

THE WHISTLING MOTHER

shall we expect you? No—we won't have the village band out, and will try not to look as if we had a hero in our midst, but we shall be awfully glad to see Jack just the same."

When I looked up after reading this, Hoofy looked like a small boy who's been staring in a shop-window at a fire-engine he can't have. He heaved a big sigh, and said: "Well, I wish my mother'd take it that way," and went out, banging the door after him. And I got up and went over and took Mother down and looked at her, and said to her: "You game little sport, you—you'd put the spine into a jelly-fish any time. And I wouldn't miss going home to hug you for good-bye if I knew the first round of shot would get me as a result."

So then I packed up, and went around