

306 SHORTY McCABE GETS THE HAIL

it. But that don't feaze him in the least. He's about as much afraid of me as he is of old Towzer.

"Hullo, Pop!" says he, through a mouthful of bread and jam.

Some husk for a ten-year-old, Sully is, you know. He's got a chest on him like a nail keg already, and he's well muscled. Baseball and swimmin' and football accounts for that. Also he shows a good healthy color through the tan and freckles. Even the reddish curly hair is faded on top from being in the sun so much. And them wide blue eyes of his—just like Sadie's—are clear and steady. Who would think, to look at him, that he'd slip out at night and start a fire just out of deviltry?

"Sully," says I. "I've been having a talk with Mr. Dishler."

"Old Dishy, eh?" says he. "Yar-r-r! He's an old stiff, he is."

"Think so?" says I. "Why?"

"Cause he is," says Sully. "Ask any of the boys. Reg'lar crab."

"But you haven't anything 'special against him, have you?" I asks.

"Ain't we, though!" says Sully. "Huh!"

"Well, let it come," says I. "Just what in particular?"

Sully squirms a bit in his chair, as if he was uneasy about sayin' any more, but after a