

**THE WHISTLING  
MOTHER**

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The whistling mother by Grace S. Richmond

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**GRACE S. RICHMOND**

**THE WHISTLING  
MOTHER**



**THE WHISTLING MOTHER**

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YOUR BOY, IF HE IS THE RIGHT KIND OF A BOY, HAS WORK TO DO THROUGH A LONG LIFE. NOTHING WILL HAPPEN TO HIM. "A MAN IS IMMORTAL TILL HIS WORK IS DONE." THERE ARE EXCEPTIONS TO THIS RULE, AS TO ALL OTHERS, BUT THIS IS STILL THE RULE.

# THE WHISTLING MOTHER

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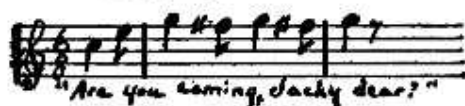
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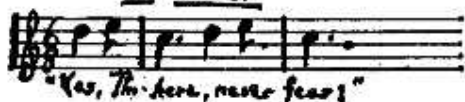
**THE WHISTLING MOTHER**

**40X585**

The Call



The Answer



### THE WHISTLING MOTHER

I HAVE the greatest mother on earth. I can't call her a "little mother," for she's five feet six inches tall, and weighs just exactly what she ought to according to the table of weights. If she were a trifle less active she might put on too much flesh, but she'll never keep still long enough for that. I always enjoy having her along on any kind of an outing, for she's game for just anything, and

## THE WHISTLING MOTHER

awfully good company, too. In fact, she seems more like a vigorous girl than anything I can compare her with. And I think her sons are mighty lucky chaps—especially just now that the war game's on.

Yes, that's a picture of Mother; neat little holder for it, isn't it? Yes, I know; she does look interesting, doesn't she? She's an awfully good shot, and drives her own car, and rides like a Cossack, and does a lot of other things—not to mention making home—well—what it is. I suppose I'm rather braggy about her, but I tell you I feel that way just now, and I'm going to tell you why. . . . She's pretty, too, don't you think so? I thought you would.

The thing that started me off was Hoofy Gilbert coming across the dorm hall with a letter in his hand. We called him Hoofy because he hated walking so, and always