

THE WHISTLING MOTHER

to her family, in the woods or in the house when there were no guests about; and she often whistled softly over her work. Perhaps you don't think that's a womanly thing to do—but it's better, from my point of view—it's sporting. For Mother's got something of a temper—you'd know anybody with so much grit must have a temper—and lots of times when she wanted to be angry, suddenly she'd break out in a regular rag-time whistle, and then laugh, and everything would be all right again.

She and I had a special call of our own, one she'd made up. I'd know it anywhere in the world. It was a pretty thing—just a bar or two, but rather unusual. Well, as I came in the door that night she looked round and gave that whistle. I thought for a minute I was gone—but I bucked up