

THE WHISTLING MOTHER

into my face, and showed me hers, all smiling, and not a tear in her eyes, and said:

"Jacky, you're a brick!"

And then I just broke out into a great laugh of relief, and I shouted:

"Mother, you're a whole brickyard!"

And we went downstairs carrying my luggage between us, and the worst was over, and the thing I dreaded hadn't happened.

Perhaps you think she ought to have prayed over me, and given me a Bible, and a lot of good motherly advice. Don't you think it! The prayers had been spread over twenty-two years of my life, and the Bible was all marked up with her markings. As for the good advice—well— if she hadn't done her level best, long before that, to teach me to keep clean, and think