

"Yes, he told me and Shock one night. He likes us, you see."

"*'De gustibus non disputandum,'*" murmured Lloyd, and in answer to Betty's inquiring look added, "as the old woman said when she kissed her cow."

"Now then, what about Shock's name?" continued Betty.

"Hair," said Brown laconically. "You have seen him come out of a scrimmage like a crab?"

"Yes. Isn't he just lovely then?" exclaimed Betty.

"Lovely? Oh, woman, woman! A ghastly, bloody, fearsome spectacle. Lovely! But it was ever thus. 'Butchered to make a Roman holiday,'" replied Lloyd.

"Well, he is rather bloody. Bleeds easily, you know, but it doesn't hurt at all," said Brown. "He never really enjoys himself till the blood flows."

"Disgusting old Berserker!" exclaimed Lloyd.

"But I think he is just a dear," went on Betty enthusiastically. "The way he puts his head right down into a crowd of men, and lets them jump on him and maul him!"

"Yes," replied her sister, who had taken little part in the conversation, "and comes out smiling. That is what I like."

"And bloody," added Lloyd. "That's what Miss Betty likes."

"I want to know about him," cried Betty impatiently. "Why don't we get to know him? Tell me about him," she insisted. "Where does he live? Who are his people?"

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