

312 SHORTY McCABE GETS THE HAIL

is smilin' at the funny things in his dreams. I don't know how long it's been since Hi Dishler has had a close-up of a sleepin' youngster. I believe he has a grown-up son somewhere out West, and I think I heard 'em say he lost another years back. But both of 'em must have been about Sully's age once. Also, while the Hon. Hi is kind of stiff-necked as a bank president, and more or less of a shark when it comes to real estate deals, he's been a daddy, too. And as I was admittin' just now, Sully asleep is easier to look at than any stained glass cherub you ever saw.

"What do you say?" says I. "Shall I wake him up and thrash him now?"

"Eh?" says Dishler, startin' as though I'd punched him in the ribs. "No, no, McCabe. I—I've been rather hasty, I fear. Rather an ass, too." And he starts backin' out.

"You see," says I, as we gets down to the front hall, "the boys was kind of sore. It was the only place they had to play ball in. Now if you could sort of give out that they might——"

"Yes, yes, of course they may," he breaks in. "Until we give them a regular playground, at least. I—I think you're right about that, Shorty."

"Say," says I. "You're goin' to see a tickled lot of kids out there if you should drop around some afternoon. Which reminds me of