

THE WHISTLING MOTHER

white teeth, made me mighty glad I'd come home.

Act as if I'd come to say good-bye, and could stay only twenty-four hours? I should say she didn't. Kissed me, with her hand on my shoulder—glove off—and said: "Want to spin round the circle, Jack, before we go home? By that time they'll all be there."

"Sure," I said, grinning at the car. We're not rich, and I don't sport a car to go to lectures with, like Hoofy and a lot of other fellows, so ours always looks darned good to me when I get home. Mother understands how I'm crazy to drive the minute I can get my hands on the wheel, so without an invitation I put her into the seat beside me and took the driver's place myself. She settled down, same as she always does, and remarked: