

they are engaged in serious business. You surely don't expect to divert their attention from the pursuit of their noble art. Why, who, or what do you conceive yourself to be?"

But Betty only smiled serenely, and shook her curls back saucily.

"Oh, I know," replied Lloyd, "I know what you are saying. 'Some day, some day they will grovel.' Alas, only too soon! And, indeed, here comes The Don on his second round. I'll ask him what he means."

"If you dare!" cried Betty.

"Mr. Lloyd!" said Helen haughtily, and Mr. Lloyd thought better of it.

But "The Don" did not even glance toward the group.

"Look at that, now," said Lloyd disgustedly. "Did anyone ever see such besotted devotion to a barbarous vocation?"

"He did not see us at all," insisted Betty. "But why is Mr. Balfour called 'The Don'?"

"Obviously, I should say, from his Don-like appearance, bearing, carriage, etc. But I am not an authority. Ask little Brown, your special slave. He knows all about both Shock and The Don."

"What absurd names you have," exclaimed Betty. "Now, what is the reason for Shock's name? Is it the shock of his charge in the scrimmage?"

"Not bad, that. I rather fear, however, it has to do with his most striking feature, if feature it be, for when you pull him feet first out of a scrimmage, a

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