen Shock play?" inquired Helen.

"Never."