

THE WHISTLING MOTHER

though it's the real crisis in every going away. But—that night—well. . . .

Of course, you know, the room's full of my junk—things I've had since I was a little chap, all the way up, to things I had in my Freshman year and thought were awfully sporty—and then discarded and brought home to keep in remembrance of my foolish youth. I'm pretty fond of that old room. I don't need to explain that much, probably. Any fellow would know.

I took one look around before Mother came—I thought one would be about all that would be good for me. The fire was burning rather brightly on the hearth, but I'd put out the other lights. . . . Then Mother came in.

If I hadn't caught a glimpse of her hands I shouldn't have known, but I did