

THE WHISTLING MOTHER

taller than she is—and for a minute I wanted to get down in front of her among the gear-shifts and put my head in her lap. But of course I didn't do anything so idiotic as that. I just laughed and said: "Not you,"—and put out my hand and squeezed hers—she'd left off her motoring gloves. And she squeezed back, and looked up at me with those black eyes of hers—and that was all there was of it, and we were off again on details, with no scene to remember. A fellow doesn't like scenes.

Well, then we got back to the house, and everybody was there—except Dad, and he came soon. There were my two young sisters, Sally and Sue; and my kid brother, Jimmy—mad as fury because he hadn't been told; and Grandfather and Grandmother. Everybody was all smiles,