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LITTLE SULLY COMES THROUGH 305

Course, there'd been little things, such as his mother could handle by a bread-and-milk supper sentence or an hour's solitary confinement. And the few times when the charges were more serious and he'd been turned over to me I'd generally found, after gettin' his side of it, that the case wasn't so bad as it seemed. That was my system, a square deal and a chance to put in a full defense. We'd just sit down quiet and talk it over, Sully and me, and he'd never failed to come across with the whole story, straight and clean. But now—I was wonderin' where I could cut a birch switch.

"What do you think?" asks Sadie anxious, as I comes in.

"I guess it's a verdict of guilty on both counts," says I. "I found more evidence. Where is he?"

"Having supper in there," says she, pointin' towards the dining room alcove.

That's another part of my system. Sully knows that eating supper with his little sister at 6 ain't a case of must. He can if he wants to, or he can stay up and have dinner with us an hour later. But generally he's too tired and hungry to wait. Anyway, he suits himself, and there's no howlin' around.

I walks in and pulls a chair up to the little table. Maybe I gives him the cold eye as I does