

THE WHISTLING MOTIER

and saw the dean, who assured me that, even though I didn't stay to finish my Junior year, I'd keep my place and get my dip, no matter how long the war lasted. Then he looked over his spectacles at me, and said it was good to see I was so tall and slim—it was a good thing I was a marksman who could get a shot or even kill me from a sapling at five hundred yards; and we grinned at each other and shook hands. Good old Hammon, I thought, I shall be there when I get back. Then I wired Mother and took the train for home.

. . . I don't know why I don't write and wire Mother in more often, for I think a lot of my dad. He is pretty busy at the office, and is not much of a letter-writer, except by way of a stenographer. Mother always gives me his messages in her letters, and when I get home