

THE WHISTLING MOTHER

everything tasting bully, the way it does at home, you know. Then I went down to the office with Dad, and saw the boys, who all came round and gave me the glad hand, and wished me luck. Everybody I met on the street wished me that, except an old lady or two, who sighed over me—but I didn't mind them, they just made me want to laugh. Then home, and lunch, with Mother looking ripping in the jolliest sort of a frock. And we had lots of fun over a letter she'd had from some inquiring idiot, who wanted to know a lot of things she couldn't tell him; and she asked our advice, and of course we gave it, in chunks. In the afternoon she and I took another spin and, as I'd quite ceased to fear I couldn't see it through, it went off mighty well.

I was a little owly about dinner, though,