

THE WHISTLING MOTHER

he and I talk up to date, and then Mother and I go on writing again.

Just Mother met me at the train—the girls were in school, and Dad not yet home from the office. My kid brother hadn't been told, for fear he'd cut school altogether. Mother had the roadster—and it was shining like a brass band. She looked just as she always does—tailored out of sight, little close hat over her smooth black hair, and black eyes shining through a trim little veil that keeps all snug. No loose ends about Mother, I can tell you, from the top of her stunning little hat to the toes—her jolly little Oxfords over silk stockings that would get anybody. Even her motoring gloves are "kept up," as we say of a car. The sight of her, smiling that absolutely gorgeous smile that shows her splendid